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THE terrible disaster which occurred on Tuesday night, in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, with one or two hundred victims, adds one more to a long line of similar occurrences. This particular case is too recent for judgment to be safely passed upon it; but the question is always a pertinent one, "Must such things be?"

A SIGNIFICANT movement is on foot in our neighboring City of Brooklyn. It is an effort by public-spirited citizens to systematize the distribution of public charity under the supervision of carefully chosen visitors, who shall examine into the circumstances of each applicant, and so prevent, if possible, the gratuitous support of the unworthy and vicious, and promote a judicious co-operation of public with private charitable agencies. One of the most gratifying features of this movement is the fact that Protestant and Catholic, heretic and orthodox, are united in it, and work together in the most perfect harmony.

THE breaking up of such a gallery of pictures as that which Mr. John Taylor Johnston has so carefully gathered must be esteemed a public misfortune. Mr. Johnston has been generous in allowing access to art lovers, and it is to be feared that the auctioneer's hammer may scatter to the four winds a collection of modern pictures which we can ill afford to spare.

Good pictures by the old masters we can hardly hope to procure—they are not to be had by digging in the ground for them, like the relics which General Cesnola has found in Kurium. But good modern pictures are to be had if we will pay for them, and now that it has been found possible to collect enough money to purchase the treasures from Cyprus, is not the attempt worth making to secure these paintings for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose gallery they graced so well during the past Summer?

THE condition of the public mind under the present political situation affords the strongest evidence of the value of a free government, even though it be as imperfect as ours. A period of uncertainty, lasting for weeks, in relation to the result of a most important election, during which demagogues have vied with each other in spreading extravagant stories of all sorts, following a campaign in which vigorous efforts were made to fire the public heart with old animosities instead of educating the public conscience in relation to the actual needs of the day, finds the great mass of the community well poised, and only anxious that the moot question may be settled in accordance with law, and in an honorable manner.

THE new speaker of the House began his career last Monday with a violent and indecent attack on the President, addressed mainly to the clap-trap dread of Caesarism, which is most easily felt by those who know least what it means. At a moment like this it was an unpardonable piece of indiscretion and folly, and argues ill for the quiet of Congress and the impartial discharge of the speaker's duties. It looks as if the Democrats meant to try the game of bluster, and to do what they may to make the President as weak as they can at a time when strength is most needed in his office. They miscalculate the effect either upon him or the Republicans of such a game. Nothing will satisfy the country at large at this time but fairness, candor and truth. And the party that shows no disposition to trust in these will find itself weak even in power.

THAT the Republican party, after doing yeoman's service in the demolition of giant wrongs and the preservation of a great nation, is now in mortal peril cannot be denied. Unfortunately the conscience of a party is a movable commodity, and that it sometimes finds itself in the wrong breast is a sad fact. What its members may blindly allow it to do under such circumstances the history of the Republican party of late years may teach us. Its present position and prospects are suggestive of the story of the pair of young pups which were once presented to an Indian. As the story goes, days passed and the youthful canines refused, or neglected, to open their eyes. At length the Indian's patience was exhausted, and, taking the poor brutes by the hind legs, he rapped their little heads against a stump, with such force that the result need not be more particularly specified. Suffice it to say that the eyes were opened. The comment with which he followed the action was—"You'll see now, I guess."

MR. CARL SCHURZ's suggestion, to throw the count of the electoral vote into the hands of the Supreme Court, we do not regard as a happy one. That court has already power greater than that of any other court in the world—the power of construing and interpreting the Constitution and overruling the decision of all other branches of the Government. It is a fearful strain upon its popularity and it is creditable that it has stood it thus far with such fair success. It is vastly important that its precious powers should not be made suspected, and that the capital of influence and reverence it has laid up should not be risked by needlessly increasing its responsibilities. To make changes in the Constitution

just now, to meet a case—though confessedly of great urgency—which would throw upon the Supreme Court the immediate responsibility of deciding a question in which the passions of the country and of party are dangerously aroused, would be to imperil the honor and reverence in which that court is now held. We hope no such danger will be run. The Supreme Court may yet have to review decisions in the Presidential election which both Houses of Congress may make against the Constitution. Let us wait until these questions, if they are to arise, come in their natural order before that tribunal. The responsibility would be great enough even then. It would be a fatal mistake to throw any new element of jealousy, or of novelty, into the Senate.

THE immoral suggestion that individual electors might pardonably take advantage of their physical liberty at this crisis to throw votes for candidates they were not chosen to elect—in short commit a breach of trust—was one of the most unexpected of propositions, considering its source, and the most odious of all conceivable means of escape from the difficulty we were in. It seemed additionally disgusting when connected with the name of so knightly and punctilious a gentleman as Prof. James Russell Lowell. Nobody needed his contradiction to discredit the rumors that he was a party to any such plan. That such a notion should have been propounded is a fearful revelation of the state of political morality among its own loudest advocates. The only conceivable palliation for it is that the original plan was to choose electors, not of a ministerial kind purely, but with real choosing power—in which their own wisdom was to be exercised. We should be glad to return to the original idea, but since it has wholly disappeared, and electors are now chosen only and distinctly to record a decision already made by their election, no one without absolute dishonor and breach of solemn trust could do otherwise than fulfil literally the single duty committed to him by his constituents. The country may have made a great mistake in abandoning the old idea of electors exercising their own personal discretion as members of a deliberative college. But if ever this freedom is restored to the electors it must be done formally and publicly, and they must be elected upon that understanding.

THE situation in South Carolina continues alarming. The assembling of riflemen to the number of three thousand and upwards, has a bad look for public order. Meanwhile there has been no distinct breach of the peace. How far the President's policy, of placing a small band of United States troops—400—in the capitol of the State, has provoked this assembling of armed citizens, is a disputed point. Is the sensitive condition of the public mind it was certainly desirable to avoid any appearance of federal interference with State rights and popular sovereignty. On the other hand, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We are inclined to think a better policy at this time would have been to wait for positive offense against the federal constitution before sending United States soldiers into the State, and especially to the capital. We have no doubt of the caution and patriotism of the President, but the condition is so critical that even one with the best intentions may easily err. It ought not to be overlooked that a general persuasion of Gen. Grant's energy and courage and competency to meet open violations of the Constitution and of public order within his legitimate sphere of action has had a wholesome effect in calming treasonable or violent outbreaks in all the regions of disputed election. We cannot but respect Gen. Hampton's pacific and wise counsel to his own party, and

those who are not loud mouthed against Gov. Chamberlain seem to have little appreciation of his responsibilities and his perilous surroundings. He seems to us a brave, well-intentioned and not indiscreet man, who is trying to fill one of the most arduous positions with courage and fidelity. We hope with trembling that forbearance and wisdom may yet settle the dangerous strife of parties and races in South Carolina, but certainly there are grounds for great anxiety that serious trouble may come not only to South Carolina, but to the whole nation, from the State that organized and twice already has threatened the nation with disunion. It were better that the whole State were sunk in the sea than that it were left to arouse another civil war through the country.

THE PROVINCE OF RELIGION.

ONE has only to read a book like "The Ancient City," of Coulanges, to see how inextricably interwoven the religious idea was in the earliest times with every part of life. What was there which this idea did not regulate? What domestic custom or relation was there; what matter of property, of acquisition or entail; what social or political or civil custom, for which religion did not have its word and office? And, in this respect, there was but little change, when in due time the original ancestral worship was succeeded by various forms of nature worship. And when these in turn succumbed to the increasing power of Christianity, again appeared the spectacle of a society thoroughly religious, informed in every part with religious ideas, attended by religious sanctions, associated with religious rites. The State and family were hardly less religious than the State itself, and literature was hardly less religious than theology. Like the epics of Homer and the epics of India and the North, the epic of the Middle Age is a divine comedy. Its object and its inspiration are religious. It deals with the divine order and man's relation with it. The sonnets of Longfellow—how beautiful they are!—comparing Dante's great poem to a cathedral are as religious as they are poetic, so paramount throughout is the religious sentiment. With the painter it was not otherwise than with the poet. He subordinated everything to religion. To paint the Christ and the Madonna, the Father, and the Holy Ghost "descending like a dove," the mysteries of the Fall and the Redemption, was his unfailing joy. But everywhere there was the same tendency. The religious sentiment was omnipresent and was all-controlling.

The aspect of our modern life is very different; so much so that it seems sometimes, to casual or careless observers of it, as if religion were going to repeat the fortunes of the idea of personal agency in the control of natural phenomena. The history of human thought has been, in good part, the history of the progressive banishment of the idea of personal agency from the natural world. Province after province has been ceded from the domain of interference to the domain of law. So, in the matter of society and politics and human life in general, province after province has been ceded from the religious to the secular dominion. The secularization of industry, of politics, of law, of literature, of art, is almost a synonym for modern history, as Mr. Lecky has abundantly and eloquently shown in his "History of the Rise and Influence of the Rationalistic Spirit in Europe." It is not to be wondered at that many excellent people, earnest and religious, survey this process with feelings of alarm unmixed with any consolation. To them it seems that, as the idea of personal agency in the natural world is being driven into ever closer quarters, so is religion being driven into an ever

narrower corner of the social world. Aye, more, as in the natural world the idea of personal interference threatens to succumb entirely to the idea of law, may not religion eventually succumb to this persistently advancing secularity?

But there are those who cannot sympathize with these regrets and fears, however much they may respect them, and however tenderly they feel obliged to deal with them. These are not less religious than the fearful and foreboding; not less convinced that of all human interests religion is the most central and important; not less desirous and resolved that religion should exert its influence over no petty province, but over the whole of life, and that if the present tendency of things were on the whole a tendency hostile to this consummation, then it would be a consummation devoutly to be deplored and to be strenuously resisted. But that it is thus hostile to religion in the highest sense and to its omnipresent influence they are not convinced, but quite the contrary. They are convinced that this tendency, which from one point of view appears as secularization and as a tendency to dereligionize the political and social and æsthetic and domestic life of man, seen from another and a higher point of view, is a religious tendency, a tendency to make the religion of the future as omnipresent and all-controlling as the religion of the past.

There is a hint of how this can be done in our experience of God's relation to the world of natural phenomena. The Divine Worker banished as personal interference comes back again more potent and more beautiful than ever as the Life of universal law. By this return the aspect of the natural world, which before was growing less and less divine, becomes wholly divine, wholly religious. And so the aspect of all social and domestic life, all art and politics and trade, that has been seemingly growing less and less religious by the secularization of one province after another, becomes at once religious the moment that we recognize that the law of all this also is the law of the Eternal, and that the most religious attitude we can take in the presence of all this, is that of patient inquiry and resolute obedience; patient inquiry into the laws of personal and social life and resolute obedience thereunto. Only as there is this recognition and this attitude, shall religion in these latter days be just as omnipresent, just as all-sanctifying, as it was when "the religion of the hearth," or the nature-worship which succeeded, or mediæval Christianity left no part of life unhallowed by the formal recognition of religion.

Not that the recognition of the future will be as formal as the recognition of the past. Not that poetry is going to choose only formally religious themes, and painting take again to painting the Madonna and the Christ to the exclusion of all other subjects; not that the old alliance is to be struck between Church and State, and political affairs invested with ecclesiastical solemnity, and God and Christ put into the Constitution, and the Bible as a *sine qua non* into the public schools. We shall have less of all this formal recognition of religion before we have more. The recognition which we shall have is the recognition in every part of life of the law of that part; in the State, of the law of justice; in art, of the laws of color and of form; in industry, of the law of use; in domestic matters, of the laws of health and comfort and stability. The time is coming when we shall not regard Watts' Select Hymns as more religious than the most secular poetry of Tennyson, or a serio-comic picture of "The Rock of Ages" as more religious than a landscape by McEntee or Gifford which fills us full of peace and quietness. The most religious ought to mean the most ideal, the most earnest, the most faithful, the most sincere! The most religious man of busi-

ness ought to mean, not the man who has the most texts pinned up in his office, or the man who is most regular at the prayer-meeting, but the man who best embodies in his daily business the eternal laws of trade. That teacher should not be regarded as the most religious who opens her school each morning with "religious exercises," so called, but she who best embodies in her teachings the eternal laws of mental growth and acquisition. That painter should not be regarded as the most religious who subordinates his art to formally religious purposes, but he who embodies in it the eternal laws and principles of beauty. Nor is science most religious when it subordinates itself to an established theory of Christianity or the Book of Genesis, but when its gaze is firmly fixed upon the truth, without one sidelong glance to any consequence in extra-scientific spheres. And so we might go on through every department of human activity.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

And the action is not merely fine, but actually religious, as when the little housemaid knew she was converted *because she swept under the mats*.

We are not playing upon words. We are not trying to make things appear religious which are not so in reality, if haply thus we may becloud a little the exodus of religion from society. If the laws of life all the way through are in deed and truth the laws of the Eternal, then it is by knowledge of and obedience unto these laws that we are most religious. The derivative force of religion is *the binding back*. And by the apprehension that all life is sacred, and that all laws are God's laws, we do bind back every human activity to its Eternal source and make it thoroughly religious. Henceforth we call nothing common or unclean. Henceforth religion is not something apart from science, art and politics and social well-being, but is deeply implicated in all these things. But to say this is not to say that the occupation of avowed religious agencies is gone. The church and the religious press still have their function—a more important one than ever—to remind us that all life is sacred, to hold each part of life to the law of that part, art to the law of art, science to the method of science, politics to the principle of justice, and to enforce the recognition that in this way, whether consciously religious or not, each part of life becomes more actually religious, sacred and divine than it can be made in any other way.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

THE mystery of God roots directly in the mystery of a Man; because the clue to it lies in the answer to the twin-question, What is Matter, what is Spirit? and we should not so much as know that there were any Spirit-side if it were not for what happens to each man in his solitary consciousness. The one sole spot in the wide universe where to my sure knowledge there are two sides is—myself; the sole spot in all the universe where to your sure knowledge two sides meet is—yourself. From the depths within, and only from those inner depths, the answer comes to each one separately—comes with overwhelming certainty, "Spirit-side there is in Self, at least." Therefore the mystery of Self holds all the evidence there is upon the mystery of Spirit anywhere.

What follows from this evidence of Self? The Materialist's belief is that Man is but a part of Nature; nothing in one which is not in the other, he says. We agree and take him at his word—Nothing in Man which is not in Nature.

But then *what is there in the Man?* To find out, we surely do right to study, not the outside Nature, but the Man himself. Physical science, pointing to the mechanism of his nerve and brain-cell, asserts, "No thought without vibration, no feeling without force." Again we heartily assent. The microscope may even show the vibration that corresponds so absolutely to each thought, and we shall but be glad to hail the marvel. But it will still be simple fact to also own that the microscope which peers to the vibration never shows that thought to which it corresponds, that the test-tube never shows the feeling. More than this: microscope and test-tube never reach the faintest sign that anything like thought or feeling exists there to be shown. Beyond vibration, beyond the chemical reaction, the silence seems a perfect silence. And yet—here is the point—we *know* that in that silence lies a world! the world of Consciousness, where the voice is lifted up that says, "I feel, I think, I remember, I rejoice, I know the Ought, I know shame, and I know love and trust." These voices are real phenomena, as real as any that the chemist or the physicist report; are *Facts*; and the chemist and the physicist do not report the first faint hint of them.

Now then, since Man, as the Materialist urges, is but "a part of Nature—nothing in one that is not in the other"—and, since there lies this unseen world in man, are we not, by our friend's own word, compelled to turn around and face the wide universe of Matter and greet something that corresponds to Man's Consciousness in it? Yes; in all reason, yes. If physical science bore any witness to the Spirit-side of us and then were ignorant about Soul in the universe, that ignorance might be ominous. But she is as silent about us. Or if our materialist allowed that there might be in us something that is not in the rest of Nature, then too her ignorance about Soul in Nature might be ominous. But that he does not allow. "Nothing in one which is not in the other," he insists. By that insistence, if these two sides, Matter-Spirit, cannot be disowned and cannot be divorced in us, then *nowhere* can they be disowned or divorced, and the World, too, has a soul. By that insistence, if the formula "No thought without vibration, no feeling without force" be true for Self, as we are learning to believe, its truth becomes reversed, and, being reversed, enlarges past all bounds, until it also reads, "No force, then, anywhere, without its Feeling, and no vibration anywhere without its Thought; all Nature is alive"—like me!

Instead of fearing, let us hope that the Materialist will make doubly, triply sure the statements so much feared by pulpits and by pews; for in his favorite formulas he is making impregnable the foundations of religious faith; is showing that, instead of being the opposites supposed, the two philosophies, "Materialistic," "Spiritual," are really so related that only by becoming one do they become the Truth. "Science and Religion," we are apt to say, as if in some way they were contraries. Nay, save as outside and inside, neither able to exist without the other, are contraries. The science that studies the physics of Nature reveals the matter-side of Man; another science, studying the consciousness of Man, dimly reveals the mind-side of Nature. Each science offers half the key that unlocks the mystery of things; and no thing is so simple that both halves are not needed to turn its lock. Truly it takes sun, pebble and grass-blade to explain the baby; as truly it takes somewhat that hides within the babe to explain them. The Materialist, held to his claims, pronounces the fact of God more surely than any other voice that tries to utter that great name.

For, change the terms a little, and the problem of Matter-

Spirit is the problem called "God." This Soul in Nature, this Spirit-side, this Liveness there that answers to the consciousness in us, is what we mean by "God;" is all we deepest mean. Does faith insist on having a God "personal?" Well, be it again remembered that "person" is a mystery that for ourselves transcends all thought; God's person must needs be a greater mystery yet. But however great, *His mystery and ours are one*. So the very theologies hint. "God became man," says the Christian, and the Christian's most real deity is this incarnate Lord. "God is a man," says the Swedenborgian. "Man is a world, and the world is a man," said the middle-age Mohammedan poet, meaning nearly the same thing, no doubt. His mystery and ours are one, for His begins in ours, and ours expands till it is lost in His. His endless fascination and our own are, therefore, one. What seek we so in seeking him? Our larger self. How seek we Him? Through deepening knowledge of our self. Tell yourself what you really are and you will know of Him all you wish. If such knowledge fails for Self, much more must it come short in regard to Him. And He forever fascinates *because* He is the never-found, yet never-lost. To be impatient with our ignorance is folly, and to be despondent over it is impatience. To exaggerate it by dogmatizing that He is "unknowable" is to exaggerate the ignorance—even as a more common kind of dogmatism exaggerates our knowledge. Life's experience, more and more revealing Self, reveals Him in due proportion. It is usually the young who are the sceptics; at least, who are unhappy in their scepticism. And this one clue is worth more than bare thinking in the search for Him. Is He the Perfect Self—then to know Him, "*be perfect, even as the Father in Heaven is perfect.*"

MAGNANIMITY ORGANIZED.

EVER since man began to speculate about the meaning of his career and to care enough about the events of his life to record them, we find him occupied with some of the processes which are essential to the founding or the maintenance of a religion. What he has intended to do or to express by aid of his religion is not always clear. That he has often organized absurdity and attempted the impossible is certain. But the dominant purpose which runs through all his experiments in religion may be discerned and may be described in general terms as the effort to classify his noblest hopes and organize his most magnanimous intentions. His hopes, his fears, and his designs have often been grim or grotesque. His best purposes have often been distorted by hideous superstitions or made useless by agonies of fear. His efforts to improve human life have often been conceived in folly and crippled by ignorance. Still, if one would get at the meaning of the ancient religions he must see, first, that they—the worst of them not less than the best—were the organized expression of that which was noblest in the lives and the hopes of the people.

The purpose which is dominant in the multitudinous forms of religion to-day is the same intention—to express and make effective the very highest thought, feeling and benevolent desires of those who call themselves religious, in whatever fashion. But we have not yet reached the point where any large number of men and women have been willing to organize magnanimity pure and simple, unalloyed with grosser impulses and absurdities. The best men and women have very much at heart the desire to do something which shall express in concrete form their noblest passions, and not only express them with unmistakable clearness, but also make them efficient causes in the redemption of the

world from the brutal tyrannies of ignorance, vice, misery and sin.

But the best men and women have not yet learned how grand and successful an undertaking it would be to make the sole basis of their organization their desire to improve the quality of human life. They do not yet clearly see that the only bond of union must be the good which is common to them all, and not the doubtful matters in which they disagree. It has too long been the fashion to overlook the few simple but universal elements which enter into all forms of religion, and to fix the attention on some minor point which distinguishes a few believers from all other men. They do not discard the universal elements, but their call to organization commonly reads, "Let us assemble ourselves together and form an association of which the basis shall be the universal plus ——" Into the blank each writes his unimportant shibboleth, and thus narrows his organization to something less than the universal truth. The new age will come when the plus sign shall be dropped and the *sensus communis* shall be esteemed the most important thing.

Suppose, for instance, the two great commandments of Jesus, which he affirmed included all that the law and the prophets had said or done, should be made the bond of a new union—would not those two commandments include not only the law and the prophets, but also the theologians and the philosophers, the sectarians and the sects? What divides the religious world to-day but questions about non-essentials? What hinders the welfare of man? Is it some doubt about a mode of baptism or the observance of a sacrament? Is it doubt or ignorance concerning the mode of existence of the Divine Being, or a question about the vicarious atonement? Are not all questions about Unity and Trinity, Episcopacy and Congregationalism, and all the minor questions of ecclesiasticism absolutely trivial in face of the fact that ignorance of the common laws of health, decency and the means of earning an honest livelihood is the prolific mother of drunkenness, sexual vice, and all the crimes which spring from want and unbridled desire? Need any one doubt that when bestial desires have been controlled and intellectual appetites have been developed and the consciences of men have been trained to seek the true and the right at all hazards, it will then be perfectly safe to trust the people to settle for themselves all questions concerning the conduct of the religious life?

In every church, as well as among the multitude of the unchurched, the chief obstacle to piety and the most stubborn opponent of religion is, in plain terms, nothing more nor less than the bestial nature which manifests itself in riotous appetites, in cruel rapacities, in covetousness, ambition and hardness of heart. So long as the lower nature and the grosser impulses have sway, all appeals to the heart and the conscience are wasted breath, while subtleties of interpretation and niceties of belief become ridiculously inoperative.

The time will surely come—and the progress of the world is delayed until it does come—when the first condition of any great improvement of the quality of human life will be seen to be the hearty union of all lovers of their race and their cordial co-operation in so arranging the circumstances which affect the growth of the people that the brutish life shall not overgrow every noble impulse before the character is fixed. This is a work of which no one denies the importance—the work of all charities, all institutions of education, of all those who attempt to comfort the poor, reform the criminal, train the young and stimulate the weak, the ignorant and the vicious to attempt a higher life.

In short, all the practical and most useful work of all religious organization, in all its many forms, comes to the one thing—the effort to fit men for citizenship, for social duties and relations, and, in general, to prepare them to understand and accept each higher obligation as it presents itself. For the life of this world men need a training about which differences of opinion may exist, but they do not coincide with the differences which relate to the preparation for another life. All agree, however, that whoever is well fitted for this life is a better subject for the agencies which shall train him for another. Is it not, then, possible to unite all magnanimous sentiments and benevolent intentions in one grand crusade against the evils in the present life which may be prevented? Would not such a formal acceptance of the claims of brotherhood give the better forces in society an immense advantage in the campaign against the brute which still survives in man?

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THIS anxiously expected document is disappointing in that it withholds, perhaps prudently, the views of the President in regard to the critical state in which the election has placed the country. Perhaps he has been wise in throwing no new element of official opinion into the cauldron already full enough of conflicting partisan ideas and feelings. There is a rare directness and simplicity in the manner in which Gen. Grant treats his own administration and confesses his inexperience in political life and training when he came into office. The errors which he admits are really largely due to the folly of which the country has again and again been capable, of selecting candidates for the Presidency wholly on the ground of availableness. If we put a man, however distinguished in other respects, who is untrained and unknown in statesmanship or political life, into an office requiring above any in the world the completest and most tried experience in political life, we must expect the consequences which have followed in all cases—rashness, submission to unworthy advisers, obstinacy of opinion, and the selection of weak and dangerous officials in the federal service. Nobody, whose opinion is worth considering, doubts Gen. Grant's integrity and desire to serve the highest interests of the country, and nobody who is candid and truth-loving doubts that the best intentions have not prevented him from bringing the Republican party into disesteem, and our institutions into peril, by the disgraces which his cabinet officers and his civil service list have inflicted upon the record of the last few years. We do not doubt that the consequences of the war, the vast public debt, and the immense taxes it involves, the state of the currency and the depression of business, have produced a large part of the evils which are unjustly charged upon the administration. But the administration has not made these lighter, it has too often aggravated them by unstatesmanlike and injudicious appointments and weak measures. On the whole, it is a fortunate thing that we have nearly done with the present administration, and we can breathe more freely already in the prospect of a change of rulers.

It is impossible to compare the love and gratitude, the enthusiasm and pride, felt in Gen. Grant's great war record, and his position as a chieftain when he acceded to the Presidential chair, with the general coolness of feeling toward him or the satisfaction which attends his exile from office—both reflected in the apologetic and sad tone of the personal parts of his last message—without a melancholy sense of the mutability and indiscriminateness of public applause and the probable result of political elevation upon a military hero's

fame. It is clearly a great misfortune to the hero of the great civil war that his noble fame should be heavily clouded by his political failure. But it is more to the discredit of the American people that they should despise or ignore the indispensable necessity of trained statesmanship in the person they put into the Presidential chair. They, and not Gen. Grant, are mainly responsible for the lack of wisdom, power and popularity which have attended their thoughtless choice of a ruler without experience and without statesmanlike antecedents.

A Democratic statesman is, under any circumstances, likely to make a better President than a Republican unbred in political life. If we can have both a statesman and a Republican, as we shall have if Gov. Hayes is elected, it is better still. In Mr. Tilden, if he wins the place, we shall at least have a statesman—for he was selected for his political ability and training—and we can be tolerably sure that he will not make great administrative blunders.

There is nothing in the rest of Gen. Grant's message which is specially noteworthy—except the dead and buried San Domingo question, in which all sorts of improbable benefits are assumed as certain to have followed from the annexation of that island, which he so strongly advised. There is a simplicity and an infatuation in this statement which shows how childlike the President is in his political temperament and vaticinations, and how set in his notions.

We have not lost respect for the President as a man, or a hero and warrior, on account of his failure as a civil ruler. But it seems absolutely necessary to warn the American people against the danger of putting men of great popularity into our highest political seats without regard to the ground on which their popularity rests. Statesmanship is alike the most necessary and the most neglected interest in our public life. Thanks to the Secretary of State, our foreign ministers have been generally creditable to the country during the present administration, but, with a few exceptions, the Cabinet has not been such as to illustrate the ability and dignity and statesmanship of the nation. Let us hope that we are now to enter, under either candidate for the Presidency, upon an administration where each head of a department will be distinguished by the highest fitness and the highest character.

Just as we are going to press, on Wednesday afternoon, the telegraph brings the news that the electoral vote of Florida has been cast by a unanimous vote of the Board of Canvassers for Hayes, the Republican electors receiving a majority of 930 votes. Louisiana and South Carolina have also both been declared Republican, so that unless Congress shall refuse to receive the votes of one or more of these three States, the election of Mr. Hayes must be regarded as finally settled. A rumor that Governor Grover, of Oregon, has refused certificates of election to two Hayes electors lacks confirmation, and would not necessarily affect the result of the election, as the Oregon statutes give the third Republican elector power to fill the alleged vacancies existing.

While the Returning Board of South Carolina has declared that State for Hayes, the news now comes that the Democratic House has at last obtained a legal quorum by the desertion of a member of the Republican House and that the Supreme Court of the State has decided that the former body is the legal one and issued a mandamus compelling the Secretary of State to turn over the returns for Governor and Lieutenant Governor to the Democratic speaker. In the absence of further news, it is idle to speculate upon the probable issue of this latest move in South Carolina affairs; but there is evidently serious trouble at hand.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

DEAR INQUIRER:—"I believe in the resurrection" of *newspapers*. And so I am specially glad to welcome the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN, as it comes up out of the shadow in the vigor of rebirth, and with the light of a new life in its eyes.

For purely personal reasons, my joy at the resurrection is modified just a little by the re-christening. Not that I at all question the wisdom of its movement. I trust the managers perfectly for that. But I remember a time, some years ago—bless us, how old some of us young fellows are getting!—when from my safe position within the lines of the old faith, this mission and proclamation from the kingdom of darkness was first wafted to me from the fields of the enemy outside the fort. Yes, the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN was the first Unitarian paper I ever held in my hands and read. And I love the name as that of an old-time helper. I was fascinated by the editorials and contributions of Dr. Bellows, and I took the paper almost wholly for that reason. I thought I ought to know the positions and strongholds of the enemy, so that I could rout him. But truth got the best of it, and I was the one that was routed.

And here I would like to record my solemn warning. I used to be charged with being a dangerous character because I had Unitarian books in my library. I own it now. It was dangerous—to my orthodoxy. And I wish to tell all proposed readers of this journal that it is dangerous to come out into the daylight—*unless you wish to be beguiled into error*. Even a bat, should he change his habits of life, might find himself so wrought on by his conditions as that he should be able to live like a heretic—right out doors and under the open heaven and in the broad glare of the sun. Truth is very seductive, and if any one doesn't wish to become infatuated with it, he had better keep out of its way.

Thus, for old-time memories, I like the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN. I suppose it is true enough that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." And yet the name does almost become a part of the thing after a while. One would hardly like to change his wife's name—the name he fell in love with and married. But no doubt the godfathers have done wisely, and so I take—without a question—THE INQUIRER to my arms.

It has taken me so long to welcome you over the threshold and into my Boston home, that I fear there is little time left to tell you the news. And, by the way, your coming was so sudden, and I have been so busy since the warning, that I am not at all sure that I know what is the news.

When I find out who is to be the next President I will let you know by the first mail. I shall not dare to show my head in a newspaper office until I can solve this sphinx's riddle. Editors are in no condition to be questioned on this subject now. I have heard of several persons who went "up the winding stair" to the editorial sanctum with inquiries on this subject, and "never came down again."

The Rev. Joseph Cook has progressed in his lectures to the point of demonstrating immortality. But lo! the demonstration turns out to be after all only the old and familiar teachings of Spencer and Prof. John Fiske, whom we all supposed dead and buried since they have been so walked over by the "Elephantine" lectureship. But the sad thing about it all is to see the collective theological wisdom of the modern Athens and vicinity so innocent of the teachings of the men they fear and abhor as to take their very doctrines as brand-new revelations from the lips of the new prophet. Nevertheless the grand teachings are preached, though it be by contention; and "therein I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Let Cook preach Fiske and Spencer, though in supposed opposition to them; and by and by they will be better understood and received for their own truth's sake.

Moody's Tabernacle is progressing, and on the first of January—to borrow the phrase from the Orthodox and revered old Dr. Shepard, formerly of Bangor Seminary,—the "Holy Ghost is to be imported" in due form. I have already enjoyed the distinction of being prayed for at the meetings in Chicago, and perhaps when they get nearer some effect may be visible. I certainly have no objection to being helped or led into the right way by anybody's prayers. But it does seem to belittle the operations of God's spirit—which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth—to think it must come and go at Moody's bidding. These revival movements, looked at as natural, are explicable enough, but claimed as supernatural, they are degrading. What kind of God do men believe in,

when He is supposed to be either powerless or indifferent to the welfare of His human children, except when some *special man* is able to rouse Him to interest or activity in human affairs? It is a terrible confession of palsy or unfitness for its work on the part of the regular church machinery.

As for our Unitarian churches, I believe I need record only their usual prosperity. You produce an effect according to the force and prevalence of that to which you appeal. And so long as superstition and passion and ignorant enthusiasm are so common, and the men who are guided by enlightened reason are so few, the words of the old hymn, with a new application, will be true—that

"Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller."

But the first streak of dawn means noontime bye-and-bye. And so we walk toward the light, knowing that in the light dwells that God, "in whom is no darkness at all."

Hoping that THE INQUIRER may find the truth, and lead many souls for many a year into the paths of wisdom, which are paths of life and peace, I end my first chat, and send my first greeting.

SILVUS.

FROM CHICAGO.

JUST now all Chicago is Moody, and Moody is all Chicago, except Bro. Herford, who is trying his best to pick a fuss with the man. By the way, this Brooke Herford will be the most of a Yankee among us, after a time, and a Western Yankee at that. His circular for December is a tremendous placard, with a whole park of artillery pointed at the revivalists, which he intends to fire off Sunday by Sunday.

These peripatetic gospellers stir the soul of a man to the fighting point constantly, and it is hard work not to slide off into a battle with them. There is not so much fault to be found with their manners, as with their pre-supposed theology. All their salvation work is based on a chronically angry God, who has the uncomfortable lot of being in a sad way with somebody all the time. Mr. Moody will show a meagre few of the race how to pacify Him.

How comfortable it must be to ignore all the troublesome questions that wrack men's souls, and just preach right on as if there were no sort of doubt about your creed, and that there never had been.

Mr. Moody fell in by accident the other day with our Judge Booth, each happily ignorant of the other. Moody consistently began to inquire into the Judge's spiritual condition, and was absolutely overwhelmed when the Judge denied not only Mr. Moody's authority, but all supernatural authority whatever. To reduce St. Paul and Luke to the ranks took the underpinning out of the whole Tabernacle.

Financially, Moody is a grand success. He is replenishing the coffers of the papers wonderfully. He is bringing an immense amount of loose change into the city. The Exposition was a comparative failure. He will work a half dozen of the poorest preachers to death, and so be of some permanent value to the churches. As an organizer he does not equal Hammond; but is more generally credited with sincerity. With both, the secret of success is immense physical endurance, a lack of troublesome knowledge and an overflow of zeal. Among those specially prayed for the other day was my evolutionist predecessor, now in Boston. What a prayer test is that! Can Savage be unevolved into seeing the universe as Brother Moody sees it? We will try to have patience in waiting for the answer.

The following from the sermon on Daniel is a fine instance of blooded humor and pathos, a decided improvement on the original story: "They cast him into the den. Daniel slept calmer than ever that night. After he had prayed with his face toward Jerusalem, he took one of the lions for a pillow, and slept sweetly." "He had an angel sent *all the way* from heaven to tell him that he was beloved of God."

Meanwhile a few of us jog on, sniffing Chicago mortgages and preaching the gospel of the Sermon on the Mount. Robert Collyer has gone South; it was rumored that he was needed at New Orleans as an arbitrator. Sunderland is doing what his hands find to do royally. His new book is as pungent as it is, manly. There is no egotism in it, but an evident earnest desire to do good. The Third Church will sustain another course of conversational lectures this winter. Mrs. Leonowens is the first to appear in the course, Brooke Herford is at his best, and enjoying himself huge-

ly, trying to get the revivalists to come out and settle their differences with him, but the only response he gets is a rattle of small arms among the chapels. When Moody is asked why he does not reply he shrewdly answers, "I've got a better thing."

By the way, we are to have Talmage here, not only as editor, but as lecturer, and it is rumored as a permanent fixture in one of our strong churches. It will be sport to watch the reception the *Times* will give him. There is nothing that paper so much enjoys as a set of lean intellectual ribs. Everybody is afraid of its free lance, although it is thoroughly courteous to talent or scholarship. The *Advance* is far from getting rich out of its new combination. It may tide over the hard times by the expedient. But Tupper and Talmage! That is too much for the lively Western Congregation-alists. If there were only some way of introducing a brass band into a religious newspaper, it might work.

Learned, of St. Louis, comes up next Sunday. He is counted on as one of our very best men. Herbert, of Geneva, looked in the other day in his quaint, quiet, cordial style, and said a bunch of good things. They have begun Liberal services at Englewood, and we have to give them a lift occasionally. Two more years, and Chicago will have the money to build up a host of anxious groups of free hoppers.

Our State conferences have been so far fairly successful and bright. We are now in the middle of them—the Ohio Valley and Wisconsin still to come. The best of good wishes for THE INQUIRER.

POWELL.

O WORDS! O WEARY WORDS!

O words, O mocking words,
That most elude when most I need your aid,—
Vague, airy symbols, that to nothing fade,
Words, mocking, mocking words!

O words, O vain, vain words,
Ye changelings that come tottering to my lips
And with your empty shade my thought eclipse,
Words, vain, vain words, vain words!

O words, O idle words,
Thin, sparkling bubbles, how you float along,
And mask the living current, deep and strong;
Words, idle, idle words.

O words, O weary words,
Let me in peace my little hour dream
While life rolls on its great, resistless stream,
Words, weary, weary words!

W. P.

LITERATURE.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU'S NEW VOLUME.

THE sudden appearance of a new volume of sermons* from Dr. Martineau is a delightful surprise and a great benefaction. His "Endeavors after the Christian Life," which came to us thirty years ago, after passing through six English and some American editions, is yet fresh and more read than when it was new. The religious mind has partly caught up with its advanced positions, and the author has not left them behind him, much as he has elevated his ground and widened his view since. They are still above the level of even the cultivated class of Christian readers, and wait for a full appreciation and influence at a later stage of development in the Church universal. They will never be outgrown and superseded, being so little infected with temporary, sectarian or polemic ideas that there is scarcely anything perishable in their substance, while they are so exquisite in form that they have the self-preserving quality of works of art. They belong as much to literature as to religion, and will be as long studied and admired for their style and fabric as revered for their wisdom, truth and inspiration. And yet this new volume of twenty-five sermons seems a finer and completer product

* *Hours of Thought on sacred Things; A Volume of Sermons by James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., etc.* London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. 1276. duo. 344 pp.

of a ripper spiritual experience and a larger range of studies. It is the rich harvest of the author's "hours of thought on sacred things," gathered in the late autumn of his laborious life. The mild lustre of the harvest moon silvers them with a soft, pathetic sanctity. The strength, the vigor, the high imagination, the poetic feeling, the subtlety, the comprehensive grasp, the profound rationality, the felicity of phrase, the wealth of vocabulary, to which we are accustomed in all that Dr. Martineau writes, are here unimpaired and even exceeded; but there is something more of tenderness, sweetness, trust, hope, charity—something more of spiritual ripeness and the restful confidence of a soul that has conquered full repose and longs to pour the unction of its own peace into the troubled hearts of men.

Exceptional to the last degree as the mingled intellectual force and delicacy of these meditations is, and gem-like the finishing and phrasing, rare the implied knowledge and complete the metaphysic and scientific training, yet it is the depth of their religious experience that most moves, charms and instructs. In this respect, we know no sermons in any tongue superior to them. For while most preachers preserve their faith and piety by shutting out the light from all quarters but the East, Dr. Martineau has kept his with windows opened to every part of the horizon. He retreats to no cell or chapel to make devotion possible. He takes on no mediæval tone to utter his prayers and borrows no Oriental phrases as the only garb in which faith can venture to clothe its confidences. In the language of to-day he declares his creed; in the light of to-day he sees his visions of God; through the fires of the latest critical furnaces he walks with his faith unharmed; and it is not too much to say that what he affirms and brings home to his readers is a faith not diminished, clipped of wing, or topped of its crown to enable it to pass through the custom-house of modern scrutiny, but a faith as large and lofty, as true to past experiences, wide in compass, and rich in trusts, hopes, and supports as any the Church has known.

There is nothing so rare and precious as the power of holding on to the essence of old creeds, while dismissing their worn and faded accidents. What the old saints have meant, especially what their consenting hearts through ages have meant, is never to be treated with indifference, or to be left out of view in seeking a helpful guide to the sources of spiritual life. Lisp and stammer as they may have done in their forms of utterance, they spoke the accents of the Holy Ghost, and any attempt to articulate a true and vital Christianity, in which their *notes* find no place, will prove a disastrous failure. There is not a great and long prevailing doctrine of the Christian Church, from the beginning, which will not finally vindicate its claim to essential significance, as part of the consciousness of that great historic reality, the Christian Church. It is, then, edifying to the highest degree to find Dr. Martineau's sermons full of the essence and aroma of the vital pieties of the past, so that we may say that no chord that ever thrilled with music in the hands of any saint have not some echo in his song. What impossible place has a passionate love and adoration given to Christ that Martineau does not understand the reason for it and admit it into his heart absolutely freed from its incredible and irrational form, but living in its essence of devout gratitude and tender reverence? What has been said of sin by the most abject and remorseful saints, in their irrational doctrines of a primal curse on a misery-devoted race, more awful and searching than his unsparing dealing with its lurid shadows and its baleful ashes? What ascetic in his cell has exalted piety to a loftier height? What denouncer of the world or

the realm of Satan has exposed its perils and its snares with a more searching insight or a severer Christian test? What vigils have pillar-saints and world-renouncing hermits kept, that he does not prove himself acquainted with their secrets and nourished on their food? We have in these sermons all the sacred experiences, aspirations and pieties of the Church—separated from their old forms of statement—but crystallized anew in terms of fresh thought and feeling, after being dissolved in the crucible of a new era, and a wonderful epoch of divine re-creation, and, although the faith and trust and love Mr. Martineau teaches is not a propositional one, and does not harden into dogmas, it is all the more penetrative and the more satisfying on that account. The cathedral is well in its time and place, with its stained glass and its groined arches and its symbolic shapes, but the temple in the heart is greater still, and it is there that he builds up the shrine, which is richer, fuller, diviner and more truly Christian than any mere representative structure of dogmas and forms could possibly be, were it as old as Notre Dame or St. Clement. We see not how any truly devout reader, of competent culture, could read these sermons and miss anything that is characteristically Christian. Thomas a Kempis is not more devout or more comprehensive. They have the Orthodoxy of eternal truth and wisdom in them; the catholicity of what saints have known always, said everywhere, and in all times and tongues, but never with more searching subtlety, more exquisite refinement, more delicate sensibility. Christians of other schools may, and will, miss old phrases and "articles of belief," but they will find all they essentially meant, and more than they ever expressed, in the finest form of modern suggestion. Liberals will find little of their too common destructiveness and narrowness of sympathy and misappreciation of the past, but it will puzzle the freest of them to discover any bolts or bars for freedom or to show that any of Dr. Martineau's faith or piety is illegitimate or irrational, or due to a belated intelligence. He is equally in the van and in the rear guard, making a way for the foremost, and bringing tenderly up the weakest that have a right to be in the Lord's host. It is the glorious breadth, with the undiminished depth of his faith, that we so much admire; his absolute allegiance to truth, with his worshipful and tender piety, and the breath of the new morning mingling with the fragrance that comes from over the seas of time and savors of the precious ointment broken on the Master's head and the myrrh and spices carried to his tomb.

These sermons doubtless found fit audience when they were preached, but they seem even better adapted to be read. They are hardly sermons in the strictest sense—rather, soliloquies overheard. The meditative prevails over the hortatory; the brooding upon great themes characterizes them rather than a pushing home of settled convictions. They are too delicate in analysis, too subtle in distinctions, too recondite in manner, too elaborate in phrase, too lofty in tone, to be taken in at one hearing, or to hold readily any class of hearers not educated by the preacher himself to his own exactions upon all their powers of thought and to the high nature of his themes. We sometimes feel that the elaboration of his thoughts and his careful fulfilling of his images overloads his style and wearies attention. His command of language and his sensuousness of imagination are both so great that he rarely leaves to suggestion what less fertile and less gifted writers are compelled to resign—and so he does a generous injustice to his reader by asking nothing of his fancy or his filling up. His mind, in the abundance and richness of its imagination, is just as marked as in

the depth, subtleness and discrimination of its thought. His weapon, sharp as a Japanese sword, is always diaped like a Damascus blade, and we often study the blazonry when we should be watching the stroke or feeling the blow. Elegance of finish and richness of texture are both too rare to be complained of, especially in a writer the beauty of whose surface never conceals a shallow or covers with its shimmer a turbid or an unconquered stream of thought. But we are bound to say that Dr. Martineau's style, elegant, correct, scholarly and inimitable, full of beauty and energy, is not direct and business-like enough to allow the full measure of his intellectual and spiritual powers their best chance. The very seriousness of his theme is every now and then disturbed with some rippling fancy, some strange and too apt word, that suggests pedantry or untimely purpose, and makes us say that cake and wine are not always welcome. But this is ungracious criticism in the face of such noble powers and gifts as this volume exhibits.

Of the twenty-five sermons there is not one we could spare. The very first is, perhaps, the most original and the most useful of all—"The Tides of the Spirit." Never was the value of custom and period in worship so truly estimated. It ought to be read in every literary circle and be committed to heart by all fancying themselves too religious to need church-going! "The Moral Quality of Faith," the seventh sermon, is full of new, profound and searching teaching, applicable in a rare degree to the delusions of many in regard to the absolute lack of responsibility on anybody's part for any opinions. "The Xth, "Messengers of Change," is another penetrative and suggestive discourse, treating a theme rarely so fully mastered, of the dependence of our blessings for their value on their insecurity and uncertainty. The XIIth, "The Sorrows of Messiah," is a deep call upon our profoundest experiences, for an explanation of the sadness of Christ, and shows the peculiar loneliness of a soul that had nothing between itself and God. It is a mystic discourse, true and solemn, leading us far into the secrets of sorrows that only the purest and greatest can know. "Time to Nature, God and the Soul," No. XVI, gives a fine example of the metaphysics of Mr. Martineau applied to a theme too occult for popular intelligence, but treated by him most originally and profitably, and with equal truth and power. "The Powers of Love" is another masterly sermon; and we skip many others equally worthy of notice.

If Spenser be the poet for poets, Martineau is certainly the preacher for preachers. No minister can afford to be ignorant of this book. And we judge that the higher the culture, the more vigorous and independent the reasoning powers among laymen, or the further they have pushed their scepticism, the more profitable to them the calm, undogmatic, respectful, but searching treatment which spiritual verities receive in this volume.

We commend it both to those who have a believing spirit, and to those who have not, with equal confidence that it will command the grateful interest of all not too empty and thoughtless to recognize its value.

REVIEWS.

WENDERHOLME. A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

Mr. Hamerton tells us in his preface to the American edition "that, when the present story was written, commercial reasons prevailed, as they unhappily so often do prevail, over artistic reasons, and the book was made far longer than, as a work of art, it ought to have been." Though since its first publication it has been much abridged, yet a further process of condensation would have been very useful. The book is far too long for the story it tells, which is not quite "enough to go 'round." The plot, such as it is,

is not very absorbing, and the incidents are not especially startling or well connected. Having said this, we have touched upon the only noticeable defects of "Wenderholme." As a study of life and manners in the region of Lancashire and Yorkshire, it is admirable—full of strong, vigorous scenes and descriptions. The various steps by which Isaac Ogden goes down to drunken degradation are portrayed with unusual power, and though "Wenderholme" would hardly be called a "temperance story," yet few books designedly written for the purpose set before us so strongly the horrors of drinking. Then we have the money-making, tight-fisted Jacob Ogden and his worthy mother—two of the strongest characters in the book, the ease-loving Stanburne and his clear-headed but not over lovable wife; the Priglys and honest Dr. Bardly and a number of indifferent characters who come and go just as men and women do in real life. It is this life-likeness in spite of the occasional dullness of a chapter, which makes "Wenderholme" such pleasant reading. It is an artist's study of real life and it is full of human nature. Shayton, and Sootythorn and Wenderholme become veritable places to us, quite as real as the towns and villages we have actually known.

It is hardly necessary to say that this novel has much of Mr. Hamerton's grace of style and manner. This in itself would make readable a far poorer novel than Wenderholme.

TALES FROM TWO HEMISPHERES. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Those who have read "Gunnar" will recall its wonderful charm of simplicity and freshness. It was like a sweet breath of Spring, full of life and health. It was the same charm we found in Bjornson's still more wonderful tales of "Arne," "The Fisher Maiden," and "The Happy Boy." It was the freshness and joy and tender pathos of a land of simpler habits and costumes than our own, where there was still, we found, the same heart of humanity beating under all. There is much the same charm in these "Tales of Two Hemispheres." Almost all of them are sad, or at least in the minor key, and there may be a certain monotone running through them. In almost all the denouement is tragic, either in incident or in the unhappy mental and spiritual conditions. "The Man who lost his Name" is perhaps the most striking of these tales, and there are passages in it which reveal a more acute and subtle comprehension of psychological states than Mr. Boyesen has elsewhere evinced, with a much stronger realization of the dramatic and even tragic possibilities of life. We even feel that he has slightly overstepped the limits of probability in his seeking for a "picturesque" situation at the close. The poor Halldan freezing to death opposite the window of his beloved is, perhaps, artistically satisfactory, but not likely to have happened. "A Good-for-Nothing" has some strong touches at the close, where the hero returns to his native land only to find that he has outgrown the woman he once loved and that between them lies a great gulf neither can cross. His struggle to be true to what he holds to be his duty is admirably described. "The Story of an Outcast" has some charming pictures of Northern life and scenery. There are passages in this tale which for their beauty and simplicity remind one of "Arne." "Truls, the Nameless" and "Asathor's Vengeance" are tragic in their ending and not so satisfactory as the other tales. But all are full of poetical and delightful touches which lift them far above the ordinary and commonplace, and reading them we feel the breath of a simpler and freer life than our own and are surrounded by an atmosphere of wonder and enchantment.

THREE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—"Bits of Talk for Young Folks." By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This volume contains a number of lively pieces in prose and verse, many of which, if we are not mistaken, have appeared in *St. Nicholas* and elsewhere. The opening poem, "The Parable of St. Christopher," is a pleasing version of the old, sweet legend. Such brief sketches as "The Expression of Rooms," "A Parable," and "Good Temper" will do something to keep children in the right way. There are stories and poems, too, which will amuse and interest the youngest readers. One of the best of them is "A Christmas Tree for Cats" with a very funny illustration.

"Flaxie Frizzle," (Boston: Lee & Shepard) is the first of a series of "Flaxie Frizzle Stories," by the ever-popular "Sophie May." Flaxie is a funny little girl who gets into all sorts of scrapes and trouble, but generally "comes up smiling," and wins our hearts in spite of her naughtiness. She is not unlike "Little Prudy" or "Dotty Dimple"; and what more need be said to introduce her to the favor of a juvenile audience?

"Roddy's Ideal," By Helen Kendrick Johnson, (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the third of the "Roddy" stories, of which

"Roddy's Romance" was by far the best. This volume recounts the "goings on" of a number of lively children, and some of their performances are rather remarkable. We hardly know what to make of such a chapter as that called "The Ten Commandments" where the children "play church." However, there are some very amusing things in it, as the exposition of the fifth and sixth commandments. As a whole "Roddy's Ideal" does not compare very favorably with his "Romance" but perhaps it is too much to expect three equally good stories of the same general character.

A VOYAGE TO THE FORTUNATE ISLES. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. That New World and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We should say that the chief excellence of Mrs. Piatt's poetry is her wealth of imagination. Her chief fault is that her fancy sometimes runs into excessive imagery and occasional obscurity. Often the general effect is striking, but the real thoughts so hidden as quite to escape us.

A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles has been before the public for several years. The longer poem is less satisfactory than some of the short pieces in the volume, like "Sometime," "One Poet's Silence," "At The Play," "His Share and Mine," etc. There is a pensive wailing through most of these verses, and indeed, Mrs. Piatt seems to find it very difficult to take a thoroughly cheerful view of life.

We think there is a decided advance in "That New World and Other Poems." There is a good deal of power in this seven-versed poem and in such lyrics as "Enchanted," "Her Cross and Mine," "The King's Memento Mori," etc. Their greatest defect is an occasional obscurity of expression, or possibly, a real failure on the part of the writer to grasp the central thought and present it clearly.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.

Blackwood.

DEAN SWIFT and Lord Macaulay have been the subject of considerable controversy of late. They are contrasted and compared in this number of Blackwood with the view of showing that Macaulay deserved no more honors than Swift, when each is judged by his record, that many faults were common to both and that Swift suffered for what Macaulay was praised. The times having changed, opposition was more tolerated by the party in power during the career of Macaulay than during that of Swift.

"The Woman Hater" is getting into the question of the education of women for the medical profession. The history of this reform at Edinburgh University is graphically portrayed in the language of one of the lady students, represented here as Miss Rhoda. She attacks an old saying thus: "Truth lies in no well. The place truth lies in is the middle of the turnpike-road. But one old foggy puts on his green spectacles to look for her, and another his red, and another his blue; and so they all miss her, because she is a colorless diamond. Those spectacles are preconceived notions, *à priori* reasoning, cant, prejudice, the depth of Mr. Shallow's inner consciousness, etc., etc. Then comes the observer, open the eyes that God has given him, tramples on all colored spectacles, and finds Truth as surely as the spectacled theorists miss her."

Classical poetry is represented in this number by a brief little gem entitled "A Greek Girl." The recent agitation between the two parties in England in regard to "The Eastern Question;" "The Question of Promotion in the Army;" "Indian Travels," and "The Life of the Prince Consort" are subjects all ably handled.

Westminster Review.

A LONG paper on Indian Affairs is the first thing on turning the cover. The struggle between colonial and home governments is evident in this glance at "recent legislature." The influence of the Secretary of State is still maintained through the exertions of Lord Salisbury, and the Westminster's good opinion is not withheld from that nobleman for his part in the matter. The advice of Sir Henry Rawlinson, in case of war with Russia, in regard to India is rejected and the reasons given.

William Godwin, husband of Mary Wollstonecraft, is the subject of an interesting memoir. The third paper is entitled, "Political Economy as a Safeguard of Democracy." It is highly instructive. The opening sentence is worth looking at. It is quite different from anything Americans heard from England "one hundred years ago." Here it is—"A time has come when even the most sanguine of conservatives or retrogressionists can scarcely conceal from themselves the fact that our national tone of thought, and

consequently our national institutions, are steadily progressing toward democracy."

Lord Althorp is next brought forward as the guiding spirit of the Reform Act of 1832.

An article on "Shakspeare's Young Men," is by a lady who begins by stating that, "in the abstract, a young man is not considered less interesting than a young woman."

An able paper on "Political Development and Party Government," is well adapted to this side of the Atlantic, though intended for the other.

A notice of Dr. Hill's "True Order of Studies" appears to have been written by one who does not appreciate it. As a President of Harvard University, and one of the advanced educators of New England, Dr. Hill, as a clear thinker on educational matters, needs no aid from any quarter, and we cannot agree that the work referred to, is either "dull" or "impracticable," and we believe the suggestions it contains are consistent with the experience of the best teachers. Another absurd notice is in reference to a work by Theophilus Parsons, LL.D. The critic says that the great majority of teachers of Swedenborgianism are wholly ignorant and uneducated. Such a statement proves that the writer is not fully prepared to judge. As a class, the leaders of this sect, at least in America, are doubtless quite as well educated as those of most other sects of Christendom.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England" is more fairly treated. Even the Westminster cannot afford to be careless, and it is to be hoped that the influence of such a splendid review will not be marred by such blunders as those mentioned above.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE latest "Vest-Pocket" volume published by J. R. Osgood & Co. is Emerson's "Nature." It is a good selection, and all who can recall what a great sensation it made on its first appearance will be glad to read it in its present form. It loses nothing with the passing years and is just as inspiring as ever.

SEASHORE AND PRAIRIE, by Mary P. Thacher (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), contains a number of very pleasant sketches of travel and sight-seeing. They are the well-written reminiscences and reflections of a bright woman, who has used her eyes to good advantage, and writes agreeably, if not profoundly, of places and people and books. The sketch of Old York, Water Lilies at Newport, A Mountain Adventure, etc., are very readable. One Hundred Years Ago gives some curious and valuable facts in concise shape. Our Literary Club is an amusing account of an æsthetic club that came to an ignominious conclusion. The book will possess interest for travellers, to say nothing of the "stay-at-homes."

RUBENS' pictures in Antwerp Cathedral are suffering from having been veiled by the clerical authorities from those who did not pay to see them. The Common Council is trying to save them from growing still darker by freely letting the light upon them.

DR. FORBES WINSLOW, of Charing Cross Hospital, London, says that ten thousand lunatics now under treatment in America are sufferers from spiritualism, and that insanity from this cause increases daily in England. This sounds like a very extravagant statement, but there is no question that spiritism does a great deal of harm.

MR. JOHN FRETWELL lectured recently in Montreal on "Transylvania and the East." In a notice of the lecture the Montreal Evening Post says: "While deprecating the cruelties of the Turks, the Speaker thought the peoples of the East have not much to hope for from the Russians. England has many millions of Moslem subjects in India, and she has to be careful neither to exasperate or alienate them by her policy toward Turkey. He thinks that Mr. Gladstone is too exclusively emotional; looks too exclusively on one side of a question, and is incapable perhaps of looking all round it. The poorest use, the lecturer urged, that English men or English money could be put to is to go to war with it."

ONE of those antiquated English customs which at home are prized in proportion to their lack of present meaning, and which have the interest of romance for us, was celebrated on the night of Sunday, Nov. 11, by the parishioners of Loughton in Epping Forest. "Commoners, verderers," and all, with the wood bailiffs of the corporation, after having first dined on a stall-fed deer out of the forest, cut a bough by torch-light to assert their "lopping rights," now 800 years old, which once gave them their necessary wood.

It is a great mistake to suppose that because Miss Powars has left \$50,000 to the American Unitarian Association, therefore the money talked about at Saratoga is not urgently needed by the Association. There is no connection whatever between these two "bequests." The *Boston Journal* says that Miss Powars was a native of Boston, as were her father and mother. She was the daughter of Captain Thomas Powars, who will be well remembered by many of our old residents. Miss Powars was eighty-two years old at the time of her death. By a long life of business and frugality and fortunate investments she was enabled to amass a fortune, the largest part of which has been given to benevolent objects. She was noted for her disinterested acts of kindness to relatives and friends, and led a quiet, useful Christian life. She was formerly a member of Dr. Channing's church, but for some years prior to her death was connected with Dr. Putnam's church.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT. By the author of "Helen's Babies." \$1.00.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE. By Katharine B. Zerega. With Illustrations by Lucy G. Morse. \$1.50.

From A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE HISTORY OF LIBERTY. A paper read before the New York Historical Society, by John T. Akin.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE ROSE IN BLOOM. A Sequel to "Eight Cousins." By Louisa M. Alcott.

From E. P. Dutton & Co.

MILE STONES IN OUR LIFE JOURNEY. By Samuel Osgood, DD., LL.D. \$1.50.

THE PARLOR CAR. By William D. Howells.

ART AND SCIENCE.

MADAME ESSIPOFF.

It has become the fashion, of late, to admire everything Russian, from the beautiful stones and royal furs to the splendid musical genius manifested by Rubenstein, and in a lesser degree by Madame Essipoff. The Russians seem to possess the quality which we call *originality*, a power of conceiving and representing ideas at first hand. Although not a new country, Russia has many characteristics of a new civilization, among others the youthful vigor of thought which disregards historical antecedents and aims at modelling the ideas peculiar to itself. We see this in the Russian Department at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, in the unusual combinations in the gold and silver work, and the proud preference for following national models in every department of industry. Rubenstein himself seemed like a noble lion, submitting most unwillingly to the iron cage of civilization and shaking his mane in wrath at all social fetters. But, like the lion of old in Æsop's fable, who fell in love with a beautiful woman, this Russian lion yielded to the charms of music, and, subduing his haughty voice, utters in wondrous and mellow tones the praises of his mistress.

Seriously, we see little in Madame Essipoff to remind us of Rubenstein, unless it be the same childlike gravity and composure which was so marked in him. Madame Essipoff's style is more direct and objective than Rubenstein's, but more mechanical, and far less poetical. Like her master, however, she evidently wishes to give the inner meaning of the music she interprets, and like him she is less careful of the clear enunciation of each note than of conveying the general thought. But, while Rubenstein could afford, through the original and subjective quality of his genius, often to slur and sometimes to alter the musical phraseology of the old masters, Madame Essipoff has as yet no such right of genius. We felt the lack of distinct utterance in some of the compositions which she played last Saturday. Few could fail to admire the perfect absence of affectation, the composure of her bearing and the genuine simplicity of her interpretations. She gave them in a straightforward,

unpretending manner which showed an earnestness of intention, which may develop into something greater when years have brought experience and ripeness of perception.

We regret that she gave us nothing of Beethoven at the Saturday matinee. The pieces to which she did most justice were the Paraphrase of Rigoletto, by Listz, and an Intermezzo by Von Bulow. There was evidence of strength and delicacy of touch in those pieces which, however, in a measure express themselves. Her rendering of Chopin, in a Fantasie and Scherzo which she gave us, would hardly have satisfied the capricious genius of the composer, who wanders through the maziest labyrinths of unreasonable fancies, suddenly to emerge into the clear sunshine of exquisite melody and natural harmony—as suddenly to flee from the light of day into some dark cavern of melancholy. Perhaps no nature unlike his own can do full justice to his moody meditations, and certainly we cannot blame Madame Essipoff for a failure which is due to difference of nature.

Her playing does not lack sentiment, and she brings out the singing quality of the Steinway piano in an admirable way, but of that commanding quality of genius which takes you captive in spite of all prepossessions we could discover nothing in one hearing. We are aware that this is a somewhat hypercritical estimate of Madame Essipoff's claims to public admiration, and also that the majority prefer the objective style of art. But, when we see what seems to us a merely enthusiastic reception of a musical artist, we feel it due to her as well as ourselves to subject her work to a friendly analysis.

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

OPENING OF THE NEW ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY.

The American Geographical Society opened its new rooms, at No. 11 West Twenty-ninth Street, on Tuesday, November 28. A small but distinguished company was present, and the occasion, which was designed to be social and informal in character, was apparently much enjoyed by all present. In the absence of the President, Judge Daly, who was at the last moment prevented by illness from attending, the committee called upon Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows to voice the spirit of the occasion. Our report of Dr. Bellows' speech is imperfect, but the following extracts are substantially correct:

No country surely has a greater claim on its people for the promotion and honor of geographical science than America. We are ourselves the product of the noble passion for discovering and exploring the outlying and unknown regions of the earth. But for the sacred instinct that drives man never to submit to ignorance of what can be known, to move back the boundaries that hem in his motion and imprison him on threatening seas and arid deserts; that provokes his curiosity and overcomes his fears when dreams of possible possessions awake in his brooding mind, we should never have had the Cabots, the Amerigo Vespucci and the Columbus, that, under God, called our hemisphere and our country out of the mists of the ignorance of ages into the knowledge of the Old World and the use and possession of the children of the New.

America is the sublime and permanent, the unsurpassable triumph and monument of geographical enterprise. She must partly pay back the debt she owes the faith and boldness of the sons of the other hemisphere, by gleanings what remains of the harvest of geographical research, especially in those portions of the globe more open to her navigators

or savans, and contribute it to the general sum of knowledge, which has now become so great, of this long unexplored and unknown globe. Africa, the Poles and parts of Asia still invite her explorations; and we will not forget that Wilkes and Kane and Hayes and Hall and the finder of Livinstone, and latest of all, Schuyler, in his bold and fruitful journey into the regions between Russia and the East, have partly shown what Americans can do to vindicate her claim to be a grateful child of the mother that found and lifted her cradle from the waters.

The study of the earth—and geography includes it all—is perhaps the most grateful and affectionate tribute immortal man can pay his birth-spot! For here, whatever and however much grander his experience of life and being, of nature and divine laws, may become, here he began to be! Here he opened his eyes upon the external universe; here he first saw form and color and grasped substance and welcomed air and light and heat and motion; here he first thought and felt, and looked up at the stars and down upon the flowers, and had his first exquisite taste of the mystery and glory and charm of existence. No other worlds can repeat this ever sacred and memorable experience. He cannot begin, however endlessly he may continue his being; here the thought and the feeling of his Creator first stole into his heart; here he first tasted the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and felt the first throbs of love and fear, of hope and of regret. This will ever remain his cradle and nursery—the place where he made his first acquaintance with himself, his race, his Maker, with art and science—and had his first outlook into the starry universe. Here, then, is the site of his first observatory; here the origin of his alphabet of communication with heaven and earth; here the unit of all he knows and can know.

And if there be anything more fitted to arouse our love and reverence for our earth and our devotion to its study, it is the growing confidence which science acquires that its laws, its substances, its revelations, are not of things local and temporary; that it is a sample of a universal texture, made of elements that exist and rule in the most distant spheres; that its laws extend to it from a divine centre, that sweeps into unity all other worlds, and that its knowledges and sciences do not end here, or have their uses superseded or belittled by what is to be learned hereafter, but only carried on, increased and perfected.

The universe is indeed a university; but this grammar-school of earth, with its little museum of wonders and patterns, is stored from the University itself, and conducted under the same head, so that it is truly a preparatory school, whose lessons will not prove unrelated to those higher studies before us in other stages of knowledge. I can believe that the arches of heaven itself may have sung when Newton and Kepler, Laplace and Humboldt entered the abode where what we vainly call earthly science and art are proved immortal and not less honored, but only further known; and it is no profane fancy that the great explorers of earth and sky may celebrate their human achievements and keep the anniversary of the days when they made their first great discoveries even amid the joys and victories of their new abodes.

* * * * * The great commander gathers his battalions under many different colors; sometimes it is the cavalry, sometimes the infantry, sometimes the artillery that has the post of honor in the front. Nay, often each arm in his service is called to wait until slower arms come up—before the advance can be made along the whole line. But He never loses a battle, nor suffers any one of His armies to betray the rest. Science seems just now in the van, but she is

there in the common interest, and she will neither take nor hold the enemies' lines—ignorance, sin and poverty—without mingling her colors with all the rest. Let us not envy nor miscall her services nor withhold our own, if we are ranked in a less immediately popular or a less conspicuous corps.

Finally, I congratulate you upon the social features of this new home, these ample and inviting parlors, and the preparations for a festive interchange of minds and hearts in the presence of a high scientific study and amid books of reference and atlases and charts and curiosities, stimulating to conversation and intellectual pleasures. Every such provision for the social wants of intellectual and studious men and women, in this strangely unsocial stage of our intellectual life, in this capital city, where society is mainly frivolous and external, is to be welcomed with applause. Excepting the artists, there is no class of persons devoted to the higher culture of humanity that here appear to have a coherent and mutually dependent life of sympathy and co-operative feeling. Neither literature, poetry, philosophy, science nor theology have any successful social centres, where men engaged in these pursuits are sure to find fraternal sympathy and social relation with their peers. It is complained, I think with justice, that thinking men are isolated, unknown to each other, driven into solitude and an unproductive bachelorhood by a certain unfavorableness to social intercourse which our commercial atmosphere produces. It is certain that a finer spirit exists in other American cities than in our own, in this respect. It is true our clubs do something to obviate the difficulty, but they are expensive and heterogeneous. I trust that these rooms will call together and invite into friendly relations and social intercourse upon a scientific ground all young and thirsting geographers and scientists and all those who find in the purlieus of science relaxation from commercial and professional life. The Geographical Society could hardly do a better service than make science social while others are making social science popular.

ART NOTES.

A PALACE on the Grand Canal, Venice, has been purchased by Mr. Layard, of Nineveh fame, who is now furnishing it with works of art gathered from many lands.

THE next Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Color will be made as usual at the New York Academy of Design, and be opened in January.

THE spire of Rouen Cathedral, which has just been completed, is an iron structure as ill matched as possible with the grand building which it surmounts. About all the good which can be said of it is that it is 494 feet high.

MESSRS. M. KNOEDLER & Co. have reopened their gallery on Fifth Avenue, after having much extended it and completed numerous improvements, which will enable them to make still more attractive what has always been to art lovers one of the most attractive places in the city.

THE collection of paintings now on exhibition at the Leavitt Art Rooms, and to be sold on Friday evening, beside many portraits by the late Charles L. Elliott, contains numerous examples of American art, with several oil paintings attributed to Rubens and Raphael, and a number of studies by Williams, Chavet and others. Among the American artists represented are McEntee, Colman, Kensett Beard, and others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SHARK.

BY L. E. R.

Oh! blithe and merrily sang the shark,
As he sat on the house-top high,
A-cleaning his boo's and smoking cheroots,
With a single glass in his eye.

With Martin and Day he polished away,
And a smile on his face did glow,
While merry and bold the chorus he trolled
Of "Gobble-em-upsky ho!"

He sang so loud he astonished the crowd
Which gathered from far and near,
For they said: "Such a sound in the country round
We never, no, never did hear!"

He sang of the ships he'd eaten like chips,
In the palmy days of his youth;
And he added: "If you don't believe it is true,
Pray examine my wisdom teeth!"

He sang of the whales who'd have given their tails
For a glance of his raven eye;
And the sword-fish, too, who their weapons drew,
And vowed for his sake they'd die.

He sang about wrecks and hurricane decks,
And the mariner's perils and pains,
Till every man's blood up on end it stood,
And their hair ran cold in their veins.

But, blithe as a lark, the merry old shark
Sat on the sloping roof;
Though he said: "It is queer that no one draws near
To examine my wisdom tooth!"

He carolled away by night and by day,
Until he made every one ill;
And I'll wager a crown that unless he's come down
He is probably carolling still.

St. Nicholas.

BERTIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was a disappointment, to be sure. Though Bertie was as manly a little fellow as ever lived, he could not keep the tears back as he tied his old knit comforter about his throat with his poor, blue, half-frozen fingers, making it cover as much space on his chill little body as he could; for it had to serve as an overcoat as well, and the weather was freezing cold. There had been so many people going in and out of the store all day that his hands nearly froze to the plated handles; for it was the day before Christmas, and Bertie was stationed at the door in one of the large stores on Sixth Avenue. He was too small for a cash-boy, they had told his mother when she applied to the firm a little while before, with tears in her eyes; but the busy season was coming, and for a very small consideration he might tend the door. Every Saturday night he gave his week's earnings to his mother, and then they went out together and bought a few, a very few, necessities with the money.

They had not always been so poor. Bertie could remember very well when he had warm, handsome clothes, and had lived in a fine house, and had a father as well as a mother; but his father had died, and afterwards all their things were sold, and they gradually became poorer and poorer, until now they hardly ever had enough to eat, and were scantily warmed and clothed.

They had no relatives living, though his mother had often talked to him about his Uncle Egbert, her brother, who, many years before, had gone away to China to make his fortune, which he had succeeded in doing, but who, on his way home, had disappeared and never been heard of again. This had happened about a year ago, and Bertie had nearly

forgotten him and the stories he used to hear about the wonderful things Uncle Egbert saw and the beautiful Chinese carving he used to send home. He was so busy, and had so many other and sadder things to think about, poor little boy.

His disappointment on the day before Christmas happened in this way: He was not so wise as most of the boys and girls are now-a-days, who know everything, and until the Christmas of which I am writing had really believed in Santa Claus. The Christmas before, his stocking was not very full, to be sure, but still he found something in it; and until about a week before he had been sure that Santa Claus would bring something especially nice to his mother and himself, and it cost his mother an extra heart-ache to be obliged to undeceive him. For a long time after she had told him, he sat meditatively in his little wooden chair close to the fire until it was time to go to bed.

"I know," thought he, as he covered himself up, head and all, with the scanty bed-clothes, "I will be Santa Claus myself. I will go and buy mother something with my own money. Perhaps I shall have a few pennies left from Saturday night, and they say that Mr. G. always gives the boys a little something Christmas eve; so I will get mother a warm pair of stockings, perhaps, or some thick gloves"; and, with these thoughts, he dropped asleep. But, alas! every cent of his wages Saturday had to go for kindling wood.

"Never mind," thought he. "I shall certainly get something the day before Christmas."

Fancy his disappointment, then, when, instead of the expected present, Mr. G. made a speech to all the men and boys in his employ, telling them that the times were so hard that he could not afford to give them any Christmas remembrance this year; that he was very sorry, but he could not help it. A great hard thing came up in Bertie's throat, and hurt him as he listened, and, in spite of all he could do, the tears well out of his eyes down the bridge of his nose, though he sopped them up so fast with the corner of his comforter that he thought nobody saw them.

But he was mistaken. Two people were watching him, and turned and looked after him as he walked slowly down the store, rubbing his nose sorrowfully. One of these persons was a clerk at the ribbon counter, who was always strongly perfumed with hair-oil and cheap cologne, and wore an immense seal ring and a glass shirt-pin. This one gazed at Bertie's back for a moment, and then remarked to the other: "It's mighty hard on the little chap; old G. is as mean as dirt, anyway"; and departed to purchase a bottle of jockey club.

The other was a big, rough cash-boy, of whom Bertie had always been rather afraid. "Sugar"! was his not over lucid comment, as he rushed down the long aisle after him.

"See here, sonny," said he very hurriedly, as if he had not a minute to lose; "Mr. Paine giv me ten cents this morning, as he knowed we wasn't to have no present, and here's five; it's all right." And, with these words, he disappeared, leaving Bertie staring, with eyes and mouth wide open.

It was some time before he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to realize that the five cents lay in his hand to do what he liked with. He looked for the boy, but he had gone, and all that was left for Bertie to do was to make up his mind as to the most advantageous manner of laying out his sudden acquisition. He turned the five cents over in his palm as he pondered.

"I won't buy anything to eat," he said to himself, "because that will be all gone in a little while; and then mother will make me eat half of it, besides. No! I will go to the cheap store, and see what I can find."

He rushed around to the cheap store, half dreading lest he

should find it shut, for it was late ; but it was wide open and full of people, and Bertie found it hard work to get waited upon. He found that there were not many very elegant articles to be purchased for the sum in his possession ; but, after much reflection, he decided upon a small blue heart, which came to exactly five cents. His spirits rose in spite of the cold, as he pocketed his prize and ran home as fast as he could go, for he knew his mother would feel anxious about him. His dear patient mother, who met him at the door with the brave, sweet smile that he knew and loved so well, took off his cap and comforter, and then they drew their chairs as near as possible to the fire, for the room was cold, and drank hot tea without milk or sugar and ate bread without butter cheerfully, for it made them happy to be together.

"I have got some nice beefsteak for our Christmas dinner, with potatoes, and sponge cake for dessert, dear," said the mother, stroking the curly head which lay on her knee.

"Oh, mother darling, *won't* that be nice?—and you must hang up your stocking too," said Bertie, earnestly.

"I am afraid I shall find it as empty as yours will be, my poor boy," answered his mother. "Santa Claus will skip over us this Christmas ; but perhaps he will come next time."

"Never mind, mother. Do hang up your stocking just to please me ; it can't do any harm, you know," begged Bertie.

"Very well, dear, I will if you want me to," she answered. "And now you must go to bed, for you must be very tired after your hard day's work ; but first you shall help me hang up my stocking."

This arrangement afforded a fine opportunity for Bertie to slip his little blue heart in the toe of the stocking, and a casual observer would never have suspected that it contained anything at all. This done, Bertie went to bed, and in a few minutes slept a heavy, dreamless sleep.

Suddenly he became conscious of an unusual noise in the room. His mother was, and through the half-opened door of the tiny closet in which he slept he saw a tall figure in a long shaggy coat trimmed with fur, with snow on some parts of it. The being had dark hair and a curly brown beard, and looked of gigantic size in the dim light.

"Why, it is Santa Claus!" thought Bertie, hardly daring to breathe lest the vision should vanish. "And oh! he is talking to mother. I will listen to what he is saying ; but I wish I was not so sleepy."

He lay down again in bed, but though Santa Claus and his mother were talking very fast and earnestly, they spoke in low tones, and Bertie could not hear very well. He caught a word now and then, and found that Santa Claus seemed to be telling about a wonderful escape from shipwreck and all sorts of strange adventures. He could see by the shadows that Santa Claus had his arm around his mother, and he heard subdued exclamations, which became more and more indistinct, and finally melted away altogether as the poor little tired boy sank to sleep again in spite of his excitement. Again he was roused, however, by being lifted from his bed, and on half opening his eyes saw that Santa Claus had taken him up in his arms, and was wrapping him in something very thick and warm, while his mother stood by laughing and crying all at once. But it seemed as if nothing could ever wake him up entirely that night.

"Are you Santa Claus?" he murmured drowsily.

"I shouldn't wonder, my boy ; it's all right now ; go off to sleep again. I will take care of you and your blessed mother"; and Santa Claus' eyes glistened as though there were moisture in them, and his voice sounded so kind to Bertie that he felt sure that it was all right, and went to

sleep again directly. Not so soundly though but that he was half conscious of being carried swiftly somewhere by horses with jingling sleigh-bells, though he did not know whether they were going through the air or not, and finally being put in a bed that was so comfortable that he hardly had been in it a second before he went off again as sound as a top, and forgot all about Santa Claus and his performances.

He opened his eyes the next morning to find the bright sunlight of a beautiful Christmas morning streaming into the room, which was strange, for his closet had no window.

Why! How! What!

What had happened? He was not in his own little closet at all, but in a great soft bed in a room all filled with beautiful things, and a fire burning brightly in the grate, and over him stood his dear mother ; and—yes—he remembered now—there was Santa Claus himself, only without his shaggy coat.

"Bertie, Bertie, darling, wake up"! said his mother, kissing him. "It is Christmas morning, and a merry Christmas it is for us, dear, for Uncle Egbert has come home"!

"Oh! That is lots better than Santa Claus," shouted Bertie, and threw his arms round his uncle's neck ; and there never were three happier people than "Santa Claus" and Bertie and his mother that Christmas morning.

But Bertie's mother always wore a little blue heart attached to her watch-chain, and seemed to value it more than anything else she possessed.

ISABEL FRANCIS.

SELECTIONS.

WHAT MAPS ARE FOR.

[From Rev. Francis Tiffany's Essay "The Life of To-day the Interpreter of the Life of the Past."]

WE, of to-day, are rapidly emerging from a long period of traditionalism and second-hand rote repetition in the school, the State, the Church, and are beginning to deal at first-hand with nature and life. The teacher is crying, "less of text-books, show the child the thing itself, the flower, the crystal, the fish's heart, the sheep's skull." They begin to feel as Agassiz did when he said once, in substance, in his impetuous way: "Years ago I was teaching geography to a class of children in my native village, and could not get the meaning of a map through their heads. It was so much red, yellow, and line to them. At last I had a happy thought. 'Come round to my house this afternoon,' I said, 'and we will take a walk.' They came, and off we started to climb a spur of the Jura. Then we had God's fresh creation in view. I opened the map and began. 'Now, children, look at that wandering black line. 'There's what it means;' and I pointed to the silver-shining river winding through the plain at our feet. 'Now, children, again, look at those round dots with a name printed over each one of them. There's what they mean;' and I directed all eyes to the spires and houses of the towns and villages in sight. 'Now once more! You see those shaded spaces on the map? There's what they mean;' and I pointed to the glorious Alps. 'These shining rivers, many-spired towns, snow-clad mountain ranges, these are what you are to think about; the lines are only to tell you *to do that*.' Then the children clapped their hands, and cried, 'O, now we understand a map.'"

Alas! there are a great many maps that even we elders do not understand, and on which we never get beyond the dots, and lines, and shaded spaces to the grand realities they stand for; thinking, in our blindness, the mountains and rivers were made for the map, and not the map for the mountains and rivers. Too often, the New Testament is one of these. We must climb our spur of the Jura, and look off first-hand over God's great fresh creation. For the root trouble with preachers and congregations to-day is, that they do not half believe there is any living human nature left in the world to interpret by. They think human nature once existed, and that there is a record of what it was and what it did, in the Bible, Shakspeare, and a few other books. But Judas is dead; so is Zaccheus, so eager and sprightly once to climb a tree; so, too, Nicodemus, circumspect enough to wait till night-fall before venturing to walk abroad; so Mary committing the unpardonable sin in woman of losing sight of the fact that the

MINISTERS come to the front in the lecture courses to be given

this Winter. Rev. W. H. H. Murray is always popular, and will probably regale his hearers with new stories of the wilderness. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher speaks on "The North and South," and must necessarily drop into politics.

A CONGREGATIONAL church at Worcester, Mass., has decided that women should have no voice in church government. They think that "male members should do the voting." This is rather hard upon the faithful women, who, doubtless, constitute two-thirds of the congregation, unless the Worcester church is exceptional.

WE are to have a Trappist monastery near Buffalo, for which establishment works are already on their way from various parts of the world. The strictest rules are to be observed—perpetual silence, vigorous fasts, penances and lengthy devotions. It will be interesting to have this bit of mediævalism right in the heart of our nineteenth century bustle and confusion.

THESE are "hard times" indeed, and the present Winter bids fair to be exceptionally trying. The managers of the Boston Provident Association say that during the twenty-five years of their organization there never have been so many cases of poverty as now. During the present year, about 19,954 persons have been aided, and of this number 17,014 are foreigners.

A PROFESSOR of theology in Dunedin, New Zealand, recently made an unfortunate slip in classing the evolutionists and atheists together. In consequence there has been a lively debate and something of a scrimmage between the theologians and scientists of that region. It would do no harm to say once for all that a man might be a Christian and an evolutionist at the same time.

SOME of the Jewish synagogues look with favor upon certain Christian devices, and the *Jewish Messenger* would like to see "some Moodyism introduced in the Jewish form of service, some enthusiasm, some life." We would prefer to have the "enthusiasm" without the "Moodyism," and we believe the former is obtainable without the cheap and sensational devices of the latter.

THERE is a popular superstition in Rome that after a cardinal dies three other cardinals fall ill and soon die. A curious verification of this idea has followed the death of Cardinal Antonelli: By the way, it is reported that the Pope is rather nervous about the revelations which may be made by papers Antonelli left behind him, which are said to contain many curious secrets worth knowing.

THERE WAS a grand Thanksgiving dinner at the Hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, with turkey and chickens and all the "fixings." The many young men who were unable to be with home friends greatly enjoyed the occasion. Speeches were made by the President, Mr. Baldwin, Rev. J. F. Locke, Mr. Fred

Clarke and others. Eleven States and seven nationalities were represented.

THE monument to Religious Liberty, for the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, was unveiled and dedicated on Thanksgiving Day. One figure in the marble group is a boy bearing "an undying flame" to symbolize the light of religion that should ever illumine the path of liberty. It would certainly be a matter for congratulation if religion in this country had always cast a clearer light on the religious pathway.

REV. JOHN F. LOCKE, who has been the Librarian at the B. Y. M. Christian "Union" for nearly five years has retired from that position. It is his intention to again assume the charge of a parish. In addition to his ability as a preacher his experience gained at the Union specially fits him to attend to the practical work of a religious society. The President of the Union (at 18 Boylston St., Boston), will be pleased to forward any letters for Mr. Locke which may be sent to his care.

WENDELL PHILLIPS spoke last Sunday morning at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston. The subject of his lecture was "Education." In the course of his remarks he said: "I protest against the whole school system of Massachusetts." Turning to New York, he observed: "The city of New York is given away every year as Morrissey, Kelly and O'Brien direct; yet these men are not Platos." Evidently Mr. Phillips has not lost his power of heavy sarcasm and upright and downright denunciation.

THE Parisians, untiring as ants, are repairing and re-adorning their beautiful, though recently damaged city, against the World's Fair of 1878. As they have a new opera house of vast extent and cost they are next to have the new *Avenue de l'Opera* which will make away with many an old building. The *Hotel Dieu* is nearly rebuilt, and projected new streets are causing the demolition of hundreds of buildings. The Parisians are excitable, and will, of course, overdo the thing, but they have also a thrifty, economical way with them and will probably succeed in reimbursing themselves from the foreigners who will go to see their last new Paris.

REV. GEO. A. THAYER, of the Broadway Unitarian Church, South Boston, believes in church organization, in pulpit topics for the times, and in looking after the young people. Among the subjects of Sunday evening lectures announced are the following: "How the Earth was Built," "Man's Age upon our Globe," "Darwinism, What it Means," "The Birth and Death of the Planets." This scientific course will be followed by one on "Life and its Conduct," chiefly aimed at young people. The themes to be treated are, "The Homes We Want," "The Needs of Our Politics," "The Money We Spend," "The Hopes of the Young Men," "The Books We Read," "The Aims of Young Women," etc.

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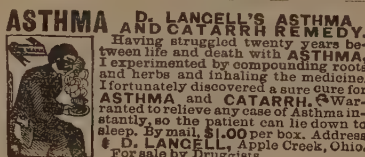


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Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, 1,000 00	
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	21,487 20
	\$408,092 05
Losses unadjusted estimated at.....	\$14,300 56

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Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71
Total Assets.....	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$425,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,820,000.....	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	287,467 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	69,250 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.....	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY 1876.....	181,157 19
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	10,833 34
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	13,634 56
Total.....	\$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JULY 1876.....	\$247,326 66
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,400 00
Total.....	\$247,326 66

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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 2.
WHOLE NO., 1572.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1876.

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{ 8 CENTS A COPY.

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HENRY W. BELLOWS, James T. Bixby, John W. Chadwick, Edward Everett Hale, E. P. Powell, Minot J. Savage, Rufus Sheldon and Edward A. Spring are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

THE only new face upon the election is the steady evidence that popular excitement is wearing itself out with the delay, and that the people in all parts of the country are anxious for a peaceful settlement of the question, and with more or less grace are prepared to acquiesce in a decision made on legal grounds, even if moral grounds are not duly covered and met. The Northwest seems, if we may judge from inquiries made at Chicago, to be changing its expectation of Tilden to an expectation of Hayes as the successful candidate. We see less and less reason to fear revolutionary action in any part of the country.

THE letter of Mr. John Welsh in reply to certain severe strictures upon the position of the Centennial Board of Finance relative to the repayment of the government loan of a million and a half, is very pathetic. Certainly many people have felt that the meaning of the act authorizing the loan was clear, but it is possible that they may be mistaken, and the admirable management of the Board of Finance, as distinguished from the many blunders of the Board of Commissioners, entitle it to the respectful consideration of the public. Mr. Welsh at least has earned the right to the esteem and attention of all good citizens.

WHATEVER irregularities there may have been on the part of the Returning Boards in South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana—and we regret to say that the reports which have reached us from time to time since the election have not been flattering to Republican human nature—it does not seem possible that there can be a difference of opinion on the part of reasonably honest and sane persons as to the

deliberate villainy of the fraud sought to be perpetrated in Oregon. That it is so strongly suspected that the trick was arranged in the East, and only appears to have mis-carried through the stupidity of the man chosen to perform it, does not make it less depressing. It would be a relief to get rid of certain Republican leaders; but are there not Democratic ones to fall into whose hands would be truly a plunge into the fire?

BUSINESS cannot be expected to improve until politics are more settled. We hope it is not as bad as it seems, but certainly there is little apparent elasticity in it. Last year was worse than the year before, and this is worse than last—if the poor mouth business men make up is any proof. We are glad to believe that things are worse here than in the West. Some excellent effects are following the hard times. There is a general spirit of economy and a more careful paring off of unreasonable charges by butchers and grocers. People who know how can live at a considerable reduction from old prices. There seems less extravagance in costume. On the whole, we suspect the hard times did not come a moment too soon, and have not yet stayed out their full term. If only their lessons could be remembered they might be safely concluded, but it takes a great while to burn them in so that they will stay. We are a wasteful, extravagant people, and we need a severe snubbing to make us mind our pennies.

A RECENT failure (of the merits of which we know nothing) in which, according to a newspaper statement, the assets are reckoned at \$25,000 and the liabilities at \$180,000, with no private property in the possession of either partner, reminds us of many similar exposures with which the press has teemed during the past few years. Is it not time that the bounds of commercial propriety were a little more clearly marked, the limits made a little narrower within which a merchant may be permitted to make ducks and drakes of the property of others without being considered as having forfeited his reputation as an honest man? It seems to us that there is small prospect of a higher commercial morality until in the field of trade the relations of *meum* and *tuum* are a little more distinctly considered, and a somewhat more stringent application is made of the laws which the experience of mankind has found it necessary to establish for the protection of property under other circumstances.

THE Constitution, in making over to the separate States the right of making their own rules in the choice of electors, provides only that a number of electors proportioned to the population shall be chosen, and that those having the highest vote shall be electors, with the single added provision that no federal office-holder shall be eligible. Have the States any right to make provision that in case any ineligible person shall be voted for by a sufficient number, the other electors shall have the power to fill the vacancy thus created by putting in whom they choose, or the man having the next highest vote, or by making the man who may meanwhile have laid down his office their lawful choice? It is doubtful whether this is not unconstitutional. Have not the Oregon Republicans thrown away by their carelessness the only con-

stitutional right they possess, and lost their vote beyond recall? We are persuaded that this point will yet come up, and we have a notion that the people cannot justly claim a right to correct what is due to their own fault and haste and criminal inadvertence. We are none the less ready to entertain this view because it would operate against the party we prefer. The right principle and rule is what honest men are now seeking for and that only.

THE Brooklyn fire, as reported in the papers of the following morning, appeared to have simply destroyed property. Perhaps a few persons had been more or less injured by the rush during the panic; few were prepared for the horror which gradually unfolded itself as hour after hour brought its new revelation of torture and death. Now, at the end of a week it is supposed that those who lost their lives in that sudden burst of flame numbered between two hundred and seventy and two hundred and eighty. In view of this great loss, it is a satisfaction to know that Coroner Simms has selected a jury whose names may be taken as a guarantee that a thorough investigation will be made into the causes of the catastrophe, with some hope of extending greater protection to life in the future.

Under Mayor Schroeder's call, large contributions are being offered toward the relief of the sufferers. The thoroughly organized Brooklyn Guild and Union for Christian Work has been for some time in the field, has collected more than a thousand dollars in money, besides stores, and, through its members and agents, has visited about sixty families who had suffered by the loss of one or more members. Of course many are not in pecuniary difficulties. Through efficient examination, a careful discrimination may be exercised, and relief is extended in cases of actual need.

WE are glad to learn that a public meeting is called for to-day to consider what steps shall be taken to make our theatres, public halls and churches safer in times of fire and panic. Clearly, the owners and managers are not the only responsible parties. If the public acquiesce in and patronize dangerous places, they will never be mended. We wish that the folly of making theatres and public halls over stores and manufactories were abandoned. It is the long flights of stairs that make a chief difficulty and danger. Galleries should connect by *outside* stairs with the ground, or by inside stairs of a direct kind, not at any point opening into the passages from the main floor. All doors should be unlocked during the performances and should open outward. Water-tanks should be in charge of watchmen who never leave them while the house is in public use. Stages should be separated from the audience-room by brick walls and iron curtains ready to drop by a hand specially kept in guard of them. If these are expensive additions and precautions, let the rates of entrance be raised in proportion to the thoroughness of the security offered. But we do not doubt that managers would find their account in making their houses safe, roomy, and well ventilated without extra charge. There are thousands who would visit concert-rooms and theatres of merit if they knew that they would not be crowded into small chairs with insufficient leg-room, or be stifled by heat, chilled by draughts, choked with gas, or kept in nervous horror by the hopelessness of escaping from narrow stalls and accesses by tortuous stairs, in case of panic and fire. We fear only that the momentary excitement on this subject will decline and fade out before it has effected the remedies required. Let the matter be energetically pushed while the public horror is alive.

It is not at all clear what the course of Congress may be in the application of its right to make the count of the electoral vote. The Louisiana case presents serious difficulties. The exclusion of so many districts by the returning board under evidence of intimidation running far back of the immediate season of election, though morally right, seems to lack color of law. The overcoming of so large a majority as 9,000 for Tilden, by this process, is, to say the least, open to strong suspicions of partisanship in the Board. If the principle of general intimidation at any period of a political canvass (inevitably preventing a free vote) is a proper legal cause for rejecting the vote of a State, or any district in it, we do not doubt that the whole vote of Georgia and Mississippi ought to be thrown out. But this is a *reductio ad absurdum*. The truth is, we cannot have a perfectly free vote, nor anything approaching it, in the present and unavoidable condition of the Southern States. No such thing is known there, or will be for some time to come. And it is impossible, without violating the whole theory of local rights and legal forms, to enforce it. We have, therefore, to accept the situation and insist upon legal forms if the substance is wanting. It is no worse than the situation forced upon us in the city of New York, where, in a moral point of view, the right and duty of free suffrage are over-ridden by caucuses and bribery and corruption and priest-craft, in a way to utterly baffle the ends sought by a free vote—that is, the election of the candidates really preferred. High officers are not the choice of the people's free will, but of the people's will entangled, mis-directed and overruled by the machine work of professional demagogues seeking only money and place. We bear it and must bear it, because prevention and cure depend upon our maintaining forms of law, whatever other evils prevail, while we use the slow and sure means of education, of political enlightenment and of moral elevation, by which alone universal suffrage can be redeemed from its present disgusting abuses and consequences. The forms of law are our only immediate security from worse evils than bad government and abused ballot-boxes—complete anarchy and fruitless revolution.

ONE of the encouraging circumstances connected with the late election is the evidence that both parties were contending, with some success, for the negro vote. Both have probably used intimidation, but both have certainly used other and less questionable arguments to win black votes. There is every reason to believe that an appeal has been made by Democrats as well as Republicans to the substantial interests of the negro, and there is no doubt that forcible arguments might be used, to which the negro would listen, that he would be better off, as Southern society is at present circumstanced, if the Democrats had possession of the State Governments; that is, if Southern men and not carpet-baggers were in power. We believe the negro has, to a much larger extent than Republicans are ready to concede, felt this argument and yielded to it. We are by no means assuming that the argument is wholly sound, but it is at any rate a favorable circumstance that the negro has had an appeal made to a sense of his own interests, and that both parties are compelled to conciliate him and to promise and to do him some measure of justice.

For we see in his holding the balance of power the beginning of his escape from ill-usage. It will inevitably shortly become the necessity and interest of both parties to treat him as the Irish have been treated in the North, with even more consideration than is their due, by both parties. Their possession of the right of suffrage is the source of an influence and a status which has been of dangerous effect upon the in-

terests of the country, and has mischievously disturbed our legislation in matters of public charity and ecclesiastical endowment, but which has at last secured the Irish and Roman Catholics in a Protestant country a protection and a power they could not have gained on their merits. It is certain that the negroes are to have the advantage of the same law, and it may even have its perilous side. But it will inevitably have its good and useful side, in that it will put an end to cruelty and oppression much sooner than seems to be commonly expected. The color-line must be rapidly eaten into and faded away by the necessity of adding the negro vote to both sides in politics; and it is probable that the effect will be to develop both parties in the South, and to do away with that solidity which is now so much apprehended in the Southern vote. We have not seen this view presented elsewhere in its full importance. We draw much hope from it, and recommend it to such consideration as it merits.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRE CATASTROPHE.

THERE is no language tender and pitiful enough to speak of such a sorrow as that by which the city of Brooklyn has been overtaken; and this, too, though it is impossible for most of us to grasp its magnitude. No one can begin to do that who is not touched by it in his own heart and life. There is no key to such a great calamity as this, admitting us to some decent comprehension of its tragical significance, but personal participation in it. When your own friend is on the sunken steamer or the shattered train and is a victim of the disaster, then you can multiply your pain by the whole list of sufferers, and so get some approximate idea of the whole amount.

But, though we cannot *comprehend* the greatness of this calamity, we can sufficiently *apprehend* it to know that it is of colossal size, and of a form and feature that we can scarcely look upon and live. It is not merely that 300 or more people, young and old and middle-aged, have suddenly been swept away from out this breathing world into the stillness of the grave. There is no hour in any day in which death does not succeed to life in more than this number of beating hearts. It is that all the circumstances of this calamity appeal so painfully to our imagination; so painfully that we think enviously of those whom the great deep has swallowed up, of those who, from the decks of burning ships, could leap into the cold but soon oblivious embrace of a more kindly element.

Again, the contrast between the more pleasurable excitement of the hour and the sudden immersion in a real tragedy of inconceivable dreadfulness adds to our thought another element of purest piteousness. And when we write this, we do not dip our pen into the ink of any pious and ascetic terrorist, who needs all he has got to express his own idea of the immeasurable incongruity between any theatrical performance and the transition from this life to another. Doubtless if one could choose his place of death he would not choose a theatre. But, for that matter, neither would he choose a church. There is real sorrow enough in this matter without our manufacturing any out of the rotten shreds of our ascetic piety and superstition. The people who were engaged in seeing and performing the play on Tuesday night were doing nothing base, nothing unworthy, nothing of which they had any cause to be ashamed; nothing upon which heaven might not smile; nothing for any preacher to lift up his voice against. There is many a church in which God has been less honored than at the Brooklyn Theatre that dreadful night; many a church in which human nature has been more degraded. Time was

when Christian ministers would have been embarrassed by the multitude of whys and wherefores that would have clamored for the honor of accounting for such a calamity as this. It would have been a special providence of the most obvious and striking character. It would have been the red right arm of God outstretched against the Brooklyn Ring, or President Grant, or Cardinal McCloskey, or Free Religion, or the National Constitution, Godless and Christless; or, likeliest of all, the Theatre. It would have made very little difference that between the event and any of these things, with the exception of the last, there is no obvious connection. In times when theories of special providence were most engrossing it was not considered necessary to show any special connection between the event in hand and the purpose of the Almighty in bringing the event to pass. It was only necessary that God should show in some way that He was very much displeased. It was for the preachers to discover why He was displeased, and they generally discovered that He was displeased with what happened to displease them most for the time being. The Romanists were sure to find in it a sign of wrath against the Protestants. The Protestants were sure to find in it a sign of wrath against the Romanists. At the same time, if there was any obvious relation between the event on hand and some obnoxious institution, so much the better. And, until very recently, the majority of Protestant ministers would have thought any man wilfully blind who should refuse to see in this calamity a judgment against all dramatic representations.

The belief in special providence still holds its place in the prevailing creeds as constantly as ever, but a certain text of Scripture, or at least the spirit of it, has sunk much more deeply into men's hearts: "Who hath known the mind of God or who hath been His counsellor?" and men are getting slower to suggest the wherefore of calamitous occurrences, less confident that they have been entrusted with an infallible interpretation of the will of God. Nobody, we trust, will find in this event a judgment against Cardinal McCloskey or the Democrats or Republicans, and few, if any, will have the hardihood to interpret the event as a sign of God's displeasure with dramatic art, though that some should do so would be entirely consistent, and their failure to do so will show a lack of courage rather than a lack of faith. What a conception of God, that He would consciously and deliberately go about to bring such a calamity to pass, with all its multitudinous horrors of immediate suffering and subsequent imaginative woe! How preferable were Atheism, pure and simple, to belief in such a demon-deity as that!

This change in the amount of confidence with which men hasten to inform us why the Almighty has contrived, or at least permitted great disasters, is not the only one that seriously affects the general estimate of them when they occur. Time was when all the glories of this present life were a mere foil upon which to bring out the glories of another. Time was when any death, however painful, seemed a little price to pay for the immeasurable felicity that awaited the believer just beyond his mortal agony. Time was when all the horrors of that struggling, scorching, suffocating mass of human beings would have been utilized to faintly image forth the horrors of that doom from which the chosen of that mass had been forever saved, to which the reprobate had been consigned forever. They will not be so utilized to-day, we dare believe, by any preacher of religion. It cannot be denied that if we have gained something here we have lost something at the same time. The entire community has lost the easy consolation that it had for every such calamity, when as yet there were no sects or schisms in the Christian Church, and

universal baptism was a practical security for universal salvation. To-day the Christian Church is no longer homogeneous. The conditions of salvation are disputed. There is seldom a promiscuous assemblage of which all the sects would unite to predicate a future infinitely preferable to any possible present. Again, whatever faith remains in immortality and its felicities, the faith of men in this present life is so constantly increasing as civilization proceeds and the conditions of life become ameliorated more and more, that the contrast between the life that now is and the life that is to come is far less sharp to-day than it was formerly. It is no longer esteemed an altogether good and blessed thing to get out of this earthly environment. Contempt for this world is no longer a sufficient ointment for the wounds inflicted by the most terrible calamities. And seeing that of all men the rational religionist is most impressed with the amount of good and satisfaction in this present life, and of all men finds himself the most disqualified for dogmatizing about the methods and arrangements of another life, whatever confidence he may have in the great central fact of such a life, there is a sense in which the rational religionist stands more abashed and silent in the presence of a great calamity than any of his contemporaries. Even of those best saved by his own canons of salvation, best saved because least wasted and best used, he dares not predicate a happier state beyond than they enjoy here in this present time. Than this life at its best he can imagine nothing better, and all attempts to picture a better so far seem to him either feeble copies of our present life or weak imaginings of something infinitely less desirable. And yet it by no means follows that he would willingly exchange his attitude for one affording easier access to fountains of immediate consolation for such overwhelming sorrows as this by which we are to-day so parched and withered. Better remoter fountains of consolation than that, to keep up their supply, the total area of life should be drained of its sweet waters. It is a poor business this, of coaxing some poor semblance of a smile into the face of death, by roundly abusing the only life with which thus far we have had any acquaintance. Better believe in this life a little, a good deal, even though to do so makes submission to the inevitable stroke of death a little harder, and affords for such a huge and formless sorrow as this no better palliative than the assurance that life *was* a blessing to the 300 dead while life was theirs, and the calm hope that death has brought to them no hurt; that an immortal principle survives their physical catastrophe.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

THE plain mind of orderly parts of the country must be dreadfully confused by the conflicting testimony of honorable men in regard to the state of things in South Carolina. We cannot doubt that Gov. Chamberlain is an honest, brave and truthful man, and he gives us in his inaugural speech an account of things which fully justify his own course and the Republican policy. Gov. Hampton and Senator Gordon, on the other hand, are men of high character, courage and veracity, and incapable of wilfully misstating what they see and know, and they directly contradict most that Gov. Chamberlain affirms. But it must not be forgotten that equally truthful and honorable men, of the highest intelligence, are often blinded by their wishes, interests and hopes, their previous opinions, their very blood and lineage. Gov. Chamberlain is a Northern man, with Northern feelings, and hates slavery with all his heart. Gen. Hampton and Gen. Gordon are Southern men, and have formerly held slaves, and were brought up to think it no wrong, nay, probably

still think that a wild fanaticism freed the slaves against true policy, and without a due consideration of the unfitness of the slave to become a citizen. Are honest men of such different antecedents to be expected to see the events in South Carolina in the same perspective, or to be able to describe them in terms that do not disagree, and even contradict each other? Men see what they can see, what they wish to see, what they are looking for, and not what is really happening before their eyes. Their eyes are holden by honest prejudice or judicial blindness. We need not think any of the men we have named liars or wilful deceivers. They are only men with opposite points of view, opposite hopes and wishes, opposite prepossessions; picking out what alone seems to them characteristic of the present condition, each with a magnet for its own metals only. There is quite enough to excuse Gen. Hampton and Senator Gordon's views, or at least to account for them, without assuming that Gov. Chamberlain lies; and quite enough to account for and justify Gov. Chamberlain's ideas and statements without falsifying the motives and representations of Hampton and Gordon.

The facts stated are doubtless true on both sides, but there are facts equally true, which neither side sees on the other. There is great self-restraint on the part of the whites of South Carolina, and there is great violence, too! There is great liberty shown to the negro, and there is great intimidation, too! The condition of things is what it necessarily must be. The wonder is that we should not expect it and allow for it. South Carolina is not to be considered or judged by the same standards that rule in homogeneous States, or States that never knew a great war of races on their soil. We must not expect the purity or freedom of the ballot to be exhibited there as it is in New England or the West, for two generations. If we cannot wait for this, and if the country cannot survive the absence of this purity and freedom so long, we might as well give up all hope of our Union. But it can and will. The people want education upon the essential, inherent, obstinate but not incurable evils connected with the sudden emancipation of four million slaves and their accession to full citizenship. We have boasted and bragged enough of the act to make it logical for us to bear partly the cost of it, which was not chiefly in treasure and blood, but in the risks we assumed in the name of freedom by introducing this crude mass of voters into our political circuit. Unhappily, too, they are introduced where the strain is most dangerous, where they form the majority in States. If any evils less than those we are now beholding were expected, it must have been only by those unread in the history of republics. If the nation went blindly into full emancipation, it may thank itself, and must bear the consequences. Let it not make a world-wide boast of what it has done, and then sit stupidly down to bemoan itself that four million slaves cannot be made full citizens without any trouble or any great political disturbance in the States where they prevail in numbers. For ourselves, we wonder less at the amount and seriousness of these troubles, than that they are not more overwhelming and disastrous. The white South does not behave well towards the negroes, but it behaves better than could have reasonably been hoped. The negroes do not use their citizenship as white people would—unless these be low-grade immigrants—but they use it better than was feared by those who forecast their future on general principles. When the papers talk honestly and thoughtfully about this almost wholly neglected view of the matter we shall be touching bottom and building our expectations more wisely and reasonably.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE church has usually drawn a sharp distinction between the world and itself. Ecclesiastical activity and books have been honored by the church as sacred. The work of the world has been reckoned merely secular and its literature accounted profane. In the language of the Middle Ages, as in the French tongue still, "the religious" signified exclusively those who had bound themselves to live till death apart from their fellow-men. All the good people in those days thought it their duty to go off into wildernesses or to shut themselves up in monasteries, that none of the world's temptations might prevent them from reading "their title clear to mansions in the sky." Having thus drawn all the virtue and piety of the times into secluded retreats and calmly abandoned the world to its fate, they could safely declaim against it as nothing but a sink of iniquity. When a man once related that as he was going to the monastery to put on the cowl he was met by a Dominican monk who bade him go back to the world, for that was the better place to gain spiritual strength, the people declared that it must have been nobody but Satan himself in disguise who could have tempted him by such heretical doctrine.

Monasticism is now, of course, an institution of the past, yet at the present day, and in Protestantism itself, the world is still to the church the subject of condemnation—a thing which the religious man better have as little to do with as possible. Professors of religion still often deem themselves a little flock of sanctified sheep in the midst of a huge herd of vicious goats. They see God-service only in Sunday praise or evening prayer. They believe that they can worship God only in formal tributes in consecrated temples. The busy work of the week, the outflow of human energy and forethought in field or factory, the ministry of commerce, exchanging the products of every soil and clime, the discipline of the mental and moral faculties in household cares and business perplexities—all these are still, in the view of many, things which religion has nothing to do with, except to avoid or withdraw from as much as possible.

Now, here is a radical error. It is a very inefficient method, even for the saving of the virtue of the best, to isolate them from the rest of mankind. None but a weakly and colorless goodness can be gained by any such method as this. While the church is emasculated by this hot-house culture of piety the world suffers still more by the withdrawal from it of all the devouter and purer spirits who should have been its saving salt. Notwithstanding all its trials and temptations the world is, after all, the best place to form the Christian. It is precisely because of these trials and temptations that it affords the fitting theatre to bring forth the higher qualities of the man—what justice, what mercy, what patience, what honesty may adorn him with the priceless pearls of the spirit. Men are not grown in caves. That is the breeding-place of owls. Nor yet in wildernesses. That is the place for sticks and stones.

No hermitage or sanctuary can do for the responsive soul of man what the stimulating contact with the bustling crowd can effect. It is where danger is faced that bravery is learnt. It is where the heart has to cope with active and strong and cunning foes that it learns how to wield with ease the sword of the spirit and wear without exhaustion the breast-plate of righteousness. What are called the secular avocations of life, so far from being inconsistent with a Christian life, constitute the soil in which it can grow most vigorously. A man not merely *may* engage in them and yet be religious, but he *must*, precisely because he is religious, earnestly pursue all noble kinds of work which the world has to offer.

It is true, alas! that too much of our business is but a selfish, ungodly scramble—every man for his own gain and advantage. It is true that household cares are too often a miserable drudgery that casts a fatal blight over high aspirations and with petty worries destroys all peace of mind. But it is precisely because they are separated from religion that they drop down to this ignoble plane.

The church, instead of condemning them for this and leaving them in this state, should make it its aim to lift them up and transform them. The church should teach men that there is no condition where the rarest jewels of Christianity can be polished more brightly or serve more usefully than in the rough grinding of daily life. Wherever the current of worldliness runs strong, there the living waters of the spiritual life are especially needed to turn the tide. Wherever injustice has become inveterate, wherever falsehood and inhumanity need to be exposed, there those who claim to be the followers of Jesus should be the first to raise their voices in rebuke, the last complacently to abandon the oppressed and the benighted to their fate, thanking God, meanwhile, that they are not as other men are. God put His spirit, the Bible says, into the workmen who built the Tabernacle, to enable them to fashion all the carved and graven and silver work skilfully. He who would receive the commendation, well done good and faithful servant, must put a divine consecration into all things, into the shoes which he pegs, making them strong; into his mercantile settlements, making them honest; into his treatment of his laborers and servants, making it fair and kind; and thus make all his toil, worship, and every work-day a holy day and the great world at last the bright field of God's glory.

And what is true of the work of the world is true also of its amusements and pleasures. These latter have been even more sternly and generally under the ban of the church. It was well for the pious, in olden times, to labor, if this labor did not soil them with worldly contact. But amusement and pleasure it was sinful to enjoy, even all alone. Every note played on a fiddle, they were sure, only sounded a rogue's march. The possession of a playing-card was a tenuous ticket to the lower regions. Not to go farther back than the times of our Puritan ancestors, we find that dancing at weddings was forbidden, and long hair and superstitious ribbands to tie up and decorate the hair were strongly prohibited. All ornament was a vain show and beauty a Delilah. Every hour of enjoyment here was thought to diminish by just so much the prospect of enjoyment hereafter.

Even to-day, in many of our largest denominations, the church's frown is black against the social dance, the dramatic play, the game of bowls or whist. The church member who engages in any of them is in dire fear of the discipline of the vestry-meeting. The minister who has a healthy taste for athletic sports becomes an object of suspicion. And even for the layman in those sects that have been tinged with the Calvinistic theology, there is a strong, though perhaps vague sense that to enjoy is not to obey, but is trespassing on the borders of sin with dangerous license.

Now, thus to judge without discrimination the pleasures of the world is not the part of true Christianity. There was nothing in Jesus thus unfriendly to natural joy. If there is anything that would never have been ascribed to Jesus, if it was not true, it is his anti-ascetic spirit, his geniality, his approval of every innocent enjoyment of life. We were meant to enjoy Nature's beauties and bounties. Else why were they given? We were meant to take delight in the

pleasures of society and social amusement. Else why was our nature fitted to them and made to require them? When an earthly friend seeks to make us happy by some generous gift, to refuse it with distrust or to treat it with neglect is the part of gross ingratitude. Is it any the less ungrateful to frustrate the beneficent intentions of our Heavenly Benefactor?

And not only does it exhibit ungenerousness toward the Good Giver, thus suspiciously to reject His gifts, but it also works injury to man. The nature of man is such that he needs relaxations and entertainments. If he cannot freely enjoy innocent ones, he will secretly or rebelliously grasp at those that are not innocent. To convert harmless things into sins is as mischievous as to robe iniquity in the garb of innocence. He who would guide the feet of the pilgrim successfully through the pitfalls of life must no more blacken the white than whitewash the black.

There is a story of an English monk who was once dining off a pheasant's breast. A fellow monk reproved him for gluttony in indulging in such a dainty. To which the first spiritedly replied, "One man may make a *swine* of himself over husks, and another may eat a pheasant's breast like a gentleman." It is not the enjoying good things in which sin lies, but in selfish absorption in them—in partaking of them in a bad spirit or under circumstances that are full of danger. David, the Bible records, once danced before the Lord. And so a maiden who trips to the billowy music modestly, temperately, at seasonable hours, with good companions, to promote not merely her own pleasure, but theirs, may to-day, in any of our parlors, again dance before the Lord. There are actors on the stage who have as much a call from God for that work, and put as much religion into it, as any preacher in the pulpit. What the Church should do concerning these and all other amusements which in themselves are harmless is, not to judge them, but to save them. It should take them under its direction, put the Christian spirit into them, separate them from unwholesome companionship and accompaniments, and set them in the midst of safe and salutary surroundings. Those churches that have put into their vestries, side by side with the Sunday school room, the church parlor and kitchen and reading-room, and those Young Men's Unions or Associations that have taken especial charge of the providing of innocent amusement for the young and the homeless, have been doing some of the very best kind of Christian work that has been done of late.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A DAY IN ST. LOUIS.

THIS twin of Chicago is as unlike it as if it had grown in China. It looks toward the Southwest. Chicago has its face toward the East. Liberalism here comes by the way of metaphysics; in Chicago, by the way of a cosmopolitan spirit. St. Louis sustains the only speculative journal in the United States. Hegelianism, through W. T. Harris, has taken captive some of the best minds in the city. There was a small circle that met on Sundays to discuss metaphysics and unroll the Universal, but that died out. Another club has taken its place. The Academy of Science is broader and not at all as thorough. Here you will find our bright and genial Riley, the State entomologist, or, as the Pike legislators call him, "etymologist." He is exceedingly popular with the farmers and horticulturists, and has done as good work in fighting and teaching others to fight insect enemies as any man in the country. I had a hearty shake of hands with him, and then ran in on John Monteith, who was, under Governor Brown, the State Superintendent of Instruction. The time was when he drew as large a crowd to the theatre every Sunday night as Professor Swing now draws in Chicago. But his health went with a crash, and has but slowly

been regained. Liberal thought, as well as free schools, owes him a great debt in Missouri.

My mission was to exchange with Learned, and I found his people a snug and busy band; not many of them, but prime in quality, in a cozy, handsome chapel on the south side of the city, at the corner of Lafayette Park. They appreciate the man they have got, and have certainly one of the clearest thinkers and best men in the Western Conference.

Unfortunately, Western Liberalism has a touch here and there of the scalawag, and it is not a pleasant or promising feature of the work. You will find that Mr. Learned's people are intensely radical, but folk of culture and social refinement. The Sunday school was full of the best kind of timber.

Snyder, at the First Church, was running over with good things and sparkling, and we all together met on Monday in the most wonderful of all places—a club of free thinkers, composed of independents of all sects. There was Holland, of the Episcopal, who will have to move over to England to find a broad enough party and elbow room. Such a fellow! I have heard him preach by the hour the most voluble but the most eloquent flow of good English, good sense, good wit and good human fellowship I ever heard. Judge Patterson, too, was there to quietly represent the enlarging band of liberal Baptists. But foremost of all for sunshine and "*bon Chretien*" was Rabbi Sonneschien. Well, it won't do to tell the secrets of the club; but where is the dear old sectarianism that nursed us in our younger days?

At the Board of Trade, in the new and superb building recently completed, I met a host of warm friends and good souls. It was not a little amusing to hear the unanimous testimony that the revival which swept the city two years ago had left the churches vastly worse off than before. Religious people will learn in time that they must discard charlatans, mountebanks, and travelling preachers, as well as travelling doctors. The Baptist churches of the city are sorely disintegrated. Presbyterianism has suffered, and every sect disclaims any lingering love for Hammond.

I looked down on Snyder's people in the evening of Sunday, considerably sprinkled with my old friends of the "*Mayflower*," and wondered if after all I were not a Unitarian. A good woman once applied to me to become a member of my old Orthodox church, who said she had been converted in her sleep. She had no religious experience outside of her dream. Well, who can tell just when he gets a good conversion? Coleridge tells us of a sound Protestant who did not dare to lie down after the Catholic Emancipation Act, for fear he should be converted in his sleep. There was —, whom I fished out of very close water communion, now Snyder's Sunday school superintendent, and as grand a fellow as St. Louis holds. It is a promising feature of Unitarian and Liberal churches through the West that more attention is paid to the educational department. They build from the foundation upward. Good-bye, St. Louis! All hail, Chicago! POWELL.

FROM BOSTON.

THE WINN BEQUEST—DECISION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT.

THE decision in regard to this bequest has just been given by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. The Court decides that Dr. A. P. Peabody and Rev. E. E. Hale shall be made trustees of the fund, to spend it as they may judge best in the interest of the Unitarian denomination.

This decision of Judge Endicott is satisfactory to every one. It shows, as former decisions of the Court have done, the desire of the Supreme Court to interpret broadly in the matter of trust funds, and to carry out in their decision the evident wish of the testators, however loosely in law that wish may have been expressed.

In this case, Mr. Joshua B. Winn, who died in 1874, leaving a large property, made the following bequest:

"Eleventh, I give and bequeath to John Johnson and E. N. Blake, as trustees, both of Woburn, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to be held in trust by them, the income of which I direct shall be paid over to my son Charles B. Winn, in semi-annual instalments, and at his decease to be paid over to his children, or, in case of his decease without issue, to the Unitarian denomination, to be used and disposed of under the direction of the Rev. Edw. E. Hale, of Boston, and the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Cambridge."

Those readers who are accustomed to legal accuracy will see

that a bequest to "the Unitarian denomination" has not the precision which is desirable in a legal document. Who and what is the Unitarian denomination? That is a question which a lawyer might ask. In this case Mr. Winn had, it is true, proposed that Messrs. Peabody and Hale should direct the expenditures. But he had not made them trustees for that purpose. Indeed, the only trust he had made was the appointment of two other persons, who were to pay the income of this sum to Mr. Charles B. Winn while he lived, and after his death, if he died without issue, to pay the money to the "Unitarian denomination." But were these trustees to pay the interest or the whole sum?

Mr. Charles B. Winn, the only son of Mr. Joshua B. Winn, was advised by his counsel that the bequest might be void from its vagueness. He determined to make all right in that event, and he put into his will the following clause, which, however, as will be seen, is made unnecessary by the decision of the Court.

"Inasmuch as my late honored father, in his last Will and Testament, bequeathed to John Johnson and E. N. Blake, as trustees, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to be disposed of at my decease under the direction of Rev. E. E. Hale and Rev. Andrew P. Peabody for the furtherance of interests therein designated; and inasmuch as the wording of the above-named bequest is somewhat vague and indefinite, and liable to criticism if viewed from a strictly legal standpoint; and inasmuch as on account of these and other reasons the above-named trustees may possibly be unable to carry out and execute the above-named bequest, in which case, as I suppose, the funds now in my hands would revert to my estate; and inasmuch as I am desirous to remove or counteract the effect of any obstacles that may possibly arise to prevent the fulfillment and execution of my late father's wishes in regard to this bequest, if therefore the one hundred thousand dollars, which, in accordance with my late father's Will and Testament I have paid over to the above-named trustees, should at any time hereafter revert to and become a portion of my estate, under such circumstances and contingent entirely upon such event, I hereby give and bequeath the one hundred thousand dollars so reverting, or such portion thereof as may revert to my estate, to the above-named Messrs. Hale and Peabody in trust, to be expended and disposed of by them in the interest of and for the furtherance and advancement of Christianity or Education in any way or manner which they may consider advisable."

FROM CHICAGO.

WINTER dawned upon us Thanksgiving eve and the day was a very merry one, and all the weather since has been delightful. The laughter of the children as they run to and fro with their little sleds makes us glad, and as we listen the years recede and we are children, too, dreaming of the coming Christmas, of plum puddings and shiny new boots and dollies with eyes that wink. What would the world do without a Christmas?

I asked a little girl, a few days ago, who was looking lovingly over some dozen last year's valentines, "what holy day of all the year do you like best?" "Oh Christmas," she enthusiastically exclaimed. "I never want to be quite a woman, for mamma says Santa Claus don't come and put things into grown folks' stockings."

Sometimes we fear, as the cry of hard times reaches our ears and hearts, that Santa Claus will deal sparingly with his gifts this year, whilst many eager little ears will listen in vain for the sound of that famous individual gliding down the chimney; but then when we remember how our charitable institutions are increasing, how many dinners and fairs are given for the Newsboys' Home, the Hospitals and Asylums, how many children even are denying themselves and sharing their treasures with poorer children, we believe that some little ray of gladness will shine into every home on Christmas day.

Robert Collyer says he hopes every family in his parish will give their newsboy a cup of coffee, even if they have to watch to see that he doesn't run away with the spoon; and I believe they will, for "Unity" is a working church and its members are cheerful givers.

For many years that church has been a beacon light whose rays have penetrated many a desolate home. At the time of the great fire many poor families used to plead piteously, "Oh don't send us the Moody Committee, they ask us such hard questions, we would rather suffer. Send us Mr. Collyer. The sight of his kindly face is more than medicine to us, and we are sure to get the money we need."

Many of these families are in trouble still, for the marks of that fire will not be effaced for many a year, but the charities of Unity Church fall about them as silently and sweetly as snow-flakes in the night.

"Why, dear lady," one family exclaimed, "you don't know anything about it. Mr. Collyer used to come to us in all our poverty, even when we all had the fever; he didn't mind that one bit." And now, the highest ambition of some of these people is to be able to have decent clothing that they may go into the open doors of that church from Sunday to Sunday, and hear the voice of the man who preached a new gospel to them of deeds.

There are people who frequent Unity Church for reasons best known to themselves.

A gentleman told me that he did not believe a word of the doctrine preached there, at all, but he went there to hear a man pray who talked with God, as if he were his best and most intimate friend.

A prominent member of Grace Methodist Church went across the way to Unity, one Sunday. Coming out she met an acquaintance, who exclaimed, "What! you here! you must have fallen from Grace," to which she replied, "I feel as if I had fallen into grace to-day, he certainly must have known that I was coming."

An outgrowth of this working church is the Industrial School. A sewing society is connected with it, composed of a band of ladies whose hearts are deeply imbued with the spirit of the work.

They have a Charity Committee who wait upon poor families, regardless of creed, and articles of clothing and money are held in readiness for them.

The Industrial School-rooms are sunny and pleasant, with pictures upon the walls. It numbers eighty pupils at present. They are of the lowest classes, but they are cleanly and content. They learn to do all kinds of useful work. They have a kitchen, and the very poor ones learn to cook their own dinner and put everything neatly by.

I saw a bit of penmanship upon the board that might shame a high-school miss.

The teacher of these children is very enterprising. She watches her flock with as jealous a care as if they were the brightest pets of the city, apologizing for this one and that in a sweet, motherly manner.

She is paid a good salary by the church, but as I looked into that busy hive one morning this week, I thought surely, "the money pays the hand, but it cannot pay the soul."

The influence of this Institution, although in its infancy, is felt far and near. Very many poor families are becoming ambitious and work very hard to get one child at least into this cheerful home. One family, in particular, remarked to a lady, "we don't want our girls brought up to our trade, which is rags and old iron. We want them to be somebody."

During the past week I visited in a physician's family. During the evening I told them all about this school, its progress, of the poor families I knew of, and he cheerfully offered his services to any deserving sick, and they gave me a basketful of clothes. Their parents had recently come to them to spend the Winter, and the doctor said as I bade them "good-night," "See here! I wish you would take our mother with you to this school some day, also to see how and where some of our poor of Chicago live. She has nothing in the world to do and grows desponding and often believes there's nothing in this life worth living for."

So, in due time, I invited the lady in question, and she replied that as soon as Moody went away she would consider it; but after I had related to her the peculiar sufferings of certain families, she grew interested in spite of Mr. Moody, and has since found a new delight in making mittens for little cold hands and planning a bonnet for a well-bread Quakeress, who sobbed so bitterly because she was not able to hear the word of God.

So many people mean to do well, but wait the long years through for an opportunity. Not long ago I was invited to a dinner party by a prominent Congregationalist family. When one of the young gentlemen came in, he remarked, "They've got an Industrial School over at Collyer's church." "Is that possible?" replied one. "Yes; and they say it's in a very flourishing condition; and I tell you we mustn't let them beat us in a work like that. We must have one also."

Some Jewish ladies are establishing a school in the South division, for the purpose of fitting poor children for usefulness in life; so we see how "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Surely the day is not far distant when many of these helpful schools will be established in our midst, for this is no mean city;

hearts grow larger and warmer in a broad, free country like this; even the ladies sojourning in our large hotels catch the spirit and form themselves into Dorcas Societies and sew for the poor.

He who does not know the blessing of giving has not begun to live.

N. H. B.

FROM WASHINGTON.

I MUST congratulate you on the appearance and promise of THE INQUIRER. The public mind at present is absorbed with "President-making." The most sagacious cannot see the result. It is not unlikely that John Sherman may be our next President. In case of failure to elect by the electors and the people or by the House or in any other way before noon of the 4th of March, 1877, the President of the Senate for the time being will be President of the United States. That man will probably be John Sherman. Furthermore, in that event a new election for President will occur in November, 1877.

Have you read Gov. Chamberlain's inaugural address? For touching eloquence it has seldom been surpassed. We of the Unitarian Church of Washington have a special interest in his present position of responsibility and personal peril. His estimable wife, who shares his dangers of assassination in South Carolina, was formerly one of our number. The dark clouds of December, 1860, seem to have returned to shadow our coming Christmas. Nevertheless I believe we shall not wait so long as then for clear skies. We are not to be *Mexicanized*.

Allusion has heretofore been made to the liberal style of preaching practised by the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, in this city. He has sometimes been characterized as "almost a Unitarian." It is but justice to say that in a recent course of doctrinal sermons he has avowed Calvinistic sentiments of the most unmistakable kind.

The need of a suitable church in the Capital, where the doctrines of Channing may be preached, was never more keenly felt than now. It is cheering to know that the prospect of such a church is at present brighter than before.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

THOSE who can look back through long experience see that the great insurrection in behalf of Christian morality came from the heart of Calvinistic Congregationalism. Orthodox leaders have confessed in my hearing their grand mistake in scorning the ethical side of religion. Moses Stuart once said to me in regard to moral preaching: "Sir, our folks have got into the other ditch." And no little harm had they done to practical righteousness by denouncing it as "filthy rags."

More than fifty years ago William Ellery Channing rejected the twin Calvinisms—Native and Total Depravity—from his pulpit-preaching, declaring man to be a real child of God and born heir of heaven, asserting that character, not any creed; the life, not the dogma, is salvation! As I heard his glowing utterance at my mother's knee I wondered, because I had no idea how the Church in general slandered God's handiwork, the human soul.

As Channing did not desire to confine this inspiring consciousness to a single sect, as all his latter years were devoted to the philanthropic application of this new faith in humanity, so far from having failed, he has signally triumphed. Had a separate organization of the Channingites, like the Hussites, like the Swedenborgians, arisen, that would have been failure; that would have been just what he did his best to prevent, and what would have given pain to his lowly and generous spirit. But now a leading literary journal declares that the tone of every Christian community has been affected by this vindication of simple goodness; that it has widened the range of religious effort, modified the emphasis of preaching, and even the impulse of missionary zeal. So that this grand impulse of his was blessed of the Spirit precisely as Channing prayed and hoped.

Fifty years ago it was considered "orthodox" to burn Channing's sermons; now twoscore of Orthodox ministers have sought them of me. It was then considered Orthodox preaching to hold up the despairing drunkard as a type of our humanity; now this assertion of mine will be stoutly denied as a calumny. It was then considered Orthodox hospitality to shut out our best ministers from the Communion; now some Unitarian ministers have been invited to preach in Presbyterian pulpits, and some Unitarian

religious essays have been issued by Episcopal ministers as their own, and I heard a Methodist minister declare to a ministerial association that Channing's Address on Temperance was the best so far given, to which I rang out a hearty amen.

F. W. H.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PANICS.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

THIS sad calamity in Brooklyn should teach us all it can. Behind, and deeper than the great wrong resulting from the want of skill and want of honesty combined, which some are now disposed to charge against the constructors of those fatal theatre exits, is a question of personal character in the audience. Hundreds of times a crowd as great as this has left the theatre in good-natured orderliness. American crowds are generally intelligent enough to be good-natured and orderly. But ignorance, superstition, and panic are nearly convertible terms. Beware of a crowd where they are found during an emergency.

Watch the faces and manners in the streams pouring out of any theatre—first at the exit from the expensive places, then at the cheap gallery door, and estimate the comparative chances of fatal crushing, should a wild cry of death from behind urge them on. How sure you might be that such a herd of rough boys as may at any time be seen packed in the gallery of a popular theatre would increase the risk at their stairway in the Brooklyn proportions of two hundred to two.

What is wanted to make such places truly safer is an innate love of humanity and respect for others' rights—some approach towards a religious faith—all of which is hard to discover in your street Arab and his associates.

But this is by no means a question of wealth and poverty. The writer's experience in ocean voyages, from steerage to first cabin, is, that among the steerage passengers—there from necessity, and not for amusement—there would be found a smaller percentage of meanness and selfishness, as well as of lucre, and, in case of accident at sea, the instances of self-denial and heroism are quite as likely to be found among the poor.

If it could be said of each one in a crowd,

"There was a daily beauty in his life,"

the chances would be few that they would crush each other to death.

E. A. S.

NEW YORK is favored at present with many valuable collections of artistic and useful articles, which, having done their duty at the International Exhibition, are now sent here to be sold. The scattering of these things will enrich many homes, and tend still more to cultivate a taste for the products of a higher skill.

It is understood that the daughters of the late Dr. Sprague are desirous of disposing of his large and valuable collection of manuscripts. Dr. Sprague when a young man was engaged as private tutor to a nephew of Washington, and was thus enabled to become possessed of a large number of letters written by the heroes of the Revolutionary period, the signers, etc. His collection of autographs comprises a great variety of distinguished authors, statesmen and rulers; indeed he seems to have been omnivorous.

THE letter from Dr. Schliemann to King George of Greece, dated Nov. 28, 1876, in which he claims to have discovered at Mycenæ the monuments which the tradition related by Pausanias indicates as the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon and their companions, who were killed, while feasting at a banquet, by Clytemnestra and her lover Egisthus, is as startling as the report of the discoveries previously made by him in the Troad. The further statement that "The treasure alone is sufficient to fill a large museum, and the most splendid in the world," would seem to indicate either an enormous find or an unlimited enthusiasm.

In the new volume of sermons by Dr. E. H. Sears he shows his wit in many such passages as this: "We build cheap houses amid marshes and miasmas, and rent them at high rates to the poor, whose families die off by pestilence. And from the fruits of this slaughtering Christian men lie down in green pastures." And what poetry in this utterance: "*Do something. Do something that will bring you within the living stream of Providence, so that it will bear you up in its currents, and, the navies of heaven riding with you, bear you along upon its waves.*"

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS.

FLOWER AND THORN. Later Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Quaintness of conceit and daintiness of execution characterize many of these "later poems," though they are not wanting in strength or originality. The opening poem, "Spring in New England" is a fine, stirring piece, but to our taste the short "Interludes" best interpret Mr. Aldrich's genius. In "Destiny," "An Untimely Thought," "Rencontre," and "Identity" there is something fairly startling in the freedom and originality of thought and expression. They remind one of the same author's prose stories, where the most surprising denouements take away our breath. This seems particularly good:

Somewhere, in desolate, wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land, in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other Stand!

"And, who are you?" cried one, a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

Mr. Aldrich has for a long time stood in the front rank of the younger poets, and this volume only shows the same excellencies which marked his earlier productions.

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT. By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

This is a very different book from its predecessor, which was one of the successes of the year. That was a bright trifle, but the present volume is something more. "The Barton Experiment" has already appeared serially in the *Christian Union*. It is a temperance story, but a temperance story by a man who believes that cider is as important as talk. (Probably he would say *sweet* cider.) That he also appears to believe that all beverages containing alcohol are always and everywhere harmful, is not a very serious defect, inasmuch as such belief is aside from the main drift and purpose of the book, which are in every way admirable.

The village of Barton is supposed to be in the Mississippi Valley; and the story opens with a grand temperance demonstration, taking the form of a mass-meeting, where the usual means are employed to stir up a spasmodic excitement which may be taken advantage of to induce the signing of pledges of total abstinence. The progress and immediate results of the meeting are well described, but the purport of the book soon appears in the position taken by one Crupp, a liquor dealer, who gives up his calling and devotes himself to practical reform.

His various efforts to enlist others in active labor, with the more or less complete success with which they are crowned, fill the remainder of the little volume, and they are of a practical character seldom to be found in works of its class.

The several causes which lead to hard drinking and tend to continue it are forcibly put, and temperance reformers could hardly go amiss in taking well to heart the suggestions here so cogently supported.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL. Poems Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

When we heard for the first time that the editor of "Quiet Hours" proposed making another little volume of selected poems, we wondered whether she was wise and feared there must inevitably be some falling off from the high quality of that little book which has been to so many a garden of refreshment. But here come the advanced sheets of the new volume, "Sunshine in the Soul," and we are bound to confess that it suffers in comparison with its predecessor only in the matter of quantity, having only 126 pages against 187 in the other. If there is any difference in the average quality of the two volumes, we should say it was in favor of the last, but that comparisons are odious between things so dear, and we have not the "Quiet Hours" to make a careful comparison. Suffice it to say that the present volume is another admirably-selected group of religious poems of the most refined, the most interior, the most heart-soothing and heart-lifting character. In the whole volume there is hardly one conventional word, one word written to some ecclesiastical order, but all is hearty, simple, genuine. We do not like it less because so many of the poems are long-time acquaintances and friends. But we are

especially grateful for some that we have never seen before, which will hereafter hold a place among the dearest in our list of favorites. Among these are the poems of Henry Septimus Sutton, of which "How Beautiful to be Alive" is the most sweet and rare, and here are several poems by Wm. Brighty Rands, author of "Lilliput Levee and Lilliput Lectures," a man of lyric genius and brimful of awe and tenderness. We have not seen these before outside his own books, except in Mr. Longfellow's new Hymn and Tune-Book. Here, too, is a twenty years' favorite of Thomas Whytehead's (but not the best stanzas), never before printed in any American selection, but long ago in the little *Monthly Journal* of the American Unitarian Association. And here are lovely poems by Mrs. Louisa J. Hall and Miss Harriet W. Hall and Mr. Gannett and Eliza Scudder, and besides all these and many other moderns, Gellert and Gerhardt and Herbert and Flemming and Schmolke and others of the olden time and other centuries. We have it in the sheets, but can see that it is going to make a very dainty little book, and it will be a very precious one to many glad or burdened hearts.

CHRIST IN THE LIFE. With poems. By Dr. Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Lockwood & Brooks. 1877.

The previous volume of "Sermons and Songs" met with so warm a reception that it is not strange a companion volume has followed, marked by the same power of spirit, originality of thought, poetry of expression and evangelical tone which gave their charm to the first collection. The present subjects are—Elijah, David, Tibni and Omri, Pilate, the Guard, Resurrection, Conversion, Consecration, Conditions of Progress, Success, Three Advents, Progress, Thrones in Heaven, Peace by Power, Atonement, Trinity, Divine Friendships and Encouragements, besides an admirable lecture on the Saxon and Norman, and a score of poems in perfect harmony with the sermons in earnestness, freshness, beauty and grace, resembling those which have won for Dr. Sears a foremost place among the writers of Christian lyrics.

More biographical matter might well have been given than the brief summary in the preface of a long career of unceasing activity, leaving him the blessed conviction of having accomplished nearly all he had planned, and the longing for that rest from nobly-borne pain which was the prayer of his latter hours.

The three sermons on Old Testament subjects show how much profitable thought a glowing heart can draw from a treasure-house too little opened nowadays. All the discourses show how much this saintly man lived in Jesus' presence, and how it gave him peace and joy, inspiration and guidance.

AN ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY OF SHELLEY. The Sans Souci Series. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

When we look at the exceedingly beautiful and thoughtful, but somewhat melancholy and feminine face of Shelley, in the portrait prefixed to this biography, we feel an intense sympathy for the sensitive, suffering soul which shows itself in every line. And, even when we read of his strange, erratic conduct and his whimsical fancies, we have the same tenderness for him that we feel for children. For genius is very childlike in such a subjective, intellectual nature, and has the same unconsciousness in its relation to the world and outward things that we see in children; hence the eternal youthfulness which, as a rule, marks and distinguishes the real poet. There is no keen analysis of the genius of Shelley, in this volume, but Mr. Stoddard has not intended to give such a study. He means only to portray the outer life of this singular being and to leave his works to speak for themselves. It is evident that his friends Hogg and Trelawney, who furnish the greater part of the material for this biography, did not thoroughly understand him, but felt the strong influence of his genius and regarded him as exempt from the usual rules of conduct.

Some of their anecdotes, such as the account of Shelley's meeting a poor woman with a little baby, and questioning it as to pre-existence, or the description of his infatuation for making paper boats and sailing miniature fleets on every chance pool of water, are amusing and characteristic, and such is the consideration which he excites that we are in danger of feeling a stronger sympathy with him in his desertion of his first wife than is at all proper, and cannot but laugh at the "good Harriet" and her tedious sister, who were so remote from the ideal world in which Shelley lived. It seems but natural that he should seek the companionship and even elope with Mary Godwin, that cultivated and tender woman, who lost sight of her own dues in loving adoration of the poet. He seemed to her above the world and not amenable to its

restraints and customs. At any rate, we can somewhat appreciate his lack of moral perception when we read of his impulsive fits of generosity and his bewildered attempts to live in a world so foreign to his nature.

WASHINGTON. A Drama in Five Acts. By Martin F. Tupper. New York: James Miller. 1876.

Mr. Tupper informs us that this work has been "a very rapid labor of love, but still a labor, and no indolent outpouring of extemporary fancies." The "labor" has been just a trifle too apparent and possibly a few "extemporary fancies" would have been welcomed. But, in all seriousness, we are bound to say that Mr. Tupper's play is a thoroughly respectable performance. He has made good use of his materials—and where history fails him he has drawn upon what we may call his imagination—and the result is by no means a failure. Of course there are no great passages, full of fire and genius; who looks for them from the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy?" But there are a good many sounding lines and some vigor of description and power of narrative, as in John Adams' description of the early battles of the Revolution. Occasionally some of the lines end ridiculously enough, with some American name which does not gracefully round off the rhythm as:

"Welcome, good brother! welcome Benjamin Franklin!"

But "what's in a name?" Doubtless, to all patriotic hearts plain "Benjamin Franklin" ought to sound as majestic as Julius Cæsar or the noble Brutus. Unfortunately it does not. But, Mr. Tupper is hardly responsible for the names of his heroes.

In making Washington's "earliest love" the sister of Benedict Arnold, and in afterwards introducing her as making an attempt upon Washington's life at Valley Forge, Mr. Tupper acknowledges that he has gone slightly beyond historical facts, but perhaps is justified by poetic license. The incident looks somewhat improbable. Of course an occasional Tupperism will burst out upon us and charm us with an old familiar sound. As:

"The man who knows himself
Can bear reproach better than flattery."

Or,

"The well-balanced mind,
However hemmed by adverse circumstance
As in a labyrinth of cactus hedges,
Is always happy in itself."

We cannot say how this national drama would adjust itself to the stage, but there have been worse plays in the theatres, certainly, many far less decent. As Mr. Tupper never aspired to genius, he may be said to have fulfilled his mission as a Proverbial philosopher in composing this very respectable drama.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES, New and Old. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

By her translation of Mistral's "Mireio," Miss Preston awakened considerable interest in the poetry of Provence, and her own pleasure has led her to make an extended study of the modern Provençal poets—Mistral, Aubanel, Jasmin and others, and also of their predecessors, the ancient troubadours. The results of this study, already laid before the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, are again published in this pleasant volume, the most attractive portion of which, to our mind, is the last chapter, which treats of the Arthurian legends and the Knights of the Round Table. For us of the work-a-day world, these legends have a special refreshment.

IN THE LEVANT. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Mr. Warner's lively sketches of Palestine travel have been among the most interesting papers in the recent numbers of the *Atlantic*. These are contained in the volume before us, together with other sketches of Syria, Turkey, Greece, etc. Where, as in this work, Mr. Warner does not feel bound to be funny under all circumstances, he is an exceptionally pleasant travelling companion, and his natural humor does much to beguile the tedium of passages which might otherwise seem to the practised reader something like a more than twice told tale. "In the Levant," can be safely recommended to those who enjoy a bright and easy style, which does not obscure a sturdy judgment.

It is a pity more care was not taken by the folder,—otherwise the book looks well.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Westminster. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin, and E. P. Dutton & Co.

We have received from Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin the first four numbers of an illustrated edition of Farrar's "Life of Christ,"

to be completed in thirty-two parts. It is very handsomely printed, contains a good map of Palestine, and illustrations of places and customs and habits of the people, which are well executed, are, we are told, taken from photographs procured expressly for this purpose, while the copies of coins, medals and antiquities are also made under the guidance of an expert. The edition will in this way have an exceptional value given it.

ROSE IN BLOOM. A Sequel to "Eight Cousins." By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1876.

The readers of Miss Alcott's books will hail with delight this latest of her stories. Those who will enjoy it the most are the girls who have grown to their full teens, or even beyond. Indeed, it is not suited to the children of eight or ten, who so eagerly read "Little Women." Rose has bloomed into a purposeful woman, and finds her helper in the sturdy young physician in a way that satisfies the reader as well as herself.

THROUGH PICTURE LAND. LITTLE FOLKS' PICTURE ALBUM. By C. S. Matéaux. London, Paris and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Two admirable books for the little folks; each page with its picture and each picture with its story. The pictures vary greatly in merit, but they are all sufficiently good to interest those for whom they are intended, and those in the "Picture Album" are many of them quite effective. In this the letter-press is matter-of-fact and conveys much information in its four-line foot-notes, while the paragraphs in "Through Picture Land" are longer and more lively and frequently venture into fable and fairy-land.

LONG AGO: A Year of Child Life. By Ellis Gray. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1876.

A healthy, cheery book for children, beginning with Christmas and ending with Christmas, and varied with the scenes of child life in the country throughout the year. The author has not altogether avoided words and phrases more adapted to older readers, but there is little which need trouble children among cultivated people, and the volume is decidedly above the average of children's books in merit.

IN THE SKY-GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by J. Wells Champney. Boston: Lockwood Brooks & Co. 1877.

A dainty volume, well printed on good paper and well bound. And the illustrations—most of them pure white on a field of blue—are unique and effective. But, in saying so much, we are afraid we have said all. The book as a children's book can hardly be esteemed a success. The stories are too old for young children and too young for old ones, and the amount of interest they are likely to create for the truths of astronomy may be taken as a negative quantity. There appears nothing harmful in the book, but we shall hope for better things when the writer has thought more and had more practice.

BRIEF NOTICES.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS, of Boston, will publish Rev. James Martineau's "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," by special arrangement with the author.

LITTLE PEOPLE OF GOD AND WHAT THE POETS HAVE SAID ABOUT THEM, edited by Mrs. Geo. L. Austin and published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston, makes a fresh claim this year upon the lovers of such books. Their name is getting to be legion, but hardly can they be too largely multiplied so that their quality is good. And the quality of this volume is exceedingly fine. Whittier contributes an original poem, and there are many dear old friends and some new acquaintances that will be friends are long from various sources. The illustrations are of various degrees of excellence.

MAGAZINES.

Prometheus.

THIS little magazine is true to its own principles, and that is saying a great deal. The true, the beautiful and the good are the objects of its conserving aspiration. The best methods are to be found here, whether they are to be found by this means or not. Constructive Reform is the ideal on which this substantial materialism is organized. Toleration is also another of its grand principles. It utters a great truth when it declares that "Reformers to be useful must be self-reformers." It believes that the day for despising the forms of thought that have been outgrown is now near its close. The Positivism of Comte is evidently favored by

the editor's convictions. An honest spirit of inquiry, free from dogmatic audacity and reckless indifference, is to be welcomed by liberal minds everywhere. "Prometheus" is unchained, with no particular reverence for creeds as such, yet it respects the honest convictions of others and adheres to its own. Such a spirit is wise and ought to succeed in enlarging its influence. Whether the number of cultivated people who can appreciate the articles here presented and at the same time feel sufficient sympathy for its peculiar tendencies to lead it support, will be large enough to maintain its existence, we are not prepared to say. If it lives, it must do good. If it dies, it will die nobly, if it continues to the end as it has begun.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

CHRIST IN THE LIFE. By Edmund H. Sears. \$1.75.
IN THE SKY GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. \$2.00.
LONG AGO. By Ellis Gray. \$1.50.
STUDENT LIFE AT HARVARD. \$1.75.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES. By Harriet W. Preston.
A BOOK OF POEMS. By John W. Chadwick. \$1.00.
IS THAT ALL? No name Series.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

A SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D.
AZALEA. A Novel. By Cecil Clayton. 50 cents.
PRACTICAL COOKING AND DINNER GIVING. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated.
THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. By Alfred Russell Wallace. 2 vols.
THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Charles Duke Yonge.
THE BOYS OF '76. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated.

From Warren F. Draper, Andover.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS. A new translation by J. J. Stewart Perowde, D.D. From the Third London Edition. 2 vols. \$7.50.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

DR. LANGE'S CRITICAL, DOCTRINAL AND HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY. Schaff. Ezekiel and Daniel.

From Sower, Potts & Co., Philadelphia

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Elizabeth Lloyd.

From S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

WHAT TOMMY DID. By Emily Huntington Miller. \$1.25.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

THE WORLD OF SONG. A Collection of Popular Songs, etc.

From Macmillan & Co.

"IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH." Sermons on Practical Subjects by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. \$2.00.

From Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THROUGH PICTURE LAND. By O. L. Mæleux.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' PICTURE ALBUM.

From the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

THE DATSPRING, for 1876.

From J. B. Ford & Co.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. \$1.75.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A.M., M.D. \$1.50.

ART AND SCIENCE.

"THE WEALTH OF NATIONS."

ON Tuesday evening a very good dinner was eaten at Delmonico's in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the great work which is generally considered at the foundation of the system of political economy now generally adhered to by cultivated people. Consumption being as essential as production in a system which treats of the accumulation of wealth by the aid of human hands, it is undoubtedly in the order of nature and science that the inner man should be duly strengthened, while high things receive their meed of respect, and it is unquestionably proper that none but the best of culinary products should be employed in the process.

On this occasion about ninety gentlemen were present, among whom may be named Parke Godwin, William Cullen Bryant, Prof. W. G. Sumner, David A. Wells, John Bigelow, Cyrus W. Field, Edward Atkinson, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Prof. Henri Cernuschi, Edwin L. Godkin and Prof. Botta.

After about three hours spent in replenishing the fountain of vital force, Mr. Parke Godwin, who presided, addressed the company, and in the course of his remarks, said:

"It is just a hundred years since the work on 'The Wealth of Nations,' the work of an humble Scotch professor, first appeared. I take it that the only conception of the wealth of nations was that of the resources of a prince who could keep armies and fleets, subsidize allies and pension a few poor poets. But that labor was the real wealth, the real source of national power, they hardly conceived. . . . It can hardly be said that the author of this work was the originator of any great and important truth. Many of his conclusions had been anticipated in Italy and in England. But the earlier writers had only discovered the germs of the truth. They had not seen it in its efflorescence. The merit of Smith was that he saw the truth in its intrinsic force, he grasped it in its bearings and relations, and he developed it with such completeness and simplicity that he made it plain to the common apprehension, that he made it the property of men in the common walks of life, and not alone of the student in his closet or the speculator in his school."

Toasts were then responded to by various gentlemen. We can only give brief extracts from a few of the addresses. Hon. David A. Wells said: "Under the light of the teachings of Adam Smith the golden rule of 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you' was embodied in the practical affairs of life. People are benefited and never injured by the prosperity of their neighbors; this was the great truth expounded by Adam Smith. There is no class of men that submit quicker to the spirit of the times than the mercantile class, and the spirit of the times always is the aggregation of knowledge."

Mr. Bryant said: "It is now four years since a concurrence of circumstances, to which I will do no more than allude, had the effect of causing a movement in favor of Free Trade, which was then in considerable activity and apparently not without effect on the public mind, to stagnate and almost to sleep. And what years, my friends, were these? Years of languishing enterprise, years of despairing industry, years of strikes, years of contention between the employers and the employed, years which showed the spectacle of laborers by hundreds looking in vain for occupation, and hunger-pinched families shivering in their unwarmed garrets. All this while the protective system, as it is called, has been in full force. Everything is protected—that is to say, everything imported into the country is taxed as it was never taxed before. . . . We have tried the protective system as fully as it is possible; we have tasted its fruits, and they are bitter. Let us now have a season of free exchange. . . . Let me say here that I am in favor of Protection, but protection of a kind very different from that which for many years past has dealt so cruelly with the interests of the country. I am for protecting the consumers—the class whose numbers are counted by millions. I am for protecting this class in its natural and proper right to exchange what it produces in whatever market it can exchange them to most advantage."

Alluding to the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," to which the Protective system leads, Mr. Atkinson, of Massachusetts, said the charter of the Pennsylvania Railroad forbade it to build locomotives, although it allowed it to repair them, for fear of interfering with the interests of the factories. This prohibition is, however, got over, by the company considering the brass label on the locomotives to be the locomotives themselves. The great evils here are bad money and bad methods of taxation. The former may be remedied soon, the remedy of the latter is further off, and it now produces the whiskey thief and the dishonest Government official.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

IN a balloon-voyage from Cherbourg, in August, two French aeronauts, Moret and Durnof, observed with surprise, at a height of 1,700 metres, that the bottom of the sea was visible in detail, though that part of the British Channel must have a depth of 60 to 80 metres. The rocks and submarine currents appeared with great distinctness. It is suggested that this fact might be utilized, a means being afforded of giving accurate representations of the bottom for the benefit of navigators.

A BERLIN machinist has invented a steam-velocipede. The boiler is heated by means of a petroleum-lamp, and rests on the axle of the hind-wheels.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* states that, in digging the new basin at St.-Nazaire, animal remains, tools, weapons, and utensils, have been found in a sandy stratum 20 feet below the surface. Last year a dolichocephalous skull was found near the same spot.

DR. MAGNUS condemns the use of blue glasses as a protection for the eyes, and prefers the gray and smoky glasses used in England. He considers blue glass specially irritating to the eye, and says that many birds, reptiles, and amphibians have yellow or reddish oil-drops in the eye to neutralize this blue color and protect the eyes.

[From Nature.]

At a recent meeting of the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians, Dr. Hermes described some interesting characteristics of the young gorilla in the Berlin aquarium. He nods and claps his hands to visitors; wakes up like a man and stretches himself. His keeper must always be beside him and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats; they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes to sleep, his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from thirty-one to thirty-seven pounds. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend Dr. Falkenstein was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla on the previous Sunday the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor as an indication, the latter believed, of his recovery. In fact the gorilla is now one of the most popular inhabitants of the Prussian capital. For Pungu, as the gorilla is called, a large glass palace has been erected in the Berlin Aquarium in connection with the palm-house.

It is stated that M. Gessi has discovered a large branch of the Nile, 200 yards wide, with a good current, diverging from the White Nile, 100 miles south of Duffe. It is stated by the natives that it runs in an unobstructed stream into the Nile again, and, if so, water communication may possibly be established between Lake Albert Nyanza and Khartoum. Col. Gordon has discovered a large lake fifty miles in length between Urondogam and Mrooli, a little north of Victoria Nyanza (in 1 deg. N. lat.), from which issues the main branch of the Nile, called Victoria Nile, running from the Victoria to the Albert Lake, together with a branch river which must either join the Sobat river or the Asua river.

A MAGNIFICENT bolide was observed on Sunday night, November 5, at nine o'clock, at Clercy (Aube), in France. Numerous sparks were visible and an explosion was heard, although very feeble, owing to the immense distance at which it had taken place.

ART NOTES.

VARLEY, the English water-color artist, used to say: "Every picture ought to have a *look-here*."

THE French critics do not think that Turner was great in composition, Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding.

Quere—which was the finer *bravura*, Turner's in color on the front or Ruskin's in words on the back of the canvas?

THE deliberate progression of oil-painting is like philosophy; water-color painting is like wit, which loses more by deterioration than is gained in truth.—VARLEY.

MEISSONNIER's picture of Napoleon in the Luxembourg Gallery has lately been injured. The head of Napoleon has been badly scratched, whether by accident or intentionally by some too zealous Republican, is not known.

WHITE's series of drawing models, published by Ivison, Blakeman & Co., are excellent. Each number of the series and each model is accompanied by an explanatory text, which gives a clear analysis of the principles applied in the drawing.

THE Corot in the corridor of the Academy has been a revelation to many, justifying the artist's reputation, which would hardly have been gained by the production of ever so many *croquis* in grey, like those before exhibited in our galleries. Has any artist so well expressed the tenderness of nature?

THERE is an indifferent display of pictures at the Brooklyn Academy. Half a dozen, perhaps, rise above mediocrity. As the eye seeks a resting-place among the frames, we recollect that Lewes says: "Many mistake aspiration for inspiration." A landscape by J. Wordsworth Thompson is remarkable for its clear daylight effect. Subject, drawing and color are all good. There is a suggestion, but not an imitation, of Lambinet in this work.

It is probable that not all the admirers of the French school of landscape are aware that an English artist was its virtual founder. A French critic says: "Constable's paintings produced an extraordinary effect in France. Their success was such that our great school of modern landscape springs directly from him. The classical school protested." To this Constable himself bears witness in a letter as follows: "Collins claims that at Paris only three English painters are known—Wilkie, Lawrence and Constable. The critics are crying out against the infatuation of the public for them, and say to the young artists: 'What resemblance do you find between these paintings and those of Poussin, which should always be admired and followed as models? Beware of these English pictures; they will destroy the school. There is neither beauty, style nor tradition in them.'"

DURING the last two or three years certain landscapes have been brought over from Munich which represent some new school or branch of a school. These pictures, seen from a distance in a gallery, appear as dead, opaque and colorless spots. A closer view shows that they are made up of sombre greens, muddy browns and greys that make one shiver. There seems to have been a dread of bright and even of clear color—inducing low, turbid tones in the picture and hypochondria in the observer. The palette is economical; the color that serves for a road is repeated on the flank of a cow, and goes out of the picture on the trunk of

a tree. A mass of white is often introduced, probably to give value to hypothetical tones. The effect is to make the impurity of the actual more aggressive. The drawing is unequal. Huts, figures and clouds are sometimes well done, while the execution of foliage is almost always very bad. The manifold beauties of a tree—sweep and inflection of line, division and blending of masses, and intricacies of green and grey—are reduced to very low terms, to a stroke or two, a splash in the middle and a spatter at the extremities. Probably this is called generalization. It is quite possible that these pictures represent something better, done by masters, and that we see only the defects and mannerisms of the school in the works of pupils. These at least are imperfect in execution and disagreeable in effect.

HEARTH AND HOME.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

Up on the hillside, far away,
There is a hidden spring
That never sees the light of day,
And where no bird doth sing.

It darkly wells, mid rocks and moss,
Lost in the thicket deep;
Above it trailing creepers toss
And dripping dew-drops weep,

But, down below, its waters run
To feed the roots of flowers;
Where bright birds glitter in the sun,
And sing through happy hours.

It makes a brook where children play;
It clothes the fields in grasses;
Its path is beauty all the way
As down the vale it passes.

The mill-wheels hum along its side;
It builds the busy town,
And deeply, in its glassy tide,
The sweet stars look adown.

How many noblest deeds of men
Flow from the hidden springs,
Shut all away from human ken,
And kept as sacred things,—

The grief-fed springs within the heart,
All clouded o'er with doubt,
Where death our treasures smote apart,
And healing tears gushed out.

The graves of loved ones far away
Up the dim tracks of years,
Still nerve the purpose of to-day
To rise above our fears.

O, many a tender word is said,
And gentle deed is wrought,
In memory of the cherished dead
That live still in our thought!

The orphans, that the mother love
Of childless mothers saves,
May thank the grief that bends above
The newly sodded graves.

And many a man, whose noble fight
For truth has lifted men,
Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
His motive-power has been.

O tear-fed, hidden springs that well
Up from the heart's great deep,
The world its debt can never tell
To those that work and weep,—

That work out in the open day,
That weep when none are nigh;
And only by sweet deeds betray
The heart's sad mystery!

A COLORADO HEROINE.

[From the New York World.]

ON Friday night of last week, in one of the small parks of Colorado, lying among the mountains on the North Platte, there was a curious scene. There in a place fifteen miles away from the nearest neighbor sat a woman, surrounded by her family of seven children, and watching the dead body of her husband. A large fire which she and her oldest boy, a lad of fourteen, had built, threw a ghastly glare over the lonely landscape. The broad sky above and the huge hills around made more intense the sense of desolation and the littleness of humanity, and the murmur of the stream near by and the bark of the fox in the distance were the only utterances of solitude to grief. This woman's story, as told in the *Denver Tribune*, is one of the most affecting in the strange annals of American pioneer adventure. Her husband, W. H. Ostrom, had come to Colorado from Alabama, and on account of the depredations of the grasshoppers had not been very prosperous. He had prepared a new home for his family in a park on the North Platte, and set out that morning from Pine Grove Gulch for the journey of twenty miles, in a Western wagon drawn by a team of mules, and loaded with his household and his household goods. Toward evening, as he was crossing a small stream at a rough part of the road, one of the mules shied, and the wagon was overturned. It is probable that Ostrom was walking beside it, and flung himself in the way to try and save his wife and children. They were thrown violently out, and he was caught under the overturned wagon and borne to the ground with the cross-bar of the wagon-bed across him and a weight of 1,500 pounds crushing him. His terrified wife found him lying in this way, cool and considerate, but very pale. He directed her in her vain efforts to pry the wagon over, and died within five minutes, even while assuring her that he was not dangerously hurt. The oldest boy was on foot, driving a cow, and came up only in time to join his mother in her attempts to release his father's dead body. With true pioneer readiness and sternness, the team was unhitched and put to drag off the wagon, the corpse was rolled in a sheet, a fire was built, the mules were corralled, and the widow and orphans sat down in their dismal bivouac.

We think a picture of this night-watch of Mrs. Ostrom would be as characteristic of a great phase of American life as any scene that the imagination could conceive of. In her bitter experience, giving us a glimpse of the sufferings of the women of the Western frontier, we have something to suggest the trials and labors of all that hardy generation which pushed slowly on from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, before whom the wilderness receded like the horizon. It is the fault of our time to underrate the rough virtues of the pioneers, and forget the value of their achievements. We are losing sight of the romantic and heroic aspects of their life, in the refinements and luxuries of our own. Her story should bring back old memories to those in the heart of civilization, and teach them what it cost. It was not by enchantment that the log cabin was changed to the brown-stone mansion, the homespun dresses to silks, the emigrant wagons to family carriages. The metamorphosis was rapid, but it was the result of the sacrifice and endeavor of ages heaped into a few years. The Colorado woman, sitting all night in her mournful bivouac, with her seven children around her and the corpse of her husband just outside of the glare of the fire, stiffening in the frost—this penniless widow arousing herself in the morning, taking the dead body on the wagon and retracing her steps toward civilization, is as distinct a type of American womanhood as the

gayest lady that attends church in New York to-day. They have different missions; but neither of them should forget that they are sisters.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

Nobody knows the world but me,
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

"I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out of his stupid old trumpet nose,
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink,

You may call it learning—I call it wit,
Who else can watch the lady moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote
She came a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat;
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat,
You can never do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see,
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.

—George Macdonald.

NELLY'S INVITATION.

[From "A Houseful of Children," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.]

"Oh, mother, they are going to have such a nice time! Can't we go into the country just a *little* while, mother? It's so stifling here? It is, *really*, mother! Josie says so, and you don't know, because you're sick, and have that big shawl on your chair, if it is ever so hot."

"Well, darling, we must make the best of it; we cannot go away this year, and we must try to be contented and happy at home."

"Oh, dear! I think it is too bad, any way. All the girls are going, *every one* that I know; and I do want to go so much."

And Nelly looked sullen and unhappy, as might be supposed, with so much discontent in her heart.

The sick mother, with her pale face and close widow's cap, watched her in silence a few moments. Then she said gently, "Nelly, dear, you know why it is that we are poor, and cannot afford things that we used to have; did we not make up our minds, you and I, that we would both try to say, 'Thy will be done'?"

Nelly raised her eyes, and meeting her mother's glance, she sprang upon her lap, and threw both arms around her neck. Big girl as she began to think herself, she was not too large to claim her old place sometimes!

"I know, mother! I did mean to; but it is so hard to have no dear father to take care of us; sometimes I can't feel it in my heart, if I *do* say it!"

"We must keep on trying, darling; and God will help us to feel right."

And Nelly kissed her mother on both cheeks, and then got down, and set herself about tidying up the room, with a very brisk and cheerful air.

"I guess I'd better take Willy's horse in to him; he will cry if he misses it,"

And away she ran to do this errand.

Mrs. Evers began to talk to Nelly about her mother. She was a kind-hearted woman, but thoughtless, or she would not have spoken so to a child as young as Nelly.

"I declare, Nelly Warner," said she, "I was real frightened when I saw your mother to-day; seems to me she looks very poorly. Pity she hadn't some one to nurse her up, and take care of her. I couldn't help thinking she was going right after your father!"

"But don't you tell her I said so, child!" she added suddenly, noticing Nelly's startled look. "You musn't ever say anything to worry her, but keep her cheerful; do you see?"

She tried to "see," but her eyes were filling with tears.

Nelly wiped them away as she ran home; but her poor little heart was full with this new fear, and with self reproach to think how she had "worried" her mother that very afternoon.

She tried her best to be a help and comfort to her for the rest of the day.

The next morning Nelly heard a ring at the door-bell; and who should come bounding in but Josie and Fanny Spaulding.

"Why, why, girls! I thought you were going to-day!"

"So we were; but Papa can't leave until to-morrow! And we're not sorry a bit; we're glad of it; for only think, Nelly, Mamma wants to take you with us!"

"Yes!" cried Josie, jumping up and down; "she's coming around to see your mother, and ask her; but we ran on first. There she is!"

They ran to open the door, and before Nelly could think what had happened, the whole group were in Mrs. Warner's room, and Mrs. Spaulding was kindly urging her plan.

"Let Nelly go with us; the country air will do her a world of good; and I will take good care of her. I know you will miss her very much, but she will come back such a great strong girl, that she will be a real help to you. Besides, my husband will come out to us every Saturday, returning the first of the week, and if you should feel worse, and want her, we can send her home to you."

The good lady seemed to think she had it all fixed beautifully; and Josie and Fan whispered to Nelly—

"Won't it be splendid? *we* coaxed Mamma to do it! Won't we have grand times together?"

"You are very kind indeed; I am very grateful to you for your thought for my child," said Mrs. Warner. "Nelly, dear, have you heard? What do you say?"

Nelly went up to her mother's chair, and looked up quietly at Mrs. Spaulding.

"I should like to go into the country ever so much, ma'am; but I musn't leave my mother!"

"But, my dear, if your mother is willing to spare you, you can go!"

"No, ma'am, thank you; mother wouldn't have any one but Bridget in the house if I went away; and Bridget can't love her as I do!"

The child seemed to have made up her mind so firmly that there was no more to be said.

Josie and Fan exclaimed, "Oh, Nell Warner!" in a tone of intense disappointment; but the sick mother felt relieved and thankful.

If Nelly had been delighted with the plan, and anxious to go, she would not have had the heart to refuse her.

But she had had time to realize, in those few moments, how sadly she would miss her; and how anxious she would

feel, were her only treasure absent in the care of comparative strangers.

"Well, little Nelly," said Mrs. Spaulding, "we are sorry not to take you with us; but you are a good girl to love your mother so much; and I am sure you will have a happy Summer at home!"

Mrs. Spaulding was quite right in this. Nelly found plenty to do and plenty of amusement, when she had made up her mind to be contented.

And, after a week or two, her dear mother began to grow much better, in spite of Mrs. Evers's doleful predictions.

Soon she was able to go out a little; and then, in a few days more, she and Nelly took a long ride out to the Park, in a car. They took a lunch with them, and spent several hours there; and Nelly was quite sure she could not have enjoyed a day more, even in the most delightful of country places.

JOTTINGS.

THE INQUIRER heartily returns thanks for the many kind words of congratulation and appreciation received during the past week. So far as we have been able to learn, the various changes inaugurated have all been accepted as decided improvements. Our Boston contemporary, the *Christian Register*, was provoked into one of its funniest and most characteristic greetings by the announcement that THE INQUIRER, in the hope of diminishing the number of funerals of editors and publishers during "the heated term," had resolved to give all its readers a Summer vacation.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE lectured under the auspices of the Boston Amateur Scientific Society, at Christian Union Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening. His subject was "Moses and Evolution."

If a man wants to die a natural death let him lead a natural life.

It must be a great comfort to Governor Hayes that so many

believe he had rather not be President at all than succeed by any injustice.

A DECISION has been rendered by Judge Endicott, by which the Unitarian society, of Woburn, Mass., receives \$100,000, bequeathed by Jonathan B. Winn.

ACCORDING to Mr. C. W. Stoddard, it is an inevitable result of a Nile voyage, that one learns to scorn anything so modern as Rome, and the affairs of the last twenty centuries seem rather youngish.

REV. WM. J. POTTER, of New Bedford, has received leave of absence from his pulpit, and will go South for the sake of his wife's health. His pulpit will be supplied during his absence by Rev. Frederic Hinckley.

MR. CHARLES SOTHERAN will address the "First Congregation of the Church of Humanity," at Science Hall, 141 Eighth street, next Sunday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject: "The Relation of Scientific Legend to Recent Verification."

It is said that seats are sold for single Sundays in the hall where the Rev. W. H. H. Murray preaches at a price proportioned to the yearly rentals, and that tickets including reserved seats are sold in advance at one of the Boston music stores.

THE Boston *Globe* of Monday had reports of sermons last Sunday by John Weiss, on "Our Political Machinery;" by Rev. Dr. Bartol, on "The Patriot and Partisan;" by Rev. M. J. Savage, on "The Transient and Permanent in Human Life."

WANTED—By the Independent Church at Canastota, N. Y., an earnest minister, unmarried. Small salary, but large opening and good following for "the right man." Address J. L. Roberts, Treasurer Independent Church, Canastota, N. Y.

THE Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia seems likely to prove a success. Many more applications have been made for space than can be granted. The Turkish exhibitors are said to intend a much finer display of goods than in the International Exhibition.

THE New York Municipal Society met on Thursday evening last and signaled its meeting by a vigorous denunciation of certain Municipal abuses. The public will watch its further proceedings

(See next page.)

The Inquirer.

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Special Notices.

Among the Exhibitors at the

Centennial Exhibition may be mentioned the well known Organ manufacturers of Brattleboro', Vt., Messrs. J. Estey & Co. The "prominent absence" of such a firm from the "list of awards" has doubtless occasioned many questions as to the reason. The explanation is simple indeed. They did not compete. They simply exhibited their instruments on their own intrinsic merits, with no efforts to obtain recognition except from the public.

We cannot too highly commend such a course, as compared with some exhibitors whose sole aim seemed to be not to give the public pleasure in examining their wares, but to obtain the bronze medal.

Enquiry elicits the fact that Estey & Co. are the largest manufacturers and the heaviest exporters of their class, one-half of the entire amount of organs shipped to European markets being from this house.

RICHARD WAGNER, of whose ability to judge there can be no doubt, writes, "The tone of the Estey Organ is very beautiful and noble, and gives me the greatest pleasure. My great friend Franz Liszt is also charmed and delighted with them."

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A HELP FOR HARD TIMES.—How to get more from one's work or business, and how to make the most of the products, is very desirable information. A good deal of such information is undoubtedly furnished in the valuable *American Agriculturist*, whose announcement will be found in our advertisement columns under the heading of "Hard Times." How the saving or extra production of a single small object as an egg a week, or one of several other articles, will pay for that journal, or our own, is well exhibited in the announcement referred to. Read it.

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The Address of Rev. John F.

LOCKE is to the care of W. H. Baldwin, President Young Men's Christian Union, 18 Boylston St., Boston.

NEARLY READY.

Hours of Thought on Sacred THINGS.

BY JAMES MARTINEAU.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

with interest, and some hope that it may proceed beyond protest to reform.

THE news of the revival of the Extradition Treaty between the United States and Great Britain will be gladly received and few will object to any amendment of the law which will tend to make its meaning more clear, and protect definitely the right of asylum in proper cases.

"THE Divine Origin of Common Sense" was the subject of Rev. Charles G. Ames' lecture at Spring Garden Institute, Philadelphia, last Sunday evening. On Thursday evening, Dec. 7, Mr. Ames read a paper on "Wisdom in Charity," before the Social Science Association of Philadelphia.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—A service appropriate to "Forefathers' Day" (Dec. 21) will be held next Sunday evening, 7½ o'clock, at the Union Hall, Boylston street, address by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, D.D. Social singing at close of services. The public cordially invited.

TURBULENCE seems the normal condition of nearly all tropical and semi-tropical peoples. Is it possible that in the barbaric States which form the Southern border of our own country, we may have to look forward to a repetition on a smaller scale of the pronunciamientos and partisan outbreaks with which we have become familiar among the Spanish peoples?

A REVOLUTIONARY outbreak in Mexico is something which is always to be expected, and the present triangular contest does not differ greatly from many which have preceded it. Lerdo, until now the President *de facto*, and we suppose *de jure* also, is in the hands of a military dictator Diaz, while the ex-Chief Justice Iglesias holds Monterey and other points in the North. There is a fair prospect for plenty of brigandage and a continuance of the state of chronic disorder to which the country has long been accustomed.

THE stagnation in trade which immediately followed the election

still continues, and with slight signs of any decided reaction. Preparations for the holidays tend to keep up a show of business in retail circles, but few are so sanguine as to expect quite the ordinary activity. Money is lending on call in New York at from 4 to 6 per cent. The price of gold has ranged low, because of continued receipts from abroad, and has touched 107, afterward reacting about a half per cent. Silver continues to rise in value in the London market, being quoted on Tuesday at 57½ d., per ounce, which would make the value of the old silver dollar, about 96½ cents in gold.

THE OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE met at Indianapolis Dec. 6 and 7. Sermons were preached by Rev. Messrs. C. H. Ellis and J. L. Jones, and essays read by Rev. Mr. Ellis on "Unitarian Revivals," by Rev. Mr. Douthit on "What Liberal Christians Most Need," by Dr. Clarke of Indianapolis, on "Individualism," and by Rev. S. W. Sample, of Jacksonville, Ill., on "The Religion of Worldliness." Devotional meetings were held at 9 A.M. on both days, and the Conference closed with a platform meeting on the evening of Dec. 7, addresses by Rev. Messrs. Heywood, Jones, Douthit and Bailey. The Conference was greatly enjoyed by all who participated in its exercises.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, preached in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning, and again to a large congregation in All Souls', New York, on Sunday evening. He seemed in excellent condition, and preached with vigor and effect, although he had been lecturing almost every night in the previous week. What a power a grand physique is in a public orator—a sound, ringing voice, a healthy look, and plenty of reserved force! It is as good as a sermon to look on such a preacher, and his work is half done before he opens his mouth. But Mr. Collyer always has plenty to say that is worth hearing, and there are few who carry so much spiritual earnestness, fine discernment, hearty humanity, or tender feeling for common experiences and common people into the pulpit.

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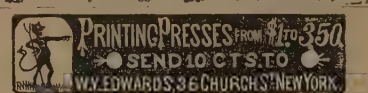
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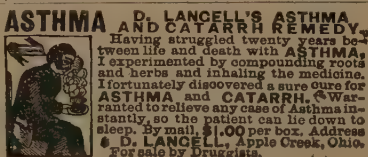


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JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	587,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,759 20
	\$1,592,775 09

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,025 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,850 00
City and County Bonds.....	230,285 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	99,163 56
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and and Call Loans.....	7,067 22
Real Estate.....	17,109 49
	\$1,592,775 09

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$13,269 20
U. S. Bonds, market value.....	304,220 00
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral.....	1,000 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	21,487 20
	\$408,092 05
Losses unadjusted estimated at.....	\$14,300 56

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.

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HOME Insurance Co. of New York, Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-sixth Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
July, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71
Total Assets - - -	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANK.....	\$126,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,820,000.....	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	237,487 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	69,250 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,060).....	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY, 1876.....	73,394 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	151,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 31
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	18,634 56
Total - - -	\$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JULY 1876.....	\$245,926 63
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,400 00
Total, - - -	\$247,326 66

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THAT South Carolina still keeps the peace, with her two Governors and two Houses of Representatives, is very creditable. We do not yet see the way out of the muddle she is in. Doubtless the leaders on both sides are waiting for the result of the Presidential election before deciding their policy. It becomes them both to remember that any violence would be fatal to the side that commenced it and for the party that upheld it. And we can only wish that the discretion shown by both Chamberlain and Hampton may be copied by all Northern leaders. The South is at least more peaceful in all its talk than portions of the North.

A CERTAIN German pamphleteer, as we learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, suggests improvements in the preparations and arrangements for making war, which bring out the full absurdity of this time-honored method of settling international difficulties. He proposes that some neutral territory be set aside by the European powers, and devoted entirely to bloodshed. All fighting is to be confined to the official combatants, and civil territory is to be held inviolate. The territory set apart for martial purposes is to be fitted up with the most complete contrivances both to kill and cure; there is to be a training-school for nurses, a college for surgeons; there are to be hospitals, well appointed guard-houses for prisoners, etc. Vast cemeteries and depots for artificial limbs are not forgotten. For the use of these conveniences there shall be a regular tariff of charges, while weapons of all kinds may be bought or hired. A wise provision shall require charges to be paid before battles are fought in all cases, and the surplus of receipts over expenses is to be devoted to the maintenance of the widows and orphans of the fallen.

An address, extremely interesting to all Americans, was delivered on the 14th of November at la Chaux-de-Fonds, by M. Edouard Favre-Perret, member of the jury on watches

at the International Exhibition. M. Favre-Perret appears to have been greatly impressed by the development of the manufacture of watches in this country, and sounds the note of alarm to his countrymen, warning them that in all probability they will soon be driven out of the American market, so far as regards trade in ordinary watches. He traces the rapid increase in the production by the American Watch Company at Waltham from 15,000 in 1860 to 250,000 in 1875, refers to the large number of other factories of recent origin, comments on the extreme accuracy which has been reached by the use of delicate machinery and the ease with which missing parts can be replaced, and lays stress upon the cheapness with which the companies can furnish the public with reliable time-keepers. American makers are already actively contesting the European field.

It is noteworthy, however, that the speaker still appears to have little fear of competition in the more complicated varieties of watches. Perhaps the same men who have wrought the work of the past fifteen or twenty years may yet open a new chapter, containing further information on that point.

It must needs be that when any community is placed under a severe strain the weak spots show more decidedly than the strong, however much we may deplore the fact. That a few ninnies should have been found willing to stand out before the civilized world and talk about fighting for the purpose of carrying Mr. Tilden into the White House, was perhaps no worse than was to be expected in a State which has just elected a pair of homespun breeches to be its Governor. That a gentleman accustomed to the refinements of the best metropolitan society, and to association with the founder of the Cooper Union, should allow himself in a vital political crisis, which requires the wisest and coolest counsels for its settlement, to advocate *popular mass-meetings* throughout the country in favor of the same candidate, after the question has become one solely for judicial arbitrament, is somewhat more surprising. That the proprietor of a daily newspaper, who wishes to extend its circulation, may be found ready to turn a few honest pennies by putting violent and misleading announcements upon his bulletin-board, at the risk of exciting a little more the passions of a few ignorant fools, may be not unnatural, but that private meetings should be invaded, and host and guest maligned because they are supposed not to be consulting directly in the line of the interests of a partisan press, or that a leading newspaper should seek to persuade its readers that a Northern Governor was engaged in transferring materials of war belonging to the State to the South for the purpose of aiding another rebellion, is a little harder to understand.

Gentlemen—Republicans and Democrats—hold your hands a little, and try to keep your heads level. What we people of the United States need now, and what we propose to have, is good government and a reign of peace. Only rest assured that the great law-abiding people propose to settle this matter in the end—propose to walk over any man who stands blowing his party whistle while silent meeting is in order—propose to grind to powder *any* party which does not conquer by the force of well-settled principles.

WE are confirmed in our conviction that intimidation in the South has not been confined to either party. General Barlow's report is the most rigidly honest and fair-minded testimony we have received from Florida, or from any other part of the country. The cool and guarded way in which personal feeling or private hopes have been eliminated from his report, with the evidence of the painstaking and impartial manner in which details were looked into, furnish a most refreshing example of what absolute truth-lovers and truth-tellers may do to elevate party politics and to serve the country. Given a committee of a dozen men with General Barlow's rectitude, coolness and courage, and we might expect a report as to the vote in all the disputed States which would satisfy the country, let it tell which way it would. Is it quixotic to look for more men like General Barlow in political life? and ought not his high intelligence, honor and bravery to be considered as very high claims to office when the country is suffering from a general suspicion that all men are corrupted by active political life? We have tried General Barlow in several positions. Has he ever melted in any fires of temptation? So far as his record is open to us, his reputation remains unsullied, and should mark him out for high political trust.

We are not among those ready to propose any compromises or concessions of an illegal sort or the surrender of any just advantage of position and right in either party on grounds of fear or dread of consequences to business or order. There is enough of this feeling latent in the trading and the domestic world to make it the duty of thinking men to resist it as a sort of cowardice and folly. Prudence and self-control are great virtues in times of political excitement, bravado and bluff a very dangerous game to play at: calm insistence on the exact right, with a profound deference to law, and a determined resolve to have its advantages, so far as they belong to us, and to surrender to those who have the law on their side, with full submission—*this is the way out*, which it becomes us to take with a firm, unwavering step, let the timid plead for concessions and compromises as they may.

THERE are said to be 50,000 men out of employ in the city of New York. It is a dangerous condition of things, if it be true. Certain it is that in the country at large there never was so large a force of involuntary idlers, and it furnishes one of the most alarming elements in our political crisis. Brawny men, often young, always hungry and seldom wise, are not in idleness likely to be long out of mischief, and they furnish the fuel for demagogues and political agitators. It is plain enough that the *force-party* in our present emergency reckon a good deal upon the recklessness and distress of these hungry idlers in their war-talk. "Gov. Tilden," as we heard a gentleman remark, who deprecated all appeal to force, "could have a hundred thousand armed men in Gramercy Park if he chose to snap his finger." This may be extravagant, but it proves at least what is running in the heads of some politicians. It shows, too, that while the people of property and employed laborers are usually soberly opposed to all appeals to force, there is a large class to whom the condition and interests of the country are immensely less urgent considerations than immediate relief from destitution. There are, unhappily, thousands upon thousands who would welcome war as a mere means of employment. They have nothing to sell but their time and strength, and no market for that, and they would hurry round any standard that offered them wages and bread. This is a factor in the problem which must not be overlooked. We may congratulate ourselves on the calmness and reasonableness of all the

property-holders and all the worth and intelligence of both parties, but we must not leave out of consideration the peril of this mass of idlers, longing for any change which promises relief, and ready to snatch at revolution if it offers wages or plunder. It must not be forgotten that the distress of the country and the hardships of the laborer were the most successful arguments the Democrats urged in the campaign. True, all fair-minded men know that party-politics or legislation have had little to do with the causing, and can have little to do with the curing, this distress. But as it is not easy to show what it does proceed from, it is not difficult to charge it upon the administration of the Government, and to make the idle and suffering believe accordingly. In this state of things, the mischievous and unscrupulous politicians on either side have a power in their hands which it will require the greatest prudence on the part of the right-minded to prevent them from using. Nothing is so dangerous as public meetings of a campaign sort at this hour. They should be everywhere discouraged. Indiana and New Hampshire have set a bad example in this respect. The meeting in Chicago, although it had an excellent offset in the plain talk of soldierly Democrats who bluntly rebuked the war-spirit, was, nevertheless, a dangerous and unseemly meeting. The Union League Club wrangle, though maliciously exaggerated, was unbecoming and unwise.

All discreet men will do well to remember the recklessness of gaunt hunger and helpless enforced idleness before indulging in careless speech at this crisis.

It is very generally thought that no escape from vexatious consequences on the electoral count in February remains, except by the previous agreement of both Houses of Congress upon the exact rules under which it is to be effected. The House has chosen a good Committee to confer with one from the Senate, if it chooses to appoint one. We assume that it will not have the folly to refuse. But at this present writing no such Committee has been appointed. There are party reasons why the Senate might wish to decline it. It is their role as Republican partisans to claim that the power of deciding the reception of the electoral votes is in the hands of the President of the Senate. It is certain that the enforcement of such a claim will not be submitted to by the House, and it is revolutionary to attempt it. Clearly it was never meant—it is folly to claim that such unwisdom could have possessed our fathers—that the arbitrament of a disputed election of President could be placed in one man's hands, or taken out of the hands of the people's Congress. So far as we have been able to examine the precedents, the President of the Senate is the proper officer to receive and open the electoral returns, but not to *count* them. "They shall then be counted." Who is to count them? Why, according to precedent *tellers* appointed by the two Houses. And only upon the report of these tellers can the President of the Senate announce the vote. Suppose the tellers disagree? The two Houses are then to separate, and after discussing the dispute and disagreement of the tellers, come to such conclusions as they can agree upon, in each case of dispute. This, it may be said, is a tortuous and dangerous way to attain the result. And no doubt it is, under present circumstances. But is it as dangerous as to allow the President of the Senate—a party appointment—to make the President by his own rulings? Could the Democrats be reasonably expected not to resist such a course, and would they not have the countenance of sober Republicans in their discontent and obstructive opposition?

There is no way out of the difficulty but by anticipating it, and forestalling angry and dangerous party debate and

revolutionary action by the deliberate agreement of the two Houses, through a joint Committee of the wisest and largest-minded men in the House and Senate upon the *precise method* of conducting the count. It should be strictly after law and precedent, and their whole duty should be to settle what these are. If they go outside of these questions there is little chance of any agreement. And we trust the Senate will not be less wise than the House in its choice of a Committee that possesses the full confidence of men of both parties for integrity and superiority to personal and party prepossessions.

It is a relief to find Congress opposed to any reference of the electoral vote to the arbitrament of the Supreme Court. How that Court—already, unjustly we trust, suspected of political biases, and therefore dangerously weakened in its weight and influence—could be thought of as a fit arbiter in a party squabble to be made for the occasion, passes comprehension. It would be the culmination of our woes to have the only portion of the Government, that is not already actively partisan, made so by a hurried change in the Constitution, which this Court might be afterwards called on to pronounce unconstitutional. Already the Senate and House are mischievously partisan; the President is openly charged with being so; the Cabinet has exhibited in the campaign a dangerous and unseemly tendency to active participation in partisan meetings. In the name of all wisdom, let not the Supreme Court be dragged into this circle. It is encouraging to see that Congress lends no countenance to the plan.

Since writing the above, a proposition has been made to submit to the Supreme Court simply the Constitutional question as to the rights and duties of the two Houses of Congress in relation to counting the electoral vote.

In this form the case comes properly within the purview of the Court. As the final arbiter in all Constitutional questions, it must be reached in the last resort, and undoubtedly it would be better, if possible, to have the law defined before any vital step needs to be taken. The party which defies the ruling of the Court would then appear in its proper colors before the country; but no party would be likely to take that attitude. If such a course as indicated above should be agreed upon, it remains to be seen whether the case can be brought properly before the Court by a formal agreement, so as to give it a technical right to act. In such an emergency, there could hardly be an objection to its uttering an opinion upon a "case stated" when requested, even if it could not be compelled to do so.

TRUSTS.

Trusts for specific and limited purposes are not honorably or morally fulfilled, if by the exercise of "discretion," or any plea of altered circumstances, the end or object is nullified for which they were made and accepted. It is impossible to make a trust in which "discretion" can be *wholly* excluded; but it is next to nothing in such political trusts, for instance, as those of a Presidential elector and other chiefly ministerial offices, and they are broadly distinguished from trusts in which the discretion is often the most important factor in their responsibility, even when it is not specially anticipated or provided for. Thus, money left to the representatives of certain theological opinions, by earnest partisans of their creed, have yet, by a discretion of the courts, been properly adjudged to the use of their successors, though their opinions had undergone great changes. Legacies have been paid quite outside the testator's trust, when the heirs

have all perished before receiving them, but not without a careful attempt to find the most natural claimants. Moneys bequeathed to societies found disbanded and non-existent have been passed over to others nearest like them in design. The law, in its wisdom, willingly allows no trust to be turned against the will and purpose, or out of the direction chosen for it by its maker, although no skill can secure this in all cases, however carefully it is aimed at.

Political trusts are, in many cases, necessarily very discretionary, as in conventions for nominating party candidates. Above all, the Congressional representative's powers cannot be limited precisely. They involve the discretionary element of his private conscience and his intelligence, under lights and conditions which cannot be anticipated. He may rightly neglect party instructions upon particular measures, when the safety of the country seems to demand it, in his best discretion. For he is not merely representative of his constituency, but a member of a national congress, and has duties to his country as well as to his constituents, which they well know when they send him. His constituents may call him to account and reject him, if he speaks or acts against their local interests. They are not bound to know or consider what a national legislator must. But he is acquitted in the court of conscience, and does not break his trust if, feeling the demands of impartial justice and national honor, and seeing that in the end what is best for the country is best also for all parts of the country, and in the end for his own constituents, he exercises his discretion against their wishes, in the discharge of his trust as a representative from a special Congressional district; for he is not alone this—he is a servant of the nation. It is not only the President of the United States who is bound to consider the whole country, but every member of the National Government. The only excuse for any of them, when using their influence to support the party that elects them, is their conviction that it represents a better national policy. It is impossible for honest men not to be partisans, when they have deep convictions that the principles and measures their party favors are vital to the national honor and safety.

But partisans in the sense of acknowledging the duty of covering up the frauds, the follies, the extravagances of the party, under the plea that the end justifies the means, honest men can never be. We do not blame General Grant for showing his colors as a Republican President, but only for favoring Republicans who attempt to cover their private ambitions or cupidities under party professions. He breaks no trust as President in administering his place according to the principles of the party he was elected by, so far as they accord with his original pledges. And he breaks no trust as a Republican by ignoring party expectations or wishes when in his central seat he finds them unfavorable to national prosperity and national honor. We see no parallel between those cases in which the force of obligations pressing from different sources make a freer play of discretion essential and cases like that in which a ministerial act of importance is intrusted to an elector, the people entrusting it having a specific and exactly-defined purpose, and the elector accepting the duty in a clearly and expressly limited sense. It is the dignity of the issue that makes the electorship important, not the complication or discretionary responsibility of the function. The elector is nothing but a public servant carrying a message, with which he has nothing to do except to deliver it. He is dignified for the occasion only to express the people's respect for the office to be formally filled by the electoral vote. But really, if the elector were a machine he could not have less

freedom of choice or discretion, for the country, in departing from the original plan, has long since fixed and definitely recognized a new plan, giving a perfectly well-understood and exclusively ministerial function to the elector. If an elector representing a Republican constituency should vote for the Democratic candidate, his change of mind, however honest, or his sense, however strong and clear, of what the country might gain by the change, would not make his act other than a breach of trust. If he felt that peace or war hung upon his vote it would not justify his change. His private opinions, hopes or fears are of no pertinency. His conscience has no responsibility or scope in regard to this special trust, except exactly to fulfil it according to a perfect previous understanding. We do not doubt that there are men elected as Republicans and as Democrats who have changed their minds since their election, and who would perhaps have cast their votes as private citizens in a way opposite to that in which they voted as electors. And they would be unpatriotic cowards if they did not vote as they thought best in their private capacity. But as electors they have no private capacity and no call for exercise of discretion, except such as the death or madness of the candidate they were elected to vote for might force upon them. In short, a Presidential elector is the servant of a special constituency with a specific act to perform, and without any of the functions of a legislator or a judge in doing it. We conceive that nothing but mischief could come from any effort to loosen the conscience of an elector in respect to the duty of an exact interpretation of his function, upon the plea of paying a larger respect to his conscience as a lover of his country and a judge of what it requires of him under his accidental opportunities of shaping its destiny and making its President.

It is upon some similar plea of a higher duty that the humble duty of fulfilling specific trusts exactly is perniciously set aside or overruled, to the ruin of depositors, in savings and other banks. Directors and trustees see grand opportunities of investments, which, if all chances concur, might greatly enrich their stockholders. Their *specific* duty is to run no wilful risks and accept small profits; their general duty is to study the interests of the bank. They attend to the last in a generous confidence in their own judgment, which is too often a mistaken one. They neglect the specific duty and ruin their depositors and their institution. We want none of this loose interpretation of specific obligations in our electors, and no organ of opinion can by any amount of subtlety make it respectable or otherwise than immoral.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE first Christmas gifts on record are the gold, frankincense and myrrh which the wise men from the East gave to the infant Jesus. We do not know enough about the childhood of Jesus to be helped much by it in our choice of Christmas gifts for our own children. It is a pity that we know so little. Wordsworth's line,

"The child is father of the man,"

has so much truth in it, that the manhood of Jesus would not begin to be the riddle which it is, if we knew more about his childhood and more about the gifts that he received along its course. We should like to know what he had for playthings, but can remember only one hint to help us, and that is the story in one of the Apocryphal Gospels about his making sparrows out of clay. We fancy that his playthings, for the most part, were extemporized in some such way as this. He was a lucky boy in that his father was a carpenter. The shop must have been a real god-send to

him and his young companions. Of course they made boats and houses and little synagogues out of the refuse chips, and temples, too, as near as possible like the great Temple up at Jerusalem, of which the people who had been there never tired of telling. Perhaps the father sometimes lent a hand on these occasions. Of course he did. We wonder if our children need commiserate the noble boy of Nazareth because the straggling lane which served the village for a street boasted no toy-shop equal to the humblest of the myriad with which our modern cities blossom. We wonder if he didn't enjoy *himself* more for having to invent and plan a little, instead of having everything prepared for him. Yea, more; we sometimes wonder whether he would ever have come to be or think himself the Christ at all, if his thought had been so dissipated among a multitude of external objects as the thought of children is to-day, if the meagreness of his environment had not driven him in upon himself and his reserves of intellectual and moral power.

But books dispute with toys for the possession of our children's souls, and here again there is no help to be got from the example of the holy child Jesus. There were fewer books than toys in Nazareth. A roll or two of the Law in the possession of the village rabbi served for Mercantile Library, Historical Society, book-stores and everything. Here certainly our children are more fortunate than the little boy of Nazareth. Think of their advantages! There is no end of books for them; some of them written for love and some of them written for money; books of instruction and books of adventure; and picture-books so pretty, and some of them so beautiful, that many a man is "born again when he is old" with looking over them. "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see," say we to our children. Here are learned men pausing amid their vast and wonderful researches to write books for you, and here are artists of the finest culture and the greatest skill doing their best to make you happy. It certainly does look as if nineteenth century New York were a much better place to live in than first century Nazareth. Mary and Joseph never could have tucked away in all manner of queer places any such treasures as we have against Christmas morning, even in these hard times.

But it is possible that we may overrate the difference between this time and that, and imagine ourselves more superior to Joseph and Mary than we really are, and our children more fortunate, relatively to the little Jesus, than they really are. The sources of human happiness are more intrinsic than extrinsic. Human nature itself is the fountain of immortal youth, immortal joy. As the Son said, so says the Father: "The water which I give you shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." So long as we are young God wills that we be happy. The environment may be ever so mean, but put a child in the midst and it will not seem mean to him. His fancy will clothe it with ideal loveliness; his imagination will people it with ideal forms. If we could all at once annihilate these nineteen centuries that intervene between to-day and the time when Jesus was a boy among boys, playing in the narrow street of Nazareth, and could see him just as he was then and there, tugging at Mary's garment as she goes for water to the spring, making a great show of helping Joseph at his carpentry, sitting crossed-legged on the floor while the village rabbi teaches him the legends and the precepts of his people, sitting at sunset on the flat roof of the house, and seeing the sun drop into the west—if we could travel back and see all this just as it was, we doubt if we should find the future Christ less glad at heart than are our little folks.

Then, too, although there were not story-books to read,

there were stories to tell, and a *told* story is at least as good as a *read* one any day. We can fancy how the little Jesus was bigger-eyed than in the biggest-eyed of Raphael's Madonnas, or in the "Holy Family" of Carl Muller—so much better than some hundreds of the old ones—when Mary told him story after story out of that famous Bible store, which even now is just as fresh as ever. Has any better story for a child ever been written than that of Joseph and his coat of many colors? And every Hebrew mother had this story written on the fleshly tablets of her heart. Think you the little Jesus didn't say "Tell it again" to that?

"Tell it again!" and though the sand-man came,

Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye—

"Tell it again, oh, just once more!" was still the sleepy cry.

The appliances of culture that beset the modern parent anxious to do the best thing possible for the intellectual development of his children are as distracting as the cries of multitudinous hackmen on one's arrival at the Grand Central depot, and the result in either case is apt to be that we put up with the worst accommodations when we might have the best. The swarms of children's books that infest the counters of our booksellers impose a great responsibility upon parents and demand a new development of parental care and conscience. Take books of adventure alone. There are those who would ruthlessly deprive our boys of this whole class of books, but there is something in a boy's nature that craves them as naturally as a duck takes to the water. And there are enough good books of adventure, records of fact or truthful in their spirit, to satisfy the want, if not the wish, for this sort of literature. And so with every sort of book that naturally solicits the regard of youthful minds. Lack of intelligence may prevent well-disposed people from making a right selection of books for their children, but if we are not mistaken, it is not so much lack of intelligence as it is haste and carelessness that stand in the way.

There are gifts suitable to this season which are but poorly symbolized by any outward gift that love can give to the beloved. The New Testament contains but one little story of the first thirty years of Jesus' life, but it is a story burdened with significance. It is the story of his being left behind in Jerusalem and missed by his parents after they had gone some distance on their way back to Nazareth. The story, after telling of his being found in the temple talking with the rabbis, and of the strange reply he made his mother when she told him how his father and herself had sought him sorrowing, ends with the significant expression, "And Mary kept all these things in her heart." That would seem to show a nature reverent of her child, not garrulous about him to others or himself, but with silent expectation watching one by one the petals of his life unfold, with their pure fragrance satisfying her benignant soul. If only one thing could be told of all the childhood and the youth of Jesus, it could hardly be a better thing than this, for there is no gift more suitable for a child than this same silent reverence which Mary here displayed before his growing faculties, "She kept all these things in her heart."

THE MINISTER OF TO-DAY.

As if in revenge for his one-time infallibility, the minister of to-day is the worst criticised man in the community. From gossiping sisters to editorial oracles his character and performances receive their full share of attention. If he has a clear conscience and a large spirit he can afford to smile at and ignore such cavilling. But if he is a weakling, or made a coward by conscience, he can no longer take refuge in the assumed sanctities of his office. The modern

world takes him for what he is, and not for what the apostles were. This changed relation again implies changes in the material of the ministry. The most talented young men no longer take kindly to it. Harvard College still in its catalogue puts the divinity students at the head of the professional schools, but we all understand that to be an empty compliment. Somehow the calling is no longer regarded with favor. When a young man nowadays enters the ministry, there are plenty of people to cry out: "What a pity! Why couldn't he have chosen something useful?"

And yet this is a serious mistake. True, the minister has been stripped of much of his former prestige and power. But he has been a gainer and not a loser by the change. The old times will never return for him, and they never ought to. Yet there never was a time when the minister occupied so independent, so influential, and so enviable a position as to-day. He is a freer man to-day, with a wider range of sympathies, a broader culture and a larger field for the exercise of his abilities. No longer obtaining his knowledge of human nature and its needs at second-hand from doctrinal books, or contemplating man through the haze of theological speculation, but entering freely into the currents of modern thought and life, absorbing from them a rational understanding of social forces and spiritual phenomena, and so fitting himself to deal wisely and well with the problems they present. With the removal of so much official dignity and power, has been removed also a dangerous source of worldly ambition and partisan bigotry. If he no longer monopolizes the functions of all the other professions, he is rid also of the arduous duties with which they encumber his daily life, and held him back from a full development of his proper activities. Formerly, too, the minister lived an abnormal life; half ascetic, half autocrat, he breathed a thin, unwholesome atmosphere of suppressed emotion, and social exclusiveness. To-day, he leads, or can lead, a healthy, cheerful, social existence, and this makes him a happier man and of course, a better preacher and pastor. Margaret Fuller said that what the age needed was "a spiritual man of the world." We know no better representative of this coming man than the liberal, cultivated and conservative minister of the nineteenth century.

Moreover, the minister is not only a better and happier man individually, but he exercises a healthier and more lasting influence on the public mind than formerly. Let no one cherish the illusion that the days of the ministry are numbered. On the contrary, its true mission has only just begun. As the sacramental function decays, the prophetic gift rises into notice. The ministry is an outgrowth of the popular need. It is founded on a wise division of labor. There is one social body but many members, yet all have not the same office. The minister is called to a distinctive work imperatively needed, and which no one else can do so well. He disputes the ground with none. He is no longer the rival of any other profession or its pretended superior. He is simply a "fellow servant in the Lord," one of many spiritual forces that labor for the upbuilding of man and the increase of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

The minister is pre-eminently a spiritualizer; an inspirer of men. He labors "to put more soul into this toiling, thinking, throbbing world." His mission is to bring men to nobler aims, purer life, diviner trust. He voices the aspiration of the religious nature of man. He ponders the problems of existence and gives such solutions as he can; solutions not always wise or true, but doubtless the best that can be given. He strives to reconcile human duty with human

destiny; to carry the spiritual life through the crisis of worldliness and speculative doubt. He labors to increase light and love among men; to promote the virtues of sympathy, charity and self-renunciation. The other professions may and do tend to accomplish these objects also, but it is rather as incidental to their work than as the special purpose of it. The doctor's object is to cure the body, the teacher's to inform the mind, the lawyer's to secure justice among men. The minister's aim, first, last, and all the time, is to build up *character*. Like the teacher, he wants men to know, but still more to *be*. He seeks to ennoble even more than to instruct his hearers. The teacher has done his duty when he has informed the mind of his pupil. The preacher fails unless he moves the will of his hearers. One appeals to the intellect, the other to the conscience. One imparts knowledge as the condition of right living, the other builds up character as its necessary foundation. Both are right, but each needs the other's help. Teacher and preacher must work hand in hand, nay, must sometimes exchange places, as an Agassiz kindled his hearers with moral enthusiasm, and a Martineau makes even scientists his pupils. From this point of view, the ministry, far from being obsolete, takes rank among the most efficient forces in modern society. There are sixty thousand ministers in the United States. Take them away and who shall we put in their places as moral and spiritual teachers? Grant that they are often ignorant, crude and weak, still they are no more so than an equal number of lawyers, doctors, journalists and teachers. Their clumsy but loving hands serve at least to keep alive the people's piety at home, their prayerful breath from Sunday to Sunday rekindles the waning altar flames of devotion, their weekly ministrations of mercy and peace keep warm the human heart of man, amidst the chill atmosphere of worldliness and self-seeking. They are an embodied decalogue, reminding men constantly of those moral truths which they know so well already, but are so prone to neglect. Their voice, in the language of prayer, the nameless struggle and yearning of the human heart; they bring the solace of religious truth and hope to stricken and bereaved hearts. Many a man scoffs at the minister until death enters his household and despair his soul, and the despised teacher of religion is called in to stand by the inanimate form of the loved one, and out of his tender and prayer-filled heart to utter the woe of the bereaved and whisper the sweet consolation of hope and trust in God.

Is it asserting too much, therefore, to claim that the ministry is a necessary and permanent interest in society; that, rightly conceived, it is as noble a vocation as the world can offer, and worthy the full consecration of the powers and gifts of any man or woman?

In spite of its seeming decline in prestige and power at the present day, there never was a time when the minister was so intrinsically respected or exercised so beneficent and lasting an influence on society. The suspicions and flings which one hears directed against the clerical profession are not aimed at what is genuine or vital in the minister, but at the fictitious elements, the conventionalities and artificialities which still hedge him about and repress his natural manliness and growth. This is a period of transition. The belief in the distinctively divine commission of the minister is rapidly passing away. The great majority of the clergy has not discovered this, or is unwilling to admit it. Hence they cling mistakenly to the personal prerogatives and social distinctions which characterized the minister of the past. It is at these artificial things, at the foibles and fripperies of the clergy, that the world laughs. You do not hear men sneer

at the culture, the unaffected piety, the self-sacrificing devotion of the minister, but at his long visage, his hypocritical cant, the studied irregularity of his manner, or the conventional cut of his coat. But are these essentials in the make-up of a minister? Who would dare to admit, that religion stiffens and sours a man, or that the devotional spirit needs the crutches of the old ecclesiasticism to enable it to soar upward into the presence of its God? Does divine grace inhabit a white neck-cloth or lurk in the folds of a silken gown? Why should ministers who are "*fellow-servants in the Lord*," still claim to be a peculiar class in the community, and together with soldiers and convicts enjoy the proud distinction of wearing a livery and travelling on a half-fare ticket? We confess to a great deal of sympathy with the plain common-sense that ridicules such pretensions. There is a deep reverence in the community everywhere for unaffected piety, genuine humanity and earnest conviction. Let the minister depend on these for recognition, and not upon the sanctions of outward position. Let his influence be measured by his own intrinsic worth and manliness. Thus will be restored to him much of the ancient veneration for his calling, that calling which, though like Paul, we fall under the accusation of "*magnifying our office*," we still must esteem the highest, the noblest in human society.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM WASHINGTON.

To the Editor of the Inquirer :

MR. HALP, in his "*Philip Nolan*," expresses surprise that so little note is made by historians of the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803. There has recently been placed in the Capitol a statue of Robert R. Livingston. On the scroll in his hand is inscribed "*Louisiana*." Livingston thus finds a place in the memory of posterity as the statesman most instrumental in securing the purchase of Louisiana. It is because the men of the present day travel in so narrow a circle that real aggrandizement of their country is forgotten. Florida was the fruit of the splendid diplomacy of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Seward made his name immortal by the acquisition of Alaska. And if Congress would turn from the belittling questions which now so occupy its attention to some larger themes, like the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, the acquisition of an island in the West Indies and a naval post in the Mediterranean, it would only be the fulfilling of the country's destiny. There are enterprises at home scarcely less commanding in importance, such as enlarging the facilities of transportation between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Both the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railroads are awaiting Congress for completion.

The Normal School for the Education of Colored Youth, founded by Miss Myrtilla Miner in 1858, which has for a few years been running as a department of Howard University, has now become an independent institution. The committee having it in immediate charge are Rev. C. H. Fay, John M. Langston, Miss Georgiana Boutwell and Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, Secretary. The school is now in successful operation. As Miss Miner received most of her means for founding this school from Unitarians and Friends, some of the readers of the INQUIRER may be interested in hearing of its prosperity. Its friends may learn more of its condition and prospects by communicating with any one of the committee abovenamed.

The Unitarian church in this city has had for preachers this Winter Revs. Messrs. Ware, Sunderland, Collier, Batchelor and Weld. Rev. Dr. Peabody is expected for the next two Sundays. On Thanksgiving day the Universalists united with us, Rev. Mr. Fay, their faithful minister, officiating.

President Grant, as usual, attended on that day the Metropolitan Methodist church. Portions of the sermon were so laudatory of the President as to call forth applause. It was remarked that his countenance changed not in the slightest degree. This characteristic imperturbability of "*the grey-eyed man of the White House*" is just now giving great confidence to the people throughout the country.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1876.

DOWN THE SEINE ON FOOT.

ONE clear, fallish morning, we four strapped our knapsacks on our shoulders and started in search of the picturesque, our first stage, however, being by a little wheezy steamer, which took us to La Bouille, about ten miles down the river. The scenery was beautiful; here and there a chateau, old or new, rose on the steep, wooded hills that once had limited Father Seine when he was mightier than to-day, or a Gothic spire marked some little village. We passed a vessel flying the Stars and Stripes, and giving unmistakable evidence of having brought petroleum from home, and to the wonderment of our fellow-passengers gave three hearty cheers as we went by. La Bouille we found to be an uninteresting little place, its only *raison d'être* being that it was a convenient stopping place for those who came, as we did, to visit the Chateau de Robert le Diable, situated on a hill two miles or so away. To one of the three hotels, between which a brisk rivalry evidently existed, we went for dejeuner, and then, leaving our traps, set out for the Chateau. A guide was needed, then a key and a permission, and a fee, and when at last we reached the place we thought it hardly repaid us for all our trouble. Here and there a bit of massive masonry cropped out from a century's growth of grass and underbrush, but there was nothing to give us a hint as to what the character of the architecture had been. We did not see the best parts of it, the subterranean passages and cellars. The present owner had recently been making excavations, which had brought once more to the light many interesting and intrinsically valuable relics, and he permitted no one to visit these portions unless accompanied by himself. Thence we went to the pretty little church of Molineaux, near by. We found its principal charm to be the wooden *jube*, richly carved by 14th century hands. The venerable sexton was mightily gratified by our admiration of it, and told us how its rich color and high polish were largely due to the constant oiling and rubbing which he had given it during well nigh two score of years. He looked as if he might have said fourscore and ten with equal truth. At La Bouille we found the rapacity of the hotel-keepers largely developed. It was late and there was no town nearer than Rouen, so those at whose house we had stopped asked the most astonishing prices, while their accommodations were really not sufficient for our party. We refused their terms and said we would go elsewhere. "But you can't," said they. "But we can and will," said we, and amidst the ironic *bon-voyages* of our would-but-couldn't-be hosts we went to hotel number two. There we found no room. Then we went to a hotel opposite the first. They wouldn't take us there because we had been to the rival hotel across the road. Then back again to the first, thinking we would put up with what they could offer, when lo! they wouldn't have us because we had been to the house across the way. Nothing then remained but to have ourselves ferried over the river.

Our hearts were cheered as we stepped ashore by the sight of a well-to-do farm-house, in the low doorway of which stood an old woman. Could she give us something to eat? No, she had nothing, and if she had, had no time to prepare it; she must look after the ferry. Why didn't we stop at La Bouille? We thought it quite unnecessary to explain, and simply glanced toward the other shore. There stood three hotel-keepers, each with an opera-glass to his eyes. They had united in this lost cause, and we could imagine the smiles rippling over their faces as they saw us turn away. The old woman graciously informed us that there was a combination tobacco and grocery store situate in some indefinite spot a good *lieu* "back," where, perhaps, we would find what we wanted. And so we went "back" a *lieu*, and after some search found the place—a wee bit of a *chaumière*; in one end the tobacco shop and café, in the other the grocery store, and above both, in the thatched roof, the sleeping rooms. The presiding genius was a somewhat hard-featured, masculine looking woman, all angles and importance, who knew how to manage her store and her subordinates to her own satisfaction if not to theirs. We uttered our request for food with becoming humility and in our best French. She had nothing. *Nothing*? Well, there was some cheese and "cidre," and we could get some bread there over the way. And with this short bill of fare we sat down at one of the café tables. Then emboldened by our meal and a cup of strong black coffee, we put the question of beds. More angular and hard featured she became as she uttered a stern negative. She had none to spare. Why didn't we stop at La Bouille? Where could we find a place to sleep other than La Bouille? We were not going back there. There was a town, she said, nine miles farther on, where there was

an auberge, but it would certainly be closed when we reached there. It was then after eight and the *retraite* would sound before ten. There was nothing for it but to go on, and on we went, breaking the evening stillness with many a college song. An hour's walk and we saw a light, and at the door from which it gleamed were told that they would not take us in, but that there was a café just behind the little church, second cottage to the left, where we might be cared for. To it we went. The door was opened to our somewhat peremptory knock by a charming Norman lassie, who referred us to the higher court within, where the family were at their evening meal. The Norman people make their first meal at six or seven in the morning. It consists only of a bowl of coffee, into which bread is crumbed. Then at noon comes the hearty meal of the day with meat and vegetables. At five they have a little bread and cheese. At the close of the evening comes the final meal, of soup and cheese. In response to an appeal, they said they had no accommodations. Had they no room where we could sleep on the floor? "No." The père suggests vaguely, barn and straw. No! the mother would none of us; evidently she thought us but a poor lot. And surely, since she was compelled to judge from appearances, we could not greatly blame her. She said that the last time she had let any one sleep in the barn he ran off with the blankets. Then père asserts his authority. The barn was *his* and he would let us sleep in it, and, suiting the action to the word, he went to a kind of loft opening off the court at the rear of the house and prepared our bed in the newly-threshed straw. The mother, relenting, brought out two blankets, and we were made really comfortable for the night. We spent an hour in singing, then one after another we dropped asleep, and slept well, except when one of us turned over; then the other three must turn also or be left in the cold. Before morning we came to the conclusion that one small blanket is not large enough to cover four persons on a cool Autumn night. Not a sound broke the night stillness, except now and then the rich liquid note of a nightingale in a neighboring wood. Next morning we were received with more favor by the mother; the blankets had not been stolen, and she was ready to open her heart to us. We sat down in the great chimney-place, on whose hearth a cosy log-fire was blazing, and awaited the preparation of our morning chocolate, watching the pot simmering on the *crémaillère* and chatting with the family. On telling the story of our evening trials, we were told that there were stringent laws prohibiting any one from giving a night's lodging without special license. It was necessary since '48 to fill out papers, which were only given with the license, and if it was found out that they had acted without the license, a fine of twenty francs and a *procès-verbal* would be the result. Then, too, very few foot-travellers came to their out-of-the-way place, and they hardly knew what to make of us; rather supposed us to be Germans. It was Sunday morning and all the family were preparing for church. The three bright-looking boys brought out their best shoes, only a little lighter than the heavy wooden sabots they had been click-clacking about in, and made them presentable with the end of a tallow candle. Their faces were made to shine, too, and, proud as princes in their good clothes, they went over with the rest of the family to morning service. The old *grand-mère* was left at home to watch the great "pot-au-feu" and to see that all things went well. She was an interesting old lady and gave us many a story of the war, how they had lost one year's entire crop and their three horses—and how those they now had must be held quite at the service of the government. As we sat the chant from the little church came to us pleasantly through the open door, and now and then the priest's voice was heard also. We lingered long, talking and listening, then paid our modest bill and set out for St. George-de-Boscher-ville.

H. C. A.

THERE is in Mohammedanism no ideal life, in the true sense of the word, for Mohammed's character was admitted by himself to be a weak and erring one. It was disfigured by at least one huge moral blemish: and exactly in so far as his life has, in spite of his earnest and reiterated protestations, been made an example to be followed, has that vice been perpetuated. But in Christianity the case is different. The words, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" forced from the mouth of him who was meek and lowly of heart by the wickedness of those who, priding themselves on being Abraham's children, never did the works of Abraham, are a definite challenge to the world. That challenge has been for nineteen centuries before the eyes of unfriendly as well as of believing readers, and it has never yet been fairly met.—*Bosworth Smith's Lectures on Mohammed.*

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS.

IS THAT ALL? No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The title of this piquant story forestalls all criticism as to its quantity and leaves it deliciously tantalizing in quality. But then we know the ready invention of the writer can give us another dainty morsel when he wills, and we must be content with this appetizing rare-bit. Mr. Howells is undoubtedly the author of this naughty bit of fun and satire. He peeps out of every page in the swift, glancing wit and the keen, humorous estimate of social and private life. We are so sure that the story is the product of his inspiration, that we are almost tempted to be saucy and to tell him that if he thinks to disguise his style he cannot do it, for he has not succeeded in making his friends believe that anybody else can write so charmingly. However, we will pique his unusual reserve by stating that the book may possibly have been written by the author of "One Summer," who has something of the same glancing style.

The story is a good-natured satire on social life in our large towns, and nothing can be more exquisitely and dangerously polite than the relations of the two leaders of fashion in Guilford, Mrs. Andersen and Mrs. Pryor. The former is a strict church woman, the latter a Unitarian, and the fencing is spiritual as well as social. The plot turns upon the protégés of these ladies, the one a young Episcopal divine, with "unexceptionable references" from England; the other a beguiling *soi-disant* young widow, Mrs. Drown, who certainly must be some relation of Mrs. Farrell in "Private Theatricals," the resemblance is so striking. It would spoil the story to tell how this bewitching little elocutionist talks everybody into submission, or why the comely and saintly Mr. Warburton does not "study the poor" of Guilford as we have a right to expect of him. But we may say how charmingly real and natural are the conversations carried on between the three or four young men and women in the book. The talk is inimitable, never forced or prosy, but as necessary as daily intercourse in real life, only somewhat brighter. The exquisite Col. Pryor, whose fastidious tastes and courtly manners bear the brunt of considerable invidious criticism, is nevertheless charming, even on a hero's sick bed, and we admire him only less than his noble and devoted wife. The charm of the book lies in the style, seemingly careless, but in reality thoroughly artistic, with not a word misplaced, and full of airy lightness and grace.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY. With a Memorial of their Lives by Mary Clemmer. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

It is not unfitting that the songs and ballads and religious poems of these two sisters should be gathered into this handsome volume by their loving friend. Alice and Phoebe Cary, especially the former, were like God's birds who "sing because they must." The elder had, undoubtedly, the true singing gift. Some of her ballads and home poems are as happy and good as can be, springing naturally from a heart that loved God and little children and sympathized with all people in trouble. The poems of Phoebe Cary are less remarkable, perhaps, but are full of a deeply religious feeling, and many of them have sung their way into sorrowing hearts and have given great comfort and cheer. Many a scrap-book and collection contained these genuine poems long before their authors' names became famous. They touched the popular heart and the people have a sure instinct in finding out what they want.

Mrs. Clemmer's memoir is a loving and enthusiastic tribute to the moral beauty and goodness of her dear dead friends. It is written from the heart and scarcely looks to a critical estimate of the literary gifts of the two sisters. We are inclined to the belief, however, that the merits of Alice Cary's poetry have been under, rather than over, estimated. She had the power of telling a story in verse simply and sweetly and in a way that sent it home to all hearts—surely a gift not to be despised. The religious poetry of the sisters is possibly of a lower æsthetic order, but contains deep and true feeling and is scarcely to be estimated by the ordinary critical standard. The volume is elegant in appearance and ought to be popular as a holiday present.

MODERN PHYSICAL FATALISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION. By Thomas Rawson Birks, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

This book is a careful examination of the gospel of the Unknowable, of which Mr. Herbert Spencer is the chief proclaimer, and also of the doctrine of evolution, which statements are pronounced

to be "from first to last, a strange conglomeration of confusing thought, error and self-contradiction." In a lengthy discussion of the nature of matter, the relativity of knowledge, the continuity of motion, force, etc., Mr. Birks entirely dissents from the philosophy of modern materialism and rises to "the conception of a First Cause, true, living, and intelligent, who by His powerful, all-creating word has called this wonderful universe into being." A good many pages will be rather dry reading for "the average reader," they are so full of metaphysical discussion. The book possesses genuine value, however, as a careful examination from the orthodox standpoint, of theories and principles which are becoming every day more generally accepted in the scientific world, and are gradually creeping into the minds of many professedly religious people.

HANDY DRAMAS FOR AMATEUR ACTORS. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.

The average histrionic amateur unquestionably needs pieces adapted to his limited capacity, but we think Mr. Baker exaggerates the artistic deficiencies of the class for which his "Handy Dramas" are written. We confess that we have not been able to read all the eight attempts at plays which are contained in this volume, but none of those we have read show any real dramatic feeling; they are badly constructed and one or two are decidedly objectionable in tone. The language is unrefined, occasionally vulgar, the wit is forced and flippant and the sentiment cheap and commonplace. We should not think these pieces would act well, the themes chosen are uninteresting and the dialogue is very diffuse.

This is a specimen of Mr. Baker's humor:

Bosworth.—Do as I bid you; if he opens his mouth throw him in the horsepond.

Pretzel.—Dot's what you call horsepuddality. I don't like dot.

And this is a sample of his serious writing:

"Bright as yonder peak, my home no longer. Hester, here in this bustling world below I'll rear again our happy home; and though the tempest has beaten about us and darkness obscured our path, with confidence and trust to lead and guide, with strength and courage to subdue [*sic*], we will journey on."

THE STORY OF RUTH, with illustrations after drawings by M. Bida. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Among the many beautiful illustrated books prepared for the Christmas holidays, this one is sure to find great favor. The beauty and popularity of the familiar Bible story, the truthfulness to nature and general excellence of M. Bida's sixteen illustrations, and the richness and high finish of the letter press, all contribute to make up one of the most beautiful of the less expensive illustrated holiday books.

AZALEA. A Novel. By Cecil Clayton. New York: Harper & Bros.

A readable but commonplace novel. The heroine, whose pretty name forms the title of the book, is an orphan taken from a Jewish grandfather in Italy and brought up in a quiet English village by a bookish uncle, whose son is the fascinating cousin who wins Azalea's heart and keeps it, spite of the objections and manœuvres of a worldly female cousin. The character of the heroine is that of an earnest beauty unconscious of her charms and bent on high pursuits. The cousin goes to Egypt and India in search of the fallen fortunes of the family, and there is an attempt at a description of Cairo and Calcutta, but nothing very graphic, and we are glad when the cousins are united in love and prosperity and we can conscientiously leave them to their happiness.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS. Urbino. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A useful book of reference for the musical library of young students. The biographical sketches are fairly written and are in chronological order, but only the principal works of the different composers are given, where a more complete list would be really valuable.

WORLD OF SONG. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A collection of popular ballads, songs and duets of a comic and sentimental order, with a few good songs to leaven a mass of very ordinary material.

THE PRATTLER. For Boys and Girls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A very pretty story-book for little boys and girls, full of pictures and short stories with large and small print, and everything to make learning to read easy and attractive. We cannot praise the illustrations, for the wood-cuts are poor and badly drawn, and we think they should be better even for a child's book. The letter-

press is distinct and clear, and children will enjoy the numerous pictures of animals.

A HOUSEFUL OF CHILDREN. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The chromo on the bright blue and gold binding of this book is so exceedingly pretty that it scarcely needs any comment to insure its sale. This "Houseful of Children" are a very lively set and full of such fun as all children enjoy, with occasional drawbacks from illness and misbehaviour, which gives the book a more serious tone at times than most children like, but the story is far from dull and the advice is excellent.

WHAT TOMMY DID. By Emily Huntington Miller. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

What Tommy did is what every bright little urchin of four or five years is likely to do. Perhaps Tommy's pranks and droll speeches may suggest some extra touches of mischief to inquiring little hands and eyes, but this is scarcely a recommendation of his history to anxious mammas who are glad if the day goes by with unbroken bones and whole clothes. Other boys' mischief, however, is amusing and not so thrilling as the home article. Tommy is very loveable, which is rather more than can be said for the pictures of his little lordship.

CLASSICS OF BABYLAND. By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. Quarto. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., publishers. (Chromo Boards, 50 cents).

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates is the latest writer to give fresh shape to the favorite old stories of "Silverlocks and the Bears," "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," etc. She has told them in easy and graceful verse, and her sister, Mrs. Finley, and one or two other artists, have illustrated them with a multitude of dainty pictures. Nothing handsomer and cheaper can be found for a holiday gift to a child.

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Elizabeth Lloyd. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co. 1876.

The other title of this book is "Word Lessons," and it is intended for the instruction of children from eight to twelve. Beginning with very simple verses, it includes most of the classic pieces of poetry suitable for children, who are supposed to commit them to memory. Object and composition lessons are arranged for each stanza, so that the lessons may be short and thoroughly understood. The system seems quite thorough and includes lessons in spelling as well as constant reviews of all that has been gone over. It is somewhat on the Kindergarten plan, but we know nothing of its practical adaptation or usefulness.

THE BOYS OF '76. History of the Battles of the Revolution. By Charles Carlton Coffin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A handsomely-bound volume, full of illustrations and maps and with lively and graphic accounts of the Revolutionary War. We cannot well tire of the history of our struggles and victories a century ago, and Mr. Coffin has written a book which will be especially interesting to boys and will give a fresh and vigorous coloring to their studies in American history.

THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

St. Nicholas.

St. Nicholas sends a "Happy New Year" in advance to all his young readers. He certainly does his full share to ensure them a happy and useful year. If they could follow out all his suggestions, they could find no time for weariness or moping. This number is unusually bright and interesting, with less for the very little folks than usual, but full of pleasant employment and amusement for the older children. The opening poem, "The Minuet," illustrated with a very pretty engraving from a picture by Millais, fairly sets one dancing, gliding and courtseying in humorous imitation of the fine old stately dance, for there is the suppressed merriment of "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" of modern times, both in the verses and the picture. Of the other poems, "King Lonesome," by Lucy Larcom, is very graphic; "Gregory Griggs" is a funny little bit of satire, short and telling.

The prose is admirable. The "Stars for January," by Proctor, will interest young and old, and these delightful lessons in astronomy are to be continued through the year. William Howitt sends a good "Letter to a Young Naturalist." "Our Great-grandfather's Books and Pictures," with fac-simile illustrations from the New England Primer, by Horace E. Scudder, make us glad that we live now, rather than in the days of those first efforts for children.

The "Old Time Minstrels" is something in the same style; but the race has evidently improved in the quality and variety of its physiognomy since these distressed looking minstrels chanted their gay or doleful songs.

Budge's "Story of the Centennial" will delight the admirers of "Helen's Babies," but for ourselves we prefer Amalie LaFarge's "Poppets" and Boyesen's delightful fairy tale of "Mabel and I." "Marie's New Years Day" is also very touching, and made our eyes suspiciously dim. And then there is a Russian story, and "The Two Dorothys," charmingly illustrated; the very affecting "Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane," designed for shadow-pictures; and many other delightful things too numerous to mention, all preceding "Jack in the Pulpit," the aggravating "Riddle Box," and "The Young Contributors' Department." "The Letter Box" can scarcely contain all the letters of delightful appreciation of the *St. Nicholas*, and we are certainly all children when we read its captivating pages, which furnish an "Elixir Vitæ" nearer the required article than anything that has ever been offered.

Scribner's Monthly.

Scribner's Monthly opens with a pleasing poem called "Day Dreams." They are those of a quiet New England girl, and have little of the material which is useful to ordinary castle-builders. Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen describes "Norway and the Norsemen," and we have the continuation of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Then two short poems, a complete contrast to each other, one by J. G. Holland for "Miss D.'s Album," the other on "Pan," by R. W. Gilder, written in his powerful but peculiar style. Charles Carroll contributes an article, "Concerning Cheapness," which is more witty than consoling. People are supposed to live on Clarence Cook's "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," so it will not do to say that the motto attached to each piece of furniture does not seem to us to render it so much more desirable than such beds and tables as we already know. Probably we are wrong. Mrs. S. B. Herrick writes to botanists of Liverworts and Ferns; and there is also a story called "Papa Hoorn's Tulip," which makes fun of quack scientists, if we may coin a word. The "English Workingman's Homes," and "What Our Churches Cost," are, perhaps, the most instructive and useful articles in this number. These subjects are certainly important as bearing on our social economy. "A Winter on the Nile" is the first of a promising series of papers on Egypt, by General George B. McClellan. Another good article is "John Burroughs," by Joel Benton, and there are besides several stories and poems which we have no space to mention.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

This is the first number of a new magazine, edited by Dr. Deems and modelled on the plan of a similar magazine, called *Good Words*, formerly edited in Scotland by the late Dr. Norman McLeod. The *Sunday Magazine* is designed for "the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the untaught and the learned," and certainly they are fully supplied with matter both interesting, instructive and amusing. Most of the articles are very short, to make the magazine as varied as possible. Of the longer articles, Dr. Henry C. Potter contributes an interesting account of "A Morning Service at Westminster Abbey," and there is also a full account of the life and home of Martin Luther. Dr. Deems furnishes the "Home Pulpit" with a sermon entitled, "How Old Art Thou?" And there is a special department devoted to religious instruction and the "Prayer Meeting." There are also several stories and poems, and at least seventy-five different articles in the 128 pages of this full magazine. Its tone is decidedly religious; but it aims at being quite unsectarian, and everybody can find something to interest or instruct them in its pages.

Harper's Monthly.

For January is an especially attractive number. There are three illustrated articles of more than ordinary importance. The first, on "Contemporary Art in England," will command attention from many beside those who were able to enjoy the exceedingly interesting exhibit at Philadelphia. The others are entitled, "The Good Old Times at Plymouth" and "A Cruise Among the Magdalen Islands;" and in both the illustrations are well executed. In addition to these and the continued stories, we have an interesting article by Conway on Felicien David, the composer, and the usual assortment of shorter articles. So that holiday readers who obtain nothing else, need not be at a loss for entertainment.

The Popular Science Monthly

For January prints the third of Prof. Huxley's lectures—the one tracing the development of the horse;—gives a sketch of Sir

William Thomson, with a portrait, and contains articles on "The Earlier Forms of Life," by Professor Hitchcock; "Theories of Primitive Marriage," by Herbert Spencer; "The Study and Teaching of Biology," by Professor H. Newell Martin; "Science in America," by Professor J. W. Draper; "Mental Overwork," by Dr. Farquharson; "The Medical Profession in Modern Thought," by Dr. Maudsley; "Aboriginal Settlements of the Pacific Coast," by Paul Schumacher; some items "About Sharks," and some facts from a lecture by Professor Tyndall on "The Parallel Roads of Glen Roy." It is really unnecessary to say more to any one who is familiar with the best-known names in modern science, or to one who has any interest in either facts or theories.

The American Naturalist

For December, though not a January magazine, is as good as if it were, and contains, beside other interesting articles, by Allen, Ward, Slack and Cone, a remarkable statement by Alexander Agassiz, detailing some observations made by him on "The Development of Flounders." In this he describes the various stages actually seen by him, of the transfer of the right eye to the left side of the head of the young fish, by direct passage through the tissues. Mr. Barber also contributes a valuable paper, with illustrations, on "Rock Inscriptions of the 'Ancient Pueblos' of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona."

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.

The London Quarterly Review.

As usual, this review presents great variety in its studies of the times. The villa of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill is described minutely. The quaintness of its Gothic antiquity is made to stand forth, enlivened by the honored guests of a century ago. The inventories of furniture and curiosities have all been overhauled to bear witness to the eccentricity and originality of the man who worked so diligently that he might have a quiet place to rest in. We are suddenly taken out of this unique residence, so full of curious adornment and luxuriant refinement, to contemplate the Eskimo sledge-driver in the Arctic regions. His habits, laws, legends and history are as far as possible revealed to us. After studying the features of this democratic race, proud to call itself "*Inuit*," which means "the people," we are again taken to "the fast-anchored isle," as they called it, to be made painfully aware of its army of beggars. The London paupers, amounting to half a million, in every condition of miserable destitution, are at last to be benefited by a society to prevent that indiscriminate charity which pays a premium to mendicancy, and increases rather than cures the distress of the honest poor. The Society for the Organization of Charity will be doing a noble work if it can succeed in helping the poor to help themselves, as it is trying to do.

The Papal Monarchy is the next subject brought to notice by the publication of two books, one of which, we are told, was unquestionably inspired by the late Cardinal Vitelleschi. Honest Catholics are shocked at the assumption of Papal infallibility, and the proceedings of the Vatican Council have resulted in the publication of the books referred to. The article opens as follows: "Wonders are the order of the day, and the wonder of wonders is not far off. The great lie is beginning to be avowed; truth is extorting confessions at last from Rome."

The pictorial illustrations of the text of Shakspeare executed during the past hundred years are critically examined and passed upon in the thorough and sententious style of *The London*. The Life of the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin, has met with the cordial reception which a work sanctioned by Queen Victoria is sure to receive. "The Suez Canal an International Highway," "The Turkish Empire" and "The Eastern Question and the Government," are the titles of three statesman-like papers. The leading English officials concur with the people in admitting the impossibility of allowing a continuance of Turkish misrule in Europe. They are also resolved to stop the march of Russia to Constantinople. They cannot be expected to be contented with the agitators of the opposition led by Gladstone and the Duke of Westminster. They assert that such inopportune rashness in handling the everlasting Eastern Question is an element of weakness in the face of a war that may become general throughout Europe and amount to another Crusade against the infidels, regardless of the terrible consequences that such a religious war must entail. *The London* is reprinted by The L. Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay St., N. Y.

Edinburgh Review.

Each article is filled to the brim with valuable facts. In the case of the native races of the Pacific States of North America,

a review of data from various sources gives the history of the inhabitants of North America, from the earliest times to the present white race. A work on the subject of early races by Hubert Howe Bancroft is highly spoken of. But a revelation of the past, of much better authenticity, and much nearer our own day and status of civilization, although more distant geographically, is that in the second article. The secret correspondence between Maria Theresa of Austria, her daughter, Marie Antoinette of France, and the Austrian ambassador, Mercy, at the court of Louis XVI., is abundantly clear, and opens a broad vista into that initial period of the horrible revolution that terminated the careers of so many noble individuals, and was only brought to a close by what Carlyle calls "a whiff of grapeshot," at the order of Napoleon. The transition from gay to sombre, in the history of France, is seen to be by a series of natural conditions, customs and characters. The court intrigues are here exposed, to show the motives of the frivolous yet sincerely honorable French-Austrian who ruled Louis to her own destruction as well as his.

A short article takes us away from the distant past and the times of dire calamity, and brings us to the calmer deliberations of "The Declaration of Paris." The central principle of that great convention is sustained by the arguments of the reviewer. The peace of nations and the rights of neutrals, in our own day, do not long hold us from the past, which, though dim and dusty, contains the most sacred memories of all that humanity has experienced, and is therefore sweet food for the cultivated intellect. In all the past, nothing nobler presents itself in the history of England than the career of Sir Philip Sidney. "Elegies and panegyrics, amounting, it is said, to two hundred in number, were published at his death as tributes to his memory. His career is very briefly touched on, and selections from his writings illustrate his moral character and mental quality. Then, as if diving still deeper into the realm of mystery, and leaving the surface of the present almost out of soundings, we come to Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. Early history, rites, ceremonials, and religions are brought forward, with Greek text, to prove what the English never can. Amidst the calendars, festivals and liturgies of early times, we suddenly touch the hidden spring of modern thought, and are dropped down at once before the remarkable "Daniel Deronda" of George Eliot. The usual notices of this author's writings all tend in one way. It remains for the *Edinburgh* to turn the tide of praise, and mildly venture to find fault. The fault is said to exist, though even this staid review says it cautiously.

BRIEF NOTICES.

IN *Poems of Places, Scotland*, (James R. Osgood & Co.) Mr. Longfellow gives us a generous selection of descriptive pieces. Of course the great Sir Walter and the poet dear to the heart of every Scotchman, Robert Burns—the immortal ploughman—are represented by many poems. Indeed no collection of Scotland's gems could be very interesting without many selections from these authors. But Wordsworth, Hogg, Moore, Motherwell and others also find a place and give a pleasant variety. The first volume passes, alphabetically, from Abbotsford to Foyers.

VIKING Tales of the North (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.) contains the sagas of Thorstein, Viking's son and Fridthjof the Bold, translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus B. Anderson and also Tegner's Fridthjof's sagas, translated by George Stephens. These sagas are full of the wild Northern spirit, and though not fully enjoyed by one unfamiliar with Icelandic and Scandinavian literature, are, nevertheless, interesting both in their narration and their revelations of a life and natural history of which we have little knowledge. Tegner's poem is founded on the two sagas and his work is pronounced to be "the very heart of Scandinavian poetry. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue and into some of them many times."

ST. NICHOLAS, Volume III.—November, 1875, to November, 1876 (Scribner & Co.), makes a very handsome holiday book. And how full it is of treasures! What cannot a child find in it for delight and wonder! Here are long serials—"The Boy Emigrants," by Noah Brooks; "Windsor Castle," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Talks with Girls," and T. B. Aldrich's "Cat and the Countess." Here are amusing sketches and stories and poems by Louise Alcott, H. H., Mrs. Diaz, Donald G. Mitchell, Susan Coolidge, Miss Hale, Mrs. Thaxter, G. P. Lathrop, Mrs. Whitney and hosts of other friends of children. The illustrations are alone "worth the price of admission." The funny rhymes and jingles are capital features.

The puzzles and letters and scrap box are crammed with good things. In and through all is seen the admirable taste and judgment of the experienced editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who might well be canonized by the children as their patron saint. Parents would do well to remember this bound volume of *St. Nicholas* about Christmas time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Noyes, Snow & Co.

LONG LOOK HOUSE. By Edward Abbott.

From E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE GATES OF THE EAST. A Winter in Egypt and Syria. By Henry C. Potter, D.D.

From Lee & Shepard.

HANDY DRAMAS FOR AMATEUR ACTORS. By George M. Baker. \$1.00.

THE HANDY SPEAKER. By George M. Baker. \$1.00.

From J. B. Ford & Co.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. \$1.75.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A. M., M. D. \$1.50.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black.

PETER THE APOSTLE. By Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF DICKENS' WORKS. Pictures from Italy, Sketches and American Notes.

SHADOWS ON THE SNOW. By B. L. Farjeon. 35 cents.

FROM DREAMS TO WAKING. By E. Lynn Linton. 25 cents.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 75 cents.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE WEBSTER STATUE.

In a Barclay street window is a Parian-ware statuette of Daniel Webster, signed "T. Ball, sculp., Boston, Mass, 1853." Other copies of this are familiar in sundry American homes. Now that years have obliterated the partisanship inseparable from a living statesman, that great head looms up in heroic proportions in our own Central Park, and the little study, improved almost as much as enlarged, stands a memorial statue in bronze on one of the choicest sites our country could afford. But when a portrait statue of an orator is to be made the sculptor meets with difficulties from the first. If the orator himself were to pose on a high pedestal no larger than cask-head, in such a position as he might assume during an impassioned phrase, and keep it unchanged, he might look well enough for one moment, but after that his appearance would be apt to grow uncomfortable, ludicrous even, in the ratio of his action being more or less decided. In other words, the instant that the pose were kept longer than it would be during his speech, his own discomfort and the absurdity of his appearance would be on the increase. The graceful, the impressive speaker would, while standing thus, look unlike himself.

This granted, it is easy to understand why, if the man himself caused this effect, a *fac simile* of him in wax (although with real clothes and hair and glass eyes, all so well made that any one portion would be indistinguishable from the corresponding part of the living man) would not look like him after the first glance. We have all experienced the uncomfortable feeling that such figures produce on us, and a Mme. Tussaud exhibition can never quite escape the ridiculous.

Very far removed from this is the work of an able sculptor, and the best authorities agree that mere *fac simile* of nature is not art.

In the first place a public statue must be a pleasing and more or less decorative object, whether placed on a building or isolated. It should be a work of art. Like Donatello's St. George or Ward's Militia-man, both bespeaking soldierly alertness, or the great figure of Liberty designed for our harbor, with her steadfast earnestness, a public statue should express and perpetuate some ennobling idea or some form of beauty and poetic interest. Where the fruits of a

human life have been such that the personal influence for good will still live in the hearts of the people, through a portrait, how proper to erect a memorial statue.

But especially if there are still those who remember the individual, it is very important that the statue should represent the figure and bearing as well as the face, or it is no portrait.

Two fellow-soldiers were standing before the new Seward statue recently. Said one: "Why, don't you remember down in Washington, Ned, when Lincoln and Seward came and shook hands with us, how Seward was a short man with a big head?"

"Yes," said the other, "and how Lincoln had a long, lank figure like what they have given here to Seward. Now if they could change heads, so as to put this of Seward's on the thick-set body of the Lincoln statue over in Union Square, and that head on this tall body, we should see them much more as they looked standing there together."

These men did not care how well the books or scrolls or boot-heels were modelled; they wanted a portrait—the expression of the individual.

While a powerful orator is speaking, even those beyond the reach of his voice feel the magnetism of the situation, watch with strained attention every movement, and catch enough spirit from his bearing and gestures to join with a will in the cheers of the audience. He is, in fact, as he stands before them, an impressive and inspiring sight. How shall the sculptor preserve this impression for the future? If he were given the task of making a statue typical of the orator he would have difficulty enough; it requires great artistic qualities to succeed in an abstract idea, and avoid both tameness and imitation. Even the remnant that is left to us of Greek art covers so large a field that originality of treatment was nearly abandoned by modern sculptors, who have produced till lately little else beyond weak attempts in "classic" style. But to make what will meet the idea of a work of art, beautiful in itself, and also a portrait which is to keep alive individual greatness with the public, there are limitations which are only helps to success when properly treated, but otherwise sad stumbling-blocks.

It is very encouraging to see progress, and so far as the personal impression of the great Webster is concerned, this statue of Ball's is a success. That it is still, far from being perfect as a statue, no one probably knows better than the sculptor himself, for there is evidence from his work that he has pondered and labored most earnestly, and must have clearly felt his difficulties.

Given, a heavily-built, remarkably large-headed man, of a period just long enough ago to make his clothes look old-fashioned, not old enough to be quaint, picturesque or classic, how shall the artist make a Work of Art?

Dignity and beauty in a figure, especially in sculpture, have been found to depend greatly on an elegant length of leg below the knee. Shall the sculptor model [his Webster with classic legs? No, he has been true to facts, but has so managed his composition as to be true both to Nature and Art by some happy expedients.

ART NOTES.

In every man there is a poet who dies young.—*St. Beuve.*

In a poetic system there must be room for all, and art must be all-embracing.—*A. W. Sch'egel.*

TURNER avoided solid color except in sketching. He said

that water-color painting would be totally ruined and lose all its individuality and beauty by the bad practice of mingling opaque and transparent colors.

At Knoedler's gallery there is a very fine Firmin-Girard. The subject is, "The Flower-Market of Paris." The canvas, which is large, is full of well-dressed figures and of masses of flowers, all serving as the subjects of most brilliant, harmonious and finished coloring. Every one will admit that it is a marvel of skill, even if he does not admire the school which it represents.

In a recent essay Hamerton says:—"There has never been an instance of a great artist suddenly arising in a community outside of artistic tradition. We speak loosely of artists who have lived in isolation, but the really isolated artist has never existed. This is so true that it is true even of the specialities of art. An accomplished landscape painter could never be formed where there had not been a previous landscape painting to prepare the way for him, and educate him, even although the community were rich in sculptors and figure painters."

ART has no end but itself. It is the spontaneous expression of an intellectual need, differing from all other needs of human intelligence. It presents itself as a phenomenon independent of every external hindrance. It is neither the true, the good, the right, the useful, nor any one of the absolute moralities. It is self-sufficient, self-centred; it is art and nothing else. Being free from every external aim, it follows that the art of a race is the quintessence of the race and that the art of an individual is the quintessence of the individual.—*Vitet.*

It is a pleasure to find in the Johnston collection at the Academy, a Boldini—a landscape with figures—which is not sensuous to the degree of being sensual. In the two pictures by this artist in the Loan Collection, there was no overt indelicacy, but there was an *innuendo*, hard to account for perhaps, but most certainly felt. The woman on the garden seat was no lady, and the silhouette figures relieved against the background of blueish green foliage were hatefully vulgar. But the picture now at the Academy is pure and very beautiful.

How often must it be said that art is not imitative, but representative? The truthfulness of a work of art depends, not upon the number of facts it contains, but upon the consistency and harmony of its relations. Are the relations of form and color in the picture, of character and incident in the drama, correspondents of relations in nature or life, actual or potential? If so, then it is as natural as art has a right to be. Realism can go no further without loss of the original, poetic and human elements, and that which should be emotional becomes curious only. If that is the highest art which gives the most facts with the greatest precision, then a reflection in a mirror would be the best landscape, and a wax-figure the best statue. In the highest work the artist is first, nature second. When we see a landscape we call it a Kensett, not Lake George. It imports more that the picture is a Knauss than that it is a group of figures.

If perfect illusion in form and color or in the drama could be attained, we should have only duplicates of nature and the realm of the ideal would not be extended. The works of artists would be re-statements of facts, and the humanities would perish. Truisms all, but forgotten in half the judgments that are pronounced.

HEARTH AND HOME.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]
ASPIRATION.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

"The flower out of reach is dedicated to God."—FAMILIAR PROVERB.

THE longing spirit strives and strains
Beyond its finite tether,
Unmindful of Earth's cares and pains
Upreaching ever—Whither?
"The flower which blooms beyond our reach,
To God is dedicated;"
And each aim unfulfilled may teach
Its lesson consecrated.

When shall we say our work is vain?
Cease, soul, this blind bewailing!
It may be that our greatest gain
Is hid in this same failing.
If it should prove a deadly snare,
This boon for which we're sighing,
The Love which hears our frenzied prayer
Is kindest in denying.

Our thwarted aims, defeated strife,
Have their appointed mission;
And we shall see, beyond this life,
The spirit's glad fruition:
All which we would yet cannot be,
We are in Life immortal;
And longing is the golden key
That opes the Future's portal.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Dec., 1876.

MR. CHADWICK'S POEMS.

[William C. Gannett, in the Boston Commonwealth.]

HERE comes the little book at last for which friends not a few have waited long. We know of more than one "scrap-book" where many niches can be emptied, now that the poems that used to fill them have been thus clustered. It is a volume of health and happiness and trust set a-runing in musical verse—a book of so much sunshine that we wonder where the shadows are in the writer's life. It seems high-noon alway. The only sadness that the poet knows is Death, and that is turned to gladness by his trust; and the trust is the child's confiding in One who is the Heart of all the goodness that he sees and knows. Delight in nature, delight in friends, delight in God, are the moods, three in one, which move him, and the delight escapes so easily and naturally into verse that the book seems full of voluntaries. As you feel that nothing is so natural as pleasant weather, nothing so easy as June in June, so, in reading Chadwick, you almost believe that, give one health and an eye for beauty and a loving heart, and he cannot *help* being religious and a poet! The poets to whom he seems most akin are Whittier and Faber; but Whittier with a boy's pulse in him—the delight of trust rather than the thoughtfulness of trust; and a Faber without any church to mould and paint his faith. Read "A Song of Trust," "Another Year," "All for Each." The sense of God in the joy, or the beauty, or the mystery, or the tragedy, is so near that, let the poem start with a bird's-nest or a barnacle, it becomes a psalm as it goes on and rounds into a prayer at the end.

But we believe that the uniqueness of the book, that special value in it which will make homes feel that they cannot spare their own copy, yet must have a copy to lend and give away, lies in the twenty poems about the "Elsewhere land." We doubt if any one has said more tenderly and strongly what many want to hear, to help their sorrow or their unbelief. As friend by friend has passed away, his love treads back so firmly to the theme that we see behind the lines not the thought, Immortality, but a face as of one

dead who is immortal. We do not wonder that friends wrote him, fearing that he needed sympathy himself, when he printed "Sadness and Gladness," the poem beginning—

There was a glory in my house,
And it is fled;
There was a baby at my heart,
And it is dead.

It is not only utterly tender, but among its simple rhymes it holds the great argument for trusting in God's tenderness. In equally simple verses called "Where?" lies his way of questioning, Does Death end all? For all it is so touching, it holds the gist of the ponderous argument; or, rather, the poem, "Why this waste?" puts the question, and puts it very passionately—the other answer it. "Death and Spring" tells how Nature's unsympathy with sorrow, her cruel gladness around death, is her best sympathy. "No More Sea" tells how real, how home-like, the strange land, be it of earth or elsewhere, grows when friends have crossed the sea to it. "The Two Waitings" will make some mother kiss the page through tears. The two sonnets, "Recognition" and "Identity," seal "our love" as the secret of all friend-discoveries yonder, and no less of the discovery of ourselves.

But, though the thought looks so often and so lovingly thither, there is no turning from the wonder and the joy of *this* world and its life. On the contrary, this is the feeling ever—

The time is short; the more the reason, then,
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chauce, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

LIFE AND THOUGHT IN OUR TIME.

[Rev. J. B. Harrison, in a Vineland paper.]

I AM aware that only a very few people wish to learn anything, except how to get the largest reward for the least work possible; or as employers, how to obtain the greatest amount of work for the least possible pay; and generally how to escape the doom of toil. But we shall be compelled to learn some things in this country by sharp discipline if we refuse to learn willingly and dutifully. The universe was here with its laws before we came. We cannot change the moral order of the world (though men are still trying, and from time to time think they have accomplished it). We shall be obliged to learn what this moral order is, and to conform our life to it very strictly.

So many people think there must be some good in a printed book, and therefore waste the money which they need for food and home comfort and education, in buying worthless books, that there is great need that students, clergymen and readers generally should make their knowledge of books of some use to those who have but little time to read and who are bewildered and imposed upon by the multitude of titles inviting their attention. The life and light of the world are largely in good books, for in them is recorded and preserved the results of human experience. And it is impossible for a race or nation to advance very far in civilization, or to succeed at all in our time, unless the leaders of its people acquaint themselves with these lessons of the past and walk by their light. These results and lessons are found in the history of nations, and in their vital and noble literature.

It is time for true men to arraign the enormous selfishness so frequently exhibited by what calls itself culture in this country. Many men of wealth and leisure, with good books

and time to enjoy them, show themselves completely indifferent about the culture of the "common people" or "laboring classes." What they call their culture withdraws them from sympathy with their less-favored fellows. Such men talk contemptuously of all efforts or plans for the increase of knowledge among the people, and many of them avow that they do not believe the "laboring classes" are capable of improvement. These *dilettanti* have to learn that if the working people cannot become intelligent, dutiful and in a true sense prosperous, we shall all go down together.

Again many persons are now claiming attention and respect as leaders and teachers of the "laboring people" who are themselves—these speakers and writers—grossly ignorant of what has been done and learned and written in connection with the matters in which they assume to be guides. They are not earnest or serious enough to task themselves to any real study or examination of any subject. Many of them despise knowledge and depend upon what they call intuition as the source and authority of their theories. The simple truth bearing upon this matter is, that teachers need knowledge, and that there is no good in speeches or sermons or books, unless the men who make them have something to say, and know something of what they talk or write about.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

[Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner for January.]

THE two great men of the Brooklyn pulpit are splendid men physically, and they never could have been the powers they are had they been otherwise. Dr. Chapin and Robert Collyer, though fine and strong in intellectual fibre, are not so exceptionally remarkable in that particular as to account for their long, strong hold upon the public mind. The two Boston preachers who draw the largest crowds, Mr. Phillips Brooks and Mr. Murray, are men of entirely exceptional physique—hard to be matched anywhere in the world, for size and strength. It is an inspiration to look at them. Their presence is magnetic. They exercise a charm which can only come from complete manhood—the equipoise of thought and intent with voice and might. If we turn to our own city, and see where the crowds are, we shall find them at Dr. Hall's and Dr. Taylor's. Mr. Hepworth's church, too, is usually a crowded one. It is no dishonor to these men to say that the people do not flock to them because they preach the best sermons to be heard in New York. There are a dozen pulpits furnished with as good brains as these. The simple truth is that if they were called upon to preach with a slender physique and a weak voice, their crowds would leave them. They are large, strong, healthy men. America does not produce enough of these, and so we were obliged to import some of them. The Brick Church has called a pastor from London, and he is one of the same kind—strong enough not only to do an immense amount of pastoral work, but to preach without fatigue, perform the duties of a professorship, take charge of school matters in his own district, and carry through all the side work that comes to a man in his position. The church went for that man simply because it could not find him here. It is no dishonor to our theological institutions to go out of the country for such men, because America does not raise enough of them for her own use. When we produce them in sufficient numbers, we shall not be obliged to import them. And when we fully comprehend the fact that the body has quite as much to do with pulpit usefulness as the heart and the mind, and that one of the first conditions of that usefulness is high physical vitality, we shall give physical culture the attention that it demands, and ultimately raise our own preachers.

GEORGE ELIOT'S READERS.

[From the Atlantic for January.]

I was talking not long ago with a lady of a literary turn about Daniel Deronda, and got myself into her good graces by saying that George Eliot's vast popularity was a mystery to me. She agreed with me that fashion had a great deal to do with it, and said, "I have drawn up a classification of the novelist's admirers, which seems to explain her wide influence." I transcribe this table for you:

First Class. People who exalt George Eliot simply because she's a woman who writes thoughtful books.

Second Class. Men who wish to ingratiate themselves with women belonging to the first class.

Third Class. People who are disappointed in life, or unwell, and accordingly like her gloomy views. Also happy people, who find her bitterness tonic, and young women who go to parties too often and want sadness in their novels, to suit the reaction that comes of sitting up late.

Fourth Class. This contains two varieties: first, those who never read philosophy and like to get a smattering of clumsy philosophic words in a novel; and second, those who never read novels, but are attracted by George Eliot's because they look like philosophy.

Fifth Class. The skippers.

Sixth Class. The intellectual aristocrats, who say that no other novelist introduces persons who know everything and are like the most cultured men and women of the day.

Seventh Class, Myself. (I do truly admire George Eliot's strength, though I do not like her books. There are some things so large that they don't leave much room for likes or dislikes. They shove prejudices aside just as a great steamer displaces more tons of water than a small one can.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

[From the "Children's Paradise," by Katharine B. Zerega.]

CHRISTMAS is a glorious time,
Honored oft in prose and rhyme;

But no poet old or young
Praises of the week has sung

That precedes the happy day
Set apart for praise and play.

Too numerous to all narrate
Some of its pleasures I'll relate.

Quickly running to and fro
Through the crowded streets we go;

Now in this store, now in that,
Choosing colors for a mat.

Spending all our precious store,
Wishing that we had some more.

Buying toys of every kind
To amuse the infant mind.

Woolly lamb, and life-like cow,
Dogs, that plainly say, "bow-wow."

Talking dolls, and dollies dancing,
Dolls on horses gayly prancing.

Then our parcels home we take,
But with inward fear we quake

Lest some bright inquiring eye
Bundles stray perchance espy.

Faces gay and faces serious,
Open smiles, and smiles mysterious

Greet us now on every side,
Doors no longer open wide.

Every one her needle plies
While each happy hour flies;

Words like these are often heard
From each little sewing-bird:

"Do you think Aunt Mary knows
What I'm making for her, Rose?"

"Oh! how pleased dear Charlie'll be,
When these slippers he will see!"

Then the dressing of the Tree,
Oh! delightful mystery!

Box and bundle every size
To bewilder infant eyes;

In the parlor vanish all,
Room forbid to children small.

Expectation on tip-toe
Through the week we gaily go.

And as Christmas eve draws near,
Parents, friends and children dear,

Gleeful girl and boisterous boy,
With their hearts brimful of joy,

Cheerily in chorus chime,
"We have had a happy time!"

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

[From Scribner for January.]

THE great festival of the year in Norway, as among all Germanic nations, is Christmas. Whether it owes all its sanctity to its association with the birth of the Saviour is, however, an open question; for many customs still kept alive in the remoter valleys seem to point beyond the beginning of the Christian era, to the time when the Norsemen ate horse-flesh in honor of Odin and Thor and Frey. The festival, as the retaining of the old name indicates, is as yet strongly tinctured with reminiscences of the old pagan Yule. Tracing the character of Christ and his apostles as they appear in many popular *marchen* and legends, the conclusion lies near that the people have, consciously or not, transferred much that was dear to them in the old gods to the new deity, and thus, by a sort of compromise between the old faith and the new, have produced a divine type which is, at all events, sufficiently national to appeal strongly to their Norse hearts. This nationalizing of one's divinity is, of course, not peculiar to Norway; it would have been more singular if Norway had shown no trace of it.

The preparations for the Yule-tide, in the way of provisioning the house, would, to American eyes, look perfectly enormous. Baking and brewing and butchering keep the whole household busy during the last three weeks preceding the festival. And the fact that the process is repeated year after year probably proves that it is necessary. Every man, woman or child who comes within a stone's throw of the house during the holidays (which last until a week after New Year) must be invited in and urged to eat and drink without regard for comfort. Even the birds are to have their share of the Christmas joy. As soon as the church-bells have "rung in the feast" at five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas-eve, the father of the house takes his richest sheaf of oats or barley and attaches it to the end of a pole, which is nailed to the gable of the barns or the store-houses. The mother and the children stand by enjoying the sight of the happy birds fluttering around the sheaf, while the father will perhaps quote the passage about God's care even for the sparrow, wherefore it is right that the sparrow, too, should rejoice on the day when Christ was born.

Among the many evening visitors which are sure to drop

in to taste the Christmas brew, some are apt to be disguised by grotesque masks, and otherwise fantastically accoutred. These are called Yule-bucks, possibly because the most common mask may have been that of a goat or some other horned creature. At present I do not know that any special kind of disguise is preferred. The rule seems to be, the more grotesque the better.

The German custom of having poor children wander about on Christmas-eve, carrying a large lighted star of canvas, representing the star of Bethlehem, prevails also in Norway. No one can hear their shrill, tiny voices in the snow under his window, singing the dear familiar carols, and refuse them their well-earned penny.

CHRISTMAS WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

(Olive Thorne, in the Independent.)

MANY pretty gifts can be made of colored cardboard, with strips of gilt edging and embossed pictures, which come in sheets all cut out, and in many cases gummed on the back. The first two of these articles can be bought at any first-class paper-store, and the last at a stationer's or a book-store.

To make a frame for a small picture, photograph, water-colored chromo, or engraving, first prepare the picture thus: Cut a piece of common pasteboard—part of an old box will do—exactly the size of the picture, and sew a loop of braid or cord on the back to hang it by. If glass is desired, procure also a piece of clear glass of the same size. Now lay the back, loop down, on the table. On this lay the picture face up, and finish with the glass, and bind the three together with paper gummed over the edge, or with narrow ribbon or strip of cloth. Next take of a delicate drab or light gray cardboard four strips, one inch and a quarter wide, and long enough to cross each other at the corners of the picture and leave their ends projecting two-inches. Lay these on the picture: so as to get them exactly the size and exactly square. At the point where they cross each other fasten them with two or three stitches. Cover the crossing with an embossed picture—a flower is prettiest—and gum the frame to the binding of the picture. These colored embossed pictures—perhaps you call them Decalcomanie pictures—are very pretty and cheap.

Little vases to stand on a shelf and hold matches, or filled with dry sand, to hold a few delicate grasses, autumn leaves (mounted on broom-splints), or ferns, are easily made. Take for the base a large button-mould or piece of stiff cardboard, cut round or oval; cut a strip of colored cardboard long enough to go around the standard and lap over a half inch, as high as you wish it. Gum it in the shape of a cylinder over a broom handle, or anything the right size, and hold it firm till dry by winding soft cotton thread or yarn around it very closely. When dry, gum it to the standard by means of three or four strips of paper bent in the middle and fastened half to the inside of the cylinder and half to the standard with glue or gum. Then ornament with narrow gilt edging at top and bottom, and gum a bright picture on the front. Black cardboard with a picture is the prettiest.

A combined pincushion and handkerchief box or jewelry box is very pretty and easy to make. Take a good-shaped cigar-box, whose cover has a hinge of cloth. Make for the top a cushion on a piece of board the size of the cover. The cover of another box is just the thing. Make your cushion by cutting pieces of old flannel, the first six the size of the board, the next smaller, and so on till you have a pile well rounded up on all sides. Now cover with any pretty silk

or velvet, and fasten the edges tightly on the under side of the board (you can sew them across from side to side). When done, lay it on the top of your box, and fasten it by four small screws put through from the under side of the cover. Around the edge put plaited ribbon, fringe or gilt edging. Line your box, cover and all, with delicate-tinted glazed paper, and cover the outside with other colored paper, with gilt edging at top and bottom, and an embossed picture or flower on each side.

JOTTINGS.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—A Christmas service will be held next Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the Union Hall, Boylston street, conducted by Rev. J. F. W. Ware. Social singing at close of services. The public cordially invited.

THE children of the Northfield, Mass., Unitarian Sunday school held a fair on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, and realized nearly \$50. Most of the articles sold were made by the children themselves. The proceeds are for the purchase of books and pictures for the Sunday school room.

LONDON despatches of Monday report a serious colliery explosion in the South Walés Company's pit near Newport. The full extent of the disaster has not been discovered, but seventeen bodies have been recovered and many miners who were rescued alive had been seriously and some fatally injured.

REV. E. P. POWELL, of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, will soon publish a volume on "The World's Great Protestantisms," a course of lectures which he is now delivering before his own people on Sunday evenings. He will also about the same time publish a series of discourses on "The Religion of Evolution."

OUR Boston friends are said to have taken to telegraphing in fac-simile by some ingenious application of zinc plate and pencil point. If they would telegraph fac-similes of some of their best Cambridge men to various parts of the country—not forgetting Washington—the favor would be duly appreciated by many.

AMONG the sermons preached in Boston last Sunday and reported in the city papers of Monday morning, were: one on "A Revival of Loyalty the Need of the Country," by Rev. C. C. Carpenter; an address before the Young Men's Christian Union, on "The Work and Glory of the Pilgrims," by Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Ellis; the third sermon in the series on Social Problems, on "Poverty," by Rev. M. J. Savage, and a discourse by Dr. Miner on "The Danger to Free Institutions from the Roman Catholic church."

THE disastrous fire at the Brooklyn Theatre has drawn the attention of municipal authorities all over the world to the question of providing adequate safeguards in public buildings, and especially in places of amusement, and as the necessity of reassuring the public constrains them, managers seem disposed to take such measures as are deemed necessary to more fully equip the buildings under their charge. There is no doubt that in this case, as in many others, the flower of safety will be plucked from the nettle danger.

THERE was a peculiar similarity in the storms which visited a large part of our territory on Saturday, the 9th, and Saturday the 16th. Each was accompanied by an exceedingly violent gale, indicated by wide and sudden fluctuations of the barometer, and by a rapid change of the temperature to intense cold. The latter storm, however, brought in its train much snow and rain, with all the exquisite delicacy and grace in the burdened trees, and all the extreme disagreeableness of the burdened streets to which in this climate we are so thoroughly accustomed.

DURING the past week gold has ranged rather higher than during the preceding, having gone up to 108, reacting to 107½, while silver has ranged rather lower than before, going down to 57d. per ounce in London, and reacting to 57½. The effect of the passage of the Bland Silver Bill by the House, if any, appears to have been fully discounted. Money is a little more active in the New York market, as is usual toward the close of the year, call loans being made at from 4 to 7 per cent. The holiday trade is at its height, and retailers in certain classes of business appear to be as busy as bees; but other kinds of trade remain about as dull as

heretofore, with an indisposition on the part of dealers to make any active movement at present.

GEN. WILLIAM F. BARTLETT died at his home in Pittsfield, last Sunday after a lingering illness. General Bartlett was born in Boston and graduated at Harvard University. He was about thirty-six years of age. In the war of the Rebellion he made a conspicuously brilliant record. During the last two years he has exerted a good deal of influence in politics, though he has never consented to take an office or a nomination for office. By his eloquent, manly and timely address at the celebration of the Centennial of the Battle of Lexington, which sounded the key-note of the expressions of friendship and good will between the North and South, he made a national reputation. Last year he was nominated by acclamation for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, on the ticket with Gov. Gaston, but declined to serve.

THE Christmas and New Year's Festival for poor and worthy children, which has been given for several years by the Union, will be held this year on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30th, in Union Hall and Franklin Hall, on Boylston street. Care is taken to invite only those children who are needy and worthy, and for whom the Christmas season brings no other festival. The children are supplied with articles of clothing according to their special necessities, and also with books, toys, refreshments, etc. The festivals in previous years, have been the means of affording much happiness and comfort to the recipients, and much joy and satisfaction to those ladies and gentlemen through whose kind and liberal donations and valued personal assistance the annual festival for poor and worthy children have been held.

REV. CHARLES G. AMES seems to be meeting with the very best sort of success in his effort to spread reasonable views of religion among the working men of Philadelphia. A private correspondent writes: "As I have sat listening on Sunday evenings to our good Mr. Ames at the Spring Garden Hall, for now six weeks, I have thought how you would rejoice, could you see the promise in that movement of a new day for Liberal Christianity in this great city. The audience steadily increases. Last evening there must have been between six and seven hundred, and so still you could hear a pin drop. Such hearty congregational singing! And his lectures, so full and running over with the inspirations of genius, so

profound in thought, so deep in devoutness and walking with God. I feel like one who has long watched for the morning and now sees it dawn.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.—At the church of the Messiah, New York, a special service will be held at 11 A.M. on Christmas day, when Rev. W. R. Alger will preach. The congregation of All Souls' church will unite with the congregation of the church of the Messiah in this service. The Sunday school of All Souls' church will celebrate Christmas by a special service in the church at 3 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. The church will be dressed with evergreens, and Dr. Bellows will make the usual Christmas address. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

At Unity chapel, Brooklyn, Christmas will be celebrated by a special service on Christmas eve.

At the Second church Mr. Chadwick will preach a Christmas sermon next Sunday A.M., but there will be no further celebration of the day.

At the church of the Saviour the usual Christmas services will undoubtedly be held, but we have received no notice of the celebration.

THE Massachusetts teachers will hold their thirty-second annual Convention in Springfield, Mass., beginning on Tuesday evening next, Dec. 26th, with an address at the Opera House by W. T. Harris, of St. Louis, upon "The Educational Significance of the Centennial Exposition." The association meets at nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, the 27th, in the High School Hall, where, after the preliminaries of organization, there will be discussions upon "The Metric System," opened by William F. Bradbury, master in the Cambridge High School, "The Reformed Spelling," opened by Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, late President of Harvard University, and "The Elements of Expression in Speech," opened by Prof. Moses T. Brown, of Tufts College. The high school, grammar school and primary school sections of the association have separate meetings, in the afternoon, in different rooms in the high school building. Distinguished foreigners are expected to address the association in relation to the progress of education in their own countries. All the hotels of the city offer board to delegates at special rates, and it is expected that all the important railroads of the State will grant free return tickets. The headquarters of the directors of the association will be at the Haynes House.

The Inquirer.

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LOCKE is to the care of W. H. Baldwin, President Young Men's Christian Union, 18 Boylston St., Boston.

New Publications.

SCRIBNER FOR JANUARY

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"NORWAY AND THE NORSEMEN,"

by PROF. BOYSEN, an Americanized Norwegian, of Cornell University. GEN. McOLLYN's interesting series of Travel-Sketches begins with

"A WINTER ON THE NILE,"

in which he discusses the Khedive's army and system of internal improvements, etc. CLARENCE COOK, in his paper on HOUSEHOLD AND HOME DECORATION, takes up such practical matters as bedroom furniture, open fires and furnace heat, gas and kerosene lights, blue and white china. MR. BARNARD's paper,

"THE ENGLISH WORKINGMAN'S HOME,"

describes the Shattisbury Building Association in London, with illustrations of houses for workmen.

"WHAT OUR CHURCHES COST US,"

shows us the relative cost of church-work.

Other illustrated papers are: a sketch of John Burroughs (with portrait); "Liverworts and Ferns," by Mrs. S. B. Herrick; "Day Dreams," a poem of New England life, and "Papa Hoorn's Tulip," an extravaganza with laughable silhouettes by Howard Pyle.

Dr. Holland's Novel,

"NICHOLAS MINTURN,"

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In a light vein are "My Friend Moses," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," a talk "Concerning Cheapness," by Charles Carroll; and "Ghosts," a short story by Isabella T. Hopkins.

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There are poems by R. H. Stoddard, "H. H.," Dr. Holland, Charles de Kay, R. W. Gilder, and Constantina E. Brooks.

In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "The Chinese in San Francisco," "The Moral Value of Physical Strength," and "The Disease of Mendicancy." "The Old Cabinet" is about "Charlotte Bronte," "Savage Life in the City," "American Authors and English Critics," "Pictures," and "Essipoff." "Home and Society" is given up to the third of the "Letters to a Young Mother." "Culture and Progress" has a new feature in a regular letter from London on "English Books." "The World's Work" and "Bric-a-Brac" are excellent, and the whole constitutes almost a model number of this unrivalled magazine.

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Will also contain a paper by Horace E. Scudder, "Great Grandfather's Books and Pictures," with fac simile reproductions from the "New England Primer" and Webster's old "Spelling-Book." "Budge's Visit to the Centennial," by the author of "Helen's Babies," and "The Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane," with silhouette drawings by Hopkins, will be found amusing and entertaining. Besides

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Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	587,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,759 20
	\$1,592,775 09
ASSETS.	
Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,037 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,025 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,850 00
City and County Bonds.....	230,265 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	99,163 56
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and Call Loans.....	7,067 22
Real Estate.....	17,109 49
	\$1,592,775 09

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U. S. Bonds, market value.....	804,220 00
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral.....	1,000 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	\$1,487 60
	\$408,092 05

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$14,300 56

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Forty-sixth Semi-Annual Statement, Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of July, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71
Total Assets - - -	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$426,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,830,000.....	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	287,457 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	69,230 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,050).....	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY 1876.....	73,694 53
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	191,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	13,694 56

Total - - - - \$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JULY 1876.....	\$245,926 63
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,400 00
Total, - - - -	\$247,326 66

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THE holidays, with their good cheer and good wishes, with happy, smiling faces among old and young—the holidays are here, and they bring these things now as ever, notwithstanding political entanglement and business depression, public embarrassment and individual uncertainty. Here and now, as everywhere and always, the bonds of union are stronger than the tendency to separate, and the everlasting claims its ascendancy, despite the self-assertion of the partial and transient, and each draws a little nearer toward consciously keeping time with the rhythmic throb which in the last analysis beats through all that is. In the hope and with undoubting faith that very slowly, little by little, inch by inch, the world draws nearer to the light, we look forward with a steady and confident gaze, and wish for all our readers "A Happy New Year."

WE witnessed a private experiment at Wallack's Theatre on Wednesday last of the power of a solution of tungsten, soda and silica, applied to scenery, whether canvas or wood, for the purpose of rendering it unflammable. A heavy jet of flaming gas directed for some seconds upon a piece of canvas or rope or wood thus prepared failed to fire it, and when at last it charred it by a few minutes' steady application, the fire had no tendency to spread, but simply burned a harmless hole through the substance. This anti-phlogistic has long been known and used. It is cheap, unpatented and of easy application. A hundred dollars would pay the whole cost of making Wallack's Theatre secure against fire from any such cause as accidental interior draughts or catching from necessary lights or carelessness of performers and servants behind the scenes. Among the precautions within easy reach, this certainly should be made compulsory.

MR. HEWITT seems to have lost his wits latterly, and goes tearing around quite after the fashion of the traditional bull in the china shop. His last rush at the New York Post Office is one of the most spasmodic and ill-considered that he has made. Certainly the inviolability of the mails cannot be too carefully guarded, and the slightest breath of suspicion should be sifted through such a mesh as would intercept the most infinitesimal atom of fact. But the reputation of Postmaster James, among all New Yorkers, is such as to make a sputter like that of Mr. Hewitt decidedly dangerous to the sputterer, and the gentleman's management of the case, supposing his suspicion to have been either well or ill founded, has been about as ill advised as any that it is possible to conceive of as possible to a full-grown man.

Our statement last week relative to the appointment of the House section of the joint committee on the electoral count was somewhat premature. The appointments have since been made in both branches of Congress, those on the part of the Senate being really more fairly representative, and on the whole more satisfactory, than those on the part of the House. Little actual progress has since been made either in Washington or by the committees acting in the South. Meantime the fiery Northern editors, whose voices were still for war—between some other people—seem to have been somewhat appeased by the voice of the turkey which has been heard in our land, and we breathe a little more freely. President Grant favors the redoubtable Logan for senator from Illinois, and also, they say, brother-in-law Casey for senator from Louisiana. The Inter-oceanic canal project re-appears in a report from a commission appointed by the President several months ago, the report favoring the Nicaragua route at a supposed cost of one hundred millions—probably an under-estimate.

THE price of gold has varied very little since our last issue, the range having been only about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the rate at the close 107 $\frac{1}{4}$. Silver has been lower again, and fluctuates rapidly. We subjoin a table from the London *Economist* showing the range, month by month, since the first of the year:

In January.....	between..	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	54 $\frac{1}{2}$
In February.....	..	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	53
In March.....	..	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	53 $\frac{1}{2}$
In April.....	..	54	@	52
In May.....	..	54	@	52
In June.....	..	52	@	50
In July.....	..	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	49 $\frac{1}{2}$
In August.....	..	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	50
In September.....	..	52 9-16	@	51 $\frac{1}{2}$
In October.....	..	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	@	52
In November.....	..	55	@	53 $\frac{1}{2}$

During December the price has risen as high as 58 and fallen as low as 56. This freedom of movement one would suppose sufficient to gratify the most fastidious admirer of an unstable currency. The rate for call loans on Wall street remains about as before, from 5 to 7 per cent. A fairly active holiday business has been transacted, the general impression being that the sales have been as numerous, but for smaller amounts, than for the years immediately preceding. Transactions through the banks, &c., do not indicate any great falling off in the amount of general business transacted as compared with former years, notwithstanding which the complaints of utter stagnation continue about as frequent as heretofore.

THE situation at the Golden Horn is again extremely critical, if we can place any reliance upon late dispatches, which state that "reports are current that the Turkish Council of Ministers decided yesterday to reject the proposals, and that in the event of war the Porte will arm its Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian and Christian subjects." And under date of 26th, "The Marquis of Salisbury will demand to-day from the Sultan his acceptance of the proposals agreed upon by the Powers. Should the Sultan refuse, Lord Salisbury is instructed to leave Constantinople and order the British fleet to quit Turkish waters." It is not unlikely, however, that these dispatches are at least premature, and that a good deal more talk will take place before such a crisis is reached. Nevertheless the new Turkish Premier is reported to have said to the English Ambassador that the Turks came into Europe few in number, and likewise few in number would they leave it; and there is no doubt that such a saying, true or false as reported, indicates the feeling of many of the followers of Islam, and that such are not disposed to be pushed much further without taking a stand.

Meantime the new Constitution has been proclaimed in Constantinople, and Turkey has nominally ranged herself alongside the Western Powers as a constitutional state. All individuals are declared equal before the laws, primary education is made compulsory, legal proceedings are to be public, confiscation, statute labor, torture and inquisition are prohibited, and all sorts of good things are promised. "Great is Allah! and Mohammed is his prophet!"

It would seem that all good citizens who are not totally befogged by partisanship must be of one mind about the contest now going on between the House of Representatives and the Western Union Telegraph Company. Had not General Butler been allowed to root at will in times past, Republicans of the most orthodox connections might be a little more free to criticize without feeling internal twinges than they can now be, and probably the present contest would never have arisen. Nevertheless it has been long known that the question *whose ox was gored* was an important one to be considered in making up one's mind, and that frequent conversions result from a sudden realization of the force of that homely proverb. If it is possible that the law will actually stand the infamous construction placed upon it by the House, there are certainly few people who will not applaud the determination of the Directors of the Western Union to institute speedy cremation, except where specific request shall be made to the contrary, in application of the principle that dead men tell no tales.

There is little of privacy now left in the lives of any of us, and that little seems destined to grow smaller yet. Is there no sanctity beyond the reach of the professional partisan? That it is eminently desirable that we should know that *other* professional partisans have not been stimulating fraud, we are free to admit and roundly declare. But there are some very desirable things which may yet cost much too high a price for an economical people. Let us not lose sight of the fact, either in this matter or in the question—who shall be President?—that there is a day after to-day, and that there are lasting rights of more importance than temporary advantages.

We trust that many of our subscribers will carefully read the able and instructive annual report of Secretary L. M. Morrill to the House of Representatives. It is an admirably clear and upright and downright document. He explains some of the alleged discrepancies in the account which last year brought very serious attacks upon the book-keeping of

the department, by showing that they are only apparent, and due to a necessary method of reckoning from different dates in different statements which seem to cover the same returns, but do not. It is pleasant to know that the National debt has been reduced since its highest point, Aug. 31, 1865, \$656,992,226.44. It is now \$2,009,000,000. This is a greater reduction than the law required. The sinking-fund account was expected to yield only 433,000,000; the reduction effected is 223,000,000 more. This is certainly hopeful. Twenty years at this rate and by the present process would extinguish the whole debt, an enormous relief to our federal taxes. The Secretary is very emphatic in his demand for no flinching from the return to specie payments in 1879. He thinks it entirely within the power of the Government to resume, by a reasonable sale of our bonds, which are now five per cent. above par in foreign countries. He is just as clear, although not quite as positive, about the law that gold and not silver is the measure of value, and that we are morally bound to pay our debt wholly in gold. The trade dollar is almost wholly out of use, though still coined in small quantities. The demand for silver change still employs the utmost activity of the mint, but the pressure is no longer beyond its power. The paper postal currency is almost done with, as all must have practically discovered. The exports exceeded the imports by \$79,643,481, against an excess of imports of over \$19,000,000 last year, a gain of \$120,000,000 including merchandise and precious metals. Imports of merchandise have decreased over \$72,000,000 this year and about \$30,000,000 last year, as compared with 1874. This is certainly encouraging.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE all-absorbing interest of our home politics diminishes the attention given to the Eastern question, which is now commanding such notice in Europe. It is very observable that religion has no such political importance in America as it has abroad. It is common to assume, indeed, that religion originated and controlled our national origin, but it did so in no such sense as that in which it has produced and governed the nations or races that are now, with religious impulses on both sides, threatening to drive all Europe to arms. Probably religion never dominated any people in all history—not even the Jews—as it did and does still the Mohammedans. In all countries where their faith prevails it is a political constitution as much as a religious creed. A religious war is the most natural field for national activity in any Mohammedan country, and those who leave this out of account misunderstand the origin and danger of the Turk's readiness to encounter great odds, with small chances of success, in carrying out the strongest passion of his heart. But if religious fanaticism inspires him, it is our duty to acknowledge that Christian fanaticism, of a kind we have happily lost all sense of, burns in the souls of all the Greek church, whether in Greece itself or in the Christian provinces in Turkey and in Russia. Greece, the original birthplace of Christian literature and the country that first made Christians anything more than a Jewish sect, has never lost its heroic and passionate if somewhat blind love of the Christian religion. It hugs its old creeds and symbols and usages, and is always ready to fight for the faith. Mohammedan tyranny and bigotry have aroused in Greece and all her children in faith a bigotry of their own, Christian in name and form, and not without the nobility of self-sacrifice and intense conviction. This feeling, by inheritance and natural growth, exists in Russia to an extent apparently uncontrollable by the government.

While we are thinking the difficulties of the Eastern question chiefly diplomatic and political, the real truth is they are chiefly religious—the difficulties of preventing neighboring peoples who cordially hate each other, backed by great powers that are in sympathy with their hatred, from going into wars of race and oppugnant faiths. It looks at present as if diplomacy might avert the war that threatens. But we are not confident that it will. And if it must come, it will be a long and desperate one and spread far and be fatal to millions. We must say that we are not so purged from all preferences of a theological kind, as not to have distinctly Christian sympathies in this matter. If the Turks are a finer race than the modern Greeks, as some think, they have only so much the more power to spread their faith, which is in its nature intolerant, insolent, depressing to womanhood, and incapable of favoring political freedom. It might be better for the children of the Greek church, even with Russia for their chief, to drive the Turks out of Europe and give Mohammedanism a final exit from European territory, than for one more Christian to be slaughtered in the unhappy provinces that have lately rebelled.

If war cannot be prevented and Russia restrained in her rising religious feelings, it will be at least some satisfaction to be able to hope and believe that one fanaticism may conquer another of a much more hateful character. We shall deplore war; for religious wars, especially between the Crescent and the Cross, have ever been bloody and terrible; but we are not sure that the time has not come for removing that fearful fatalistic faith out of the world's way, particularly out of the path of Christian civilization. The Greek church owes more than it knows in zeal and vigor, and in superstition too, to this enemy that has always been on its flanks. We cannot but think that Western Christianity ought to desire that the Greek church, by being relieved from its Mohammedan foe, may have a chance of dropping some of its hostility to Western ideas and feelings. We have never seen any reason to think the Greek church even as enlightened as the Roman. In some of its theological traditions we believe it nearer the truth; but what can the torch of truth do in the hands of blind men?

Long flirting with the Greek church must make a somewhat divided feeling in the English hierarchy at present in regard to Russian prospects. As politicians, they must dread Russia's advance upon the Dardanelles; as religionists, they must desire it. But, happily, England is not governed by priests. And America is still more fortunate in her freedom from religious hatreds or their mixture with her politics. The only fears we ever had from Catholic fanaticism are clearly much allayed. The Catholic church has either grown wiser or more prudent. She disclaims any desire to meddle with our political creeds, and in this sets an example that our Protestant tinkers with the Constitution might well follow. By the time they get God "enacted" into the Constitution, the Catholics may want to "enact" the Virgin "in." But at present both are quiet.

THE LIVING PAST.

It so happens that the word *survival* is a favorite one with two of our most eminent investigators of natural phenomena and human life. Mr. Darwin patiently argues, if he does not triumphantly prove, that natural selection and the survival of the fittest are related to each other as cause and effect. Mr. Tylor has, with equal patience, in his history of primitive culture, described a survival of quite another sort, and furnished us with the most copious illustrations. His

survival—"survival in culture," as he calls it—is the survival of forms of speech and action in a higher stage of civilization that have originated in a lower. And it is astonishing what a cabinet of curiosities he is able to unlock with just this simple key. Our daily speech preserves innumerable fossil customs, just as the rocks preserve the fossil forms of animals. We are continually saying and doing things which are unconscious reminiscences of laws and customs which lost all vital relation to society hundreds and thousands of years ago. Some people are always talking about signs. It is a good sign to do this, and a bad sign to do that. Now, there is not one of these signs which has not a venerable ancestry. Time was when they were no laughing matter, but as real and terrible as life and death. Our children's games, our nursery rhymes, and so on, are an inheritance from the remotest ancestors. A great deal of this survival is like the survival of rudimentary organs among animals. These rudimentary organs, which now perform no function whatever, and are sometimes a positive hindrance, were once vital and essential factors in the general organism. But they are so no longer. Here, then, we have an exception to the rule that the fashion of this world passeth away. It does generally, but not always. Sometimes it lags superfluous on the stage for generations and for centuries.

But this survival is the exception. The survival of Darwin, the survival of the fittest, is the rule, and not only in the limited sphere in which he cared to apply it, but in the wider sphere of universal human history. "History," says Dr. Bartol, "is God's revelation of what He cares for; and the hope of the race shines and shoots forth from the low and bad customs it has outlived and left behind—idolatry, witchcraft, feudalism, the Inquisition, and arbitrary rule. . . . The noble affections of human nature, quietly persisting, demonstrate their right, their destiny to survive the depraved ones, with all their noise."

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Not oftener than the evil; not so often, either, in the way of recollection, as Marc Antony meant, or in the way of persistent influence. It is good, and not evil, that is the knot-grass which it is impossible to root out of the garden of life.

Once war was universal and perpetual upon the earth, but it is so no longer. Once robbery was the only method of acquiring property. Thieving, as distinct from robbery, was a disgrace, but labor a worse one. Now the robbers are pretty nigh extinct, and though the thieves are still numerous, thieving is not respectable, and industry alone is honored. Once polygamy and polyandry were the order of the day; now we are in a fair way to make the former criminal in Salt Lake City. Yes, the survival of the fittest is the rule. See how the poor books and poems and laws become obsolete; how the good ones live a perennial life. Never fear for Shakespeare and Homer, for Plato and Epictetus, for the apostles and evangelists and prophets. "The animosities are mortal," said Christopher North, "but the humanities live forever."

The dead past is a favorite theme with orators and poets.

"Let the dead past bury its dead"

sings Longfellow, and does not sing amiss. But if there is one thought that modern science is pressing home upon the imagination and the heart of man more powerfully than any other, it is that there is a *living past*, which calls for our profoundest admiration, gratitude and awe. There is a living past, we say, not merely there was once a living past. This no one fails to perceive, except it be some narrow-minded

bigot of progress as intolerable as was even any bigot of superstition. But not only was there once a living past, a past of living men and living thoughts and living energies and hopes and sanctities, but even now there is a living past here in the midst of us, and many of us know it not. No wonder; for its august shape is covered with a veil woven from out the air and sunlight of to-day. The living Past—it is the Present. The Present is the living Past. No figure this of rhetoric or poetry, but sober, scientific truth. Had the past been an iota different from what it has been, the present would not be what it is. It is so with the universe; it is so with our individual lives. Well might Shakspeare say, "What a piece of work is man!" To think what marvellous epitomes we are of all the days that have delighted us, of all the influences that have affected us! They are not dead, but sleeping, we can say of an infinite variety of past experiences, and at the least touch of that finger which we call the association of ideas they laugh out in their sleep, or wake up and greet us with the look so long unseen, the tones so long unheard. The geologist tells us that coal is so much buried sunlight—sunlight that was organized in the leaf and wood of ancient forests, and that the process of combustion is but the liberation of the sunlight, the awakening of the sleeping beauty. So in our hearts and brains is the buried sunlight of old days, their joy and sweetness, and it flashes out again in our present speech and action. So in the brain and heart of universal man are stowed away the joys and sorrows, the heroisms and fidelities, the aspirations and achievements of innumerable ancestors. What a world of new and higher meaning the perception of these laws gives to that phrase of the apostle, "Christ formed in you in the hope of glory." This is the living Christ—he that is living now. How good it is to read there in the New Testament of him who gave "good gifts to men," gifts that make all our Christmas giving seem so poor and slight! But if that record of him could be forever obliterated, and the name and fame of him forever blotted from the thoughts and memories of men, his life is so built into ours that he would still be almost as great a power as ever, working in us unconsciously, but working mightily; and just as true as ever would be this tribute of Carlyle to his perennial influence: "He walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago; his sphere-melody, flowing in wild, native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousand-fold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts, and modulates and divinely leads us."

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

THE most prominent event of the past week has undoubtedly been the National Conference which was held on Friday last in the St. James' Hall, London, to discuss the policy of England in the Eastern Question. In these days of telegraphic communication your readers will no doubt have just as much information as we have here, or at least as much as they want about the feeling of the country, on the important question whether England is to go to war in defense of Turkey, or to throw her weight in the scale of Russia to secure for the Christian population of the Turkish provinces the common rights which make life, we will not say pleasant, but endurable. If we had any doubt as to the way the liberal thought of the country were going, last Friday's meeting would have decided us. Never since the most active period of the great Anti-Corn-Law days, if even then, has such a gathering been seen under one roof, and certainly at no time has there been such a list of names published as conveners of a meeting for a political, philanthropic or religious purpose, as that in obedience to which there

met last week in London the delegates from all parts of England. From the Peerage we find among others men like the veteran Earl Russell, the Duke of Westminster and the Earl of Durham from the House of Commons; there were forty-five, including men like P. A. Taylor, A. J. Mundella, J. Chamberlain, Prof. Fawcett, side by side with moderate liberals like Lord Arthur Russell, the Rt. Hon. W. N. Massey, the Hon. P. Leveson Gower. The Episcopal church was represented by men like Canon Liddon, Stopford Brooke and Dr. Elliot, the Dean of Bristol, to pick out representatives from various schools, while dissent gave its quota in Newman Hall, Dr. Raleigh, R. R. Saffell and others. Literature was represented by Anthony Trollope, Carlyle, Justin McCarthy, Freeman and others. Law and Medicine gave good names; the great mercantile names of the country, the seats of learning, the schools of art all contributed to this unexampled list of men who felt that it was time that a decided voice should be heard to call our government from the dangerous course it seemed to be pursuing. And if the call was weighty the response must have surprised and gratified the conveners. More than a thousand delegates put in an appearance at the Hall, some appointed, like those from Manchester, by public town's meetings called by the Mayors, some sent from political associations, some from religious societies, but all representing a greater or less amount of strong conviction in the community. The platform was full of the conveners, and they appointed speakers, and long before twelve o'clock, the time fixed for the beginning of the meeting, the galleries and the body of the hall were well filled, the former to the utmost of their capacity, while the latter, being reserved for delegates, might perhaps have held one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons more. The enthusiasm was very great when the Duke of Westminster took the chair, but was overwhelming when Gladstone took his place near him. You know the Duke of Westminster is said to be the richest man in England. He was the President of the morning sitting. The Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided in the afternoon meeting, represents the religious world, so that two of the most potent factors of public sentiment, wealth and religion, were fairly honored in the choice of the Chairman. They tell a story about the Duke of Westminster, that when he was presented to the last Sultan but one, (they have succeeded one another so rapidly of late that I hope I am not losing count) the Prince of Wales told his royal guest that the Duke's wealth exceeded his immeasurably. "Why, then, don't you arrest him, have his head cut off and confiscate his property?" was the characteristic remark of the Chief of the Faithful. Whether the story is true or not there does not seem much love lost between the Duke and the Turkish power. I need not say anything about his speech, which you will no doubt have read long before this reaches you, if you take any interest in the matter, but he gave the right ring to the meeting and spoke with decided aversion of the country being allowed to go to war in behalf of the Turks. The deliberations of the Conference were announced to be directed to different theses drawn up with great legal accuracy to point out how the irremediable character of the Turkish Government was proved by its own deeds, and how all claim for support had been deliberately sacrificed by its normal cruelty and treachery; while the conduct of the Christians called for sympathy, and the fear of Russia was not to be made a pretext for upholding the gravest tyranny the world has ever known. Point after point of this programme was dwelt upon by the speakers, who, taken all in all, maintained a very high level of eloquence. It is perhaps not a bad thing for men who really can speak to feel themselves limited, as were the speakers on Friday, to ten or fifteen minutes. They give you all their good things, one after another, without any padding, and some of the men succeeded most admirably. Henry Richards, the member for Neerthyr, and well known as the Secretary of the Peace Society, first moved the meeting to the boiling point, the audience jumping to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, umbrellas and hats in their excitement, as he declared that no war would break out if the powers of Europe were agreed, as they would be if England were not held back by selfish fear. And as speaker after speaker denounced the dread of Russia as unworthy of the nation, and insisted upon the duty of postponing all considerations to that of righteousness and justice, they found themselves sustained by the cheers which rose with a warmth rarely if ever shown in the calm atmosphere of a London meeting. The list of speakers was well drawn up; all classes and well-nigh all professions were represented. If I were to pick out the most successful speakers I think I should name Mr. Richard, G. O. Trevelyan, the nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Bryce, the Professor of Law at Oxford, Canon Lidd-

don, whose persuasive voice it was a perfect pleasure to listen to while he was speaking sentiments, with which even a heretic like your correspondent could entirely agree, and though last not least, Mr. Gladstone, who never in my hearing spoke with greater power and conclusiveness, and who held the meeting in unbroken interest for an hour and three-quarters after it already had been listening to speeches for five hours and a half. It is always a mooted point in England whether he or John Bright is the first of English orators. I confess to a belief in the one I hear last, so just at present I am a Gladstonian. I only hope that John Bright may soon give me an opportunity of changing my mind, as I have often done before. And, now that all is over, we must quietly wait to see whether our Government is daring enough to set public opinion at defiance; if they do Mr. Fawcett's threat, that the Liberals in Parliament will use every constitutional means of withholding supplies, may have to be enforced; and the usages of the House of Commons give a strong and united minority the power to carry out the threat evidently made, after deliberation, by a man not likely to alter his mind hastily. Whatever happens, the next session of Parliament, which begins on the 8th of February, will be as lively and as warm a one as your next Congress will probably be.

The Unitarians of England—may I not say of the world?—have lately lost one whose name has indeed been an honored name in all our churches. The venerable Dr. Beard has passed peacefully into his rest. The blank he leaves among us, few who have not been actively at work in England can well estimate. I have seen a list of sixty of his publications, a catalogue which does not contain many of the separate sermons, pamphlets and tracts which were unceasingly flowing from his truly prolific pen. A statement like this would lead most people to think that his attention must have been almost entirely devoted to literary labor. He was, however, equally active as a preacher, as a schoolmaster, in the beginning of his career, and as a tutor at one of our ministerial training institutions during the last twenty years of his active life, while no great public question of a liberal character ever was started in Manchester in the promotion of which he did not take a lively and energetic part. He was of a truly genial and loving disposition, and is mourned for as a friend by all who were privileged to know him, while the inner circle, to whom the whole affectionate nature of the man had been revealed, are strengthened to bear the loss, which nothing can replace, by the widespread sympathy shown for them, and by the many proofs of reverent love for the departed which have been given on every side. After a life of self-sacrificing labor and successful achievement, the infirmity of age compelled him to withdraw from public activity about ten years ago, but in his retirement he continued to take a lively interest in everything which concerned the church to which his heart and intellect had ever been devoted: and at the last, without pain or struggle, he entered into his rest. He was followed to the grave by very many friends, the Rev. Wm. Gaskell, with whom he had been on intimate terms of brotherly friendship for about fifty years, conducted the service in the most impressive manner, and preached his funeral sermon in the beautiful chapel which has been built, chiefly by Dr. Beard's exertions, at Sale.

Dr. Beard was a decided Unitarian, but his strong faith in the definite doctrines of the faith he preached never narrowed his sympathies, which were wide as the needs of humanity. He was an old worker in the anti-slavery cause, he took an energetic part in our free trade struggles, but after the interests of Unitarianism I think no cause was nearer to his heart than that of popular education. Very soon after his settlement in Manchester he originated a movement which secured the advantages of the old endowed Grammar School for the people of that great town instead of confining it to a very limited section of the people; he was one of the founders and active promoters of the National Public School Association which tried to procure for England the advantages which your common school system gives to the United States, and the work he and his coadjutors did thirty years ago had great influence in preparing the public mind for the system of national education which the Elementary Education Act of 1870 has given us. Among his most useful books have been those which he contributed to Cassell's Educational Series, to aid students who could not attend school or college in advancing in knowledge and culture. He has been an indefatigable worker, but of him it may well be said, "he has seen of the travail of his soul and is satisfied."

Some of our friends in South Wales have been greatly tried lately by an act of legal oppression. The congregation of Llyn-Rhydd-Owen held their chapel upon lease from a conservative landlord. He is a young man, only just of age, and not very energetic

himself, but his agent is a very active politician, to whom the liberalism of the minister and congregation has been offensive for years. Many of the worshippers of the congregation have been evicted from their farms on account of their voting for liberals, but now the further step has been taken of depriving the congregation of their chapel and burial-ground, nominally because of the non-fulfilment of some of the clauses of the lease, really because of the liberalism which it has fostered in the district. You can readily imagine how warm the sympathy is towards the Rev. W. Thomas and his people, and subscriptions are rapidly flowing in which will enable them to erect a chapel of their own, in which they may worship God according to their conscience, none daring to make them afraid. It is still uncertain whether suitable land can be procured, for in a neighborhood where all the landowners are conservative it is often very difficult to obtain a spot on which to build a dissenting chapel. Deeds are still not unfrequent in which land is sold with covenants excluding dissenting chapels, public houses and other nuisances. You will perhaps see from this why some men in England are in favor of juster laws about land, not believing that it ought to be in the power of any individual to prevent the free worship of his fellow-men, even though he be the wealthiest of the wealthy.

S. A. S.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 13, 1876.

FROM BOSTON.

THE recent change in the style of the *Liberal Christian* and the assumption again of the old name of *THE INQUIRER*, is not a matter of indifference to those of us who, for a generation, have followed with interest the fortunes of our religious journals. For one, I cordially welcome the new paper, so beautifully printed, so conveniently cut and stitched for the reader, with its large, fair type, its broad columns, and its clean pages. And I no less congratulate its readers on the evidences of the new prosperity with which the opening year begins, on the freshness, vigor, range of topics and the new life which seems to be palpitating through and through every department.

The Christmas season in Boston has been one of unusual spirit and cheerfulness, in spite of the hard times, the political complications, and the uncertainties of the future. The stores have been fairly brilliant with holiday goods in variety and beauty never before surpassed. The whole globe has contributed to the richness and wealth of the display, and never were windows more tempting or more fascinating. An eager throng of purchasers have made the streets all alive with their busy plans of happiness, carrying joy and blessing to ten thousand homes.

On Saturday evening (Dec. 23d), there was a delightful dedication service of the new Putnam Chapel, recently built on the grounds of the First Religious Society in old Eliot Square in Roxbury.

The new associate pastor, Rev. John Graham Brooks, has inspired his people to the building of this Chapel for Sunday school, charitable and social purposes, and it is a model for all such structures. The large rooms below contain every convenience for effective work by the ladies of the parish, and the beautiful chapel, with its ample seats for four hundred people, its attractive yet simple decoration, its rich painted central window, its atmosphere of homeliness, refinement and comfort, make it a notable building in the religious and social life of this part of the town.

The services of dedication were full of interest to those who, with such spirit and loyalty to the new pastor, have builded for the future of their church. Dr. Putnam's word was one of generous sympathy with the new methods which have made this chapel a necessity to the young life of the parish, although he could not fail to say that for his time in the work of the last half century the old meeting-house was all-sufficient. In a tone of tender appeal, which was the more pathetic and eloquent for its very feebleness, he enjoined his people to see to it that the pathway between the new chapel and the old church be well trod, and that being led up to it, the children be made to feel that the church was to be to them the crown of all good things.

That Mr. Brooks should so soon have inspired his people to the erection of so noble a building, and with furnishings and adornments so fitting, as one of the methods of quickening the young life of his parish, is the best possible guarantee of the future usefulness and power of his ministry.

We had the pleasure of a Christmas service in Mr. Hale's church on Christmas day, with a sermon by Dr. Bellows, which was a

noble exposition of the divine applicability of Christianity to all times and races and conditions of men.

A little book has recently been issued from the press of Roberts Brothers, quite pertinent to the new year, entitled, "Sunshine in the Soul." It will find eager purchasers at its very trifling cost, in all who have learned to love its companion, "Quiet Hours." No more lovely books of devotional poetry were ever issued from the press. A rare poetical insight has guided the compiler of these hymns in making a selection of the choicest of those that have become embalmed in our memories, while every exquisite verse which the devotional spirit of more recent times has given to the world is included here also in this rare collection.

These two books should find their place next the Bible as for our highest moods. "Sunshine in the Soul," so fitly named, is full of good cheer and joy for all whose lives have been darkened by any shadow.

W. H. R.

BOSTON, December 26th, 1876.

LITERATURE.

A NEW HYMN-BOOK.

THE first collection of hymns with music used in our Unitarian churches was, we believe, the "Hymn and Tune Book for the Church and the Home." This collection, issued in 1868, by the American Unitarian Association, has been largely adopted by our societies. It is now proposed to revise the work, and to send forth a new edition, which shall contain the improvements suggested by eight years' use. This matter seems to be one which should excite more attention than it has thus far received. If any considerable proportion of the claims so often made for "Unitarian Literature" be well founded, we should have in our churches a hymn-book of high literary merit. Each new book should certainly be an advance upon all its predecessors in point of style and matter. Any collection appearing now, and put forth as a desirable denominational standard, should be a work of which cultivated Unitarians would have reason to be proud.

The basis of all suggestion toward a revised hymn-book is the present edition. The first attempt, as it were, to meet a new demand of our churches, for a book of tunes as well as a book of hymns, it is not my desire to subject it to a hostile criticism. Its faults would have been in a large degree avoided had it been compiled more publicly. It was a great improvement on any book then in general use in our churches. It has deservedly displaced nearly all earlier collections. The acknowledged need of revision in so short a time after its first appearance is sufficient evidence that some error was made in its compilation. The work was not done by a proper number of hands and heads. It bears the impress too strongly, we think, of one mind and teaches too narrowly one conception of religion. Upon numerous points of taste we should also differ with the compiler, and we should make alterations for a revision in many minor matters.

To begin at the beginning, the title of the first division of the book is "Sabbath and Sanctuary," to which, in the Classified Index, "and General Homage" is added. The section contains a large number of hymns, nearly all well-known and favored among us. It makes a good introduction to the whole work. But the title seems to me to betray one of the chief faults of the collection—a critical spirit not sufficiently minute, or better perhaps, a lack of thorough poetical sensibility. We can hardly conceive a poet making a collection of religious poetry to be sung in our Unitarian churches, and prefixing to its first division this title, "Sabbath," (do we acknowledge any such day as the Sabbath?) "and Sanctuary," (what does that mean in the mouth of a

Unitarian Congregationalist, who, if he was well brought up, went to a "meeting-house" in his early days, and has never got any farther toward ritualism than a "church" as yet,) "and General Homage," (the hopelessness of these last words only serves to remind us of an Americanized German's translation of Schiller's *Prosaic Works*, as he was pleased to render the opposite of poetical).

The title of the second division is open to objection from those who think it more modest not to say very much, in the old and catalogue-like style, about the "Attributes of God." A better heading than "God's Attributes and Providence" could easily be found for the hymns in this section. The narrow formality of the title indicates the character of too many of the hymns. The noble and inspiring idea of the Divine Immanence in Man and Nature finds slight recognition here. The conventional and irreligious manner of speaking of God as "a magnified, non-natural man," out of which we are, happily, fast growing, marks many selections. Our modern feeling of God's presence in Nature is scarcely quickened by this hymn of Watts:

"The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty."

Surely the poetry of late years would yield several hymns of the highest order which should here displace verses that are poor in expression, thin in sentiment, and weak in thought. Compare who will the fine hymn, "God of the earth, the sky, the sea," with its halting, straining successor, "Yes, God is good, in earth and sky."

The title of the Third Section, "Devout Aspirations and Affections," is also too formal and too suggestive of a desire to catalogue the pious sensibilities, to be in place in a book of poetry. And if, as we believe, all good hymns are properly *prayers in verse*, there is no justification for a separate section claiming to be especially devotional.

The Fourth Section, under the heading, "The Word and the Spirit of God," confounds, on the other hand, two classes of hymns which should be kept distinct, those referring to the Bible, and others referring to the ever-present Spirit of God. The confusion is well illustrated by the placing in the same division of T. H. Gill's stirring hymn, "Our God, our God, Thou shinest here," and Barton's "Lamp of our feet whereby we trace." The whole section is thus confused. Many Unitarians would decidedly object to ranging on a like level of uniqueness the Bible (*the Word*, as it is put; *a Word*, we should put it) and *the Spirit*.

Under "Christ, his Life and Work" (another dry designation) are some of the best verses in the book, and some of the poorest also. Some hymns have no poetical merits which can be claimed as outweighing their theological perversity. What shall we say to these verses (No. 380):

"Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of His Son;
The Father indicates His cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
He dies: the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die."

With how much sincerity will Unitarian Congregations sing (No. 417):

"May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love,"—

or (No. 434, entitled "Our Merciful Judge"):

"Lord, ere the last dread trumpet sound,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand"!!!—

or (No. 564):

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me."

In Section Sixth are a number of hymns which an exact classification would place among those, further on, referring to the Future Life. "Christ's church and Kingdom," Jesus himself called it the "Kingdom of God." We do not think the compiler made a logical or theological improvement in his alteration.

The next section stands in much need of re-arrangement. The heading is not felicitous. "A New Year" can hardly be called a "Christian occasion;" indeed what are "Christian occasions apart from "Christian ordinances," with which they are combined here?

"The Christian Life" leaves out virtues which should have received special attention; but of this more hereafter. Two slight points we notice. Chas. Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Saviour, refuge of my soul," has been altered to "Father, refuge of my soul," but the heading stands still "Christ a refuge;" and Phebe Cary's "One sweetly solemn thought" is marked "Anonymous."

The Ninth Division, "Miscellaneous," should, in our opinion, be broken up, and its hymns be appropriately distributed in the other divisions. No fitter place can be found for the patriotic selections than under the "Christian Life." Whittier's "O Thou, whose presence," and Holmes' "O Lord of hosts," would appear too special in their occasions to be longer retained.

To leave now this minuter criticism: the poetical tone of the Hymn and Tune Book is not so high by far as it should be. We are aware that not all hymns which read well, sing well too. Many favorite and standard hymns derive most of their influence from the tunes to which they have happily been joined. New hymns of merit, which will run well to music, are not produced in numbers every year. But gradually the stock of such pieces is increased, and, as fast as it increases, the new hymns of poetical excellence should displace the old doggerel. This rule, indeed, should not be applied to the exclusion of verses which through association have acquired a high and wide influence among us. But many very mediocre and slightly known hymns in the Tune Book should be left out to make room for far superior poetry, which will fit the tunes just as well or better. Watts, Montgomery, Doddridge and Newton were too much favored by our compiler. The vigorous and strongly simple style of Tate and Brady in other hymns should not oblige us to retain "Ye boundless realms of joy," than which a higher note of universal praise has many times been struck. The author of "America," whom "Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith," would never have emerged from obscurity by writing hymns like "Spirit of God, thy churches wait," or "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely." The high but narrow spirit of Cowper is heard too often. The monotonous "Elim," offering a thoroughly ecclesiastical idea of religion, does not in all places "refresh" our emotions. The laborious muse of H. K. White has not struggled through the 159th hymn without exciting our compassion and amusement. Boddome falls, in hymn No. 346, far below his own level in the very next piece. H. W. Longfellow's "All is of God," is not a good hymn; its conclusion is even impotent; indeed he has never, except in the "Psalm of Life," equalled his brother, who seems to have a peculiar gift in this line. We

should be glad to see many more of the latter's compositions than the Year Book contains.

It would be no difficult matter to select a large number of hymns of the first order with which to displace much that is at least mediocre in our present collection. Such hymns as Nos. 145 and 189, for instance, appear to have derived their chief inspiration from the Dictionary of Rhymes; and we should certainly restrain Doddridge's "redundant river" (No. 314) from flowing at such length. Where is a nobler Christmas hymn to be found than Rev. Dr. Hedge's "Twas in the East, the mystic East"? What collection of Unitarian hymns is complete without those strong verses of Higginson, "No human eyes Thy face may see" and "To thine eternal arms, O God"? Here are a few others which occur to us as most suitable: Rev. Dr. Frothingham's "Remember me the Saviour said," "The journey is too great for thee," "One Father, God, we own"; Rev. Dr. Furness' "Here in a world of doubt," "Holmes' "Lord of all being, throned afar"; Weiss' "A wondrous star our pioneer"; S. Longfellow's "A voice by Jordan's shore!" "I look to Thee in every need," "One holy church of God appears," "Tis winter now; the fallen snow"; Johnson's "Life of ages, richly proved," "City of God, how broad and fair"; "W. C. Gannett's "The Lord is in His holy place," "He hides within the lily"; Chadwick's "Eternal ruler of the ceaseless round," "Not, Heavenly Father, that we ask or hope."

The excellence of the hymns taken from the Breviary makes us ask if there may not be a few more of the same high quality. From Herbert, Trench, Whittier, T. H. Gill, F. T. Palgrave and Emerson a number of impressive hymns could be gathered. On the visitation programmes of the Cambridge Divinity School may be found several original hymns of great merit, among them one by E. R. Sill, author of the fine hymn, "Send down Thy truth, O God." We believe that not a few would rejoice to see in a hymn book two poems of A. H. Clough; that noble prayer, "Qui Laborat Orat," beginning "O only source of all our light and life," and "Noli Aemulari."

Not only in the section "Devout Aspirations and Affections," but elsewhere, the Hymn and Tune Book expresses too exclusively what we may be permitted to call the feminine features of piety—submission, resignation, passive virtue, for example. These are a part of piety, indeed, and only a part. Resolute, stirring hymns, like "Father! hear the prayer we offer," "Tell me not in mournful numbers," "Hast thou mid life's empty noises," express a piety as true as this, "I would be treated as a child, and guided where to go." The first kind is slightly represented in the Tune Book; the second kind predominates to excess.

In revision, then, a special effort should be made to introduce hymns which shall stir the blood with a little of that power which rings through Luther's psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God." Such are some of those above named; and in addition, Burleigh's "Abide not in the realm of dreams," S. Longfellow's "Go forth to life, O child of earth," "O still, in accents sweet and strong"; and Johnson's "God of the earnest heart," and "Onward, onward."

It is well to sing of peace and resignation again and again, but there are those among us—

"The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toil for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire
The upland way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast."

Our book is extremely deficient in hymns inculcating the intellectual virtues—fidelity to fact alone, perfect honesty to

one's self and to others, sincerity to the uttermost, confidence in God as largest light, boldness, entire conscientiousness in matters of conviction. Such virtues, I mean, as Arthur Hugh Clough so finely illustrated in his life. His caution—

"Play no tricks upon your soul, oh, man!
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can,"—

is never obsolete, and never were the virtues of the intellect needing more to be emphasized than now.

Hymns which recognize the large illumination of God's world made in modern days by science are lacking in this book. Palgrave's verses on "Love and Law" would give any one who reads them a deep impression of "the essential piety" of knowing as much as we can about a universe whose structure is divine.

Childish and conventional ideas of heaven crop out in many hymns. A large number of them might well be spared for Mr. Chadwick's "Not, Heavenly Father, that we ask or hope an idle heaven beyond the sea of death." If any one make objection that these ideas still prevail, we reply that one office of a hymn-book is to *educate* and to strengthen the spiritual tendencies of the time. But we Unitarians are certainly not anxious for a Sabbath "that ne'er shall end," whose "songs of peace and joy" shall "be our blest employ eternally." Nor do the ideas expressed in hymns Nos. 508 680 and 681 at all correspond with the tenor of Unitarian teaching. We are more disposed to smile at than to long for Doddridge's

"No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

When he speaks of heaven as "this desert road," "these realms of woe and sin," and cries,

"Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to meet with God,"

he is religious on a low plane if he is really religious at all; and we do not sing his words without danger of falling into cant. So when we sing of "this lonely vale of tears," and "the emptiness of things below," we are untrue to the spirit of the most genuine faith of our day. Our ideas of the relation of the Ethnic religions to Christianity are scarcely expressed in hymn No. 70, on "Gentiles in the Temple," or in Pope's most artificial and hollow "Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise." (Why was this inserted, and his "Universal Prayer" omitted?) An eminent theologian indeed sings (339),

"So truth lent many a ray
To bless the pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold were they,
To Thy one glorious light!"

But we have learned to know and estimate heathen religions a little better since his day, and can find a fitter strain in which to sing of God's witnesses in every nation than this of Tommy Moore.

The writer desires no narrow limits for devotional poetry, but would welcome valuable hymns of all kinds. Many of the hymns of Watts, the Wesleys, Newton, Montgomery, the Moravian, are his favorites. He would gladly see some of the best revival melodies, with a right phrasing, in our hymn-books—such, for instance, are the "Ninety-and-nine," and "The old, old story." But we should remove from our books all expressions of belief we have outgrown, and if the hymns will not bear such pruning, omit them. We would have a book whose devotional tone should be high, full and noble, proceeding from a faith that is at once broad and earnest, deep and joyous, intellectual and full of feeling. Such revision as he has hinted at would give us a book that would educate us into a manly, womanly, generous piety, neglecting neither action nor devotion, but with wide sym-

pathy giving utterance to every healthy feeling of the soul. Such a work would not produce upon one looking it through that depressing effect which the writer has felt in examining carefully the book in use, with all its offences against poetry and liberal religion and its straitened ideas of piety.

The music needs revision, as well as the hymns. It has struck the writer that space is now lost by the repetition of several tunes, that an indication at the foot of the pages of appropriate tunes other than those at the top of the page would be of assistance, and that a Metrical Index is now lacking. A better classification of the hymns in the body of the work would render the Classified Index in its present length quite superfluous.

N. P. G.

REVIEWS.

STUDENT LIFE AT HARVARD. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1876.

It is difficult to tell how much of the interest of this volume of 518 pages is due to the subject and how much to the author's treatment of it; how much it might touch a Harvard graduate and his set, and how little an average reader. As a story it has no striking merits; as a detailed account of the social life of the students in these days at Cambridge, it possesses great and indeed painful interest. No doubt the young ladies of the neighborhood will find a charm in it, since it shows how much their attractions influence collegiate life at Harvard. The belles about Boston will see themselves in full force in these pages, and will have new flutters of the heart as they recall the class-days of the last decade. We suspect that the puppy-loves of college boys seldom come to such serious results as the author has developed out of college flirtations, but collegians are several years older now than in our day, and their love-making may be more dangerous.

The picture the book gives of student life at Cambridge is not an encouraging one for parents with thin purses or Puritan consciences. It would drive most scrupulous mothers and prudent fathers into painful doubts whether Harvard were not a perilous place to trust their boys in. The amount of hazing and peril to eyes and limbs, of whiskey and wine-drinking, of smoking and swearing, of idleness and folly, here described make the college seem rather a scene of wild frolic and vicious indulgence than of hard study and sober morals. And this is all the more alarming, because the author evidently honors virtue, temperance and hard work, and shows how some of his characters escaped temptation and improved their time and opportunities. He cannot be supposed to have wilfully exaggerated the evils he deplors. He is not, seemingly, a fault-finder and not a narrow ascetic; has no theories to push and no animosities to indulge. He is quite broad, too, in his notions of a young man's proper life, and expects it to be impulsive, muscular, fond of pleasure, sensitive to woman's charms and at the same time self-restrained, capable of solid and persistent study, high-toned and pure.

It is with this broad brush that he paints in the picture of Harvard life, and what frightens us is to see how many ugly shadows there are on the canvas! Indeed they prevail. The Harvard student he describes—there are fine exceptions—is, as a rule, an idler, a toper, a smoker in vile excess, smasher of furniture, a spendthrift, a contemner of his teachers, a hater of necessary restraints, and an unwilling prisoner under a four years' sentence to Cambridge. This is so utterly unlike anything we remember that we doubt its truth. Not that everything the author states may not be strictly founded in fact. But we suspect a total suppression of the unpicturesque, uneventful, undramatic facts, which really must constitute the largest part of the real history of Harvard collegians—the sober, steady application of the average man, with his respect for rules and professors, his in-door life, his economy, and his freedom from noisy vices and bad habits. Certainly boating, flirting, smoking and whiskey-drinking cannot employ or characterize four-fifths of the students. They have neither the money, the leisure nor the taste for these things, and must have too much sense and love for their professed object, a good education, not to say too good a parentage and previous moral training, to be led into the frivolities and vices and cruelties that are here made so prominent.

We should be very sorry and very slow to believe that any student at Cambridge spent or lost in gambling \$20,000 a year, or

ran up in three months a bill of \$300 for cigars, or treated his visitors usually to whiskey, and we consider it a very poor service to his Alma Mater for any graduate to fasten these enormities upon her name.

For ourselves, we do not accept this story as in the least an account of the average and characteristic life of the college. It describes the deviltry, dissipation, idleness and festivity of a few college "swells" and the equally exceptional character of a few heroic students and exalted moralists, but of the average life and character, the average temptations and employments of collegians at Cambridge, we get no true idea, but rather, we suspect, a very mistaken one. The book is more serious than its pretensions or its merits would make it; for it is either a solemn call to public judgment upon Harvard student life, or a thoughtless misrepresentation of it for story-telling effect.

EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY. The Athenian Empire. By George W. Cox, M.A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 257 pp. 12mo.

The author, in relating the oft-repeated narrative of Athens versus Sparta, has applied the most recent methods to an old subject. The struggle is looked at as an attempt on the part of Athens to introduce a system of government "for which the world was not ripe." To the patriotic student of history this combat between popular freedom and a conservative oligarchy is full of interest. The downfall of Athens is a warning that republics must ever remember and study. The sound logic here applied to its analysis and the terse simplicity employed in repeating the story of the Confederacy of Delos and the Peloponnesian war, are the very things needed to make the experience of this glorious epoch of the past available for the guidance of the present.

The clearness with which human character is here depicted is remarkable. The heroes of ancient Greece stand out before us in all their grandeur and all their frailty. The customs and traditions of the past are reproduced with vivid fidelity, and notable incidents are re-enacted before us.

The chronological tables, maps, and marginal notes are very convenient accessories. The work is admirably adapted to the needs of the times, and bears evidence of thorough and competent authorship.

LIVING TOO FAST; or, The Confessions of a Bank Officer. By Wm. T. Adams. (Oliver Optic.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1876. 251pp. 12mo. Illustrated.

The intensity of this story is very great. The situation is ever trying to the sympathies as well as horrifying to the sense of justice. A thoughtless, rash, and extravagant young husband goes headlong to ruin, and not a hand is able to snatch him from the inevitable consequence, until, just at the close of the volume he is rescued in a style entirely unlooked for, because unreasonable. His honor is sufficiently untarnished in the eyes of one who knows of his crimes to justify a partnership between the criminal and one of his victims, a man of integrity and clear insight. There is also much that is improbable in the fact that the defaulter changes from honesty to dishonesty and back again at intervals. He is shocked at deception in some cases, adopts it readily enough in others, and then is full of temporary sensitiveness to the immorality before considered justifiable. But there is much to admire in the story. The lessons of good morals are needed. Economy, temperance and truthfulness are seen to be essential to continued success. The teachings are clearly and attractively given.

HOW TO SING; or, The Voice and How to Use it. By W. H. Daniells. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

This is a small book, which deserves notice for its good tone and wise teachings. Its aim is to give the true principles of all art—earnestness and simplicity; it advocates no particular school of instruction, such as the Italian or German, but considers the only true method of training the voice, either alone or with a teacher, to be: 1st, to gain a thorough understanding of the position of the vocal chords and different registers of the voice; 2d, to sacrifice all straining after effect to the gaining of purity of tone and clear articulation. Mr. Daniells' explanations are very clear, and we can recommend his book as useful to young students in the vocal art.

WINWOOD CLIFF; or Oscar the Sailor's Son. By Daniel Wise, D.D., Author of the Glen Morris Stories. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1876.

Dr. Wise has been a prolific writer of stories, all of them, we

believe, very well intended, but not very realistic. The boys may be interested in reading them without very clearly recognizing their own pictures. Calculated to do little good, they probably will do as little harm.

ELEMENTARY GERMAN COURSE. By Adam E. Schulte, Teacher of German in the Public Schools of the City of New York and Instructor of French in the Evening High School. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

A vocabulary of fifty-two pages, though one of the last things in this book, strikes one as of the first importance. The book is evidently intended to be used with the aid of a teacher, as there are no explanations of the lessons except such as are afforded by a Table of Contents.

The absence of Preface or Introduction of any kind is a peculiarity of the book. Stereotyped apologies may well be spared, but an idea of what the author considers desirable to a proper reading of his book is generally valuable.

The occasional full-faced type for terminations in paradigms and to mark a class of words, is an advantage to both eye and brain. This is well seen in the exercise on page forty-five, in which the derivatives of national names are arranged in columns opposite their primitives.

It is pleasant to see Roman print used in place of German text in school books of this class. Its general introduction would render the acquisition of a profoundly philosophic literature a far less difficult task. So many of the European nations have adopted the alphabet of Rome that Germany can hardly be expected to hold out much longer.

WE BOYS. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a jolly, rollicking description of boy-life at school, at home and at play. Whl Bradley and Bob Brown are not small Sunday school saints, but "regular boys," who are up to any sort of mischief. At school they are given to snapping peas and beans at improper times—if it is ever proper to snap peas—and at home they are not always "mother's comforts." But after all there is no great harm in the young scamps, and we enter very readily into all their sports and trials and invariably laugh with them and at them. Indeed, the funny side of things is constantly presented and the funny side is not artificial or silly, but genuine boyish fun and frolic. The "boys" and those who have not forgotten their youthful feelings will do well to read this veracious chronicle of Bob Brown and Will Bradley and their comrades.

BRIEF NOTICES.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co. have published a beautiful pamphlet, an account of the presentation of the Bryant vase to Mr. Bryant in June last. For frontispiece there is an engraving of the vase which doesn't give a very adequate idea of its beauty.

THE latest venture in the newspaper field is *The Evolution*, a weekly review of politics, religion, science, literature and art. *The Evolution* is a handsomely printed sixteen-page paper, resembling more than any other American journal we know of, both in its purpose and its external appearance, *THE INQUIRER*. Mr. James D. Bell, a journalist of ability and considerable experience, is the editor, and Mr. Asa K. Butts, formerly of the *Index*, the publisher. *The Evolution* begins well, and has our best wishes for its success. The subscription price is \$5 per annum.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE RELATION OF LAYMEN TO SCIENCE.

A SHORT time since a prominent theologian, speaking of the remarks of the *Nation* on clergymen as scientific men, observed in a tone half humorous, half satirical, "according to that authority I have no right to say it snows."

It was snowing at the time, and as I walked out in the storm the query arose in my mind how far is the *Nation* not right in the controversy which it has recently invoked? Admitting that the professor had a right to say, "it snows," how much further could he rightfully go in expressing opinions in regard to the nature and origin of snow and the science of meteorology in general? Would he have a right, as a

layman in science, however accomplished he might be in theology or metaphysics, to write a book like Prof. Tyndall's on "Forms of Water," in which he should take issue with all the experts in meteorology and physics?

The subject is not so simple as those who have been recently discussing it on one side or the other seem to suppose; it is but recently, indeed, that it has been seriously debated, and the facts and arguments that are brought by the disputants have opened, as it would appear, a new vein of thought.

The suggestions I have to present on this subject are these:—First. In their relation to any specialties in science all men are laymen who are not authorities in that specialty, clergymen no more and no less than others. In the days of Plato and Aristotle this was not true, and even at that time, and even many centuries subsequently, there was no specialty in the sense in which that term is now employed. The human race was divided into two great classes—scholars and the masses—and the scholars were supposed to know everything. But at the present time, with the enormous and varied differentiation of knowledge and the admitted impossibility of mastering more than one or two of the special departments of human learning, no man can or should profess to be authority on everything; and however accomplished one may be in any specialty, as theology, or physics, or physiology, that accomplishment does not justify him in regarding himself as an authority in other specialties to which he has given no attention, as astronomy, or geology, or medicine. In respect to these sciences he is a layman.

Secondly, a layman may rightly have a private opinion on any special topic in science, and he may privately express it even when he has no right to publish that opinion or to try to publicly enforce it.

This distinction is of the highest importance, and is fundamental in this discussion; but it does not seem to be generally understood.

Thus, years ago, when the "mind reading" excitement was at its height in this country, an editorial appeared in one of our best-known religious weeklies endorsing the claims of Brown, the leading actor in those performances, and conceding in full that that young man had, as he alleged and advertised, omniscient power, to this degree at least, that he could read the secret thoughts. On reading this article I wrote to the editor, stating that the physiological explanation of "mind reading" had already been discovered and published, and was not disputed by physiologists; that what he supposed to be mind reading was really muscle reading, and was fully in harmony with the known laws of involuntary and unconscious muscular motion. The editor, a clergyman of unusual acuteness and logical power on subjects with which he is familiar, replied that he, with his assistant, a man whom it was hard to deceive, had investigated the phenomena and had decided that my explanation was only in part correct; and he further declared that he had the same right to his opinion that I had to mine. To this I replied, that while in private he had a right to entertain and express an opinion adverse to the conclusions of experts in regard to this subject, he had no right, scientific or moral, to express that opinion publicly; and I further stated that if he was not content with the authorities who had up to that time investigated the matter, there were others to whom I could and did respectfully refer him. Whether the editor was convinced of this reasoning, or not, I do not know; but from that time to the present I have observed in his paper no pleas for the delusion that he had once so warmly advocated.

This experience illustrates, as it seems to me, the whole

principle. The editor was not to be blamed for not knowing how to experiment in that difficult department of physiology; he was not to be blamed for his incapacity to comprehend the explanation given by physiologists; he was not to be blamed for privately questioning the conclusions of those who supposed they had solved the problem; his fault consisted solely in this, that he, a non-expert in that matter, publicly combated the views of those who, however inferior to him in other respects, were experts on that special subject.

Thirdly. Laymen have a right to instruct other laymen in science, but in doing so need to exercise the highest caution, both in obtaining facts and drawing inferences from them. The errors which most easily beset one who attempts to write or lecture on scientific specialties are these:

1. Regarding provisional or partial conclusions as permanent and complete. Into this mistake the highest authorities frequently fall; how much more those men who do not profess to be authorities at all. In astronomy, in physics, and in chemistry, which have reached the organized stage of science, there is much that is indisputably established, and has stood the tests of time and of many authorities; yet even in these sciences there is much also that is doubtful, varying and provisional. Those facts in these and other sciences that are, or are supposed to be, established, and have been generally accepted for a quarter of a century or more, are usually taught in our schools and in books for the young; on themes of this kind there is little occasion for discussion, and very little is said about them in conversation, newspapers, in the pulpit, or on the platform. Under this head come the Copernican theory, the theory of gravitation, and a number of well-known laws of chemistry and physics. The discussions of science into which laymen enter relate almost always to doubtful or disputed, or at least difficult points, and usually to sciences such as the physiology of the brain, biology, and so forth, that have not yet fully attained the organized stage, but are in what I call the territorial stage, not yet entirely occupied and appropriated by experts, and on which any intelligent layman feels qualified to stake out a claim. In these sciences, and particularly in the physiology of the brain, there is far more of the provisional and partial than of the permanent and complete. These subjects are, however, so fascinating in themselves, and so closely connected with religion and morals and all that is most dear to the world, that they present a very tempting field for laymen.

2. Selecting and emphasizing those facts and opinions that favor preconceived belief and ignoring others. Experts themselves are chargeable not unfrequently with this tendency; it is hard for the human mind to entirely escape it; but laymen are sometimes, if not usually, led to the investigation of science for the express purpose of establishing some belief; their object is not the finding of truth, but of facts to prove what they hope to be true. Only those in whom both the emotional and the reasoning nature are powerfully disciplined can resist the temptation to shut the eyes when unwelcome facts appear. To the seeker after truth, to one who aims to make himself an authority in any realm of human knowledge, no fact need be unwelcome; but laymen, when they enter the scientific field, particularly in cerebral physiology and biology, usually deceive themselves if they suppose that it is the truth without regard to consequences that they are after.

Laymen can and should do good work in the popularization of science. Editors, for example, have the opportunity, which it is their right and their duty to improve, to present before the people the most recent discussions of the leading investigators in the various branches of science; such discus-

sions furnish materials for most entertaining and instructive comment; but in attempting to decide dogmatically difficult scientific questions they may go too far, and sometimes they do serious harm by fostering the unscientific spirit in society.

A noteworthy fact in the history of science during the past few years is that the most successful popularizers have been original investigators themselves. Thus Darwin, Helmholtz, Tyndall and Huxley, all of whom are original workers in their respective departments, have done more for the diffusion of their own discoveries than any number of laymen. When they speak they speak authoritatively, even when they proclaim but partial truths. The labors of these men do not enable us to dispense with the efforts of laymen in the same direction, but they serve as guides to laymen who desire to act as mediums through which scientific researches and reasonings may be brought to the attention of the people. They may make mistakes, both in observation and in deductions from observations, but they are, on the average, more trustworthy authorities than those who must take all their facts second-hand.

GEORGE M. BEARD.

ART NOTES.

WHEN a figure is beautiful it is by virtue of the idea contained in it.—OERSTED.

AFTER all, is it necessary that a picture should first be didactic, sentimental, humorous, or in some way human; and after that beautiful in color? Is not art advanced if Alvarez, "mixing color with brains," discovers new tones, contrasts and harmonies?

AT Knoedler's there is a brilliant picture—an interior with figures—by A. Simonetti. It belongs to the school of color pronounced and emphasized. In these pictures the chief end of man and woman is to be crimson, orange or blue. Still let us be thankful for beautiful color, when we can get nothing else.

CALAME's Temple of Pæstum, in the Seabury collection, should be seen and studied by all who condemn finish in detail on the plea that it can be had only with loss of breadth.

In this beautiful picture there is certainly no lack of this quality, yet sedge and weed are carefully drawn all across the foreground, and the sky is full, not of suggestion, but of cloud-forms, painted one by one and finished.

THE Pre-Raphaelites published a weekly magazine called *The Germ*. This was the motto on the cover:

When whoso merely hath a little thought
Will merely think the thought which is in him—
Not imaging another's, bright or dim,
Not mingling with new words what others taught;
When whoso speaks, from having either sought
Or only found, will speak—not just to skim
A shallow surface with words made and trim,
But in the very speech the matter brought;
Be not too keen to cry, "So this is all!
A thing I might myself have thought as well,
But would not say it, for it was not worth!"
Ask, "Is this truth?" For is it still to tell
That, be the theme a point, or the whole earth,
Truth is a circle, perfect, great or small!

Rather corduroyish, that poetry, and somewhat confusing. The three cardinal points of Pre-Raphaelitism were: the rejection of beauty or non-selection; imitative finish of the details from nature; equal completion of all parts of the picture.

HEARTH AND HOME.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]

A CHRISTMAS PICTURE.

THE snow lay white on Christmas eve,
New spread around the cottage door;
But cheerily the fire-light fell
Within, upon the sanded floor.

Bright sprigs of holly decked the walls
And graced the clock upon the shelf,
That ticking softly seemed to tell
Of quiet comfort in itself.

The old man dozed beside the fire,
The children slept with breathings low;
While Mary watched for him whose step
Would now be muffled in the snow.

But, as her infant boy woke up
And nestled fondly on her knee,
The father came and saw within
The fairest picture he could see.

While entering gladly with him there
The Pastor stood and kindly smiled,
Said he: "'T is well, on Christmas eve,
To greet the Mother with her child."

"I watched a star that shone so bright
It seemed to point the way to go."
Then, as he pressed the Grandfather's hand,
He said: "And here's the wise man too."

"I passed the hall on yonder hill
Where, all in luxury and ease,
The Squire and lady dwell; but still,
No picture there my eye could please.

"I saw no happy infant boy,
As here, upon his mother's knee;
No fair Madonna on the wall
Could bring the Christ child near to me.

"Dear friends, if with the holy Babe
Came peace and gladness to the earth,
Should not the angels still seem near
At every lowly infant's birth?"

Thus, as he spoke, the good man turned,
And tenderly he read to them
The blessed story, always new,
Of Christmas eve at Bethlehem.

RIPPLE.

THE GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

[Translated for The Inquirer.]

I WILL relate to you how it was that a death early made me acquainted with life. But I well know that I cannot give you the whole: I cannot describe the tone which was most thrilling, the expression of the eyes and the mouth, so heart-moving. What we have to tell of those who have been dear to us is only a shadow, for they themselves are wanting to complete the picture. What we inherit and what we transmit is only a scanty sediment of a rich and manifold life. Thou art not dead, noble grandfather, whose countenance was the dwelling-place of wisdom. How thou now livest as a spirit, what is now the garment with which thy being is clothed, I cannot comprehend; thou standest before me as thou didst live among us, as thou didst go out and come in with thy loving influence.

In silent, starry nights, like this one which now rests over the earth, you often sat with us on that bench in front of the house, and I nestled in your lap while you told us of the joys and sorrows of the world.

How would I rejoice could I now make all men your listeners, and plant your words deep in their hearts! But

can a tree tell about that ray of sunlight which welcomed its first unfolding life? And yet many of your words echo in my soul like a sound that is going forth from a living and present existence.

When you said once, "All good comes from God," I replied, thinking of "goodies," "but, grandfather, doesn't the confectioner make them?" Then you took me up on your knees and explained to me how God distributes His goodness through the hands of men, so that they may love and help one another; and if they loved each other, they loved also God, who inclined their hearts one towards the other.

Would that I could clearly unfold what a stir it made in my soul when I first heard of the stir that was making in the great world around. Napoleon had been defeated, the allies were pursuing him, and our quiet village suddenly was called upon to play a small part in this world-wide history.

When the soldiers quartered upon us first came to the house, we children crept away to the stable, but we were sent for and put to bed in clear daylight. I shall never forget how I lay in the afternoon in the little back bed-room, and heard people swearing at a distance in an unknown tongue. It seemed to me as if they were not human beings. They had, indeed, voices like men, but they did not speak like them nor understand what was spoken to them.

As we had Russian soldiers quartered in our house, and one whom we called "Flederwisch" (goose-wing), from his great beard, was always wanting to kiss me, and I held him in abhorrence, my grandfather said to me: "The Russians are human beings as we are, and you must love them too; but that's no reason why Flederwisch should kiss you." Flederwisch was very urgent for my beautiful cousin Magdalena to go with him to a dance. He stormed and raged like a madman because she had been hidden away somewhere out of the house. We children, in mortal fear, covered ourselves up in the bed-clothes. My grandfather rose and went with my father into the sitting-room. As they told me afterwards, Flederwisch remained awhile perfectly still, and held the point of his drawn sabre downwards, when he saw my grandfather, with his venerable countenance and his raised hand enter the room. But this emotion of reverence lasted only a moment in the soldier, who raised his arm, struck out wildly with his sabre, and hit my grandfather in the forehead. He at once fell, and my father, seizing Flederwisch, threw him on the floor, and cried out for help. They hastened to his assistance, and the soldier was bound fast. My grandfather was now placed in the arm-chair. His wound was not dangerous, as the sabre had only grazed his forehead. We children, who had jumped out of bed, stood round him weeping until he was able to speak. Flederwisch received the next day fifty lashes, the pain of which he soon got over, but my grandfather bore a scar over the right temple for the rest of his days.

In the still Summer afternoons, when every one was in the field, I often sat with my grandfather on the stone bench under the linden in front of the town-hall. I had charge of my little sister, who long ago went to live with him in the home above. The old Martin would frequently come and sit down with us; I see him now, as he sat there bent forward with both hands squeezed between his knees, neither he nor my grandfather talking much. But sometimes Martin would inveigh against everybody in the village, and make them out to be, every one of them, no better than they should be. He used to say at the same time: "I speak everything out straight and plain." On one such occasion my grandfather said to him: "Say it out straight and plain in regard to yourself, and see how that sounds!" Whenever Martin

came, after having been away to some distant place, my grandfather would generally say to me: "Go home now, put Marie into my lap, and lead out the goat."

My grandfather liked goat's milk, and so we kept a goat in addition to our eight cows, and to look after it was my duty. And when I was holding the goat by a rope as it browsed on the tender foliage along the hedges and hill-sides, I would often think: "Ah, that makes good milk, and it will taste nicely to grandfather," and then I felt perfectly content. Sometimes when I was pasturing the goat on the hill-side, grandfather would join me and tell me all sorts of stories. It is strange that one of his comparisons now remains fresh in my memory. He said to me once, and I myself had taken notice of the fact, that the goat wastes more than it eats of the tender shoots and foliage which are given to it as fodder in the stable; while on the other hand, when it is getting its own food from the bushes, it eats up stick and stem, all that it has bitten of, although sometimes it has to reach and stretch far up in order to do it. And this was like many people who were more economical, and enjoyed their food much more, when they had to get it themselves, than when they found it already furnished without any effort of their own. My grandfather was in sight for some time as he walked through the meadow; he stepped slowly but erect, and would occasionally stop and loosen with his foot a stone that lay in the path. The good old man! He liked to remove obstacles from the way of other people, that they might go forward without hindrance.

Whenever I saw him at a distance, my feelings rose in joyful emotion, and I began to carol and to shout, so that my goat would often stare up at me in amazement and then take to browsing again. Often I had to wait too long before my grandfather could creep to where I was, and I would fasten the goat to a tree or strong bush, run towards the old man and lead him by the hand. Sometimes he would let go my hand, and I had to carry into the road the stone which he had taken from the meadow path. And how happy we then were as we sat there together!

My Uncle Adam has told me that there was a time in his younger days when he was given to night revelling, and often did not go home until very late. It might be long after midnight, but there was grandfather sitting up reading or smoking his pipe. Then Adam must sit down with him and talk of all sorts of good subjects, during which his father would look at him quietly and penetratingly. He never said a word about his late hours and dissipation, never appealed to him on the score of his own rest being broken; and Adam has told me that the thought of having to converse with his father, and meet freely and openly his gaze had kept him from committing many a sin, into which the wantonness of youth and the merry company he was in were likely to mislead him. And he also returned home earlier than he would otherwise have, for he did not want to keep his father up waiting for him.

(To be continued next week.)

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION BY THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.

THE annual celebration of this day by the New England Society of New York is always an interesting and usually a brilliant event. It did not fail this year to be specially characteristic and successful. There was a good deal of expectation, a full company, a considerable collection of notable speakers, and a hearty sympathy with their natural and patriotic references to the circumstances of anxiety in

which the country is placed. Reverence for law, as the root of the English and the American political mind, was duly emphasized and earnestly applied to the existing embarrassments of the nation.

George William Curtis was the leading orator, and had the special toast of the day for his theme. He is so practised a public speaker, and so noted for his elegance, grace and finish, as well as for his patriotism and acquaintance with public affairs, that a good deal was expected from his speech. And certainly he did not disappoint his audience, who were enthusiastic in their applause. We venture to think, however, that they were somewhat too easily pleased, and that it was not a striking example of a true after-dinner speech. It showed somewhat too plainly the marks of the file, was too evidently prepared under a weight of responsibility on account of the importance of the counsel which he felt called upon to give, and lacked spontaneity, nature and heat. We humbly think the model on which it was built is not a good one. We are confident that Mr. Curtis would do better on such occasions if he did not try so hard and tried another way. We only ask what we know he is competent to give us.

Edward Everett Hale followed in a much more spontaneous fashion, and with vigorous and almost homely strength, in a speech which both amused and instructed his audience. He dwelt perhaps a little too long on his respectable hobby, "The Old South," and had a somewhat too manifest eye to business, in seeking to enlist the New York sons of New England in his worthy enterprise. He overshot the mark by drawing too long a bow, and only saved himself by an audacious piece of inventive extravaganza about his 128 great-great grandparents. It is very hard to keep the exact limits of burlesque, especially for professional wags.

It was unlucky for all other wits that Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) should have exhibited his humor in its highest perfection in his twenty-minute speech on the "New England Weather." It was a side-splitting piece of fun, given in a true Connecticut drawl—which seems perfectly natural to Mr. Clemens—and with an unsmiling face, that kept its gravity in the midst of the explosive laughter that made the audience one great guffaw. As a piece of high art on a low plane, it would be difficult to find anything better. Every sentence ended with a surprise and a snap, which was produced by such artful simplicity that the sting of a voiceless mosquito is hardly a greater effect from the smallest and most unexpected of causes. And when towards the close of his skilful nonsense and cool-toned extravaganza he introduced a serious passage descriptive of the beauty of the New England ice-storm—a passage exquisitely wrought and deliciously contrasted with all before and after—we felt "this is indeed fine art, which only a touch of genius could originate."

Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Tabernacle, preceded Twain in a speech mainly serious, but with fine gleams of Scotch humor in it, and so sincere, earnest and heart-brewed that we are sure it touched the company as nothing else did all the evening, not with the disposition to noisy applause, but with genuine emotion. It was a real speech from heart to heart, and gave expression to the more serious sensibilities of all true pilgrims. We thoroughly enjoyed the speech, and loved the man for it, he was so truly present in it, and there was so much of him to be there.

Commodore Nicholson said a few sensible words for the navy in a sailor-like way, proudly and professionally, and with brevity and enough grace. Rev. John Cotton Smith followed with a fair speech, not wanting in matter or man-

ner, with a broad church doctrine for its base and a hearty and generous plea for the valuable influence of the New England clergy. It was a well-rounded effort—too long, and without any very striking effects—but apposite and cordial, and without a mite of "church" pretension. His anecdote of the moderator and the candidate was effective.

We must not forget a capital retort Mayor Wickham made upon the New England complainants against the administration of our city government. He came prepared to show that all the chief departments of the municipal government were presided over by men of New England origin, and that they themselves—the New Englanders—were chiefly to blame if things went badly. We think he forgot to say how many of their underlings are of foreign extraction. We had paid our annual taxes into the hands of two Germans that very morning, and Hibernian countenances were thick all around. But the Mayor's hit was telling, and unanswerable without a preparation equal to his own. He probably counted on getting off with his guns before the shot could be brought from the armory of the civil list of officials that would certainly have broken them up.

Dr. Loring followed, but we could not wait to hear him. The occasion was a success, if any dinner of our New England Society can be called such where Mr. Joseph H. Choate does not speak. He was present and provokingly silent, but he looked eloquent and witty, for he carries about the redolence of his numerous triumphs in that field and others.

We have dwelt longer than either custom or the importance of the occasion may seem to warrant upon the merits and defects of the speeches made at this New England dinner; but public dinners are getting to be common in America, and dinner-table oratory is an important element for good or evil in the public taste. It is time to hold it to some standard of critical judgment, and we think men of substantial claims will not think themselves wronged by frank and fearless treatment of their efforts on such an occasion.

PILGRIM.

WINTER.

Nor in vain is the cold of Winter. Humanity, in this latitude, has a wonderful tendency to rise above the depressed and downcast mercury. In this province, as in others, what presses down in one place is upward pressure in another. Valuable is the outcome of Winter. This aspect of the case is highly worthy of notice. There is, in this season, an eye out that is wide awake for business. In the country smoothly slip through swamp and wood, across pond and stream, what of burden is waiting to go to mill, to market, to replenish the wood-pile or, in general, to move from one point to another, escaping the hard rub of grit and sand. The sun for making hay, and the snow for a great many other purposes. Easily now glide the sleigh runners to more distant neighbors, and the threads of friendship, unravelled and dropped, what time the sun runs high and the brow sweats with farm-work, are knit again and made as good as new.

What an influence, intellectual, moral, social, does this wand, the earth's inclined axis, exert! If the stern and chilling months could be sent away at our bidding, as a fierce dog from the door-yard, and it were July and equatorial heat all the time, what lassitude would creep into the Anglo-Saxon and his institutions. He, who knows all things, knows it were good there should be a time when, in our towns and cities, fields and enclosures, white and shaggy Winter may lie down—the frozen and only soil out of which much that is tender and humane, stern and manly, will grow. The period of short days and long nights steps in ahead and closes

with the traveller against too much travelling, too unbending ease, too abandoned dissipation on the lawn, in wood and field, at Newport and the White Mountains. Humanity wants and will have a very full civilization, like ours—the note and harmony of New England character, of Scotch and English character, French, Swedish and German turn of mind. So these countries are the region, yearly, of fields browned and bleached, of ice-clad lakes and rivers; thus is drawn East and West this belt of smartest men, greatest intelligence and best society.

As the man comes about once a year to tune the pianos and organs, straightening up the weak and flattened notes, restoring the music to its true tension and ring, so Winter makes his yearly round to give the right strain and quality to the minds of the people, impart force to the spirits, give due vigor and harmony to the whole life that had flattened away, half a note or more, through the exhausting labors of the past hot season. Thus the powers are set to a full resonant key—a higher pitch given to the moral and social nature.

When the year is inverted, as Thompson's Seasons term it, then it is that vitality and strength, out of rich and abounding nature, run to men and women, rosy cheeks and robust character, and not to fruits and flowers, bulbs and foliage. A climate continually warm and soft, in one direction or another, unnerves the faculties—gives us Cuba and Congo instead of Massachusetts and New York. Where tight houses, the warmth of thick clothing and well-piled fires are not needed for comfort, there the soil opens up, not so much into learning, moral elevation and resolute manhood, as into the teeming life of hippopotamus, crocodile and luxuriant flora.

Winter is the time for reading up what has been accumulating. It is the time that sees—most useful occupation—the studious with book in hand, instead of asleep beneath a spreading palm as in Guatemala or Borneo. This is the space, as the earth goes sidling round the orb of day, when boys and girls, by books and snow-storms are schooled to self-assertion, knowledge and good, fibrous fortitude. Many a lad has taken valiantly to the cold weather preparation and found it excellent for stamina in the make-up of the farmer, editor, merchant and stirring citizen. In other words, within our parallels the season of frost and climatic gloom but names the tropic months, wherein come forth the buds and flowers of mental activity, social sprightliness and religious fervor.

It is an easy thing to one whose mind soars above bull-fights, beer-gardens, Sunday saloons and the like, to set out through the crisp air and help make the religious meeting when there is abroad singing birds, springing grass, warm zephyrs and summer dresses. Then a walk to church unmuffled, with unmuffled companions, is a pleasure. But quite a different thing is it, and an evidence of ardor, determination and moving capabilities, to sally out churchward when the cold slant of the sun's rays so easily typifies many a man's slant feelings towards home fires during holy time. When low degrees in the air do not benumb they carry a spur to the soul's motions. And here is no small measure of moral seed-corn—to use another figure—the planting of persistency, godliness, sacred liberty, enlightened rule and industries.

When December skies and those that follow cap the landscape, with special fitness and benevolence are marshalled out the tender feelings—tender towards the exposed, the destitute, the unfortunate—sufferers by fire, panic and general poverty. More beautiful, then, than silks and ribbons, equipage and all that wealth can buy, is the little boy in the street

taking the poor little girl under his cloak, too thin and small even for one.

If Winter and rock-ribbed hills set to growing in human nature the spiritual above the animal, the noble, energetic and godly, then let there be ice and the protruding ribs.

W. M. BICKNELL.

"GEORGE ELIOT'S READERS."

To The Editor of the Inquirer :

To the seven classes of egotists defined in your *Atlantic* excerpt, will you add another class of a different sort?

Simple-minded people, who see that she combines in her novels about all which different modern novelists try to get into their works in their several methods, and which she finally produces in her own way. I do not mean that she combines all technical qualities, plot, diction, realism of life etc., but that she sets forth the substance in her own fashion. Defective she certainly is, and the whole ideal novel does not appear in her finished result, but is this nineteenth century rounded and complete? Does the novel ever rise above its time? It is interesting to compare the *Atlantic* criticism with much of the twaddle written about Shakspeare.

CASAUBON.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"77."

DING, dong! Ding, dong!
Seventy-six will soon be gone;
Seventy-seven's coming on,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Tell us, year, before you go,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Why at last you hurry so,
Though at first so very slow?
Ding, dong!
Can't you wait a little longer,
Till the baby-year gets stronger?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Why can't years come back again,
Just the same as they have been?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Big folks say 't would never do,
None would live the past anew;
But I'd like it,—wouldn't you?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Just the same? No, I must be
Better with each year, you see,
Old year! Don't you pity me?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong,
Ding!

—St. Nicholas for January.

THE WHITE LADY.

It was the day before Christmas, and it had been snowing, snowing, hard all the morning; so that when Harry, Dora and Nellie came home from school, they found the ground all covered with beautiful, soft snow.

It had hardly snowed once all Winter, and the children had planned all manner of nice things which they would do as soon as the first snow came.

It seemed so beautiful it should have come to-day—to-day, of all days in the year, when it would have been hardest to have settled down to any quiet, in-door play. The hours seemed so long which lay between this afternoon and to-morrow morning.

Besides, if they stayed in the house, they were almost sure that they should guess some of the secrets which mamma and

Santa Claus were stowing away in all the drawers and closets. Then, too, they would most surely have been obliged to peep through the key-hole of the library door, so very anxious were they to see what could be in there, which had made mamma lock it up so tightly all the week.

But now, thanks to this dear, kind snow, Harry would be able to do something which they had all talked and thought about doing for a great many weeks.

Harry felt sure he could make a figure out of snow which would look just like a little white girl when he had dressed it up in some of Dora's clothes. So the children set to work, Harry rolling and pounding the snow which Nellie and Dora brought to him in their little wagons. They worked away very busily for a long while, but it was not such an easy thing to do as Harry had thought it would be, and perhaps the "White Lady," as Nellie christened her, would never have been finished if Uncle Charley, who spent all his time in making men and women out of white marble, had not looked out of the window, and seeing Harry's trouble, came down into the garden to help them. He only seemed to give a little pat here and a push there, when, behold, there she stood, looking just like a real little girl, with Nellie's summer hat on her head and Dora's new lunch-basket hanging by its blue ribbons on her round, white arm.

"Now what shall we put into our White Lady's basket?" said Harry when all was finished. "Oh! I'll tell you," answered Uncle Charley after an instant's pause; "you see your White Lady is a kind of Christmas Fairy, who can do all manner of wonderful things. Now each of you shall tell me what you most wish for in all the world. I'll write the wishes down on these slips of paper, then we will fold them all up, drop them into the White Lady's basket, and to-morrow morning we shall see which wish she thinks the best, for that will be the one she will grant."

"Oh! how splendid! how nice!" cried the three children, jumping about like so many grasshoppers. "Me first, please Uncle," and Harry pushed to Uncle's side and whispered in his ear, "I wish that I had a great, big drum, with a flag painted on the side and two real long drumsticks." "There, that will do, Harry," and Uncle Charley wrote the wish down and gave the paper to Harry, who folded it carefully and dropped it into the basket hanging on the white Lady's arm.

Nelly came up on tip-toe, and throwing both her arms about her Uncle's neck, said very low indeed, "I wish I had a lovely, long, red sash just like the one Flora wore to my party; oh, do you think the White Lady will give it to me?" "Wait and see, dear," said Uncle Charley, handing Nellie the paper on which he had written her wish.

"Come, little one, it is your turn now. What does my little girl wish for most?" said Uncle Charley, as he drew Dora to his side and bent his ear close down to her lips. Dora hesitated a moment, and then whispered very softly, "Uncle Charley, do you know, Alice Lane thinks Santa Claus don't know about her, because she's so poor. Do you think the White Lady would bring me a beautiful dolly for her?" "We will see, dear, but put your wish into the basket quickly, for it is growing dark and cold, and it is nearly tea-time." So the children hurried in to take their tea, hang up their stockings and go to bed, leaving the White Lady standing quietly outside with the three wishes tucked away in the basket on her arm.

Harry, Nellie and Dora slept so soundly that they did not hear Santa Claus come down the chimney, nor see the blue and red stockings grow fat and round. With the first ray of Christmas sunshine they awoke and sprang quickly out of

bed, with little cries of delight as they spied their treasures.

The first thing which little Dora saw, lying close beside her stocking, was a beautiful wax dolly, with golden curls and blue eyes, while a piece of paper was pinned on her lovely pink silk dress, on which was written these words, in large letters, "For Alice Lane, with the White Lady's love." So poor little Alice had indeed a "merry Christmas," and it made Dora very happy to see her friend so glad, while Nellie and Harry both thought the White Lady very kind. As soon as they were dressed, the children all ran out into the garden to see the White Lady and thank her for the doll, but no White Lady was to be seen, only a little heap of snow with a hat and basket half buried beneath it.

E. A. O.

SELECTIONS.

SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

From Dr. Martineau's "Hours of Thought."

WHAT means does Christianity afford of blessing the secular and spiritual extremes of character, and by union of these opposites, completing the healthful circuit of our moral power? Hitherto it seems to have kept them wider apart than ever; and while the minds at either end appear to have some force of reason, it is in the one case reason degraded into too gross a sense; in the other, raised to too ethereal a sanctity. There is no juster complaint against human exaggeration than this. And, strange as it may seem, the errors of the two parties, however contrasted in result, is one and the same. They both feel, what the language of Jesus emphatically states, that there is some sort of opposition between the living for worldly and living for spiritual good. But they altogether mistake the nature of this opposition. They fancy it to consist in this: that the two orders of pursuit have quite different *spheres of work*; that what the secular man does the religious man must avoid; that the quest of temporal advantages is one kind of business, taking our industry with an appropriate set of occupations; the quest of heavenly sanctity another kind of business, prescribing occupations almost perfectly distinct. Accordingly, there are employments which this pernicious moral superstition has branded with an equivocal mark of irreligion; and other employments which are supposed to constitute the substance of the true Christian obedience. The provision and government of house and home, the daily meal, the social hour of recreation or of mirth, the transaction of private business or the control of public affairs, the enlargement of knowledge, the practice of art, the pursuit of truth—in short, all the characteristic engagements of the citizen, the merchant, the politician, the student, are conceived to lie upon the secular side of human life, and to constitute our temptations to evil rather than our opportunities for good. On the other hand, works of charity to the needy and visits of conversion to the guilty, the exercises of private devotion and of public prayer, the contemplation of saintly examples and the accumulation of Scriptural impressions and unearthly thoughts, direct and broad conversation about things invisible and comparisons of inward experience, are supposed to constitute the religious staple of life, from which every distraction is a humiliating concession to the low and shameful necessities of a fallen nature. Hence the popular conception of heaven wholly excludes all idea of *activity and thought* and admits nothing but a perpetuity of positive worship. Hence, too, when a man of this narrow religion becomes entangled in affairs of the world he carries into them no clear, calm feeling of sacred obligation to guide him in the path of noble

uprightness, but rather a conscience half flurried to find himself there at all, amid things too profane to come within his province of duties; his faith can make nothing of such sinful materials, except resolve to escape from them as fast as it can; and need I say that one who, with this feeling, gets, with no small stake at issue, into an unmanageable devil's world, is very apt to let Satan have his own way, in despair of battling with him on his own ground? And hence, finally, he who with such a belief is determined never to capitulate, has no resource but the hermit's; to quit the scene of human energy and abandon the cares for subsistence and going about some diviner work, expect the ravens to come and feed him, while he sits still. This he calls a trust in Providence, though it is manifestly a contempt of the established course of Providence, and a trust only in that which would directly violate it. He calls it a quest of the kingdom of God, though it is a flight from the realm of allotted duty and a renounced allegiance of natural obligations. He calls it an emancipation from all thought of the morrow, yet it is plainly the surest way of filling the mind with real anxiety about "the meat that perisheth," and of engaging the whole religious affections, as in a gamester's play, in the precarious question of its failure or supply.

... In what, then, consists the opposition between the pursuit of natural and the pursuit of spiritual good? The desire of physical supplies and the aspiration after the kingdom of God? It lies in this: He who seeks after "what he shall eat and what he shall drink" is one whose chief conscious aim is to get such things; he who seeks first the kingdom of God, is one whose chief conscious aim is not to get them unworthily.

The one throws his whole reflective and directing powers into the work of instinct, madly enhancing yet intellectually guiding its intensity, infuriating the chase, yet giving it precision, and turning the innocent tendency of the creature into the clever passion of the demon. The other applies his thoughtfulness to the control of his instincts, and the establishment among them of the true divine subordination of the lower to the higher. He never quits the helm to feed the fire; to steer the good ship, and not to double the tension of the steam, is the allotted office of his skill. He knows where his real danger lies, not in having appetites so weak as to need provocatives, but in not duly feeling the humble place they occupy; in sinking down, down among them out of sight of the higher principles of action, in absolutely forgetting, in the delirium of pursuit, the noble possibilities stretched along his upper range of powers, and deceived by mere mental light, lapsing into moral darkness the most profound; with eye, like Lucifer's, for ages fallen from heaven, so accustomed to lurid fires and crimsoned streams that the white and virgin beams of the morning star and all the cool silence of the skies are unimaginable quite. In thus confining himself to the regulation of his natural aims and the studious guardianship of the divine rights, so apt to be forgotten, of their highest ranks, he exercises a genuine trust in Providence, the very trust which Jesus enjoins. . . . The Christian trusts his natural appetites to find him all needful physical goods, believing them neither an over provision nor an under provision; he lets their amount alone, and directs all his conscious aims to a higher point, the maintenance of the nobler affections in their loftier place. . . . The more unconscious (*i. e.*, without thought) our pursuit of physical good, the better for the ends of life; the more distinct and conscious our pursuit of moral and spiritual good, the nearer are we to the kingdom of God. The whole energy of our will may be bent on the maintenance of a divine

order, proportion and harmony, among the principles of action. This may be our sole earnest concern; the engagement of heart, in favor of which we may resign all thoughts for the morrow of time, or even, I would add, the morrow of eternity.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.

THIS oldest of the local Unitarian conferences of the country held its nineteenth session, Dec. 12 to 14, with the church at Kenosha. Ignoring limitations, however, as the liberal faith should, it gratefully welcomed several delegates from the neighboring Chicago Conference. The meeting showed the diverse elements that are uniting in the liberal work. Only ten ministers were present, yet among them were emigrants from England, Wales and Scotland, as well as from the Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches. But with all their past and even present diversity of opinion the meeting showed a rare harmony and community of spirit.

Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, opened the Conference Tuesday evening with a sermon on Jesus' place in the growth of religion. The next morning Rev. J. L. Jones, fresh from another missionary tour in Southern Illinois and Indiana, and aglow with his usual ardor for the faith, read a ringing paper on "Our Mission." Next in order Dr. Kerr, of Rockford, gave an eloquent address on "The Methods of Estimation in the Recognition of Truth." Dr. K. holding truth to be not so much a definite thing, as an upward tendency, recognizes it in all faiths; and hence his position, although sometimes a little indistinct, is one of rare tolerance and charity. Then came Brooke Herford, whose healthy looks alone are themselves a benediction, with an excellent sermon on "Inspiration." Finally E. P. Powell, whose direct speech and manner inspire one with a thorough contempt for all "crookedness," closed the day with a very scholarly lecture on the "Age of Jesus."

Thursday morning Mr. Gordon captivated his hearers, and what is better, turned them all into would-be reformers, and made them feel that religion ought to be nothing if not practical, by a paper on "Prison Discipline," explaining the "mark system" and its effects on convicts. In the afternoon Rev. R. L. Herbert, of Geneva, whose keen tongue and pen were once the pride and are now the terror of the orthodox Welsh, gave a very original and pleasing sermon on "Self"; and Rev. J. N. Pardee, late of Jackson, Mich., followed with a fine one on "Immortality." Rev. J. T. Sunderland fitly closed the Conference with a strong sermon portraying "The Better Religion Coming."

Mr. S. Y. Brande, of Kenosha, acted as President of the meeting. Rev. G. Fisher, of Monroe, so long the faithful Secretary of the Conference, was present, but had given himself no place on the programme. During the session he received a telegram announcing the death of Prof. Copeland, formerly of the Whitewater Normal School, since of Indianapolis, a young man of great promise in the fields of science and of liberal thought, and who had taken part in the last meeting of the Conference. The sad news called out from Rev. J. L. Jones a touching tribute to his memory and appropriate resolutions were passed.

The following officers of the Conference were chosen for the following year:

President, Z. G. Simmons, Kenosha; Vice-Presidents, Fenner Kimball, Janesville; A. A. Roberts, Baraboo; Secretary, J. Fischer, Monroe; Treasurer, G. E. Gordon, Milwaukee.

Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

"Resolved, That with grateful memories for the *Liberal Christian* and its faithful work, we welcome its successor, *THE INQUIRER*, with our approval and support; and that we recommend *THE INQUIRER* to our churches and to those wishing a liberal religious paper."

The Conference was an entire success. The variety and ability of the papers and of the discussions on them, and the earnestness and devotion shown throughout the meetings, aroused in the hearers new zeal for the cause; and the first band of delegates from Racine were completely taken by surprise in finding that there still remained for them so good a thing as these Conference meetings.

H. M. S.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE one uppermost question in Chicago is the dullness of trade. The moral sense of the nation, perhaps, needs reviving by a tight pinch of natural providence. There were some things of the heroic sort done after election that we are likely to be compelled to ignore. Doing considerable knavish, sharp practice on the supposition that the people will endorse it in order to keep Democrats out of power, is presuming more than is safe. The line that divides the parties is about as imaginary as a parallel of latitude. It is a growing conviction here that bulldozing must be cured by some other means than throwing votes out of the ballot-box. Meanwhile, the pressure financially is simply getting to be unendurable. The churches are not suffering directly so much as indirectly. This is the season for immense literary activity, but there is an unusual dullness. The Philosophical Society is steadily at work, with good attendance but diminished membership. A New Science Association has been formed. But the Sunday Lectures have failed to pay. Mrs. Leonowens drew good houses for the McCormick Hall Course and for the Third Unitarian, but not paying audiences. Julia Ward Howe was in the city yesterday, but was not heard from simply because "lectures will not pay expenses." Parsons, in the Sunday Course, delivered one of his brilliant and witty lectures to a meagre audience. Prof. Prichards is here again with his own famous "Matter King" and "Matter Queen."

Savage's first volume on "The Religion of Evolution" is drawing the attention of the most careful thinkers. There was a Religion of Astronomy, then a Religion of Geology. There is a Religion of Evolution. "Facts and the laws of facts" must lead to deductions that can be classed as pertaining to religion.

Some of us, following the Irishman's example, "just dropped up" to see the Wisconsin fellows, last week, at Kenosha. The Chicago parsons did the preaching for them; but the essays, all keen and to the point, were by Jones, Kerr, Gordon, and Herbert. Sunderland closed with a capital sermon on "The Better Religion Coming." Gordon has made a special study of Prison Reform and gave an excellent resumé of the work of McConochie and Count Montesinos. It was discussed with spirit. The ratio of criminals is increasing at such a rate that no question can be of more practical value. The Kenosha Church is run by a copartnership of Simmons's. One Simmons does the preaching; and the other Simmons, besides running one or two dozen banks, stores, farms, etc., does the paying. It's a case of "My Double and how he did me," and he does it grandly.

The return of Dudley to Milwaukee is notable. He is called to a Congregational Church, and making no compromise of his independence, he accepts. He is a capital fellow, with a head made up of strong points. The liberal religious element is slowly drawing together over sectarian lines. The time ought not to be distant when we shall generously fraternize. Our churches are too much isolated; and the day has come when our old friends across the border give us a kinder judgment. Well, God bless every brave heart that looks light-ward. Since I have been in Chicago one Presbyterian, two Congregationalists, and one Baptist have said to me, essentially, that they were wholly alienated from the Orthodox faith and would occupy Unitarian pulpits if called to them. Prof. Swing is doing a grand work in liberating his followers from bigotry. Cautious, and well understanding his position, he makes few mistakes, and preaches a large-hearted gospel that brings men nearer together. It is a good thing to know the men on the other side and be able to feel with them. I am glad that I was one among them and cannot forget the trials of a soul that is outgrowing its birthright creed. We are glad to see the INQUIRER start out in a spirit of good fellowship for all inquiring minds rather than as the organ of a clique.

POWELL.

JOTTINGS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' second marriage is just proved by a document discovered in the Royal Library at Madrid.

REV. F. S. THACHER, of West Newton, will supply the pulpit of the Unitarian society in Berlin, Mass., for the next three months.

A MAMMOTH Sunday School Convention has been determined upon for next July, at Loveland, Ohio, to supply for ten days a park, museum, music school, normal school for teachers, and daily meetings. Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia are to be represented.

THE Chrystie street synagogue has done itself special honor. Abraham Greenthal was refused the privilege of paying for his pew because a receiver of stolen goods. He was still allowed to attend worship; but Abram is not satisfied. He appeals to the judge of the Court of Common Pleas to restore his rights.

FRANCIS XAVIER has perfected the arrangement for a La Trappe monastery, three miles from Buffalo, for this most severe order, who sleep upon the floor, eat only bread and vegetables, worship at midnight, dig their own graves, and observe perpetual silence. The brethren are selected from Turkey, Ireland, France and Belgium.

REV. DR. ADAMS, in his earnest eulogy of the secular press as a far greater power than the pulpit or the religious journal, forgets that the daily journal perishes with the day, while the religious paper is preserved, is read in the family, and often handed round to friends, and never dismissed with a glance at the stock column, as many merchants treat the "daily." E. E. Hale extolled this advantage of the "weekly" at the *Christian Register* dinner-party not many years ago, and with great effect.

A VERY beautiful application of Scripture was made lately at the funeral service of a Newburgh gardener, whose first name was John. The dying man was a victim to his love of flowers. In his last hours he turned to his weeping wife, and said, "You would not cry, dearest, if you only saw the splendor I see now!" and these assurances he repeated again and again. So over his lifeless form the minister began the reading of the Scriptures with, "And I John saw the holy city coming down out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

HARLEM.—At a meeting of the Fourth Unitarian Society of the city of New York, held after service, Sunday morning, Dec. 17, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Rev. William T. Clarke, who has been pastor of this society for the past eight years, has tendered his resignation, and

WHEREAS, This society, at a special meeting called for the purpose of considering the subject, unanimously declined to accept his resignation, and

WHEREAS, Our pastor, after the regular service last Sunday morning, eloquently and forcibly presented his reasons for declining to withdraw the same, and expressed his unalterable determination to sever the pleasant and harmonious pastoral relations which have existed between us for so many years; therefore

Resolved, That our late pastor is not in the slightest degree responsible for the apparent discouraging condition of this society, inasmuch as the present financial embarrassment and ill-success of this enterprise can be traced directly or indirectly to circumstances and conditions which it has been impossible for him or the society to control.

Resolved, That we herewith record our appreciation of the high intellectual and spiritual teachings which it has been our privilege to enjoy during the past eight years.

Resolved, That the sincere and heartfelt thanks of this society be and hereby are cordially tendered to the Rev. William T. Clarke and his estimable family for the many kindnesses we have received at their hands, and it is our earnest prayer that Heaven's choicest blessings may constantly attend them.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish the memory of the years that we have passed in each other's society and communion, and shall ever look upon them as among the happiest of our lives.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our late pastor, and also for publication in THE INQUIRER.

(Signed)

E. A. PRICE,
B. S. RAYNER,
C. A. SHOREY, } Committee.

Since Mr. Clarke's resignation a committee on the supply of the pulpit has been appointed and Sunday school and the usual morning service have been held without interruption. Rev. John Andrew, of Newark, preached on the 17th, and last Sunday an appropriate Christmas service was conducted by Mr. John A. Bellows, of Montclair. During January a special course of Sunday evening services will be conducted by Rev. Drs. Bellows and Putnam and Rev. Messrs. Chadwick and Camp. The attendance at the Christmas services was quite good, and, notwithstanding the loss of their minister, the society is courageous and hopeful for the future.

DIED.

WILKINSON.—At Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, December 21, 1876, Abby May, aged two years, daughter of Alfred and Charlotte May Wilkinson, and granddaughter of Rev. Samuel J. May, deceased.

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JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	587,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,769 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,025 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,850 01
City and County Bonds.....	230,265 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,550 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	99,163 96
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and Call Loans.....	7,067 22
Real Estate.....	17,109 49
	\$1,592,775 99

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$13,269 20
U. S. Bonds, market value.....	304,220 00
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral; 1,000 00	
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	21,487 80
	\$408,092 05

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$14,300 56

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.

WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

HOME Insurance Co. of New York, Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-sixth Semi-Annual Statement, Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of July, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71

Total Assets - - - \$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$426,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,820,000.....	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	287,487 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	92,260 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,050).....	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY 1876.....	79,594 53
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	181,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	13,634 56

Total - - - \$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JULY 1876.....	\$247,326 66
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,400 00

Total, - - - \$247,326 66

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
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D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.

T. B. GREENE, Ass't Secretaries.
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New York, 14th July, 1876.

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Capital..... \$1,000,000 00
Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1876..... 2,549,958 77

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Children's Aid Society, 19 East 4th St., N. Y.

December, 1876.
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 5. }
WHOLE NO., 1575. }

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1877.

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HENRY W. BELLOW, James T. Bixby, R. A. Griffin, S. S. Hunting, A. D. Mayo, E. P. Powell, Minot J. Savage and C. C. Shackford are among the contributors to this number of the INQUIRER.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was celebrated with about the usual amount of social knight-errantry. It was a harsh day, ending worse than it began. But the young and the middle-aged defied the cold and the snow, and there was abundant good feeling. We found, too, much less gloom about politics or business than we expected. There seems to be either a practised submission to the hard times, or else a quiet conviction that they are not so bad as they look for industrious and discreet men of business. The day of living without work, prudence and steady enterprise went by, happily, four years ago. While it lasted it demoralized trade. The effects are still disastrous. But we judge that the most foolish are now pretty well convinced that the old and false expansion is not to return. We observe a good many quiet and successful kinds of business springing up on very sober, old-fashioned principles. We find that more and more are satisfied with what they are doing and making. If we could only all agree that we are not waiting for anything to turn up, but are already quietly on the tide which is slowly rising, it would cure a great many illusions. There are evidently to be no sudden and no important changes in business prospects. They are growing, like the days, slowly brighter. Let all business men rejoice in this small increase of light, and use it by small increases of confidence. We want no leaps into good times. We may scratch our eyes out and in by jumping from panic to elation, and from elation to panic, but we had better keep out of those bramble-bushes, and our eyes on the plain, sober path of daily drudgery at honest toil. That is the path of honor and safety, if not of speculative wealth and dizzy prosperity.

We might suggest as a motto for the Turko-Russian question the following lines from Tennyson's Harold :

“ War ? the worst that follows
Things that seem jerked out of the common rut
Of nature is the hot religious fool,
Who seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth.”

Things are very much jerked out of nature by Mr. Lessep's canal, and by the threat of a change of door-keepers at the Dardanelles ; and so “ the hot religious fool,” be he Muslim or Greek churchman, thinks it high time to make war on earth for heaven's credit. Nothing worse could follow, except, perhaps, the total dearth of “ hot religious fools !” They have done some service from Paul's day to Luther's, and may even render some in the Eastern Question. We are not sure that the “ hot religious fool ” is not quite as useful as the “ cold irreligious sage.” Perhaps Mr. Gladstone may stand for one, and the Earl of Beaconsfield for the other.

THE railroad horror at Ashtabula, coming so soon after the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, may fail to create as deep a feeling as it otherwise would, but can hardly fail of a thorough investigation if the newspapers do their duty. The report that officials of the railroad prevented the use of water to extinguish the flames of the burning cars, with the view of destroying evidence which might be used to support pecuniary claims against the Company, would indicate a crime which is hardly conceivable as a fact. Nevertheless, it adds to the obligation resting upon the authorities to probe the matter to its lowest depths. The harrowing details of the calamity, as well as the general character of it, bring forcibly to mind Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Junior's, able series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE news from Constantinople is of a very threatening character, though still allowing room for a slight hope of peace. The defiant attitude of Turkey, however, is a serious sign, and promises to be but another indication that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. A position which compels unanimity on the part of all the Western peoples—which ranges Salisbury alongside of Ignatieff, and bids fair to consolidate British feeling, is one which cannot be taken with impunity. There are some problems which nothing but war appears competent to settle, but while war continues the horror that it is, we can only hope that diplomacy may be able to avert it, and trust to the ameliorating influences of time for a more acceptable settlement.

THE money market remains remarkably steady at a slight advance in rates, call loans ranging up to 7 per cent. to 7 per cent. gold. No special change is to be noted in business prospects, further than a somewhat more hopeful feeling, as we have stated elsewhere. The price of gold has varied very little, such movement as has taken place being downward, sales having been made as low as 106 $\frac{7}{8}$. On the other hand, silver is higher in London, with sales at 57 $\frac{1}{4}$. The political situation draws attention away from the Bland silver bill and as its supporters are very enthusiastic, there is some danger that it may slip through the Senate without being required to give the countersign. It is scarcely possible, how-

ever, that it should receive the President's signature. The "dollar of our fathers" is a very good phrase, but the silver dollar never was their dollar, in any proper sense, and it is to be hoped that it will never become the dollar of their sons.

LUCIUS ROBINSON was inaugurated Governor of New York on Monday without display, and on Tuesday sent his message to the Legislature. It is largely occupied with a statement and discussion of the State finances, the canal and local interests, which he treats of course in an able manner. No one is likely to question his ability or integrity in the duties of his office. That portion of his message, however, which is devoted to national affairs, is not so highly to be commended. We know it has become customary to take the course which he has followed in expatiating on the conduct of the general Government when addressing the State Legislature, but we think it fairly open to question whether the custom is not more honored in the breach than in the observance. Governor Hayes' suggestion that national party questions be kept so far as practicable out of the State elections seems much more pertinent. On the other hand, Governor Hayes' proposal that an amendment to the Constitution be submitted to the people, providing that the election for State offices be held on the day of the Presidential election seems, after our New York experience, to point toward the worst possible course which could be pursued.

THERE seems an improved state of political feeling. The blowing off of the partisan steam whistles has relieved both the Democrats and the Republicans from any danger of bursting with suppressed passion. It is fortunate that we had so much time to consider and discuss the issues. The South has shown excellent temper and discouraged all suggestions of settling matters by force, however blatant a few Democratic papers may have been at the North in their promises to sustain a new Southern Rebellion. There is no evidence yet of any common plan likely to be adopted by the Committees of the two Houses for counting the electoral vote. We do not despair of an agreement, especially if they consent to define and follow past precedents, without introducing any plan original in any respect with themselves. What we want is to discover clearly and authoritatively the purpose of the Constitution, and then to follow it, let it lead where it may. If it is not wholly clear, or needs change and defining, let that come by and by. But we cannot afford to make a new rule to settle an election which had only the old rule in view when it was making.

We think there are really very few sober people or patriotic men out of Congress or office, who care very much how the electoral vote is settled, provided only the law is strictly observed. As we heard a shrewd man say, the success of either candidate will be the ruin of his party. No party can survive the trials which must beset an administration that does not go into office with something more than mere legal right. We are not without suspicion that both parties are already demoralized and ruined beyond the possibility of recovery, and we should rejoice to see new and distinct issues made in the country, such as would permit serious and thoughtful men to take one side or the other with cordial conviction. At present on the fence seems the only place out of the mud.

THE last London *Quarterly* has an article full of startling facts concerning London pauperism, illustrating the tendency of many popular charities to increase pauperism, and so degrade society. Bristol is probably the most

benevolent city in the world. In its nineteen parishes there is a dram-shop to every ten houses, and every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper; but so satisfied are these paupers with utter dependence that the Bristol & North Somerset Railway Company could not obtain laborers, even by offering the highest wages. Brittany, for the same reason, is the worst department in France for beggars and drunkenness. The decay of Holland is to be traced, we are told, to the excess of charitable endowments and consequent pauperism.

In an exceptionally severe winter in London the public were aroused through the newspapers, soup-houses were opened, food tickets, coals and groceries were freely distributed, and the wretchedness was just as great as if not a penny had been distributed. A visiting clergyman declared that with every gift of a shilling ticket he had done four-penny worth of good and eight-penny worth of harm.

Edward Denison, son of the late Bishop of Salisbury, who, like Octavia Hill, lived amongst the poor so as to understand their real wants, found that one curse of large eleemosynary endowments was to attract crowds and keep them satisfied with hovering between chronic want and precarious alms. He mercilessly tore up the false creed of parents who will not fulfil parents' duties. He would separate children from parents who had received steady charity for a year, and so cut off the fatal entail of beggary and degradation. He insisted that if the children had to be removed to save them from becoming a dead drag on the community, the taxpayers did no more than their obvious duty.

The example of London ought to serve as a warning to our young cities. We are treading closely in her steps. What with intemperance, laziness, and the herding together of the dissolute, we are raising up whole hosts of satisfied paupers, who are not ashamed to multiply their degraded progeny, educating them in thieving, lying, profanity, filth and every immorality. It ought to be a settled principle with all almsgivers to visit their beneficiaries, raise them out of entire dependence, encourage them to work and spur them on to self-support.

ONE of our contemporaries publishes a letter from a correspondent, entitled, "How not to deal with Shirks," which is an amusing instance of the ease with which momentous questions may be settled, if the one who treats them is only allowed to select his facts to suit his purpose. The evil which this gentleman sets himself to correct is that evil of charitable intelligence offices, and the ground upon which such offices are claimed to be evil is the assumption that the parties whom they assist to find employment are shirks and malingerers who have been rightly shelved by a society seeking its own preservation.

Given the facts as stated, let us not quarrel about the reasoning. "Natural selection," and the "survival of the fittest," are the watchwords of the epoch, and progress doubtless depends upon these factors, however hardly they may bear upon individuals. But is it not just possible that our civilization is not yet quite perfect? Is it not possible that it has developed somewhat irregularly, and that we may be a little hasty in deciding that, because at a particular moment a man may not be performing efficient service, he is therefore unfit or unwilling to perform service? Friend, perhaps some little circumstance, not wholly within your control, has placed you where you will do the most good. If so, be thankful, but be a little cautious also. You ask, "Why do we not have a 'Bureau' for the introduction of gravel into the works of watches?" Now that is a very

bright question, and we enjoy it, O so much! But it hardly indicates the whole story. There are watches, and watches. A watch will go very well with a certain number and variety of wheels, which might yet go better and tell a fuller story with a larger number and a greater variety. It is very easy for a wheel to run around when it is once nicely placed in the watch, but it is sometimes a trifle difficult for it to get in, and that not wholly because of the total depravity of the wheel. Is it not just possible that cases sometimes arise where the individual concerned is not the shirk, but the excluded member; not the gravel, but the much-needed wheel? Is it not also possible that the machinery "of the ordinary intelligence offices where labor is traded in according to the laws of demand and supply" may sometimes creak a little, and fail to grind out the best possible product? In a word, do you know anything about such intelligence offices and their results? If you do your experience must be different from that of the majority if it has led you to suppose that those offices justify an impression that they are the divinely-appointed means to produce a perfect result.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE outlook discloses a vast scientific progress, whose results are not yet wholly apparent. It has overturned many conceptions of the universe, but what new conceptions will be adopted, and what exact relation they will hold to present belief, one can hardly tell. Science does not advance in a straight line. It has crooks and turns: its vision is constantly changing; its relation to every new truth is a progressive one; and its supreme conclusion of to-day becomes a subordinate one to-morrow, as some fresh prospect widens. One cannot, therefore, foresee the precise attitude of science; not having collected all facts and seen all relations, its finality is afar off. But that it will be a mighty factor in human progress, no one can deny. Its aroused spirit will hereafter obey only its own law; its piercing search will halt at no threshold.

But along with this scientific progress there is also a vast religious progress. Many think that this progress consists in a modification of religious belief and feeling by the enlightenments of science. But it is something deeply more. It is an unfolding of the inward potency of religion itself. Religion does not depend altogether upon science for its growth. It has a life of itself. It springs from fountains of its own deep in the human heart, and by its proper energy goes forward into new and beautiful forms. It is not simply science that is overthrowing the ancient creeds, but also religion itself; and religion does this, not at the dictate of science, but by the demands of its own spirit. The tendency of the religious nature to-day is to gladly accept the results of science, but its tendency is also to transcend those results. It does not tamely follow in the march of science. It has its own royal course; by an original impulse it proceeds. It is not satisfied with the old dogmas, and will have something better. In acquiring this something better, it uses, indeed, the instrumentality of science, but above that, it has its own forward tendency.

Furthermore, there is observable a fresh literary power. The recent publication of poems of remarkable originality shows that literature is heaving with new forces; that the imagination of man is being touched with new fire. Homers and Shakespeares have not yet appeared, but the possibility of them has flashed. The immeasurable life of man is not exhausting itself in scientific research or religious fervor, but is seeking also for poetic expression, for new and won-

derful forms and music and grace into which to pour its eternal tides.

The outlook discloses, therefore, not simply scientific advancement, but thoroughly independent religious and literary movements. Science is perhaps to-day the predominating energy, but will it continue so? Religion and literature are girding themselves with new power. They have not run their course; they have revelations to make and inspirations to give, and they will dower humanity, not by permission of science, but of their own regnancy.

Does he not, then, profoundly mistake the progress of man who looks only at his scientific growth, who thinks that science is sole messiah, the only leader? Is it wise to assume that hereafter religion and literature are to be mere creatures of science—its beautiful slaves, to wait upon humanity only at its bidding? Does not a fine insight show that religion and literature have their own separate origin and powers; that their veracities are co-equal with that of science, and that while they mingle harmoniously with its "dry light," they fling in a color and glory of their own fresh from God?

One cannot understand the drift of the age—see all its radiant possibilities—unless along with the perception of its scientific progress, there is realized also its religious and literary life, which is not dependent upon science, but from separate sources flows into and animates the world, so that the promise of our manifold humanity is not only in the microscope and telescope, but also in the breath of prayer and the poet's song.

A MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.

THE present molluscous and boneless condition of theological opinion, in which old traditions and creeds are mixed with incongruous notions and convictions due to modern discoveries and experiences, has rendered dogmatic controversy almost useless. Sectarianism has abated, but with it any clear fidelity to distinct ideas. Theologians are loose and indefinite in their fundamental positions. Preaching has become sentimental, superficial, illogical, contradictory, unsystematic, uninstructional. The interest that once belonged to it, as a solemn reasoning from clear and fixed data, has given place to that of sensational, entertaining or emotional addresses, or to what are called, for lack of a better name, "practical" discourses, which avoid all doctrine as vain and useless, and devote themselves to superficial suggestions about morals and living—as if truth about God and human nature and the attitude of the heart, will and mind toward eternal principles were not at the root of all morals and all true life. It is the vague, indeterminate state in which the theory of religion is left that makes the Christian ministry so largely at the mercy of special gifts in its individual members for success and usefulness. There are no clear, settled, substantial grounds of opinion or conviction on which earnest, dutiful men of average ability can take their stand and from them instruct and command the respect and attention of the people. It is high time that the profession which is specially set apart for interpreting the Scriptures should agree upon some clear principles of interpretation. It is high time that what earnest and persistent scholars and seekers, by all the aids of modern and ancient learning, have come to know about the origin and order and authority of the Scriptures, should be put into a form and stated in a way to make all ministers and intelligent laymen acquainted with their conclusions. It is hardly too much to say that most cyclopædias and collections in aid of theological and Scriptural knowledge are somewhat carefully

obscure and exoteric, timid and shuffling, containing usually materials from which able and careful students may extract valuable information, but not at all leading or luminous to those who have not time and ability to compare and judge amid a vast mass of distracting testimonies.

We are glad to hear that the Unitarian ministers—who at least have the advantage of much more ecclesiastical independence than any others—are beginning to stir up a plan for a learned, frank and vigorous discussion among themselves of the great fundamental questions of religion. If we are rightly informed, they are arranging what we understand is to be called a *Ministers' Institute*—a biennial meeting to alternate with their National Conference, but for ministers only and only their own ministers, when a week is to be devoted by such ministers as choose to attend to hearing lectures on the most vital religious questions, prepared by clergymen, and perhaps laymen, selected for their acquaintance with special departments of investigation or of thought, and designed to give the results of the latest and best studies in all countries upon such questions as the origin, the chronology, and the nature of the inspiration of the Scriptures; the history of opinion in the early centuries of the Christian church; the bearing of late scientific hypotheses, with strong claims to respect or acceptance, upon hitherto received opinions—as, for instance, the age of the world and of prehistoric man upon Adam's relations to the human race and to the creeds of Christendom.

We understand that at least twelve lectures, by eight different men of note in their respective departments, are already agreed upon, their subjects fixed, and the lectures in preparation. They are to be given sometime in September next at some central point not yet determined. Each lecture of an hour will be discussed by two experts of different schools or tendencies in set speeches or papers. There will probably be two lectures each morning and one each afternoon. None but members of the institute will be admitted, as it is considered of the highest importance that the lectures and discussions should preserve as much as possible their scholarly and scientific character, and that no sideloops should be wasted upon a popular audience. The evenings of the week are to be devoted to public worship or public discussion, but the days wholly to class-room instruction and scholarly debate.

How the Unitarians will make their scheme work remains to be seen. Whether it will rally round it as many of their ministers as they hope is doubtful. Whether they have leaders and scholars and thinkers fitted to command the respect and following of the rest in their studies and speculations; whether Biblical knowledge and criticism is sufficiently advanced and matured in its form to admit of scientific statement; whether the armed truce between science and religion can be turned into a cordial alliance—these are questions which cannot be predetermined. We must at least thank the Unitarians for leading off in the direction thus indicated, and we shall be surprised if other ecclesiastical bodies do not follow them. The late Church Congress in Boston was an excellent enterprise, and very successful. But it was not a collection of ministers in their character as scholars and students, like the proposed "*Ministers' Institute*." It was a public assembly of ministers and laymen, with the Prayer-book for background and ring fence. It did excellent service. But, although admirable in method, able, instructive, and wonderfully free, it did not aim at a scientific basis for theology. The *Ministers' Institute*—perhaps with too much hopefulness—seeks to find this. We give it our best wishes and hopes.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE.

A MUSCLE used for some special purpose and well trained to its work, becomes a large and strong muscle. The blacksmith's arm is brawny and full of power. If any part of the animal organism is used more than usual, it gains in size and power of action; and if generation after generation is called to use the same parts of the organism, this enlarged size and power is transmitted. It becomes a set in the organism.

Nature always reproduces herself. The new capacity is inherited, and soon develops into a new power. In the conflict of life, that variation which altered circumstances has called out, or which new desire has produced, which is fitted and best suited to the environment, is transmitted. The fittest survives. Nature selects her noblest products for transmission, by a law the most wonderful and perfect the scrutiny of man has yet discovered. It is a law which insures victory to the best, which gives what is truest the best of all opportunities. This law puts all things on trial. In this trial is made certain that truth wins, right conquers. The good gain the battle; the loving bear off the palm of victory. Nature and her laws, God and His providence, are such that no other result is possible in the end. However far from being true this may seem, as we look out upon human life, and see the evil cause winning, and the bad man gaining the most of life's enjoyments, yet it is true by a law so vast and powerful that no other result is possible.

It is a matter of knowledge and of science, not of faith and theory alone, that God conquers and not the devil, truth and not falsehood, good and not evil, right and not wrong. The devil may have his day, but not forever; the bad man may be prosperous, but not in that which is enduring; wrong may win for a season, but right conquers in the end. Let there be time enough, and Nature is pledged to see that what ought to prosper does prosper, what ought to succeed does succeed.

Some of the conditions and results of this law of inheritance are worthy of special study. One of the most conspicuous of them is full of encouragement and hope. It tells us that every good deed, every grand word, every noble life, is added to Nature's inherited power, and helps to make the world better. It is not a fancy, but a well-warranted fact, that not one such moral force is ever lost. Each one goes to swell the sum of inherited moral power, and to make it easier for humanity to do right and to be better.

What an element of hope there is in this idea for every worker! We can know, because of the action of this law, that our good deed will have its sure result. Men are made of finer mold as a higher purpose comes before them. They catch the inspiration of it. They are made wiser, greater lovers of the true, good and beautiful. They, in turn, communicate their influence to others. The good act communicates itself; the true word gets oft repeated. Especially does the parent make his child better by that which has made him better; and not only his child, but his grandchild, great-grandchild, and even much farther on down the line of his posterity. Just by what each age acquires which is in advance of the one before it, is it made better; and by what it transmits to the age after it, is humanity made better.

Each worker may feel confident that his work is not only added to the great sum total, which pushes each age onward, but that his work is necessary to the continued growth of humanity. No brave thought, no act of pure living, no quiet word of truth, no patient confidence in the right, is ever lost, but the great law of inheritance has just these

forces with which to work, in order to lift humanity up. Drop out these forces, in which the humblest of us are factors, and mankind must be at a standstill.

If we will but look back to the past, and see what we owe to it, we shall perceive the mighty force of this law. That we have books, schools, knowledge, is because we have entered into what other men have won for humanity by patient study and labor. What a host of brave men and women have gone before us, that we are able to serve God in our own way! A long line of heroic souls have had their day, who, by their efforts in the cause of civil liberty, have given us the political freedom we enjoy to-day. In whatever direction we turn, in the beauties of social intercourse, the attractiveness of our homes, the mental power of our age, we are inheritors of many generations passed away. Many millions of individuals, each doing his part, have given us all we have and enjoy to-day. We can add to this cumulated power, and pass it on grander and richer than it came to us. Every sigh of love, aspiration for truth, brave work of hands, patient endurance of good, out of all the past, enters into the present to make it what it is. If one tear-drop, one beating throb of woman's love, one wondering gaze of a little child into its mother's pure face, one brave thought, were lost out of the past, the present would be other and less than what it is. We must take courage, then, to act well our part; to do well what we can to add to the grand upward life of human progress. No act that is true, no word that is lovely, no labor of hands that is honest, can fail of its purpose or that will not add somewhat to that better day, which is coming up the steep of time.

We shall also do well to remember that our law of inheritance tends to crush out all which is evil and untrue. All the evil and discord of the world to-day in any way due to man's action is the result of neglect of Nature and her laws on the part of those who have gone before us. We inherit that evil and that discord. Our blood is tainted, our brains weakened, because our forefathers kept not in the way of right, were not obedient to truth. We have pains, we have sluggish brains, we have weak bodies, we have a set of the moral nature toward evil, because our fathers loved their bodies, their appetites, their passions too well. We bear the coin-mark of their follies. Shall not our children inherit evil tendency, bad blood, disordered passions from us, unless we abandon vice, violation of Nature's laws, and disregard of moral purity? Think of it! We are laying up disease, evil propensities, and dull brains for our children and children's children. The follies of our fathers are our weaknesses; our follies, our sins, will be the weaknesses of our children. If we keep the laws, our children will be healthy and happy; if we break them, our children will be unhealthy and unhappy.

This law of inheritance lends terrible emphasis to every fact of human life. It says always and everywhere, in thunder-tones, If you will continue to be what you are, you must grow. You cannot stand still. As soon as you cease to be a worker for what is better, that moment you begin to lose your power, that moment you begin to grow worse. Self-satisfaction, laziness, contentedness, are death producers. Science says that the animal which is not improving from generation to generation is deteriorating. Our monkeys of to-day are descendants of a stronger and wiser race of ages ago. Our bears come from the larger and more sagacious cave-bear of times long past. One of our most obnoxious human parasites was once a bright-winged fly. Ceasing to advance, ceasing to have any outward motive for improvement, a decline has been the result. Apply this fact to man,

who chooses his own growth, who selects his own motives, and how powerful it becomes! A race of men that is no longer actuated by some true purpose, some tendency and wish for improvement, is in the process of dying out. Men must have a motive before them, something to secure; and then they will advance just as rapidly as the motive, the ideal, has absorbed their thought and desire, and they are faithful to it. This is a part of that great law of growth, which says, the good will endure, the bad will fail. If we are in active search for truth, we are progressing; if we have ceased to care for the truth, death has begun its slow work upon us.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION OF TEACHERS.

THE old Puritan contempt for hardship is not dead in the Bay State. Every year, at this blustering holiday season, the school teachers of this commonwealth are called to meet, in solemn convention, for two laborious days, to listen to elaborate essays from famous pedagogues and wrestle with each other in those fiery discussions in which pedagogues delight. No sunshine of jollity—ball, reception, or banquet—is permitted to interfere with the stern purpose to fight it out on the pedagogic line if it takes all winter. Possibly, out of respect to this indomitable purpose, these winter State conventions are almost completely ignored by the people of the cities in which they assemble. The lady teachers also “fight shy” of such a solemn conclave. Even in Boston the convention does its work with little outside observation or interference. Superintendent Harris rode a thousand miles through the snow to deliver an admirable address to 150 people in Springfield last Thursday, and the local press roundly berates the people of that pleasant burg for their total neglect of their distinguished visitors. We do not think, however, the people are wholly at fault, or even the country schoolmarms quite depraved, for this neglect. It is no joke to face the chances of the almost certain holiday “snowing up,” or to quarter yourself in a first-class hotel and work like a dog, listening to even the best essays, hour after hour, for two days. The people are too much absorbed at the Christmas time to give serious attention to anything. Probably, would the old Commonwealth condescend to learn of New York and Ohio, and blow the educational horn at the closing of the schools in June, or even in golden October, the schoolmarms would throng the courts and the people would respond to the entertainment. Surely it is time that something of the “gay and festive” should be mixed with these serious “exercises” of the hard-worked profession of the teacher.

But, leaving out such considerations, the Convention of last week, though not so numerously attended as some, was full of vital interest. Perhaps too much time was given to the discussion of “The Metric System” and the “Reformed Spelling,” though one would not have missed the brilliant address of Dr. Thomas Hill, of Portland, in advocacy of a chart that reminded one strangely of the orthography of the lamented Artemus Ward. The reformers must wait till the memory of Petroleum Nasby and Orpheus C. Kerr has faded out before they can expect us to look with patience upon their schemes for reducing the spelling-book to its lowest terms.

But the main drift of the work done was excellent in quality and of practical value. Mr. Harris ventilated his well-known skepticism of the object system of instruction, while Principal Boyden, of Bridgewater, and Superintendent Parker, of Quincy (one of our new importations from the West, and a thoroughly live man), explained and defended the system. The only danger threatening the object, oral and kindergarten methods of teaching is now from the ignorance of the majority of teachers who attempt to handle them. Properly understood, they are simply the natural, divine ways of instruction, and must prevail.

The duty and difficulties of compulsory education were set forth by Superintendents Johnson, of Newton, and Philbrick, of Boston. There was a good deal of valuable talk on our present system of “grading” and “marking.” The cast-iron routine of the graded

school of ten years ago is getting modified in a way to favor both the bright and the dull scholar and the teacher, now the chief sufferer in the schoolroom. In all our best graded schools it is possible for a superior pupil to go on as rapidly as is good for him, while his slower companion can be kept in his place without disgrace. The drift of the discussion favored the testing of the scholar by periodical examination and personal observation by the teacher rather than by the interminable marking and averaging of the school register. The subject of good reading was gracefully handled by Professor Moses Brown, of Boston, and the co-education of the sexes in high and collegiate schools warmly insisted on.

A touching episode was the parting address of Joseph White, Secretary of the Board of Education, who retires, after a service of seventeen years. The most important thing now in Massachusetts, more important than the decision of the Presidential election, is the choice of a new Secretary. The new man should at once be competent to impress the teachers of the State with the advantages of the best methods of education and to lead a revival of zeal for the common school among the people. For, what with the public stinginess that always hits first the school and the church in hard times, the constant undermining of the Catholic bishops, who with one hand remove the children from the public schools and with the other fill our city governments with men instructed to starve them out, and the "high-toned" crusade of a considerable class of cultivated enemies of our present system, the friends of popular education need to be awake and constantly on guard. The schools of the cities and large towns of Massachusetts are excellent, in care for the health and morals of the children superior to those of any State, though perhaps not up to the best in a few Western cities in their methods of instruction and the enthusiasm of their teachers. But in many of the older townships the decay of population has told seriously on their prosperity, and proud and wealthy Boston still casts a solid vote in the Legislature against a general school tax whose proceeds should be divided among the people, to the great advantage of these country districts. But this will come in due time.

The Convention closed with a charming illustrated lecture on the Yellowstone Park by Mr. W. I. Marshall. As it will be given to the teachers of New York within a few days, we can only say, "Go and see." The Convention adjourned on Thursday P. M. in time for its members to put into port before the terrific snow storm that now threatens to bury us all out of sight. A. D. M.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 29, 1876.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

MY DEAR INQUIRER:—It is too late to wish you a Merry Christmas, though I may appropriately express the hope that you have had one. It was an ideal holiday at the Hub. To look at the wild-eyed women who infested and blockaded and surged through the streets for a week beforehand you might have imagined that Sorosis had risen, that husbands were locked up at home, and that the "coming woman" had arrived and taken absolute possession of affairs. But however they seemed, they "were not mad;" they were only—after the American fashion—making tremendous hard work of having a good time. As Lowell says—

"Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 't wuz sunthin paid for by the Inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us that the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez siddly ez though 't wuz a redoubt."

They did get through at all hazards, and in spite of dull times—"regardless of expense."

I know *one* nest, at any rate, where the young birds were merry. They began to sing, as usual, at the most exasperatingly unseasonable hours. But what won't people endure for the sake of seeing the children happy? And, by the way, this one lesson of Christmas—that our best happiness comes from making and seeing others happy—is worth unspeakably more than all it costs. I take it that the sun, if he ever thinks anything about it, finds out that he himself is bright by seeing that he makes other bodies shine. And so I think we never find our own true human joy till it comes back to us reflected in other faces.

What a house-full there is of merriment that feeds its boisterous glee on dolls and cards and swords and drums and tea-sets and

miraculous monsters of all races and all climes! And then, for once in the year, what a luxury to be allowed to sit up late and see some outside entertainment. No matter if they do ache with weariness, and cry out in their sleep from candy-caused stomach-aches! It is a similar price that all the world pays for its indulgences; and they are only anticipating the follies that most grown people rarely outgrow.

But such a day for sleighing Boston rarely sees. It was mild and comfortable. I generally prefer to take my sleigh-rides in poetry or in day-dreams when my feet are on the fender. I have a deal of sympathy with the man who said that when he wanted a sleigh-ride, all he needed to do was to open the back and front doors, so as to get a stiff breeze through the hall, then sit with his feet in a pail of ice-water, hang icicles about his neck, and jingle a string of bells. But Christmas day the sleighing had about it all the poetry with the discomforts left out. The day was remembered as usual in all the churches, with decorations and sermons and songs. If only men could sustain and prolong their better moods, and make the whole year Christmas, how soon the Golden Age might come!

Our brother, Laird Collier, dropped in on us the other night. The old Second Church is happy and prosperous under his ministry. When he went there it looked as though they would find it hard work to grow. The fact of it is, so many churches have moved over to the Back Bay that they haven't people enough—and hardly religion enough—over there to go around. But though not wishing it, the Second Church has received advantage from the misfortunes of the Brattle Square. Its break-up has set loose many families to seek new church homes. So from this source mainly Bro. Collier has had some thirty families added to his flock.

I hear that Barrows is doing capitally as the successor of the lamented Dr. Hall, in old Meeting House Hill church in Dorchester. He has fairly conquered his position, and taken possession of the hearts and heads of his people.

W. H. Savage, in his new field at Leominster, also appears to have taken hold of things by what Bro. Clarke would call the "right handle." The people are enthusiastic, and church and Sunday school are very prosperous. The same is true of Dole also at Jamaica Plain.

From the way the new comers take hold of things and settle into their work, I think the liberal churches need not be ashamed of the material they borrow from the orthodox ranks.

In your paper for December 21st you quote from Dr. Holland on "Muscular Christianity." Though it is true that fine physique does help a preacher wonderfully, I think the Doctor carries his point a little too far. Starting with Paul, he will find it a little difficult to run his principle down the line of history. It breaks down badly, even in Boston. The little, wiry, almost insignificant appearing Lorrimer, at Tremont Temple, has an audience nearly twice as large as Phillips Brooks. In Chicago, Professor Swing packs McVicker's, and he is a man of poor voice, of no presence, and of delicate health. Granting all his ability, Murray has so many outside and unusual helps that one can hardly tell what he would do in ordinary circumstances. He gives a grand Sunday concert to start with—immense chorus, splendid quartette and duet, and solo singing, assisted by brass instruments and big organ. Then he and Swing enjoy the tremendous exceptional advantage of ministering to the great throngs of people who do not like to leave the associations of orthodoxy, and yet want to hear liberal doctrine. It is unquestionably true that the majority of men and women at the present time are neither definitely "orthodox" nor definitely anything else. To this great majority Murray ministers. But, leaving this aside, there are at least two or three other audiences in Boston as large as Phillips Brooks' while the preachers are not much more than half as large.

Immense preparations are making for Moody's arrival, and he will doubtless have his usual run in Boston. I hope the Liberals will keep cool, and, so far as they speak at all, will hold themselves firmly to their true ground. Excitements in religion are no worse, perhaps, than in politics, though there are some of us who hold that shouting and torchlight processions are not specially potent engines of even political reform. But the main point is this: The basis of Moody's movement, both as to fact and logic, is false. It is a libel on God and a disgrace to man. In spite, then, of incidental reformatory work—which might take place as well, and really does take place even under pagan religions—let us keep this one question uppermost—Is it true? If not, will it pay to copy or encourage it?

DECEMBER 29, 1876.

SILVUS.

FROM CHICAGO.

ALL hail the only living Saint, Santa Claus! and all hail the mothers that rush through the streets to find something with which to do him honor. State street was a mass, a crowd, a jam on Saturday, and on Monday an empty dream. Sunday evening was home night. The churches were comparatively vacant, and the Christmas trees were lighted. The Third Church had a rich vesper service, the gems of which were "*Cantique de Noel*," "As the hart panteth," and "Bethlehem." Bro. Herford gave another of his capital sermons on the fundamental principles of religion overlooked or ignored by the revivalists. He added one terrible broadside for Rev. David Swing, who, forgetting himself, took occasion in the pulpit to sneer at the little pulpits that did not concur in the Moody movement, but dared to have their own say about it. This force of the masses is unquestionable; and this advantage which one has who caters to those he dares not face is undeniable; but Bro. Swing must not forget his beginnings nor his superb record. The world will not stop with the Central Church. There are a few pilgrim souls who will seek shelter at other haunts, even in Chicago.

Robert Collyer is quietly at work, with his usual grand warmth of soul, and it is rumored will give us a new book in the Spring. Sunderland is in the new hall, and gives up his handsome church. But he is comparatively free of debt and has a fund of energy that never fails him.

Shop-keepers wore an unusual smile this week. The rush of trade last week oiled all the wheels and the great music-box plays away as if the machinery would never run down. But Chicago is barometrical in temperament, and we shall see gloomy faces again before long. Besides, the Lake has a habit of tossing the traditional wet blanket over us quite too often, full of catarrhs and rheumatism.

Prof. Winchell has been here, on and off, and Mrs. Howe is still with us. She spoke to a very small audience at the McCormick Hall last Sunday. Miss Kellogg and the Apollo concerts alone draw full houses. The Apollo is a club of not only standard singers, but cultured people. Their rehearsals and concerts are the pride of Chicago. The Beethoven is a smaller club, and attempts only more difficult classical music. The leader, Wolfsohn, is a genius in his line.

The feeling grows among the liberals that the only hope for permanent growth and unquestioned success is education. Church appliances must be adapted to the steady, systematic culture of the moral faculties. The study department of the organization must be more prominent. And as ministers, we must learn patience, "learn to labor and to wait." The desire for a rush and notoriety has eaten up our liberal churches. They have not come fully to see that the better theology must be taught. Each one wishes to go with the noise of kettle-drums and trumpets. This is all very natural, seeing that most Western Unitarians are not such by birthright, but are men who have come out from the old churches, and are full of protest and often disgust. The minister must keep exceedingly cool, not to be led away from legitimate religious, educational work and constructive efforts. The one supreme test of success seems to be, "Are the young improving in character and growing in positive piety? Is the love of God and the divine character evident in their lives?"

I have had a constant fusillade since my first letter to THE INQUIRER, regarding my remarks concerning the faith that knows no doubts. It is impossible, perhaps, to explain to many that one can have so supreme a faith in God and such a rest in the Divine character that he can take creeds to pieces and examine them as coolly as he would dissect a watch. Faith in God is a sublime power, but faith in man's testimony as authority is a wretched substitute. There is no impertinence like that of every Smith or Thompson who presents his notion of the unspoken future as a fetish which you must trust or be damned.

For the last two years the Third Church has kept a roll of its Sunday school boys that desired employment, and has not failed to provide for every one. We have three in one firm.

POWELL.

MRS. CHARLES BELL, lately deceased at the age of ninety, was in every way remarkable. She was favored with the intimate friendship of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Lyell, Owen, Whewell, Faraday, etc. Of course she was gifted in speech. Moreover, she was a devoted wife. Sir Charles' best book on the Hand was written by her own hand, and lately she has published the letters of her husband and her own recollections.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS.

HAROLD: a Drama. By Alfred Tennyson.

THIS sinewy, purposeful and Saxon-blooded drama is not so various in interest, or so rich in characters, or so brilliant in special passages, as "*Queen Mary*;" but it is marked with few of the defects and inexperience of that tragedy. It is eminently dramatic in form, the characters defining themselves by their actions and speech, without the aid of long descriptions thrown in, delaying the action to eke out its own lack of power and significance. We can hardly venture, after one reading, to give a decided opinion about the merits of the play. Though without the subtlety of thought we usually associate with the poet, eminently objective indeed as contrasted with his common style, this drama is amazingly subtle in suggestion and in the problems of personal character it raises. Few as the touches are, the portraits stand out distinctly—Edward and Harold, and each of his brothers, and old Stigand, and Elith, and Aldwith. The object of the drama seems to be identical with that of "*Queen Mary*"—to strengthen the Protestant feeling in England, and with it the nationality of the English people. Tennyson has been the greatest of English laureates, in consecrating his genius to the illustration of English history. He shows himself an Englishman all over in the drama, and, for aught we know, presents Harold as the type of what an Englishman, a Saxon, may do and dare, even to the risking of his personal honor and his salvation to save England as a Saxon kingdom.

Edward the Confessor is introduced to exhibit a pious impotency that wastes the energies due to ruling and aggrandizing the country in prayers and asceticisms, making its own future hopes superior to its immediate duties and its sacred office. He is the figure of religious superstition at its best—pure, saintly, servile before God, winning to those nearest, but without masculine energy or good sense or fitness to rule. He is afraid of comets and popes, and trusts in relics and dead men's bones.

Harold, on the contrary, is essentially without superstition—we might almost say without religion, if a devoted love of his country and readiness to risk his personal honor and salvation for it be not his religion. He is presented as full of nobleness, of lovingness, of honor. He does loyal service to Edward, and wins his confidence, in spite of his impiety to the church. He is loyal to his brothers, and loves them spite of their faults—now of passion, like Tostig; now of weakness, like Wolfmuth. But he that once says, "better die than lie" ends with prodigious lying. He breaks his oath to William of Normandy; he breaks his troth to Elith; he forswears himself; he dares everything that religion and moral truthfulness would forbid; but always for England, always to save her in some dreadful peril—never for personal ambition, never to escape personal loss, always against his own peace and his own prospects, but for England's Saxon honor and strength and rule!

This is so bold a demand on our confidence, so extraordinary a summons to surrender all our previous theories of nobleness—if we would keep Harold where he clearly stands in the author's heart—that we pause for breath. Is this the historic Harold? and is this glorious warrior and loving, princely man, stained with deliberate falsehood to his enemy and treachery to his mistress, to be taken into our hearts and enthroned in our respect? Is it the author's purpose to make religious vows and oaths, and personal vows and promises, when broken for patriotic purposes and with no personal ends, but rather with dreadful personal sacrifices, only an awful background to illumine Harold's Saxon's devotion to his country? We must read this drama again and again before we trust ourselves to any final judgment of its moral bearings. Of its poetic merits we have no question. It is full of power and calm depth of feeling, with high dramatic quality and moving action.

A MANUAL OF SORRENTO AND INLAID WORK, for Amateurs, with original designs. By Arthur Hope. Chicago: John Wilkinson. 1876. Price \$1.50.

This is a handsome book on a popular subject. The visitor at Machinery Hall at the late exhibition could hardly avoid feeling that the one subject in which all Americans must be interested was that of scroll sawing. The busy machines were at work at every turn, and were always surrounded by admiring crowds. Undoubtedly much pleasure has been given in a thousand homes

by the manipulation of these tiny saws, and by the decorations which they have rendered possible. And in this there has been real profit even though there may be a considerable interval between this work, as it is usually done, and artistic work.

Mr. Hope has taken great pains to be clear in his instructions as to the kinds of wood to be chosen, the best tools to be employed, and the most satisfactory methods of working. He also gives a large number of designs in black and white for picture frames, paper cutters, and various other objects, and also silhouettes and initial letters formed of figures in action. To the uninitiated the illustrations form the most attractive portion of the book.

Some Children's Books.

"THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE," by Katharine B. Zarega, is one of those books, the materials of which have been found attractive in the household and among friends, wherefore it is assumed that it will prove so to a larger public. Usually it would have been better to keep them where they originated, and this little book of verse is no exception to the general rule. It is, however, nicely printed on toned paper.

"THE YOUNG TRAIL HUNTERS," by Samuel Woodworth Cozens, will, doubtless, be found very entertaining by the boys into whose hands it falls. It is packed full of incident from beginning to end, and among a variety of hunting experiences, the killing of Indians seems to afford the best sport. The boys can do without it.

"SNIP AND WHIP AND SOME OTHER BOYS," by Elizabeth A. Davis, is not nearly so bad as the preceding volume, but its language is not what it should be, and it is difficult to see what profit there is in the book, while the interest awakened by it is of the weakest. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of Nantasket, and it may be said to have a faint, very faint local color.

"VINE AND OLIVE, or Young America in Spain and Portugal," is by William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic.) and what more need be said? You have the story chapters, and the study chapters, and as the author says, you can take your choice. We all know the avidity with which the boys seek these volumes, and it is not unnatural to suppose that they exercise the choice which is offered them. The question naturally arises; why not, then, put your fiction and matters of fact between separate covers?—upon which follows another question; why not, then, have them written by other authors?—which opens up the whole question of the literature destined especially for children—rather too large a subject to enter upon in this paragraph.

"DAISY TRAVERS," by Adelaide F. Samuels, though it opens stiffly, is suggestive of Miss Alcott's "Little Men," and is rather artificially managed, is yet really ingenious, and probably worth more than either of the others which we have named. And this notwithstanding certain obvious and serious defects. Its sub-title, "The Girls of Hive Hall," indicates its character, it being the story of the inmates of a sort of private Orphanage, established by a mature young lady of sixteen, herself formerly a waif.

The first of these five volumes is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the others by Lee & Shepard.

MAGAZINES.

American Library Journal.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY JOURNAL. Monthly. Managing Editor, Melvil Dewey. Published by F. Leypoldt, New York. Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 3. Yearly subscription, \$5.

The establishment of this journal in the interest of a very important class of professional men marks a distinct era in the profession. Time was when a librarian was a book-worm or mere clerk. Now he must be both, combined and glorified. The numbers before us contain a report of the recent conference at Philadelphia, with contributions from Poole, Cutter, Winsor, Smith, Spofford and others. It is of marked interest for others beside professionals. We shall hope to treat this general subject at some length at a future time.

The Unitarian Review for December.

DR. HEDGE does not write half often enough. His defence of optimism opens this number with a vivid picture of Zoroaster and the religion of Persia, followed by a declaration that there is no evil in the world, "for, only that is evil which is evil in its cause and effect, evil in all its issues, evil forevermore." This world, because of its being God's workmanship, he maintains to be the best possible world.

John Q. Adams' Memoirs makes a very racy article, full of spice;

criticisms of men and events, showing him to be a far greater man than is commonly thought. Rev. J. T. Bixby's paper on the Motor Power of the Universe, tracing it to an intelligent will, is one of the best utterances of this very able reasoner, and is well set off by Dr. Hosmer's fatherly counsel to young ministers, exalting as it does the pastoral office. I see it symbolized, he says, in that common picture of Dante and Beatrice; in her translation to spiritual life she became to the poetic eye the beau ideal of a divine holiness; while she, looking to the Father, rose nearer and nearer to His excellence, he looking to her rose nearer and nearer, both ascending toward the highest. Rev. L. G. Ware gives us some touching Memoranda of Michel Angelo, but we were not prepared to hear Leo X. denounced as stupid and a dullard.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE Marginal Indexed Diary, or Daily Record Book, published by the Erie Publishing Co., Erie, Pa., is convenient either for the pocket or desk, and, being perpetual, is good for any year or a any time of the year. There is an index of months across the foot of the page, and an index of days for each month at the side, which enables the user to turn instantly to any date desired. It also contains an Alphabetical Index for classifying the subject matter of the book, besides thirty pages of valuable tables and useful information. The price is \$2 per copy, sent, postpaid, by the publishers; also for sale by stationers.

THE conductors of *The Unitarian Review* announce in the January number, which comes in just as we are going to press, that the following articles will appear in the next and succeeding numbers of the present volume:—

On the Relations of Religion to Science and Philosophy, by Rev. J. T. Bixby (on "Hermann Lotze,") Rev. Thomas Hill, Rev. Clay Macauley, etc. On Religion and Social Relations, by Rev. Brooke Herford ("The Sabbath Question,") Rev. A. A. Livermore ("The American Physical Man,") Rev. W. H. Foote ("The Taxation of Churches,") Rev. C. A. Humphrey ("Church-Going,") Rev. C. W. Buck ("Social Reform,") On Biography and National History, by C. C. Smith, Esq. ("The Belknap Papers,") E. D. Mead ("F. W. Robertson,") Rev. G. Reynolds ("Burgoyne's Campaign,") etc. On Biblical Criticism and Exposition, by E. Abbott, LL.D. ("Davidson's New Testament,") Rev. R. Ellis, D.D. ("The Christianity of the Epistles to the Romans,") Rev. J. H. Allen ("The Old Testament and the New Criticism,") Rev. N. S. Folsom ("The Book of Psalms,") Articles are also expected in this department from James Marteneau, LL.D., Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, Rev. J. F. Clarke, D.D. Rev. J. W. Chadwick will have an article in an early number on "Monastic Orders," Rev. C. H. Brigham on "Judaism at Rome" and on "The Religion of Japan," and Rev. James De Normandie on "The Spread of Christianity." Sermons will appear in successive numbers, by Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D., and Rev. Robert Collyer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From J. E. Osgood & Co.

HAROLD; A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. \$1.00.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

GOETHE'S WEST-EASTERN DIVAN. Translated by John Weiss. 1877.

SAPPHO; A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. 1876.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL. Poems selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours."

From Macmillan & Co.

RAMBLES AND STUDIES IN GREECE. By J. P. Mahaffy.

From James Miller

LESSONS OF FAITH AND LIFE. By E. H. Chapin.

ENDEAVORS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. Discourses by James Martineau.

From Hurd & Houghton.

COLONY BALLADS. By George L. Raymond.

INDEX TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Vol. I.-XXXVIII. 1867-1876. Price \$2.50.

From W. B. Kern, Cooke & Co., Chicago.

LIFE HISTORY OF OUR PLANET. By William D. Gunning. Illustrated by Mary Gunning.

THE NEW DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE. By H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Part I. Published at the State University, Oxford, Ohio.

MAGAZINES.

THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY, Jan., 1877.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW, Jan. and Feb.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, Dec. 30, 1876.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, Jan., 1877. Edited by Edwards A. Park, George E. Day, and Archibald Duffy.

UNITARIAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE RELATIVE AND THE REAL.

THE Atheism of olden time said bluntly, "there is no God," and the extremity of its folly was its own refutation. The infidelity of to-day says, "Whether or not there is any God, we can know nothing at all about Him, and so ought not to waste our time and energies by taking Him into consideration."

Practically I see little difference between this theory of spiritual nescience and outright denial of spiritual existence. The assurance that we are and must always remain in dense ignorance of spiritual things kills the hope of heaven and the awe of the Divine, takes its edge from conscience and withers every religious emotion. Who can worship an absolute darkness, an utter silence? The God to whom the heart can bow and consecrate itself must be something else than an eye-blinking fog-bank.

And not only is this know-nothingism in religion without the first shred of a claim to be considered its best friend, but it is also destitute of any genuine foundation in truth or clear ideas. Take that which is its strongest argument—that derived from the necessary relativity of human knowledge. We can know things only in their relations and contrasts, we are told. To think is to determine, to condition. How, then, can we know God in Himself? Every effort to conceive the absolute is a limitation of that absolute. Every notion of the Divine is tinted with the colors of the thinking mind. It is impossible to know the real God. That which we think to be Him is only the magnified shadow of our own self.

Now it is very true that we cannot know God except in His relation to us. What He is in Himself or unrelated to us, we can never attain to. But this is not the peculiar defect of Divine knowledge. It is a condition of all our knowledge. We can know no one in himself, out of his relations to us. We know a friend only by the various manifestations of his personality to us—his looks, words, tones, actions. The more intimate his relations with us the better we know him. If he come into no relation to us at all we can know nothing of him. If we are said to know men outside of their relations to us, it is but a figure of speech to express the knowledge that comes through indirect relations instead of direct. The stranger whom we gaze upon in his intercourse with others or know of by reading or hearsay we come thus far into relations with. We can know nothing that does not come into some connection with our self. We cannot know even an apple or a stone irrespective of its appearance to us. No grain of sand, in itself, *i. e.* in its unrelated essence, is knowable by us. We know it only by the phenomena which it manifests—its shape, hardness, color, taste. Moreover these manifestations must be manifestations to our spiritual senses, our individual minds. What they are, or may be, independent of our sensibility, we can never know. The judgments suggested by the experiences of one sense may be corrected by those of another. The tongue may revise the inferences of the eye, and *vice versa*. Phenomena as manifested to one sense may be translated into or explained by the phenomena manifested to another. Color and sound, for example, are becoming pretty clearly reduced to tactile relations of motion with the optic and auditory nerves. The sensibility of eye and ear, that is, is brought into the same class as that of the finger. But carry this process of simplification as far as you please, you can never pass beyond the circle of the personal sensibility. Whatever perception we

have, the perceiving subject is mingled with it, and a factor in the product, and that perception is such only as the nature of our faculties allows it to be. Without eyes we can know no color, without ears no sound, and the range of colors, the gamut of sounds, is such only as the structure of these organs in each of us allows.

Now, all this is true enough. But about it has gathered a huge penumbra of notions that are not true, that do not follow. It does not follow, as has been inferred, that because our knowledge is relative to us it is, therefore, deceiving. Why is it that in order to find the true and the real we must seek that which is *not* in relation to ourselves? Is there anything that necessarily confines genuineness, actuality, substantiality, to that mental air-castle—the thing in itself—or to the relations of things to others rather than to their relations to us? For my part, I do not see why that which is relative to me may not be as true as what is not.

I have never heard and I cannot discover any valid reason which requires us to assume that the only Reality is that which cannot appear, or which appears to other minds or in other relations than to us. If Reality is something that we can know nothing about, then by what right can we affirm that it is something else than the Relative. Evidently, on that supposition itself, one might with as good right assert the identity of the real with the manifested things as to assert its difference from them.

Now for this affirmation there is good reason. It is the dictate of common sense that our sensations are something actual, and a sound philosophy will recognize that the relative, the phenomena that appear to us, are not mere phantasms, but parts of the great Real. To take a very simple example. A pedestrian stubs his toe against the curb-stone. The sensation within him is a real thing, the stone is a real thing. Doubtless the stone is something more than what he feels it to be. But it is, at least, this in this relation. It may be thought of without reference to its present conditions. But it is just now, in reference to these conditions, precisely what it appears. Remove it, and the whole equilibrium of the cosmos would feel the change. Even the mental hallucination is a real thing.

When a man who has lost his foot feels a pain in his toe, as he says, the sensation felt is actually felt. That the judgment refers it to a wrong cause and site does not make it non-existent or unreal. The nerve vibration is there and the feeling of it is there. In reference to the peculiar state of the nervous system of the patient, it is not only genuine but true to the conditions under which it arises, and would be false to the conditions around it were it otherwise.

And moreover, the realities, so far from being made unknowable to us by our relations to them, are revealed through those relations. To infer that we can know only the relations, never the things; that we can become acquainted only with appearances, never with substances, and that we have no reason to believe in the existence of things and substances, or anything about their nature, is another fallacy. Relations are nothing unless there are things to be related. And if the things are entirely unknown their relations must be also unknown. Appearances are impossible unless there is something to appear; and through the relations themselves comes a knowledge of the things related. In the very appearance we learn of the substances appearing. An iron lamp-post, *e. g.*, manifests itself to your touch as hard and smooth—to your eye as of a certain shape and color—to the ear, if it be vigorously struck, as possessed of certain phenomena and relations to yourself: speaks of something which has power to impress you with these sensations, some-

thing that abides; that you cannot banish by thinking it away; but that when you shut your eyes to it or go away, waits for you in the very same group of appearances till you return. These qualities speak of some unity in which they centre—some reality to which they belong, and whose nature, as it is in reference to you, is shown by them. Herbert Spencer, arguing for our knowledge of matter, maintains that though we know only the relative reality, yet that that stands in such a fixed relation to the Absolute Reality that knowledge of one is tantamount to knowledge of the other. "The conditioned effect," he says, "standing in indissoluble relation with the unconditioned cause and equally persistent with it so long as the conditions persist, is, to the consciousness supplying these conditions, equally real, * * * and for practical purposes is the same as the cause itself." This is true, and true for all phenomena and all realities: And, in accordance with this principle, I claim that so far from the Ultimate Reality, the Divine, being inscrutable, we have no mean knowledge of it. We have knowledge, not only of its existence, but of its nature. We know Matter as we know Force, a magnet, a rose, a bird, viz., by its action upon us, "by the persistent impressions," to use Spencer's language, "which are the persistent results of a persistent cause," by "our mental obligation," as he says in another passage "to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some power."

Every fact of the universe is a real exhibition of the action and character of its Supreme Cause. We cannot see or touch God directly. Neither can we see or touch oxygen or the luminiferous ether. Yet as their natures, though tasteless to tongue, odorless to the nose, invisible to eye, ungraspable by the hand, are known by the effects which they are capable of producing upon us, so can we know the God who is unobservable by any sense through His constant action and effects in the world. Its order and unity speak of the Harmonious One; its progress and growth of that which can alone grow—Living Energy; its intelligent and beneficent adaptations testify to attributes of Reason and Sense; and the moral and spiritual grandeurs of humanity show in man's Creator a righteousness as holy at least as man's purest rectitude, a real as noble, at the lowest, as our highest ideal.

This knowledge of the Divine character, revealed through its manifestations in creation, is, of course, not complete, is not absolute. But we see no reason to believe it deceiving. On the contrary, there is every reason to hold it true, as far as it goes. It must at least be admitted, even on scientific principles of investigation, to be sufficient relative knowledge—good as the scientific world's knowledge of the Force and Matter and Motion which it talks so confidently about; good as these are for good *working* hypotheses, nay, as the only hypotheses that *will work*.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

ART NOTES.

It is one thing to paint Nature as it is, another to paint it as the artist sees it.

MORAL of the Loan Exhibition for young American artists: Learn to draw—draw first, and you will sometime color if it is in you; color first, and you probably will never draw.

CHARLES BLANC says that the faculty for drawing must be born in the artist, that color can be acquired. This opinion, so opposed to the common notion, is significant, for it comes from one of the most expert of art critics.

At Knoedler's may be seen two etchings by Courty from paintings by Troyon, which are striking examples of color-effect rendered in black and white. Steel engravings are totally deficient in the interpretation of color; but the etching and the lithograph are often very effective.

In a notice of some Japanese woodcuts, W. M. Rossetti says: "We find in them extraordinary dignity and power of line, considered both singly, and in combination forming composition; decisive, masterly vigor of stroke; most varied, original and audacious grouping; action carried to an extreme, yet well understood and coherently conceived even in its vagaries; remarkable combinations of darks and lights, if not exactly of light and shade; splendor and complication of decorative quality; unflagging invention of the natural, the extraordinary, and the preternatural—throughout all these diverse qualities an essential unity, which belongs to imagination and to the full grasp of the means which the artist has to work with."

THIRTY years ago Planché said: "Realism is an important theory, but transitory; which may serve to regenerate art, but which certainly is not art. Realism, which with many young people is the end of painting and sculpture, will be the ruin of conceited tradition, will correct foolish innovation, and will retemper the softened metal of thought. It will break the tiresome monotony of compositions copied from age to age; it will discipline those eccentric, ignorant and boastful caprices, which regard as novel only that which is *bizarre*, and it will contend against those craven works, which, being of no religion, smile at every altar, but worship no god. Still, whatever it may do, it can never answer the needs of art; it can never reproduce the marvels of Phidias and Raphael."

SOMETIMES one of these sudden effects of daylight in Athens contains a whole revelation on the nature of ancient art. When in one of the new buildings upon which the masons are at work all over the town you chance to see a piece of fresh carved marble against the sky, it dazzles you with its extreme glitter and whiteness, you understand at once why statues of pure, untinted marble would not do in this climate, and why the ancient Greek, to make his groups of outdoor statues tolerable to the eye, must needs have toned and tinted them; and how, further, it is probable that his marble surfaces in general were toned with some preparation which did for them that which time, subduing the white glitter to a hundred rich diversities between ivory and amber, has done for them now. There is another way in which Athenian daylight makes you understand ancient art for the first time. Until one has seen the effects of sculpture and architecture in that sun and that shadow, one can but feebly guess what Greek sculpture and Greek architecture mean. The moment you see shadows like these, strong, sharp and defined as by a needle's point, yet full, in the shaded surface, of a blue and bloomy light, you have gained a new revelation as to the powers and effects of sculpture. In the West we know nothing of this daylight, which, at the same time, cuts out every shadow into the sharpest definiteness and force of contrast, and floods all that lies within the shadow with a soft and exquisite clearness. Every projection is thrown into intense relief, every play of surface is expressed with the subtlest gradation, every wandering line tells clearly; the commonest mason's work looks striking and beautiful; no wonder that in the great times eye and hand could train themselves to that power which seemed more than human.—SIDNEY COLVIN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

JANUARY.

O WINTER! Frozen pulse and heart of fire!
 What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
 Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
 Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
 The streams than under ice. June could not hire
 Her roses to forego the strength they learn
 In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
 The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
 In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
 To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
 Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
 Sleep on content as sleeps the patient rose.
 Walk boldly on the white, untrodden snows;
 The winter is the winter's own release!

—H. H., in *January Atlantic*.

FELICIEN DAVID.

(Moncure D. Conway, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.)

FELICIEN DAVID, born at Cadenet, in Provence—known there at five years of age as an infant prodigy, strangely befallen that village of two thousand souls *only* learned enough to applaud his art with his violin, but with ample heart to feel the charm of his sweet voice—was an orphan when, at eight years of age, he was taken to be a chorister in the cathedral at Aix. He had been there only a year when he composed a piece of music which was thought worthy to be performed at grand mass, and was so performed. He found a true friend there, a professor in the Jesuit College, who had nothing to give him but his best care and instruction; but these he gave without stint, and Felicien presently came from the college penniless, but full of ability and hope. At eighteen, being entirely without resources, he went to earn a very meagre living in a notary's office; but the Archbishop of Aix was scandalized that a youth whose sweet hymns he had listened to and loved should be an attorney's clerk, and through his influence he became *maestro* in the leading church of Aix, Saint Sauveur, and he was also made (aged nineteen) second leader of the orchestra in the same city. Felicien was of a melancholy temperament, and employed much of his time in writing *nocturni*. He had a wealthy uncle, who, however, was also a miser. This uncle thought himself very liberal in giving his nephew an allowance of fifty francs a month; the only person who agreed with him was the nephew, who by it was enabled to live—just live—in Paris, and there pursue his studies. Cherubini was then director of the Conservatoire in Paris, and he did not fail to recognize the advent of a new musical genius; he placed him where he would be trained by MM. Fétis, Benoist, and Reber. But the miserly uncle thought it folly for the youth to be spending money to study in Paris, when he might be earning it as a musician in Aix; so the allowance of fifty francs a month ceased, and Felicien earned his living by giving music lessons.

And now came Fathers Enfantin and Bazard, hierophants after Saint Simon, preaching his new gospel of Society. One of the first to throw himself into that movement, and with all the enthusiasm of an imaginative youth, was Felicien David. He went to dwell with the community at Menilmontant, where he composed the chants and choruses sung by the worshippers under the new cult of Saint Simon and Pere Enfantin. When the association was condemned and

dispersed by the government, a number of the brothers resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to the East. Among these was Felicien, who also took along with him for a companion—his piano! Three strange, seemingly idle, but most fruitful, years he now passed in the East, sometimes appearing on the path of his brother pilgrims, then disappearing, occasionally surprised while swinging in his hammock in some shady spot on the banks of the Nile, next reported as seen, sun-tanned, with a caravan in the Arabian Desert. The pasha happened once to hear his music—for he charmed the Alexandrians with concerts—took him to his palace, listened with rapture, and besought him to remain there forever as his favorite and friend.

But Felicien is the child of an ideal the pasha cannot see, and so refusing the seductions of Egypt and of palaces, he plunged again into the solitudes. At that time (1835) the plague began to rage at Alexandria, and was already slaying two hundred people each day, so the young composer journeyed by land to Syria; and now from his hammock, or from his sheltered seat on the camel, where his blank sheets and pencil are always before him, he sees and spiritually transmutes to music the romance of Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon, Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, and the Isles of Greece. Before these eyes full of dreamy wonder passes the brilliant masquerade of ages and races, who fought and slew each other, it may be, but are now softened and blended in the perspective of Time into the same solemn grandeur of world-history. One day, as a man awakened from deep dreams, he finds his hammock changed to a civilized chamber, hibiscus and cassia replaced by boulevard brick; he was in a Paris lodging-house, turning the scenes through which he had been wandering into "Oriental Melodies."

But Paris did not appreciate those themes, and did not buy them; and Felicien sank into melancholy, which this time meant the seclusion of one dead. But the hermit was mastering the art and mystery of his vocation more thoroughly; and at the end of two years, during which Paris was unaware of his existence, he emerged, bringing with him several symphonies. One of these was performed at a concert in 1837; but the composer had not learned in the least how to manipulate *claqueurs* or conciliate managers and publishers, so the symphony gained him no fame; nevertheless, it won him the faith and reverence of a few men who held divining-rods that trembled at the veins of true genius, and these studied his symphony and awaited the next work of its author. But this was a long time in coming. Four years passed, when they who remembered that symphony sought out its author, and found him in an attic living on crusts; for the rest, eating his heart even while feeding it with the hope that he might still achieve some adequate work. So it went on for dreary years, until at last a lover of art who also had means encountered him, compelled him to receive assistance, and on a glorious day—the first for many years which gave him a door without the wolf at it—namely, in December, 1843, he set himself to composition of the *Desert*. Night and day he lives over again the scenes through which he had journeyed; all that was petty in his pilgrimage drops away, its grand features stand in relief, and in his exaltation they gain a more real, because more spiritual life. In just three months from the time of its commencement the work is complete.

On the 8th of December, 1844, the *Desert* was brought out at the Conservatoire of Paris. An old fellow-traveler of the composer in Egypt, M. Colin, who was also a poet, wrote a poem which was recited in the intervals of the music. Then suddenly, from being the obscurest artist in Paris, Felicien

David became the most famous; for a long time the public there would listen to nothing but the *Desert*, and before the season was over it had been reproduced in every capital of Europe.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]
IN DREAM.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMMERY.

COULD I but pour the passion of my breast
Into some mould as changeless as my love;
Could I but make of every star above
A radiant witness eager to attest
The secret that doth mock the soul at rest,
The secret I have held and still must hold—
Ah, what a sweet, glad tale might then be told
Of one young life that dreamed its hope the best!

Alas! frail hope, thy death is in thy sigh,
And none shall know what I have yearned to tell;
My love is all a dream, a far-off cry,
That echoes sadly, like some funeral bell;
Yet,—O sweet dream! in thee I live, I die,—
Whilst I may dream, life is no longer hell!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. BARTLETT.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

THERE must be many of your readers who remember, in the early days of the civil war, the passage through Broadway of the 49th Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. At its head rode a young man of only twenty-two years, tall, graceful and soldierly to such a degree that it seemed as if a year and a half of previous service had already molded him into the ideal soldier. He wore one wooden leg, an arm was in splints, and a crutch was swung over his shoulder; but his carriage and bearing were those of a man whom nothing could daunt.

At the close of that long and fearful struggle, in July, 1865, Harvard University welcomed home those of her brave sons who had gone forth to battle for fatherland and for liberty. Doubtless many a long year will pass ere such another sight is witnessed upon this continent. Among all the brave and strong and distinguished and loved ones who gathered there in that great commemoration which Lowell has immortalized in verse, not one was more noticed than Bartlett. Who that was present will ever forget his emotion when called upon to speak? He was the idol of young Harvard; perhaps we may say that the most of romance surrounded him of all the sons of Harvard, in the minds of old and young. He tried to speak. He stood pale, trembling and silent; when Col. Lee, chief marshal of the day, rose and said: "As was said to President Washington upon a certain occasion, 'Sit down, sir; your modesty exceeds even your merit.'"

In the Summer of 1874 Gen. Bartlett was chief marshal of the Harvard commencement. His staff was composed of twenty-four former officers. A rare interest was added to the occasion by the fact that then, for the first time, the alumni were to dine in the great memorial hall. The memories of the late civil war were to be revived again, but in no unkindly spirit, as Bartlett and many others desired and tried to accomplish. It was upon this occasion that Gen. Bartlett made that short but most forcible and beautiful appeal for a renewal of friendship and peace between the South and the North. The effect was electric, and the audience fairly sprang from their seats, and leaned toward him, and gathered round him and cheered him again and again.

It was the fortune of the writer to meet Gen. Bartlett at the country-house of a friend on the Sunday preceding that

speech, and to speak with him as to the wisdom and propriety of his proposed line of remark. Never was a man more in earnest and more anxious to do what was right. He was clear in his own mind, but he was not so certain as to the manner in which his friends and the Harvard alumni would receive his remarks. He was impelled by a sense of duty. His, like that of the Founder of our religion, was the ministry of reconciliation. The hearty response which Harvard gave him was not accepted as his personal triumph, but as proof that the best sentiment of the country was for reconciliation. At Lexington, on the 19th of April following, he spoke in the same patriotic strain, with the whole country for a listener, and set the key-note of the centennial year, so that all the horrible din of partisan strife could not utterly silence the new awakening of patriotic memories.

Frank Bartlett, as his friends were wont to call him, was in all things a manly man. Had his life been spared, he must inevitably have been drawn into public life. He possessed capacity for leadership. The charm of his presence was magnetic. He was perfectly honest, perfectly true and perfectly fearless. The few speeches and letters which he has left us are models of brevity, of strength and of good homely English. That was almost Emersonian when he said that "he believed in administration which was above suspicion, and not one which was above investigation." When the history of the great civil war is fully written out, there will be few names about which will gather so much of romantic interest, and of tender and sentimental regard, as about that of this gallant young Massachusetts officer.

It seems to us who knew him that he has died altogether too young for his own complete fame and for our happiness. But a wise Providence orders all things. At a time of grave political excitement, when few men stand forth for country, and all are for party; when sectional distrust and hatred again display their ghastly forms; when more than ever reconciliation and peace are yearned for by every patriotic heart; his failing life and sick chamber, and calm and beautiful death, arrest the attention of men and point them to the better way, the Christlike way of bearing one another's burdens; of judging each other kindly, of binding up the broken-hearted, of rebuilding the waste-places. If such an influence might go forth from his death, he, at least, would scarcely murmur at his release.

THE MORALITY OF CAREFUL WRITING.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for January.]

THE genius of true art is the most austere as well as the most genial of spirits. To know and serve it we must keep our finer preceptions keen-eyed and humble. We cannot lose distinctions in art, taking an intention in place of achievement, without vitiating our power of discriminating in other things. Promise without performance in finance and state-craft gets ugly names given to it. I do not wish to deal in ugly names, but I should like to suggest the analogy here. But the writers I refer to, and their apologists, plead that they are too much in earnest to have time to observe artistic laws or improve taste in themselves and others. One of them, in a preface to his new novel, says he does not claim for his books "the character of beautiful works of art," but "is not afraid to inform the reader that these books are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right." This clearly implies a sneer at "beautiful works of art." But need a man's purpose be any the less honest and earnest if he tries to do his work as well and beautifully as possible? This writer wants to have it

supposed that there is something superior, something especially religious, in his fixing attention on his purpose and neglecting the execution of it. But religiousness in all branches of life demands that we should do what we have to do in the most thorough way; and real thoroughness implies beauty; and beauty in human products implies severe thought and refined art. The writer of that preface of course uses literary art just as far as he can grasp it to make his story attractive. But he finds that his works are not ranked very high for their art, and therefore he assumes that art is not worth thinking much about. But let me ask why these gentlemen compose novels, instead of tracts and sermons? Tracts and sermons demand less literary art than long fictions, and if sincerity is a thing apart from art, tracts and sermons are more sincere. No; they write books because they can reach more people, and possibly because they can make more money by them. And they write them in a quick, loose, unfinished way, because it is less difficult than to write them in a mood of devotion to the highest æsthetic as well as the highest ethical ideals. It is a feeble self-deception on their part to assume that they are more virtuous for this reason than the conscientious literary artist who would be glad enough to have his fifty thousand readers, too, but will forego them if he must be false to his ideals in order to get them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

(Concluded from last week.)

My Uncle Adam had caused grandfather a great deal of trouble. Possessed by an irresistible passion for a wandering life, he had left his father's house, and for many years nothing was heard from him. My grandfather often sighed for him in secret, for he was fondly attached to this, his youngest son. And when Adam finally appeared with a wife from America and two sons, his father said in the words of the Scripture: "Now let me die. Since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive. I had not thought to see thy face; and lo! God hath shown me also thy seed."

My grandfather was considered in the whole neighborhood a freethinker—as I learned afterwards—for he read all sorts of books, and had his own opinions on a variety of subjects. Once on Whitsunday, just after the bell had rung, and the service had begun, he had stood a while in front of the church with hands folded together, and then went off into the woods. He said to a man who met him and questioned him: "That it was sometimes better for one to catch the holy sound at the door of the temple, and then to bear it with him in his heart out into the wide world; that he wanted to-day, just for once, to go where the flowers, waving in the wind, send up their sacred incense, and to hear the birds preaching in all tongues and languages and praising God."

From that day my grandfather passed for a freethinker, and yet he loved God more than all else, and his neighbor as himself. At a later period, when I could read, and his eyes were unable to see the print, I had often to read the Bible aloud to him. I once saw him shed tears at the history of Jacob, but I was dry-eyed, and read without stopping, in order to come to something which would give him consolation. As I was at one time reading the passage, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," he said in a low tone to himself: "One can reverse that and say, Love thyself as thy

neighbor!" I did not exactly understand what he meant, and thought too that the words of the Scriptures ought not to be changed and turned round; and, occupied with this thought, I read on without knowing what I was reading, and stammered and stumbled. My grandfather took the Bible from me and closed it. I was not allowed to read to him again for a long time, and so I retained all the circumstances in my memory. I now comprehend his meaning in saying: "Love thyself as thy neighbor!" It was that we should be free from all fond partiality toward self, and look upon ourselves as if we were not ourselves but another person. How hard that is!

Why is it, that, as a general thing, the grandfather is so specially fond of the first-born grandchild, and that this child so much resembles him? I am inclined to think that the man, becoming a child again, is drawn toward the child, and their affections become entwined: it is the free exercise of parental and filial love, love which has been freed from dependence on mere natural relationship, and which is also bound up with it.

My grandfather's life closed with a holy death. Even at this moment I feel his hand on my head, and it seems as if a spirit of blessing, a tender, sanctifying spirit, rested upon me.

The last time my grandfather was out in the field, was when we were getting in the second crop of hay. The fresh odor of the hay was perhaps too pungent for the old man of four-score and seven years, and he fell in a fainting fit. He was carried home, and as soon as I returned from school I hastened to him. He felt for me with trembling hand, and held me fast: after this I had to stay away from school and remain with him. On the fifth day of his illness, on a Friday morning, he said to me: "Read aloud something from the Scriptures." I handed to him on the bed the Bible, which he opened. Was it chance, or was it some special providential leading?—my eye directly fell upon this passage: "And the time drew near that Israel must die." I wept; I was suffered to read no further, and was sent to call in all the household. And my grandfather said: "Adam, place me upright in bed, for I wish to speak to you all." Adam did as was desired of him, then stationed himself behind the bed, and grandfather continued: "Adam, you are my youngest son, and you have caused me many a grief. I forgive you from the bottom of my soul; you have a stout heart and a strong intellect—rule over them. Look at the swift-footed horse who is curbed with bit and bridle. May the spirit of peace and love prevail in you, my dear son; may God bless you."

Adam pressed his hands together and also his lips, drawing long and deep breaths. My grandfather then called my father to the bed-side and said to him: "John, to you a quiet life is allotted; you are pious and patient, but your hand is dilatory. Let Adam be your hand, and let him carry out what you have agreed upon between you. Be strenuous in doing as you are in suffering. Be you true to each other, you brothers, remember your father on earth and in heaven, and be united with him."

My father, with his cap pressed against his mouth, in order that his loud sobs might not be heard, now placed himself at the head of the blessing patriarch, who called my mother to him and said: "You came into my house as a maid-servant, and you became my daughter. You have repaid my love a thousand-fold. Preserve with diligent hand what the Lord has bestowed upon you; be kind to those who serve you; be a mother to the children of my dead Magdalena, and God will recompense it to you and to your child-

ren, and to your children's children. May you be blessed!"

My mother stood at the foot of the bed and prayed in a low tone. Turning to Adam's wife, the dying old man continued: "Your cheerful spirit has gladdened my old days. You were sent to my house by God from a far distant land, so that I might know all men are one in His sight. Implant in the hearts of your children a love to all men of every creed and of every land. My daughter, receive my blessing."

Laying his two hands on my mother's face, he then said in trembling accents: "Weep not too sorrowfully for me, thou loving and true; be not too impatient for the day when you shall be with me once more, and forever may God be your support."

He drew a deep breath, and in a relieved tone uttered my name. I knelt down at his side; he laid his hand on me and said: "Receive my blessing, my son! Much has been bestowed upon you, more than to other men; be to them a leader. The spirit of truth and of love rest upon you, my son!—Receive me, thou Spirit of Love, forgive me."

He never spoke again.

And whenever I utter from a sacred place, or embody in a voiceless, written word some deep thought which I seek to pour out into the souls of men, it seems to me as if the spirit of my grandfather spoke through me.

"May I live like him, and like him die!"

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS.

[H. E. Scudder, in St. Nicholas for January.]

THE New England Primer was not the only little book which great-grandfather had. There were not many books made in America then, and this was almost the only one made expressly for children; nor were there very many made or written in England for children alone in those days.

"Mother Goose's Melodies" is an American book more than a hundred years old. Many of the rhymes in it, most indeed, are English nursery rhymes, brought over in the head to this country; but there was a real Mother Goose in Boston, who sang the little ditties to her daughter's children and her daughter's husband, who was a printer, collected them into a book. Then we read of "Goody Two Shoes," which was quite well known, and there were a good many scraps of history, and anecdotes in almanacs, as there are now. But then, as now, children read the same books that their fathers read. Indeed, that was much more common then, for it is only within the last hundred years, more especially the last twenty-five or thirty, that there have been many books and magazines especially for children. But there were long ago books written, like "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the authors of which were not thinking of children at all; and yet these books have come to be read almost entirely by the young. Great-grandfather had these books, and he read besides many books which children to-day, with books of their own, are less likely to see. There was John Randolph, of Roanoke, for instance, a notable Virginian, who was born in 1773. The first book that fell in his way was Voltaire's "History of Charles XII. of Sweden." He found a closet full of books, and before he was eleven years old he had read "The Spectator," "Humphrey Clinker," "Reynard the Fox," "The Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," "Goldsmith's Roman History," and an old "History of Braddock's War," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Quintus Curtius," "Plutarch's Lives," "Pope's Homer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Jones," "Orlando Furioso," and "Thomp-

son's Seasons"—a queer lot, but some of them great books, which it would be well to read now, instead of weak and foolish ones.

SELECTIONS.

THE ERL-KING.

[Translated from the German of Goethe.]

WHA's ridin' sae fast i' the gloamin's licht?
WHA's ridin' sae late through the mirksome nicht?
A faither, wha clasps aye mair close i' his arm
His ae bonnie laddie, sae bielded frae harm.

"My bairn, what gars ye aye cower doon your een?"
"O faither, haud fast! it's the Erl-king I've seen—
The Erl-king, wi' his croon an' his glamourie."
"My son, it's driftin' euid that ye see."

ERL-KING.

"Ne'er hae I seen sae fair a face!
Ne'er hae I viewed sae sweet a grace!
O gin ye'll gang wi' me, we'll play
On gowden shores the lee-lang day."

"My faither, my faither, O dinna ye hear
What the Erl-king whispers sae laigh i' my ear?"
"Noo whist ye, my bairn—it's some weary win'
That has tint away whilk it canna fin'."

ERL-KING.

"O come wi' me to my far-off hame!
Ye sall kame your locks wi' a gowden kame.
My dochters their watch by your side sall keep,
An' rock ye, an' kiss ye, an' sing ye to sleip;
They'll rock ye, an' kiss ye, and sing ye to sleip."

"My faither, my faither, an' dinna ye see
The Erl-king's fair dochters aye beckon to me?"
"My son, it's but yonder gray willows' saft sheen
Ye tak for the glint o' their starry een."

ERL-KING.

"It's oh, bonnie bairn, but I like ye weel;
Noo, yield ye, I rede, or my power ye sall feel."

"O faither, O faither, haud fast by me noo!
For his gruesome han' it lies cauld on my broo!"

The faither shuddered—his heart grew a stane,
But he grippit his bairn an' made ne'er a mane.
He sped to his castle wi' mickle drede;
Wae's me! in his arms—the bairn lay deid!

—Chambers's Journal.

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO CHOOSE time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.—BACON.

I LOVE such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning.—ISAAC WALTON.

THE very essence of tyranny is to act as if the finer feelings, like the finer dishes, were delicacies only for the rich and great, and little people have no taste for them and no right to them.

ALL things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort and the law of human judgment mercy.—RUSKIN.

A LAWYER who does not believe in law, a physician who does not believe in medicine, a clergyman preaching doctrines which are false to his own convictions—these are drudges of a lower order than the Irishman carrying his hod of bricks up the ladder.
—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

GOETHE said that the thought of endless life was sometimes oppressive to him, because there must be a period when further progress was impossible. But he was reassured on this point when he looked up to the stars. The poet felt that in revealing such depths of space to him they hinted at intellectual distances which no soul could out-travel. In the same spirit Kant said: "Two things fill me with perpetual awe—the moral law and the starry heavens."—JOHN WEISS.

THERE is a certain sweet severity of innocence—like that of Hilda in "Transformation"—which is dreadfully pained and shocked at the first great evil-doing which is brought before it, and thinks nothing was ever like it, or no punishment sufficient. This kind of sternness is as hard on itself as on others, and is really hatred of sin. Yet if the misery of the poor sinner be brought before these hard judges, they will soon be pitiful enough and grieve over their own harshness.—CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

It is told of Brutus that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides: "O virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.—EMERSON.

A BRITISH VILLAGE IN OXFORD.

(From The London Times.)

A MOST remarkable discovery has been made in the course of preparing the ground for the new University schools in the High street, Oxford, which are about to be erected from the designs of Mr. Graham Jackson, M. A. In proceeding with the excavations there has been laid bare the site of what is considered by some an undoubted British village, or settlement, dating back perhaps for more than two thousand years. The site chosen for the erection of the schools, and on which this discovery has been made, was occupied, as is well known, by the Angel Hotel, and lies between High street on the North, Merton street on the South, University College on the West, and King Street on the East, and embraces an area of about two acres, nearly the whole of which, or at all events all that has been already cleared, abounds in evidence that on this spot originally existed a British settlement.

The excavations have now been made to a depth of about fifteen feet, and the earth having been cleared away has left standing a number of mounds of gravel, or at least so they appear to the uninitiated, but on closer examination these mounds resolve themselves into the walls which divided the circular pits in which our progenitors dwelt. In some cases the wall is not more than six inches thick, while in others again the division is of greater thickness, but all the spaces are of the same shape—namely, circular, although of course they differ in size. One very perfect specimen, situated on the west side, is of a remarkable character. It is much larger than the others, and being on the extreme edge of the site only one half has been exposed. The appearance presented therefore is that of a semicircular excavation in the gravel, the base of the semicircle being formed by the earth and foundations of the adjoining building.

This large pit has adjoining it a much smaller one, which probably served as the entrance, and at the point of junction between the two there is a bench or narrow platform. The opinion has been expressed that these excavations are merely old gravel pits, but against this supposition must be adduced the facts that they cover a large extent of ground, that they are all at about six feet below the surface, that each one of the caves or pits, although circular in shape, has a level bottom, that the walls in some cases are not more than six inches in thickness, that the gravel on the top of the wall bears undoubted traces of having been turned up from a lower level, and that in two of the pits have been found concrete floors (these being the only two that have been at present carefully examined,) of what composed is not at present known, but of such tenacity that it was possible to remove the half of one of them without fracture.

At the bottom of another of these primitive dwellings were found some pieces of decayed wood, which may or may not have been portions of the original roof. The remains have at present a most remarkable appearance, especially when viewed from a height, as then the circular form of each is more apparent, and the regularity of construction, and all being upon the same level, affords conclusive evidence to some antiquarians that here has been found incontrovertible evidence that Oxford can carry her antiquity back to a far earlier date than the classic days when King Alfred founded University College. In removing the rubbish and earth several objects of great interest have been found, including a portion of a Runic cross, a Saxon knife and arrow head, etc., and, also, a very large number of bones, but these possess no particular interest, as they are principally of domestic animals in general use.

The discovery has caused considerable interest in university

circles, Professors Rolleston, Westwood, Prestwich and others having examined the spot, but of course there is at present a conflict of opinion as to the real nature of the discovery which has been made by the clerk of the Works, whose antiquarian knowledge is considerable, and to whom great credit is due for the careful manner in which he has preserved every possible evidence that can lead to a proper determination of the question.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

(Eugene Thayer in the Golden Rule.)

If we examine the words and music of the average Sunday-school Hymn and Tune Book what do we find? Save here and there a passable selection, nothing but a mass of stupid, incongruous stuff, nonsense and twaddle; illiterate, ungrammatical, and utterly unpoetical jingle; and music that trash or dishwater would be too good a name for. And this is not the worst of it. The little innocents are actually obliged to sing this drivelling nonsense.

Think of children beginning life with—

"'Twill all be over soon;

'Tis only for a moment here,

'Twill all be over soon."

Or singing such dismal meditations as this:—

"A few more prayers,

A few more tears,

It won't be long. It won't be long."

Or such enforced juvenile hypocrisy as—

"Almost anchored, life's rough journey

Shortly now will all be o'er.

Unseen hands the sails are furling;

Soon I'll reach the heavenly shore.

Almost home! how sweet it soundeth

To the heart that's worn with care."

Think of it! Worn with care at the age of twelve! Think of them obliged to vocalize such falsehoods as—

"I want to be an angel

And with the angels stand."

They don't want any such thing. There isn't a child in the world but what wishes to live. Not one of them wants to be an angel when death is the price. And yet innocent, unthinking children absolutely have to sing this dreariness. Further: I have seen and played from a Sunday-school book which had the words, "For Jesus is my Saviour," set to that drunkard's melody, "We won't go home till morning." Three or four notes changed, but the rest note for note. And this in my blessed native State of Massachusetts! Now the music was not bad, for I said that there is no such thing as bad music. But there are such things as bad associations; and when we hear this, or any other melody, repeatedly sung by men reeling home at midnight, we must conclude that it is unfit for church service. Unfit because of bad association; unfit because of inappropriateness;—the only thing that can render music valueless for good influence and good works.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." So we must begin in the Sunday-school if the music of the church is ever to be reformed. If you have any Sabbath-school books like this, buy no more fire kindlings until they are in the ash barrel past resurrection. Far better that the children should have but a half dozen hymns, or even none at all, than that they be made to sing such false, hypocritical, arrant nonsense as the majority of these books contain.

RUSSIA'S POPULARITY IN ENGLAND.

(Moncure D. Conway, in the Cincinnati Commercial.)

AMONG those classes who are supposed to lead public opinion, there has been for many years a growing interest in Russia, and an increasing appreciation of the intellectual and moral growth of that country. This modern feeling was indicated yesterday at a rather unique assembly, which was called together in St. George's Hall, where I had the pleasure of being present. It was called together by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, an English scholar, who has made the study of Russia his specialty, and who passes much of his time in that country. There is in the pleasant seaside village of Broadstairs an institution called St. Peter's Orphanage, where little Slav (chiefly Russian) children, who have become orphans in this country, have a pleasant home, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his wife, Mrs. Tait. Mr. Ralston has long been in the habit of visiting that orphanage, where he collects the children and pours out to them stories from the traditions and fairy lore of their country, with which his head is

stored. Recently he resolved to call the attention of his London friends to this orphanage through the very pleasant method of taking a hall and sending out invitations (without price), that they might come and hear some "gossip about the Slavs." The result was a gathering, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, of that oddly cosmopolitan character which I believe London alone can supply. I found myself comfortably seated between a rationalist Broad church clergyman and a radical lady artist, on the other side of whom was a Japanese pagan, at whose left was the rigidly orthodox Dr. Littledale, editor of the *Church Times*. Close by Edward Maitland, the Agnostic author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," touching elbows with the eminent Ritualist, the Rev. Mr. Denton. Mr. and Mrs. Herz, of the Comtist school, were seated near Mr. and Mrs. Karl Blind, of the German free-thinking persuasion. A little way off were G. H. Lewes, whose always striking countenance gets better looking as he gets older, and George Eliot, with whom the reverse is the case—and to get a look at whom all the ladies rose on tiptoe, whispering, "There she is!" The handsome young traveller, Mackenzie Wallace, who is carrying through the press a great work on Russia, for whose excellence Mr. Ralston vouches, was present also; so also was Mr. Macall, editor of the *Athenæum*, whose continued success proves that success sometimes succeeds better than merit; Mr. Ferguson, author of "Serpent and Tree Worship," and many other archæologists were present. William Black, too, was there, but I had only time to get from him that his recent American journey was a continuous festivity. (He has come back with heroines enough for one thousand novels, and looking vigorous enough to turn them all into romance.) Well, such were some of the characteristics of the audience which assembled to listen to Mr. Ralston; and nothing was more noticeable than the enthusiastic way in which they responded to every word he said favorable to Russia. His allusion to the emancipation of the serfs elicited continuous applause, and his account of the genuineness of their sympathy for the people of their own race now suffering from Turkish oppression awakened the liveliest sympathy. These were but incidental allusions, indeed, Mr. Ralston having studiously avoided the political side of his subject, but the scholarly gentlemen and ladies took up the faintest word favorable to Russia, and by their applause gave the meeting political significance.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUSILLANIMITY OF BIGOTRY.

To The Editor of the Inquirer :

THE *Independent* recently gave circulation to what it calls the "interesting story" of the London *Methodist Recorder*, concerning the death of Athanase Coquerel. It affirms that he disavowed the religious truth he had gained in the plenitude of his powers, and in death presented a spectacle of abject fear and weakness, sending for a Wesleyan pastor to whom he confessed and by whom he was shriven.

We have no doubt the story is one of those miserable fictions bigotry has ever invented to prop up its decaying creeds. It imagines the hero of faith dying as the slave of superstition would die if he had thought or said aught contrary to local or orthodox opinion.

It evermore stands about the cross of Christ's friends and says what it said, when its cold, cruel eyes were fixed upon his wan and suffering form, "Let be; let us see whether Elias will come to save him." Its malignant heart is stirred with triumph when the powers of reason are invaded by mortal agonies, and no music is sweeter to its ear than the bitter cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" But they go from their triumph to see sooner or later that the power of the reformer cannot be neutralized by the tremors of disease and the agonies of death. He rises again in spite of every Eloi, but the veil of the temple is rent never to be repaired.

But supposing the story true, what can be indicative of greater meanness than even to refer to it? Does not wise legislation insist that wills made under religious excitement in the time of mortal fear are nugatory? Is a man's opinion on any subject of as much worth when he is sick as when he is well? Cannot the Church of Rome boast that myriads of Methodists and other heretics have repented of their apostasy from the Holy Catholic Church when face to face with death? Has Protestantism come to this, that it must invade the chamber of death and snatch the words of deliri-

um from dying men wherewith to discredit the testimony of health and intellectual maturity? Must it resort to the old strategy of mediæval times? Why does it stop there? In the old times they not only allied themselves with disease, they not only took advantage of abnormal conditions engendered in the course of nature, but anticipated them. If the words of dying men are so useful for the spread of the Gospel, when the nervous system is low and the brain feeble, why not make the nerves and brain obedient? The Catholics used to pour wine through a tunnel down the throats of Protestants, and when they were nearly deprived of reason, made them subscribe to the faith, and boasted of glorious conversions by this method. If all that is sought is recantation, if it be of no consequence whether the penitent be well or ill, living or dying, why do they not assist and accelerate the processes of disease?

But there is another side to the subject. If Rationalists sometimes die in fear, and creep in the last fever to lay themselves in the habit of the monk, do the Orthodox always die in triumph? When they sing, "O for a closer walk with God," or "I will praise Thee, every day," let them remember how William Cowper died! If Coquerel profited by the evangelical preacher in his dying hours, Cowper warned him away as impotent to help, and leaped, as he thought, at once to death and hell.

But a stout and reverent heart triumphs over death before the hour death triumphs over him. It is in the plenitude of our power, before the furies do their fell work, the soul strong in the love of God, dwelling in the light of His truth, can say, (while pietism allies itself with death and the grave,) "Now while the strength of a man is mine, O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction; repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

FROM WASHINGTON.

AS IN all Southern cities, the holidays are more generally and more heartily observed than in the towns and cities of the North. Moreover, Washington, as a part of Maryland, is a Catholic city. The old residents—and, I may add, some very good Christian people here—are Roman Catholics—men and women who go about doing good. They have hospitals, orphan asylums, and schools well equipped and well managed. They have many churches, but no cathedral. One of the handsomest and most costly churches is occupied by colored people, although they are to be seen in other Catholic churches also. The music at the church for colored people, St. Augustin's, is very attractive, and, like that at St. Aloysius, draws many Protestants there at vespers. St. Dominic's is another beautiful church recently completed. St. Patrick's is in course of construction. The colored Presbyterians have a fine brick church in the most admirable and fashionable portion of the West End. The Methodists are almost as well situated near Franklin Place. The Baptist church, on Nineteenth Street, is in the midst of fashionable dwelling houses. This is owing mainly to the extending and building up of the city to and around the early locations of these churches of the colored people.

The Protestants and the white people of Washington have few fine churches. The church of the Ascension, Episcopal, is altogether the finest. It cost about \$200,000. Mr. Corcoran contributed a large share of its cost. The church built by the Lutherans will present a grand appearance when completed. Dr. Newman's (the Metropolitan Methodist) church is large and elegant, but its location is poor. The Congregationalist is very large and complete in all its appointments, but very ugly in its exterior. These three churches, like others in Washington, were paid for by non-resident friends, to whom they still look for more or less sympathy and aid.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1876.

FROM DAVENPORT, IOWA.

THE cry from all parts of the country is *hard times*, and yet we keep alive our work here in the valley of the Mississippi without any aid from our Atlantic neighbors. We may seem to you to be far away. We are from twenty-four to thirty-six hours from New York city, and near the centre of the republic. We are few who rally under the name Unitarian, but the number of liberals who have no sectarian connection is great.

We have recently had visits from our brethren at Chicago, and also from our brethren at Keokuk. These friends have given us some of their best thoughts in lectures and sermons.

E. P. Powell, of Chicago, is wonderfully terse and comprehensive

in his style, and carries his hearers with him. Spectrum Analysis is a dull theme in the hands of some men, but as presented by Brother Powell, it is living and practical. The age of Socrates, Buddha, and Confucius was made as real as the nineteenth century. We had a fine lecture also on the Spectrum from Brother Clute, whose lucid style gave a charm to the subject. He showed every school-boy present how certainly we can analyze the sun and stars.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland made us but a short visit—too short for us to learn all from him that we wished to learn. We did learn with infinite satisfaction that the Fourth Church of Chicago is to live, and Mr. Sunderland will be present at the Easter celebration. He has stood by his guns with rare pluck. The heavy debt is reduced to only two thousand dollars, but why is that suffered to cripple a struggling church when we have a thousand persons in our body who would bless themselves by the gift of so small a sum in the name of the Lord?

Now, dear INQUIRER, I wish to congratulate you on your new name. It is the one for this day and generation, and is especially fitted for this Western country, where "Orthodoxy" has the barefaced assurance to proclaim its authority, as if, indeed, it had not been proven false in philosophy and as Bible teaching a thousand times.

If I had a dozen copies, I would do my best to obtain subscribers. Give us a paper cosmopolitan in its scope and deeply religious in its spirit, and we will do what we can to circulate it.

HUNTING.

JOTTINGS.

We notice that the Chime of Bells made by our advertisers, Henry McShane & Co., of Baltimore, which was a feature of the Exhibition, has been purchased by Mrs. A. T. Stewart for the Memorial Church at Garden City, Long Island.

THE Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, in their Winter garb, present a striking contrast to their appearance last Summer. The large buildings remain, though some which have been sold will disappear with the Spring. Active measures have been taken to

push the Permanent Exhibition, for the use of which the Main Building has been taken, one of the first moves being to widen the passage-ways to such an extent that the available show-space is reduced one-third.

FROM TRANSYLVANIA.—A correspondent of the *Austrian Protestant* writes of the Lutheran Church in Transylvania (Hungary)—"With our whole people religion and culture, faith and knowledge, Christianity and liberty of conscience, are regarded not as antagonistic, but as complementary to each other." This privilege, hardly possessed by any other people, is attributed to the traditional arrangement in our Lutheran church, by which our young men must act as teachers at one of our five high schools for some years before they can obtain a settlement as pastors. They come thus into intimate connection not only with the people, but also with scientific thought.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—This season's course of "Practical Talks," given by the Union, will begin next Saturday evening in the Union Hall, Boylston street, to be continued on twelve successive Saturday evenings in January, February and March. Hon. Emory Washburn will open the course by giving on Saturday evenings, Jan. 6th and 13th, "A Talk on the Constitution of the United States." To this entire course, all, both ladies and gentlemen, are invited. Doors open at 7½, to begin promptly at 7½.

The children's festival given by the Union last Saturday afternoon was in all respects a great success. Four hundred invitations were issued, and one lady contributed 160 dolls!

THE OHIO FREE NORMAL SCHOOL, a new department of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the charge of Prof. James McNeill, assisted by Professors and Instructors of Antioch College and High School, opened its Winter term yesterday, January 3d. This school, embracing a course of one year's study, is free of charge for tuition to all persons above the age of seventeen years, who shall declare their intention to enter on the profession of teaching, for at least one year after leaving the school, and shall pass a satisfactory examination in Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Spelling and Penmanship. The success of the first term of this department has in every way exceeded the most sanguine

The Inquirer.

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1876—77.

LECTURES:

- I. Luther and the Reformation. Sunday evening, Nov. 5, 1876.
- II. John Calvin and his System. Sunday evening, Dec. 3, 1876
- III. George Fox and Quakerism. Sunday evening, Dec. 17, 1876.
- IV. Wesley and Methodism. Sunday evening, Jan. 7, 1877.
- V. Emanuel Swedenborg. Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877.
- VI. Murray and Universalism. Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.
- VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his era and later Times in Matters of Religion. Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.
- VIII. Channing and Unitarianism. Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.
- IX. Theodore Parker. Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

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New York, Dec. 22, 1876.

Fifty-Second Semi-Annual Dividend.

The Trustees of this institution have declared the Fifty-Second Semi-Annual Dividend on all deposits on the last day of January next, (by the rules entitled thereto,) at the rate of Six per cent. per annum on sums not exceeding \$500, and Five per cent. per annum on larger sums. Payable on and after January 15th.

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expectation of its friends, and its prospects for the future are encouraging.

"CORRUPTION wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not."—*Shakespeare*.

Over this motto Mr. Thos. Nast, in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*, gives us an eminently peaceful figure of Justice embracing with her right arm the infant New Year, while in her left hand she holds the traditional scales. The Capitol looms up in the distance, and on the left sits Old '76, evidently wondering which side of the scale will go down when Justice presides next month over the counting of the electoral vote! The old gentleman seems sorely puzzled, and evidently thinks the closing days of his career sadly wanting in cheerfulness. Young '77 looks innocently hopeful, and Justice has a calm but determined look which is very reassuring.

ST. LOUIS.—*The Church of the Messiah* is the title of an attractive looking little paper issued by the church of that name, and edited, we presume, by its versatile and active minister, Rev. John Snyder. The number for December contains a full list of the various social, educational and benevolent agencies of both the Church of the Messiah and the Church of the Unity. Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot furnishes the second of two interesting papers on The Genesis of the Church of the Messiah, giving facts and statistics many of which he alone could furnish. The editor generously offers his services to those in search of information concerning Unitarianism or other forms of Liberal Christianity, and illustrates his willingness to be "interviewed" by several pungent answers addressed to Elder, Calvin, and other determined truth-seekers. An able and admirable sermon on Worship of the Father, by Rev. John C. Learned, of the Church of the Unity, fills well the third page. We wish we could transfer it bodily to our own columns. We shall print portions of it next week. Mr. Learned is one of the clearest thinkers and most devoted ministers in the West. We are not surprised to hear that he has taken a strong hold upon the more thoughtful people of St. Louis.

THE stability of *Blackwood's* is noteworthy. Every issue is good, and the December number is therefore not put forth as an extra inducement to subscribe to something poorer to come. Though this uniformity of excellence obtains with this periodical, there is room for honest praise every month in the year. This month the interest of "The Woman Hater" is fully sustained. Vizard manfully combats the sly meanness of Severne, though not finding out the depth of his depravity. Miss Gale is allowed to practice medicine in England under peculiar conditions. We may learn an Englishman's opinion of Americans in this remark of Vizard's addressed to an American lady: "I farm two hundred acres"—*vicariously*, of course. Nobody in England has brains enough to do anything *himself*. That weakness is confined to your

late father's country, and they suffer for it by outfighting, outliving and outwitting us whenever we encounter them."

"A German Bath" is the title of an article describing the present state of Homburg, Baden-Baden and other resorts of that class. Since the abolition of public gambling at those fashionable nurseries of vice some of these places go to decay, and others prosper in new fields of enterprise. What people undergo for the sake of following their leaders is well illustrated in the writer's experience at a mineral spring in Nassau. "Mongolia and Solitudes of Northern Thibet" is chiefly entertaining as a careful account of those regions of the Chinese Empire which have hitherto defied the observation of Europeans. The Great Desert of Gobi was crossed by Col. Prejevalsky, a Russian, whose work furnishes the text for the writer of the paper on Asiatic customs and countries. "The Secret Chamber, Castle Gowrie" is a wild specimen of the ghostly and ghastly that hardly ranks with the productions that render famous the name of *Blackwood*. It is a highly-drawn picture of nothing at all. But what can be said of *Devious Rambles No. III?* It has so many capital features. It dissects the century and compares now with then in a manner both subtle and original. The improvements of the present day are well looked at. Their good and bad sides are held up for review.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Under this head we shall reply briefly, as we find opportunity, to some of the questions put to us, either in conversation or in letters; in our answer to which we think others than the questioner will be likely to take some interest.]

DAYTON.—Your best way is to apply to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian church in Cincinnati, who will, we are sure, be happy to answer your various questions. Mr. Wendte is our special correspondent for Cincinnati and neighborhood. He was the soul, if not the founder, of the Chicago Athenæum, and can undoubtedly give you just the information you are in search of. Mr. William H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, would also be a good man to consult.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The members of the Christian Register Association are, we believe, all members of the American Unitarian Association, but there is no formal connection between the two associations. Neither can justly be held responsible for the acts of the other. Your impression is a common one in the West, arising naturally enough from the fact that both Associations have their headquarters in the same building, at 7 Tremont Place, Boston. You can procure Parker's works by sending to G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth Avenue, New York. An American edition of Dr. Martineau's new book will soon be published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

METHODIST.—We send *THE INQUIRER* to clergymen, of whatever "persuasion," for \$2.00 per annum of forty-three numbers. Our regular subscription price is \$3.00.

RHODE ISLAND.—We are unable to supply further orders for the first number of *THE INQUIRER*. Of the numbers for Dec. 14, 21, and 28 we have still a few copies on hand.

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Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	587,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,759 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on im- proved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,023 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,840 00
City and County Bonds.....	230,243 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	99,168 96
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and and Call Loans.....	7,067 22
Real Estate.....	17,109 49
	\$1,592,775 09

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Lungs, Pimples, Pustules,
Boils, Blotches, Tumors,
Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald
Head, Ringworm, Ulcers,
Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in
the Bones, Side and Head, Female
Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising
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as to be harmless even to children, it is
still so effectual as to purge out from the
system those impurities and corruptions
which develop into loathsome disease.

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we need do no more than to assure the
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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$13,269 20
U. S. Bonds, market value.....	304,220 60
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, 1,000 00	
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,826 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,841 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	21,487 00
	\$408,092 05
Losses unadjusted estimated at.....	\$14,300 56

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.
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HOME Insurance Co. of New York, Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-sixth Semi-Annual Statement, Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of July, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71
Total Assets - - -	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$426,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,200,000	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	287,487 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	69,250 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,050)	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY, 1876.....	78,394 53
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	181,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	13,631 56
Total - - -	\$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JULY 1876.....	\$247,326 66
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,400 00
Total - - -	\$247,326 66

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A Dividend of FIVE per cent. has been declared, pay-
able on and after Tuesday, the 13th of July.
New York, 14th July, 1876.

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THE INQUIRER.

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CHARLES G. AMES, Henry W. Bellows, William Potts, Edward P. Powell, and S. Alfred Steinthal are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

On Tuesday gold was quoted in the New York market at 105½, a price at which it would seem to be policy on the part of the banks to supply themselves. Just at this time, however, they are mainly engaged in endeavoring to escape exorbitant taxation by reducing their capital. As we go to press, gold stands at 106½, the slight rise being attributed to the Louisiana embroglio. The price of silver has varied somewhat during the week, closing at 57 3-16d per ounce. The supporters of the Silver Bill still maintain a determined position, and will require vigorous opposition.

THE Conference at Constantinople continues its sittings, but seems no nearer to a peaceful settlement of the question under discussion than at the date of our last issue. Lord Salisbury and General Ignatieff have postponed their departure until next Monday, giving room for more talk, but with little promise of a satisfactory result, in the present temper of the Porte. There appears to be less unanimity on the part of the members of the Conference than existed a week ago—a fact which will certainly tend to encourage Midhat Pasha in his opposition to the demands made by it. Meantime it is reported that the Russian Contingent in Servia has been dissolved, and that Servia is negotiating with the Porte for peace on the basis of the *status quo* and the maintenance of the Treaty of Paris.

THE *coup d'état* in Louisiana is so recent and the movement of events has been so rapid that any extended comment upon them seems premature and hazardous. At this writing, it would appear that Nicholls is practically in quiet possession of the city of New Orleans, with the exception of the State House, which is held by the adherents of Packard, and is managing affairs with great judgment and prudence. So far, all indications point to an intention on the part of

the General Government to refrain from interference except to preserve the peace. Should this intention be carried out, there can be no question as to the result;—the Democrats will acquire and remain in possession of the State government.

In the inextricable web of irregularities of which Louisiana has been the scene for many years, it is impossible, for an unprofessional man at least, to trace the thread of legality or to say on which side, if on either, a full legal claim exists. Of this, however, we feel quite assured: if Mr. Nicholls can be installed as Governor of the State, with due regard to justice, and the gang of unworthy politicians who for so long a time have kept the people in a condition of turbulence and unrest, can be definitively overthrown, the best interests of all the people of the State, white and black, and of the nation at large, will be subserved thereby.

AFTER a long illness, the result of which could not be doubtful, the death of Commodore Vanderbilt was announced without creating that financial excitement which many had anticipated. A natural apprehension that a division of his great estate would lead to dealings in the stock market which would necessarily seriously affect the prices of leading stocks, produced some variations in rates, but no important changes.

Our contemporaries and the public generally improve the occasion by discussing the character and life of the deceased, and the testamentary disposition of his enormous wealth. There remains little, however, to be said. Here was a man with large ability and great powers of organization, who, living in a time of rapid development, and giving his attention closely to his personal interests, succeeded in accumulating vast riches; who enjoyed all the protections and facilities afforded him by the community in which he lived, but did not consider it necessary to make any return to it, except so far as the conduct of his extensive business compelled him, and who at his death made every effort to keep together the hoard which he had gathered. It was not a noble life; it was not a typical American life. It does not call for imitation.

It is rather surprising that Governor Hayes' proposal that hereafter the Ohio State election shall be held on the same day as the Presidential election should have elicited so much favorable comment from journals which ought to have known better. The ground of approval is undoubtedly the desire to prevent the concentration of the political forces of the nation upon individual States prior to the great battle—a concentration prompted by the feeling that the moral effect of a victory thus gained will be a great aid to the successful party at its entrance on the final struggle. Undoubtedly this is a strong reason for changing the time of holding the election for State officers. But it does not follow that in case of a change the date of the Presidential election must necessarily be chosen. We are fully aware that much time is consumed—yes, much time is often wasted—in political campaigns, and that frequent elections are to be avoided. But the questions involved in municipal and State, and in national elections are so wholly different, the

evils resulting from a confounding of issues so great, that every effort should be made to attain the desired infrequency of campaigns and avoidance of external pressure by some more rational means than that which is proposed. Perhaps when we have reduced the number of elective offices within some reasonable proportions, and made official terms long enough to warrant us in hoping that a whole term need not be consumed in obtaining the knowledge necessary to the proper fulfilment of its duties, we may find some questions which now trouble us wholly disappear.

As one element of any satisfactory arrangement of our representative system, we think it will hardly be denied that the political combinations involved in the election for President and for members of Congress are *naturally* wholly different from those involved in the election of members of State, city or town governments.

For more than a week past the air of New York has been thick with dire threatenings of slaughter on the part of certain well-known individuals, the same to take effect "in the field of honor" by means of the real old-fashioned duel. Shades of the dead past protect us! Has it come to this? We have had our revival of enthusiasm in andirons, in straight-backed chairs, in majolica and bric-a-brac generally, in which we meekly confess that in our small measure we faintly participated. But we never thought it would go thus far. Must we indeed prepare to stand up and be shot at in the interest of our honor? We really hope not. We had rather give up the straightest chair-back in the whole house—nay, the most grotesque and ugly piece of crockery in our collection, than believe it. A well-conducted murder we can understand. There is a definite effectiveness about it of which we can see the force. To be sure, murder is a bad habit to get into, but it generally occurs in sporadic cases. This standing up and giving your enemy the same chance to shoot you that you have to shoot him, however, complicates the matter extraordinarily. We do not like it. Will not some one tell us whether we must either accept the duel or give up our old china?

Late reports inform us that the parties have met, three shots have been exchanged at fifteen paces by two good marksmen, nobody has been hurt, and the wounded honor of all has been healed. A blessed consummation! Let us now contribute our mite toward formulating the code for the benefit of future aspirants. We make these suggestions:

First. Let a shocking bad hat be selected and hung upon a peg, and each party be entitled to three shots at it. The result in this case will be similar to that reported in the case just settled.

Second. Let each party be armed with a pillow, and set to work belaboring his opponent. This might, however, produce headaches.

Third. In aggravated cases, let the parties draw lots as to which shall be hung over a clothes-line, hat and coat removed, while the other bangs away at him with a repeating rifle at three paces.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND THE PRESIDENTIAL DILEMMA.

THERE is a manifest and wholesome abatement of the fever in the public pulse in regard to the election. The controlling sentiment of the people is one of cool and submissive patience, with ever less and less of anxiety, and an increasing indifference as to the precise result. It is very fortunate that so little personal enthusiasm attaches to the

two candidates. Gov. Hayes, from the general quietness and retiringness of his worthy character and the nation's small previous acquaintance with him as a politician or statesman, has no strong place in the personal affections of the Republicans out of his own State. He has steadily grown in the respect of the nation by his admirable reticence, his self-respecting withdrawal from all participation in the canvass and the measures that have followed it, and his obvious subordination of all private ambition, or love of office and power, to the will and the interests of the country. It is plain that neither he nor his best supporters are going to be hurt by his failure to reach the Presidential chair, should that be in the book of fate. There is no feeling about his personal aspirations and their gratification or defeat, such as tore the hearts of Henry Clay's followers and lovers after each of his disappointments. His personal fortunes are not matters of earnest concern and deep feeling with any portion of the Republican party, thoroughly respected and trusted as he is and deserves to be.

With Gov. Tilden it is equally plain that the Democrats, either in his own State or elsewhere, are not heartily in sympathy, and do not feel at all confident that they want him for President unless as a party success. His temperament is cold and cautious. He excites no enthusiasm by his presence or his character. He seems equally without vices and virtues of a conspicuous, challenging and decided kind, such as move indignation or admiration. Most people think of him as a hard-headed and not soft-hearted man, whose main interest is for number one; who has managed to acquire a large fortune in ways that have not been very considerate of others' rights and claims; by legal adroitness; by the wrecker's arts—who, if he does not make the ships go on the rocks, spends his life in watching the shore, to profit by the welcome disaster. He is a man with few warm friends; who lived in this community for forty years without being known or felt as a public benefactor; who left the city and the country during our civil war, in doubt whether he felt a pang at the perils of the nation or a throb of sympathy with the cause of liberty, anti-slavery or union. In his own party he has never been a man after its own heart—not in full sympathy with its cardinal ideas and measures, disposed to have his own way, and not trusted as a hearty representative of its policy. Republicans may be glad of this, and it may be creditable to Mr. Tilden's sagacity; but it does not help his popularity with his own party, nor deepen the concern with which his prospects of success and failure are regarded. We have been much struck, in conversing with his most distinguished adherents, to see evidences of coolness and even resignation to his fate, should it be one of disappointment of his hopes.

For ourselves, we rejoice in this feeling, believing that the Democrats are right in their doubt whether Mr. Tilden will be a highly and purely Democratic chief if he attains the Presidency. We shall rejoice in his party independence, if he reaches the White House, and we may equally rejoice that Gov. Hayes has so little to thank the Republicans for, who took him up as a *pis aller*—a person less likely to be defeated than the men they preferred and went to Cincinnati to nominate. He, if he comes in at all, will come into office unpledged to anything but his excellent letter of acceptance of the nomination. We sincerely hope that, in either case, we are going to have a President who, not having gained his place by any special services, on either side, to his professed party, and not entangled in political friendships, will be free to pursue the policy which the intelligent people of both parties and of no party are longing to see

inaugurated—a policy that considers only the claims of the nation and the dignity and interest of the whole country.

We are far from forgetting Gov. Tilden's record as a Ring breaker. It has been useful and honorable, but it did not lie in the direction of his characteristic traits, and has not been accepted as evidence of his high-toned and unselfish personal and public virtue. Yet it made him the nominee of the Democratic party, and may make him President; and it is a good pedigree. We trust its wonderful success will make Mr. Tilden continue to do like works, if he has new and larger opportunities.

All this absence of high personal charm and influence over the people's hearts, in both candidates, we regard as a piece of eminent good fortune. It keeps Congress a little cooler, and less personal in its debates; it makes the work of the two advisory committees easier. It will render the result of the election less trying, whatever it be. It is an element of safety and an augury of a calm February.

MR. ELY'S SUCCESSOR IN CONGRESS.

It is curious to see Mr. D. D. Field sent to Congress to take the place of honest Mr. Ely, the Mayor now in office. It was supposed that Mr. Ely would hold on to his seat until the last moment, so as not to diminish by an ounce the Democratic strength in the House; but he resigned, and Mr. Field was hurried into his place under some urgent sense of the importance of strengthening the legal brains of the Democratic party in Congress, and to participate in the settlement of the Presidential election. It is difficult to believe the rumors that this has been done in accordance with Governor Tilden's orders or counsel. How he could think it right or decent to select for a leader in Congress the leading counsel for Tweed, whose rascalities it was the making of Governor Tilden to oppose, and who found Mr. Field his chief obstacle, is hard to imagine. Nobody doubts Mr. Field's great ability, courage and persistency as a lawyer, or his services as a codifier of New York laws, or his considerable reputation at home and abroad as a writer on large subjects. But, unhappily, few confide in him as scrupulous, high-toned or trustworthy, where his cupidity or his obstinacy, his self-confidence or his ambition, are excited. It would be idle to conceal the general disesteem, and even dislike, felt towards him by most honorable men, whether in his own or in other professions. We cannot in charity doubt that a large part of this is due to mere association with Tweed's case, and that he may have partial justification for his course in that famous defense of the greatest robber of modern times on the English principle of a lawyer's being bound to make a client's case his own. Still, lawyers constitutionally high-toned and honorable manage to keep out of causes, however tempting their proffered retainers, which it is defiling to touch, and the public have a feeling that Mr. Field might have done so had he been of a delicate stomach. Viewing his course with all the charity we could muster, the conclusion least unfavorable to him has been only this—that he was not consciously *im-moral* in his legal career, but only *un-moral*, that is, not dominated by moral considerations and feelings. This is the true account of a great many public men—not to speak of private men—that they are not intentionally immoral, but, from not being sensitive to moral considerations, do things that strike all their peers as opposed to the code of sound ethics.

We are profoundly sorry to see a man of this apparent stripe—a man who must be a leader, and who has the audacity and ability to lead—who has cowed many, not to say

most, of his profession, and made the whole Bar Association unable to throw him over when they eagerly desired to get rid of him—we are painfully alarmed to see such a lawyer sent to Congress at a crisis like the present, to add his subtlety and his fearlessness to the counsels of the Democrats, when plain-dealing, simplicity, caution and wisdom and public confidence are so much more wanted. If ever we needed men in public life free from suspicion as patriots and moralists and publicists, it is now. But be Mr. Field what he may, the election of a man of his doubtful repute and damaged legal position, from the heart of the very community that has suffered most by him and knows him best, is a mortifying proof how little moral feeling enters into the calculations of politicians. General Butler's election in Massachusetts and Mr. Field's in New York are painful facts in the centennial year.

THE MEDICO-LEGAL ASSOCIATION.

THE existence of a Medico-Legal Association in New York, whose object it is, by a union of medical and sanitary experts with lawyers, to secure the conditions of health and safety to our children at the public schools, by devising plans for better ventilation, less crowding and shorter sessions, and then urging their adoption as laws and rules for the governance of school trustees and commissioners, is a very encouraging fact, known to few and not likely to receive due attention. Their first report shows conclusively that our school-houses are insufficient in number and size; that the money spent on ornamentation and architecture would be much better spent in roominess, in more light, in better arrangements of lavatories and privies, in easier access and exits, in less ambitious rooms for collecting the whole school, and in larger class-rooms, now sacrificed to the principal room. It is certain that air-space is not enough by one-half and desk-room by a third. It is certain that children go to school too soon for health and safety; that the sessions cover too many hours, and that the afternoon session is of doubtful utility. It is certain that eye-diseases are caused to a serious extent by imperfect light, bad air, and too long confinements. In short, our present sanitary arrangements in public schools need a vigorous overhauling, although not more than in our private homes, where gas and furnaces and ill-washed privies and ill-arranged drains cause untold amounts of poisoned blood, and typhoids and fevers, and dysenteries and infant deaths. It is so difficult to persuade most people that the air they breathe, as nourishment and as poison, is the largest factor in their food and the most decisive element in their health, that we despair of any rapid improvement in sanitary practices. But it is none the less, rather all the more, important that those who know and feel the urgency and claims of hygienic reform should be instant in season and out in proclaiming them, and we thank the Medico-Legal Association with all our hearts for their able attention and energetic action in the premises. We do not believe great public meetings, where superficial considerations usually employ the speakers, can do much in cases like this. But we are sure that able advocates in the Legislatures might accomplish a great deal. Why does not some bright and enlightened lawyer in our Assembly give himself heart and soul to the fullest study and the most exclusive advocacy of reforms by law in our Common School Regulations regarding the construction and ventilation of school-houses, school hours, ages admitted, and whatever affects the health of the children? There is here a chance for conferring untold blessings on the present and all future gen-

erations, and bringing down benedictions on the public leader and orator in this crusade against public ignorance and economy combined against children's lives, eyes, brains, and whole future!

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

SIR:—In my last letter I mentioned, with sincere regret, the great loss which the Unitarian and literary world had sustained in the death of Dr. Beard. Since then we have had to deplore the premature decease of two men well-known to the wide circle of liberal thinkers and writers. One of them, no doubt, whose reputation will have been familiar to your readers, Mr. George Dawson, did not technically belong to our household of faith, but was so closely identified with unsectarian Christianity, that we could reckon his work as promoting all in which we were really interested. He was originally intended for the ministry among the Baptists, and began his public career by supplying the pulpit of an old minister of that denomination during the lengthened vacation he was taking. The fresh originality and earnestness of the young preacher filled the usually half-empty chapel with a crowd of admiring hearers. The somewhat daring innovations Mr. Dawson made in his theological teaching were discovered to be heretical, and he was obliged to withdraw from his temporary position, taking with him, however, a large number of his hearers. After a short time a new chapel was built for Mr. Dawson, and in it he has manfully maintained his reputation as a preacher of a free gospel, surrounded by a congregation which numbered many of the leading liberals of Birmingham in its ranks, and was a powerful agency in gaining for that town its reputation as the centre of advanced political thought and activity in England.

Active as he was as a minister, Mr. Dawson did not confine his energetic work to Birmingham or his congregation. In every town of the kingdom he was a welcome lecturer; and while it would seem that the days of popular lecturing are past in England, whatever they may be in the States, he could always command an enthusiastic audience. He had the happy knack of popularizing the very highest thoughts of the best thinkers of the day, and rendering much that would have been caviare to the multitude, accessible to them. He was gifted with a ready flow of simple Saxon English, and a rich humor, which enabled him to attack popular prejudices and old established abuses without giving offence. His strong sympathies with manly thought and feeling inspired him with admiration for the old Puritans, to whom England owes so much of her present freedom and prosperity. I do not think it is saying too much to say that if Cromwell and Milton are popular names among the people, George Dawson has done much to awaken them to a true appreciation of what these heroes of the commonwealth accomplished.

But not only did he lecture on semi-political subjects; with rare power did he open the minds of his hearers to the high lessons of Shakespeare, Cervantes and other humorous writers, and became one of the best teachers of a pure and noble morality, while never sinking to the dull level of trite platitudes. There was a rich vein of poetic sympathy in every thing he said, while a minute acquaintance with much out-of-the-way literature and local antiquarian lore gave a flavor to all his lectures, which made listening to them a pleasure to the student as well as to the busy man of the world. He was not quite so successful as a journalist, though his leaders naturally were brilliant in many ways; but his especial work was to teach by speaking, and few men have been so successful as he was, in this, his peculiar domain. No political meeting in Birmingham was considered complete without him, and though of late years his many avocations compelled him to withdraw from much work in which he had previously engaged, his early death is regarded as a public calamity, and in the circle of his private friends, his genial brightness will long be missed and his memory cherished with affectionate tenderness.

Unitarianism in Scotland has lost one of its most active and generous supporters by the death of George Hope, an early convert from Calvinism. He was a tenant farmer, who had made farming a scientific and therefore a successful pursuit. With boldness not common in North Britain, he did not shrink from declaring his faith in an unpopular creed. Many of the best men in Scotland

sympathized with his opinions, but few were daring enough to avow the fact. His courage and clear-sightedness made him an active Anti-Corn-law man, when few other farmers were wise enough to see that protection is in the long run as injurious to the producer as to the consumer. You will perhaps pardon my making such an assertion; here we look upon it now as an axiom, and hope the day will come when it will be equally so accepted on your side of the Atlantic. He was an advocate of all measures of purely political reform, and in their advocacy was called upon to bear his cross. Differing from his landlord in politics, he was deprived of the Fenton-Barns farm, which his family had tilled for generations, and which his skill had greatly raised in value. He felt this hardship very deeply, and though the liberals of Scotland presented him with a handsome testimonial, yet some of his friends believe that the blow it gave him has conduced to shorten his life. In a country where theological prejudices still rule so powerfully, the high esteem in which Mr. Hope was held proves how excellent was the character of him whom we now so bitterly deplore.

He and George Dawson were alike active in promoting the extension of national education. It is one of the weak points of our social condition that we still are without any real plan of bringing the people under the influence of good and thorough training. Our government has, since 1870, done very much to multiply schools and increase the amount of the grant in aid made by the State to efficient schools; but the results are still lamentably below what they ought to be. We still make the school too much the means of helping the religious institutions of the land, instead of regarding the education of the people its primary and only aim, and naturally enough this most important branch of our social economy is still the battle-field of rival sects. Nearly everywhere the late elections for School Boards saw the ranks of candidates divided into those who claimed to be elected as supporters of our established church, or as Roman Catholics, and even those who appealed as liberals, without trusting to their theological position as a ground of support, were generally labelled by the public as Congregationalists or Methodists, Baptists or Unitarians. It is a source of sincere rejoicing, however, that nearly all the country over the elections have resulted in putting the management of the boards into the hands of those who are pledged to ignore every sectarian consideration which stands in the way of popular education. We cannot, however, help deploring that so many denominational schools impede the universal triumph of sound principles in primary schools. Our primary schools, which are receiving government aid, have one very decided advantage over the secondary schools, which are, to a very great extent, private institutions. No government aid is given, except where trained teachers who have gained the certificates by examination are employed. But any one may open a private school, and we have no recognized authority to certify the fitness of would-be teachers. The result is, of course, that all kinds of quackery is resorted to in schools. It is true that the universities have, by a system of local examinations, attempted to raise the general standard of education, but there is no law to compel the heads of schools to send their scholars up for examination, and, of course, only the well conducted institutions avail themselves of this means of proving their efficiency.

Some of our most active educational reformers are now engaged in arranging for the examination, as well as the training of teachers for higher schools, and all enlightened men are full of sympathy with the movement. The promoters of the Kindergarten system of infant training, both in London and in Manchester, are working in the same direction. The Froebel Society, in the former town, have just held their annual meeting, and have issued a plan of examination for next year, of a very thorough and searching kind. Certificates gained in such examinations will be of great advantage, as proving that their holders are not only possessed of knowledge, but have also the skill needed to impart what they know in a proper and philosophical manner. A university degree has been hitherto regarded as the best recommendation in a boys' school, though the science and art of teaching have never formed part of an English university training, and though chairs of this subject have only just been established at St. Andrews and Edinburgh. By the way, the rage for academical titles is being ministered to at present by some American institutions in a manner which acts injuriously upon the character of your best educational institutions. I know of men unable to spell correctly being possessed of seemingly authentic diplomas from New York or Philadelphia, and adding M.A. or LL.D. to their names. The traffic in German degrees has been successfully stopped by the

continental authorities, but I fear your republican freedom cannot prevent the abuse, which is a growing one, of so-called American degrees.

You can imagine that we are all engaged here in Christmas festivities. Bad trade and rumors of war do not seem to prevent our annual rejoicings. There will be the usual grand consumption of turkeys, geese, beef, plumb-pudding and mince pies, and I fear the usual plentiful libations of ale and wine, for the next fortnight. It is pleasant to see how the season brings out the kindly feelings of good will among men. The poor and needy are being cared for, once a year at least, in something different to the pauper scale. We Manchester folks are specially active in providing bodily and mental entertainment for the children of the poor. Every ragged school, every Sunday school, is having a party for its scholars, and good cheer abounds everywhere. There is one party in which I take a great delight. The proprietors of the *Evening News*, a half-penny paper, whose circulation is upheld, to a great extent, by the news boys and girls, give a dinner to somewhere about six hundred of their children. It is a wonderful sight to see these little things, who perhaps from year's end to year's end never see a joint of meat except in a shop window, sitting down to the feast provided for them. The way that rounds of beef and legs of mutton disappear is a sight to see, while there seems to be a kind of magic in the speed with which the puddings vanish, notwithstanding the consumption of solid food that has preceded them. Some few of us, who have been called upon to make after-dinner speeches on these occasions, have found that the children are, generally speaking, a more critical audience than the usual frequenters of public dinners; they have a very honest manner of letting a prosy speaker feel that he is prosy; but they appreciate any one who knows how to get at children's hearts, and they can cheer a good hit most rapturously. They generally leave the dining-room with some warm article of clothing much needed by them, as they are often selling papers till nine or ten o'clock these cold Winter evenings.

I wonder whether you have pantomimes in New York like ours, with all the glories of fairy-land made actual for a season; and children of every age, from three-score years and ten downwards, enjoying the fun of the harlequinade with clown and pantaloon, and red hot pokers, and the traditional upsetting of all laws of honesty and morality. We old fogies, of course, only laugh to see the little ones enjoying the fun—at least we say so; but as I am writing confidentially to you, I may say that when clown does suddenly become conscious of the heat of the poker in his capacious pocket, and jerks and writhes in acute agony, I become a boy again myself, and am at a loss to know whether I enjoy the æsthetic glories of fairy-land more than the fun which follows its transformation into the realism of the harlequinade. But I must cease. I have just been summoned to a Christmas-tree, where my own children, and I don't how many nephews and nieces, are to be made happy. I can only hope that you and all your readers will, when this reaches New York, have had a truly merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

S. A. S.

FROM CHICAGO.

NEW YEAR'S day was cold and the callers were slow to thaw out, but when once well in circulation the feeling was generally expressed, "This does us good. Hard times are lightened by sociality. Give us New Year's about three times as often, and we should have no more panics."

Prof. Sumner is here and hereabouts earnestly preaching the gospel of free trade and reform. Our Free Trade Club is strong and made up of young, vigorous elements. The ethics of the question begin to command attention as well as the economy. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., fills an engagement later in the season. Clubs are formed in all the Western States to co-operate and to foster discussion. The Hon. Henry Strong reads a paper to-night at the house of Fernando Jones, on Financial panics. The Syllabus declares: "(1.) That financial panics are the result of the abuse of credit, over-production, the speculative use of capital and labor and the loss of capital by luxury and waste. (2.) That panics are, to an extent, inevitable, yet their frequency, duration and influence are largely controllable by social customs and personal economy. (3.) Capital must divide with labor the time gained by labor-saving machinery, thus giving to labor leisure for improvement and culture, and also preventing over-production." It will be curious to hear the logic by which he sustains the assertion that over-production is possible. A large part of the social machinery is self-

adjustive. Any effort to take it apart for the purpose of shortening belts or piston-rods is useless.

Many of us are hoping that the coalition of Independents and Democrats will send Lyman Trumbull back to public life as United States Senator. It is certain that John A. Logan will not be returned. His friendship for the Whiskey Ring alienated some of his warmest friends. There is no concealing the fact that these men, for some reason, believed very stoutly in Logan. But their power is gone. Pardoned out of prison and jail, they go about haggard, financially broken, and some of them taking their last refuge in dissipation. Compensation! Providence! call it what you will, it is the mill that grinds fine.

The death of P. P. Bliss in the great railroad slaughter has caused a general expression of sympathy and of pain throughout the city. The Tabernacle was draped in black, and Mr. Moody has constantly referred to his friend during the week.

We are to begin next Sunday the last Moody week. We have had the last week several times, but I believe this one is final. The programme is as follows: Sunday, "Where art thou;" Monday, "Grace;" Tuesday, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save the lost;" Wednesday, "Excuses;" Thursday, "The Blood;" Friday, "Heaven;" Sunday, "Tekel." There has been considerable effort of late to reach the hard drinkers. But while a few rise to tell how Jesus takes away their appetite, the Washingtonian Home and other organizations are steadily building up the drunkard with patient care. It is nonsense to say anything else will undo a bad habit but patient displacement in building an opposite tendency.

Sunderland is doing his level best in his new field, and has the sympathy of all faithful men. The Third Church is gaining friends and is doing its work substantially. A few bright Sundays would help us.

POWELL.

LITERATURE.

MR. FOX BOURNE'S LIFE OF LOCKE.

WE have at length an adequate and exhaustive life of John Locke,* whose personal history has hitherto been lost sight of in the profound and revolutionary interest excited by his works. It is true that Locke's works have vividly impressed all who have read them with the intellectual integrity and moral uprightness of the author—his courage, intense love of truth, freedom from passion and prejudice, closeness of observation and happy power of illustration; the homely correctness of his style, freedom from ambition, and highly reverential nature. He has ever been regarded as a spotless man, a lover of his race, a careful scholar and an original thinker. It has been conceded, too, that he is the father of the English and Scotch school of metaphysicians, and produced a greater revolution in philosophy than any Englishman, perhaps any European, in his century. But his personal history, training, part in politics, friendship, and habits of life, although suggested by Le Clerc's brief memoir, Lady Masham's recollections and Lord King's two volumes, have waited two centuries for a competent delineator, and they have happily found it in Mr. Bourne. He may be said to have done all that the most diligent research under the most favored circumstances, could do, to collect and connote the scattered documentary and epistolary materials, and to place them in lucid order, and allow the image of the man, in his full inner and outer lineaments, to pass before us. It is an image of stately height and dignity, impressive to a rare degree in its intellectual and moral proportions—full of power and worth, yet softened by unexpected evidences of warm affections, tender friendships, humorous perceptions and graceful courtesy. Locke's letters to his scholarly friends are not more marked by acute thought and high

* The Life of John Locke. By H. K. Fox Bourne 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

culture than by overflowing affection and the highest capacity for an admiring friendship, while his letters to his household intimates, and especially to women, are curiously playful, witty and original, and deserve a place of their own in the best collection of graceful and amusing letters. Although he never let his dignity down, and in the most familiar communications is the high-toned, courteous Christian gentleman, he is bold in his humor, racy and witty in his style, and affectionate almost beyond any bachelor in literature. If ever a man was formed to enjoy domestic life, by his warmth of feeling, his love of women, his fondness for children, his indifference to fame and office, and his appreciation of a private life, shut up with a few dear friends, John Locke was the man. But he lived and died a bachelor, illustrating the common rule that men capable of warm friendships and with strong moral and intellectual sympathies, winning and holding fast all who come close to them, are in a manner delivered from the necessity of forming that exclusive tie to wife and children, in which less generous and more narrow hearts find the boundary and the needed support of their social affections.

Mr Bourne is a correct and vigorous writer, without being either copious, elegant or fascinating. He has a genuine sympathy with his subject, and shows a thorough acquaintance with the intellectual, theological and political topics that are involved in any history of Locke's mind and life. He is a discriminating critic too, and with a profound appreciation of Locke's philosophy and religious opinions, he is not tied to his conclusions and does not demand for him the praise of being up to our own times in his metaphysics or his theology. There is no charm coming from special grace, delicate sympathy with Locke's finer traits or original reflection, no exquisiteness of analysis or deep penetration into his moods, but there is manly, unaffected truthfulness, plain vigor of thought and expression, thoroughness and candor. The matter of the work is so interesting and instructive that we miss less such charms as belong to Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* or Foster's *Life of Goldsmith* or Lewes' *Life of Goethe*. But we recollect no life of any modern philosopher in which the human element is so well presented, and specially we know of no other metaphysician of the first class whose private character was even greater than his public works, and whose history would better bear telling in such full detail.

"John Locke was born on the 29th of August, 1632, forty-four years after Hobbes, thirty-six years after Descartes, twenty-four years after Milton, and in the same year as Spinoza; ten years before Newton and fourteen before Leibnitz. He died on the 28th of October, 1704. Berkeley was then twenty years old and Voltaire ten. Hume was born seven years and Kant twenty, after his death. He was in his seventeenth year when Charles the First was beheaded, and in his twenty-eighth year when Charles the Second was allowed to assume the English crown. He was sixty-seven when William of Orange was made King, and he lived through two and a half years of the reign of Anne."

Thus pregnantly Mr. Bourne opens his story, and if he had stopped here, the names and dates he furnishes in the relations in which they are placed would give food for long and valuable reflection to all who are tolerably conversant with the names he catalogues. It is curious, by the way, that although Locke was intimate with Newton, nothing is said of his ever having seen John Milton, with whose political spirit and even theological views he must have had high sympathy. It can only be accounted for by the nearly opposite temperaments of the two men—the one a poet and a

radical, an intuitive thinker, an inspired rhetorician, and a despiser of prudence—the other a slow, cautious student of facts in the mind, the Church, the State, who built up his conclusions from the most painstaking observation and inquiry, stated them in the most cautious and unassuming way, dreaded the illusions of imaginative feeling and the glitter of words, and must have thought Milton a rash and dangerous speculator. Locke was a conservative in feeling, by his strong common-sense, his patience, his disciplined temper and tongue, his reverence for existing order and religion, and although he has been more revolutionary by his influence in philosophy and theology than Milton himself, it has been by the quiet pressure of his thoughts, which carefully avoided in form and spirit any appearance of destructiveness or violence. It is for this reason that what Hobbes, Descartes and Spinoza, by their bold challenges of the opinion of their times could not effect, Locke, who adopted many ideas of the two first, though never without serious modification, succeeded by his calmness and caution in slowly commending to the attention of thinkers, until his thoughts overturned the whole system of mediæval and Aristotelian and Platonic philosophy, at least for a century, and placed him at the head of all philosophers until Kant appeared.

We have no intention of attempting even an abstract of Mr. Bourne's two volumes in the space here afforded us. Of Locke's careful training in Westminster School, of his student life at Oxford for eight years, and his occupation as Greek lecturer, reader in rhetoric, censor of moral philosophy, companion of Lord Ashley, etc., we can say nothing.

We have aimed only to draw the attention of our readers to this work, which we have read with undiminished interest to the last page. But we must leave it to ampler columns than we possess to supply any account of its contents, much less any special criticism.

REVIEWS.

The North American Review for January, 1877.

THE first number of the new series of this *Review*, just transformed from a quarterly into a bi-monthly, is exceedingly promising for its future. There is not a careless, commonplace or uninteresting article in the whole number, nor an untimely one. Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr.'s article, No. 1., "Points in American Politics," is a learned, lawyer-like and statesman-like paper on the questions just now trying the courage and judgment of the American people. It is calm and judicial in tone and free from all partisan prejudices. Only on the subject of the treatment due to the nation's wards, the newly-enfranchised negroes, is Mr. Dana in the least excited, and there his warmth and decisiveness are most welcome and most justifiable. The evils and dangers of the general-ticket system in the election of President are historically set forth. The danger of swinging the vast vote of a great State, as a unit, crushing the rightful influence of the smaller States, is illustrated by the influence of the New York election upon the Presidential vote, it being generally conceded that as went New York so must go the Union! A return to the choice of electors by districts, who shall represent the local wishes of parts of the State not desiring the candidate who may be the prevailing favorite, is the only method for securing the rights of minorities. There is no probability that the States will return to this old method, without some change in the Constitution. They might do it lawfully, but they will not, because the great States cherish the undue importance which the present usage gives them. Mr. Dana thinks the electoral college system less advantageous than a direct vote by the people. His plan is that each citizen of a State vote directly for the candidate of his choice. The candidate having the plurality of votes in the whole State will be credited with two electoral votes, and the candidate having a plurality in any district will be credited with one for each district he carries. This process gives to each State two electoral votes corresponding to its two Senators, and as

many district votes as it has members of the House of Representatives, and will require the latter vote to be counted by single districts. This is substantially Senator Morton's plan, and Mr. Dana thinks it the best. He is in favor of one term of six or seven years. In ascertaining the vote, he thinks the responsibility of deciding the earlier steps as to who is elected should be left to the States assumed to have the right of voting. Which have that right and are in condition to exercise it, must be determined by Congress, but only under the most solemn and united act of the whole Republic, in the exercise of its highest function of political legislation. Mr. Dana points out the total want of parallelism between the British Government and our own, and the impossibility of our adopting the English custom of giving Cabinet ministers seats in Parliament. On civil service reform, specie payments and our relation to late Rebel States, Mr. D. is clear and instructive. Altogether, this article pays for a year's subscription.

To couple the two political articles together, we may say that Mr. Godkin's, No. II., on "The Eastern Question," is as timely, just as candid and as nearly exhaustive of the subject as Mr. Dana's. It is in strange contrast with the uninformed and fumbling character of most American notices of that now engrossing European topic. It gives a history of the whole contest, its rise, its tremendous influence, the barbarizing, enslaving and tyrannous policy of the Turks along the whole frontier of their encroachment upon Europe. Mr. Godkin pays just tribute to the Turk as a warrior, a proud and usually an honorable man, truthful and self-respecting, and with the instincts and manners of a gentleman, but with a profound political and religious contempt for all races and politics but his own. So that the better he is, the braver and the more sober, the more dangerous. He represents the Christian majority—at least three-quarters of the whole population—in the Turkish provinces as not ruined by the laws, but by their own cowed and cowardly spirit, and hardly wonders at the contempt felt for them by the Turks. Mr. Godkin evidently thinks the true policy of European governments is to abhor if not drive them out of Europe, and that no agreement with the Porte, however favorable in terms, will avail to the protection of Christians, unless they are accompanied by a military police. No justice can be done to this instructive, highly-considered and full discussion of the Eastern Question in any abstract of it. It is as condensed as it can well be in itself.

Of the literary criticism all is excellent, whether in the examination of Bret Harte's claims, the high estimate of his genius for dialogue and for representing a peculiar class of American character, and a denial of his ability to maintain sustained flights, with charges of carelessness in his style; or in the notices of contemporary literature, where Doudan's *Mélange et Lettres* finds a charming and appreciative recognition; Foster's *Life of Landor* is praised and Landor's genius finely characterized; Bourne's *Life of Locke* is less adequately, but still most favorably noticed; Dean Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church* receives cordial and discriminating praise, with a proper qualification for the limitation of his somewhat romantic mind, when acting as historian; Schaase's *History of the Arts of Design*, declared a great and profoundly learned work, with a favorable notice of Kinkel's *Mosaic for Art History*, and as many more of other valuable recent works. But Mr. Whipple's article on Daniel Deronda is the literary jewel of the number. He has not laid himself out so fully and fairly to do his very best for some years, and he has exceeded himself in boldness, originality, brilliancy and profundity. He defends the conception of Daniel Deronda's character against all comers with the most chivalric courage and the finest play of his critical rapier. There is a noble defence of Mordecai, who has been generally deemed rather a melodramatic failure. Mr. Whipple's deep insight into the nature of religious enthusiasm (and nobody who has not something of this sympathetic feeling can do any justice to George Eliot in her most successful characters) is one of his finest qualifications for criticism, the rarest among cultivated men in our day. We have no time to record a hundredth part of the pleasure and admiration we have felt in reading this profound, thorough and beautiful piece of analytical criticism. We hope George Eliot may break through her rule and at least enjoy the surprise and delight of finding fuller justice done to her in America than has yet been rendered by any English critic, laudatory and exalted as the notices of her genius have been.

Mr. Gryznowski's article on Wagner's Theories is masterly, too scientific for our knowledge, but not too obscure to hide its masculine grasp or its admirable candor and discrimination. Mr. Fiske's *Triumph of Darwinism* is just what would be expected of him, and that is praise enough.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD; or, Hints of Comfort for Hours of Sorrow.

By M. J. Savage. New York: James Miller.

There is true comfort and helpfulness in this book for every earnest mind and heart struggling with the problems of life, growing faint and weary with the burden of sorrow and pain, fearing to trust the full and growing light of the present day, and longing for that peace which passeth all understanding. But the comfort is that of courage and patience, with a willing acceptance of the "pain of thought" and the realization of the grandeur of the struggle both morally and intellectually. There is no final and theoretic solution of the mysteries of life, no belittling of the reason to falsely strengthen the heart, or exaltation of the intellect to deaden the spiritual, but, with the firm recognition of the right and duty to study and understand the laws of God and the universe, an acceptance of all the many phases of nature and human nature as the grand field in which we must work and conquer. Hence we find the lessons of affliction, the usefulness of mental and spiritual struggle, the deepest meaning of good and evil, the part which each of us should take in recognizing the former and combating the latter, with a reverent belief in the doctrine of evolution in its higher sense of the constant quickening and improving of all our faculties by their earnest cultivation. Here too is the secret of resignation, which is in part the recognition of the divine principle of the world, Love, and in part the willingness to gain through suffering that divine sympathy with mankind which was the secret of Jesus Christ, and which enabled him and may enable us to comprehend our fellow creatures and to minister to them in their hour of need. This is the "strong consolation" of this tender and helpful book. And for the future life, whatever heaven may be, we can best apprehend and enjoy it by striving in this present life to model the divine proportions and symmetry of the highest thought and action, and to render immortal that "harmony" which should fill God's universe with the sweetest and most heavenly melody, and should indeed be called the music of the spheres.

LONG LOOK HOUSE. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Edward Abbott. Silhouette Illustrations by Helen Maria Hinds. Boston: Noyes, Snow & Co.

The author frankly confesses that this series of "Long Look Books" is written in the style of the Rollo Books, but we think that this first volume of the series is far more interesting than any Rollo Book we ever had the misfortune to read. The moral bearing is more successfully hidden, and real interest is excited in the processes of house-building with all its corollaries, *i. e.*, framing, roofing, plastering, plumbing, heating, etc. Boys really like to know how to do all these things, and pass many hours in carpentering and contriving by themselves, when a real study of the subject with theoretical as well as practical masters of these useful arts would help them greatly. The silhouette illustrations are good, and the Long Look Family in the Frontispiece are all the more interesting for their black but expressive attitudes.

THE SALUTATION. By L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 352 pp.

THIS is "a New England church music-book." The first ninety-two pages are a repetition of the opening portion of "The Encore," by the same editor. Mr. Emerson, who has compiled these and several other works of the kind, has included a great variety of his own compositions in this collection. Several pieces by Mr. L. H. Southard, teacher of music in the Boston schools, will be well received by many of his former pupils. With much that is new, this ample book contains many venerable tunes sacred from associations of the past. Peterboro', Coronation, Dundee, and Duke Street find place, as well as others equally familiar and full of pleasant memories. Some of the compositions of Beethoven and Handel and other great masters are found here. The opening recitative, "Comfort ye my people," as produced by Nathan Barker from Handel's oratorio, is among the good things that are heard in this pleasant "Salutation."

BRIEF NOTICES.

MACMILLAN & Co. are now publishing the South Kensington Science Lectures, carefully revised by the authors, and copiously illustrated, recently delivered to Science Teachers at the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus. They comprise: Photography, by Capt. Abney, R.E., F.R.S.; Light, by Prof. Stokes, F.R.S.; Metallurgical Processes, by Prof. A. W. Williamson, F.R.S.; Physiological Apparatus, by Prof. Burdon Sanderson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., and Dr. Lauder Branton, F.R.S.; Electrometers, by James

Bottomley, F.R.S.E.; Kinematic Models, by Professor Kennedy, C.E.; Sound and Music, by Dr. W. H. Stone; Field Geology, by Prof. Geikie, F.R.S.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From *Littell & Gay*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Volume 131.

From *Macmillan & Co.*

THE SCHOLAR'S HANDBOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT AND COOKERY. By W. B. Tegetmeier. 50 cents.

From *Chase & Hall, Cincinnati*.

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS, and its Various Solutions. By Clark Braden.

From the *Catholic Publication Society*.

POEMS: Devotional and Occasional. By Benjamin Dionysius Hill, C.S.P.

From *Roberts Brothers, Boston*.

HOURS OF THOUGHT ON SACRED THINGS. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D.

MAGAZINES.

THE NEW ENGLANDER, for January.

THE NURSERY, for January.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THAT this shall be a better year
Than any passed away,
I dare not at its open door
To wish, or hope, or pray.

Not that the years already gone
Were wearisome and lone;
That so with hope too long deferred
My heart has timid grown.

Nay, rather that they all have been
So sweet to me and good,
That if for better I should ask
'Twould seem ingratitude.

And so with things far off and strange
I do not care to cope,
But look in memory's face and learn
What largess I may hope.

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.

WINTER LESSONS.

I WENT to California in October, 1865, and kept near to San Francisco till the following April. December was "pleasant as May;" in January, the roses, callas, geraniums and heliotropes were holding high festival; by February, the treeless hills were glorified by masses of wild flowers.

But did I ever tell you of the homesickness of that first beautiful Winter in fairy land? Edgar Buckingham knows about it, for I wrote begging him to send me a snow-bank and a field of ice.

For seven winters we saw not one crystal flake fall out of the Pacific skies. Of course, we soon dropped into harmony with the new surroundings; the witchery of the California atmosphere stole into our blood; and, though we may have sulked through some dismal spells of rain, there was always a large unexpended balance in favor of a climate which invited us out of doors three hundred days in a year; and so we chanted with Edward Rowland Sill, about—

"The land where Summers never cease
Their sunny psalms of light and peace."

But when a copy of Whittier's "Snow Bound" found its way to our camp, between the ever-green mountains of Santa Cruz and the ever-blue bay of Monterey, I was siezed with a heart-sick longing to see that "whirl-dance of the blinding storm" which brings "a universe of sky and snow."

The average Californian, though he speaks pathetically of the East as "home," does not readily forgive any croaking; nor would it mend matters to complain of the monotony of life in a land where the warmest month is a little too cool to feel like Summer, and the coldest month is a good deal too warm to feel like Winter. Nobody could say it was otherwise than agreeable; yet there might be too much of a good thing—wearing away at the same set of nerves, and forever repeating the same sensations—a dull delight of uniformity—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendor."

So it was that through all those seven years in California I never got over a passionate longing to see the glorious autumn-flame consuming a forest; to see a river lying still, white and glassy in a valley; and to shovel a path through "the solid whiteness." When in June of 1866, we climbed the high Sierra, *en route* for Yosemite, and found among the stunted pines some remains of last winter's drifts, few of the party could quite comprehend the excitement of that one who leaped from his mustang and abruptly presented each of his companions with a snow-ball, construing them for the moment to be the boys and girls of Merrimac county, with whom such compliments were exchangeable twenty-five years before.

These experiences on the Pacific coast all came surging back again, mingled and colored with the earlier ones of New England, when our minister, a few Sundays ago, undertook to set out for us some "Lessons of Winter." He thought all the phenomena of nature might best be seen through religious eyes; that both the beauties and the utilities of "all common things" were never so generally appreciated as now; and that the inhabitants of the stern and changeable climates of the North might as well put into their liturgies thanksgivings to Him who "made Summer and Winter," for the very varieties and sharp contrasts which the seasons bring. He pointed out the moral value and mental stimulus which may be found in what we call irregularities, and showed how impossible it is that they should ever overpass certain fixed limits. The periodicities of nature allow room for some swayings and oscillations; but we soon learn to keep our feet and our heads amid these changes of weather and other conditions, as a child learns to keep his balance in walking. No small part of our schooling, he thought, comes from what we call "exposure."

He compared the sun with the Corliss engine, which we have just seen putting in motion every wheel in fourteen acres of machinery; and the precision with which the math-

ematicians compute all the leading movements of the universe proves that what we consider irregularities are really no more than the slight jar which makes us sensible of the mightier effect.

Imagination takes alarm while it asks, What if, in Summer, it should keep growing hotter and hotter? What if, in Winter, it should keep growing colder and colder? What if, in freshet-time, it should keep on raining? What if, in drought, it should finally forget to rain at all? But it never does, and it never can! There is a fixed amount of force deploying in fixed channels, and subject to a system of checks, balances and compensations so adjusted as to preserve an equilibrium. Every fluctuation works its own cure.

And what is this impersonal and mindless. Somewhat which we call "it," when we say, it rains, it snows, it freezes, it blows? Does it not mark the survival of paganism in our way of thinking and feeling about the forces or the world and the powers of the air? The Hebrew hymn-writers did not say "it." They said (here the minister threw open the big Book and read from the 147th Psalm): "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes; He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold? He sendeth out His word and melteth them; He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." How the poetry would vanish from such a passage, if "it" were to take the place of "He"! And human life will become the prosiest of prose, if we substitute blind fate for all-knowing providence, mindless law for all-working will.

Just at this point my attention wandered. Out of a distant past, and far away in an old Congregational meeting-house of central New Hampshire, I could hear voices which have long been silent, singing to the air of "Dundee"—

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The Wintry streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends His word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmest gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

It would have been more and better than a gratification if the sermon could have paused long enough for the congregation to rise and lift up their hearts in this paraphrase of David by Dr. Watts. But the preacher seemed to think he had not done his whole duty till he had shown us our debt to the writer as a moral instructor. The tonic, bracing effect on our resolution, the stiffening up of the will to do and to bear the increased necessity of thoughtfulness and foresight in providing for ourselves and others—the value of the fire-side, or of indoor centres of domesticity and hospitality—the grateful hush in business, the shorter days and the increased opportunity for personal and social improvement—and, "finally," the claims of the destitute and helpless, to whom the winter brings no such joys—all these points were thrust at us in rather rapid succession; the crowning impression being that Winter is something to be accepted with joy and thanksgiving; and that if we know what is good, we shall enter into sympathy with the happy children who are converting the whole season into holiday, as they rush about singing—

Hurrah for the jolly old Winter!
The king of the year is he!
His breath is cold and icy,
But his heart is full of glee.

After the benediction, the minister found the deacon from

Berks County waiting to offer his hearty hand, and to make this characteristic little speech: "Parson, I wish you had come round and preached that sermon to me before I got up this morning!"

CHARLES G. AMES.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

[Report of a speech by Henry W. Bellows, at its last annual meeting, January 3, 1877.]

THERE is something in the very name of this society which arouses our best sympathies, while it shocks and then confirms our respect for human nature. That innocent and helpless children should need any other protection than their own appealing weakness, inexperience, and helplessness, their own budding charm and promise; that their parents and natural guardians should by any possibility become their oppressors, enemies and persecutors, offends our natural feelings as parents and as human beings. But that, needing this protection and defence, they find it in an aroused public sentiment and in this society which embodies it, is reassuring. As we read the sad story of their wrongs and sufferings, we find that parents can be brutes, that drunken fathers and mothers can forget and abuse their own flesh and blood, and that selfish and avaricious men can torture their little children with the lash and the fist into premature acrobats and circus-riders; that they are ready to twist their shrinking tendons into the cord that pulls in their guilty gains, and weave their heart-strings into the nets that fish in the filthy pool of sensational and dangerous appeals to the love of horror and the taste for what is spiced with threatening death, and has the near prospect of broken bones and bleeding arteries for its disgusting attraction. The pertinacity of these peddlers of their own children's heart's blood, these dealers in the shrinking flesh and shuddering nerves of their own infants—selling at two shillings a head the privilege of seeing a little child held by the feet, on a horse's back at full speed, or hanging on a trapeze by his toes, or twisted in a knot about his father's worthless neck, itself in instant peril of being broken—is one of the strongest and most appalling evidences of the fact that cupidity may drink up in its raging thirst every gentle spring in a parent's breast, and quench every spark of Nature's deepest, most instinctive and humane feeling.

The records of this society, in their detailed reports, furnish us fearful pictures of the neglect, abuse, and cruelty to which children are subject in this so-called Christian community. And I suppose they are but a small percentage of what actually exists. Alas! what could we expect from a city full of crowded tenements, of houses of prostitution and *sample-rooms*—samples of the devil's temptations and poisons and instigations of cruelty—but this result? So many drunkards, so many abandoned women, so many idle men, so many tramps, beggars, thieves, pickpockets—men armed with revolvers, women armed with worse weapons—effrontery, oaths, lewdness, and tiger's claws in place of finger-nails—these given, necessarily, so many neglected, starving, ill-clothed, abused and wandering children—children become a burden and hated as a restraint and a tax on their time and stolen money. They must exist. There are vastly more than we know or than this society has been able to reach. But what a blessing and what a restraint it is upon their increase that this society, well hated, we hope, like the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—well hated because deserving the hatred of all harsh, cruel and avaricious parents, and honored by their abuse and their fear—should have the encouragement and support of all the decent and honorable portion of the community, the countenance of the courts, the strength of the law, the co-operation of State and city attorneys, and should be able to publish abroad the evidence of its fearless pursuit, its vigorous chastisement of these *ferae naturae*—these monsters that outrage God's most sacred instincts of parental love and man's most common feelings of respect and love for helplessness, innocence, and dependence. I am proud to see that the venerable President of this society, Wright by name and by nature, can betake himself to distant towns to secure the rights of a single little child; that the arm of the society reaches across the Continent, and finds agents of its power and benevolence in San Francisco and echoes of its own humanity in a society springing up on the distant Pacific coast, as well as in others in neighboring States.

It is not simply what such a society *does* that constitutes its whole service; it is what it stands for. It is an organized protest against cruelty. It is a patent notification that modern civilization

tion, in one of its most crowded, exposed and complex centres, does not give up in despair the problem of protecting the rights of the most feeble and defenceless. It proclaims the solemn resolve that domestic and parental cruelty shall not exist unrestricted, unpunished, unavenged; that children, and all the more the children of the poor and ignorant and brutal, are the wards of the community; that they belong to the race, and to the worthy and virtuous and humane portion of it, even more than they do to their own reckless, ruined, infamous parents. For our own sake and for our children's sake, we cannot see the cruel blows, the cries of terror, the pinched cheek of infantile hunger and cold, in the maltreated children of the worst class of our population, go unheeded and unchecked or unrelieved. They are likely to be echoed and reflected in our own nurseries. They shake the cradles, they threaten the delicate limbs, they infect the temper, they poison the thoughts and degrade the feelings of our homes; they make humanity cheap and vile.

They render infancy and childhood no longer sacred, and weakness and dependence no longer natural claimants on protection and mercy. They arraign our civilization. They convict our piety of lifelessness. There is not an idler, a criminal, a brutal parent, an abused, ragged, hungry child, an unarraigned offender in New York that does not stain the ermine of justice; that does not shame our religion and our patriotism; that does not sow doubts of the very being of a God and a Providence; that does not lower the general level of respect for human nature and tend to bring it into derision and contempt. Let those who deride philanthropy, who sneer at the efforts to make cruelty dangerous and hateful, towards beasts and men and children, know what they are doing. They are spitting in the face of humanity, and above all, in the face of its holy martyrs and prophets and apostles; in the face of St. Francis, of St. Charles Borromeo, of Mrs. Fry and John Howard, Miss Dix and Tuckerman, aye, of Moses and Jesus. They are spitting upon the image of God, and the spit is blown in their own faces. What are all the admirable and truthful objections lately brought by the students of public and private charity against indiscriminate benevolence—to which we owe so much respect and attention—and none feels it more deeply than I; but nevertheless what are the economic difficulties and social objections which grow out of the victories of the heart over the head, of the sympathies over the judgment, to compare in peril and in final injury to humanity, with the consequences of a hardening of the heart in the well, the comfortable, the shielded, educated, moralized class of humanity, towards the wrongs, sufferings, injuries of any portion of the human family? Why? as the waste of Croton water compares with the drying up of the fountains in the heavens and the earth. It is sad to see so precious a thing as water wasted; but what if it should be choked in its sources and never renewed? It is sad to see charity wasted, abused, turned into a source of poverty and dependence. But what if charity herself should die? What if caution and fear and prudence should make every eye irresponsible and every brow suspicious and every heart frigid; if the poor and suffering and sick and beaten and wronged, should find the gates of mercy shut upon them, lest malingers and weaklings and liars should be found running away with some of the milk of human kindness stored in the lock-up of a suspicious and guarded humanity? Ah, nothing is more true, strange as it may seem in its sound. It is not the vices of society that are most discouraging, it is the decay of its virtues! We want no sleek, orderly, polished decency and universal prudence and enlightened selfishness to take the place of the effusive, sympathetic, genial, humane, cordial relations that ought to mark, and in a manner do, the civilization where man's eye softens to his fellow, his hand relaxes at his claim and his heart gives room to his supplication. But do not think it is the heroes and heroines who are striving to systematize and instruct our charity, to warn us of indiscriminate benevolence, that these words are pointed at. They are usually the best and most benevolent and devoted, as well as most instructed and big-hearted of our race. It is the people who shut out and off the whole question of suffering and wrong, and defend themselves with theories that intervention and watching and beneficence do more harm than good, and that they are excused from all necessity and all obligation of thinking anything about it.

MR. W. J. MARSHALL's lecture at Steinway Hall on Jan. 5th, four P.M., was an excellent exhibition of the wonders of the National Park, on the Yellowstone, by a series of twenty-one photographs, generally colored, and all vivid and carefully made, thrown upon a broad canvas and magnified and lighted by the

oxy hydrogen lantern. It was a surprising succession of pictures, and pleasantly were they described by Mr. Marshall. If anything, the exhibition was too long, as it is very exhausting to fasten the eyes long upon such an illumined space in a dark room, not to forget that the rapid change of attention to many different objects is only less wearying than fixed and prolonged attention upon one—a fact that many visitors to the Exposition found true—as it was more the cause of nervous exhaustion than the space gone over or the time spent in the exhibition. But the interest was lively and the gratification great in Mr. Marshall's lecture and show. Certainly the scenery of the Yellowstone National Park is exceptionally striking. We are not converts to the theory that *striking* scenery is of most lasting charm. Nature, in her fantastic moods, is no more to be admired than Art in the same line. We could not be hired to live among spouting geysers nor in giddy canoës, and Niagara is a nuisance after a week's stay. Even the high, mountainous regions sometimes oppress and weary after a few weeks' experience of them. Our Autumn foliage becomes as tiresome as a kaleidoscope after a few days. The palette which Nature spreads in the canoës of the Yellowstone, gaudy beyond any precedent, offends the educated eye in the picture, and would be fearful after a little experience of it in the real scene. People who like the dress and hazards of the circus, the trapeze and acrobat, might enjoy it; but real lovers of Art, or even of Nature, would hurry away after short visits, and pray for calmness, harmony and repose in their prospects. This is not against the interest of the pictures or the place as a *curiosity*. We hope everybody will see the pictures and hear Mr. Marshall, if only to save them from the long journey to the Park, which would yield a doubtful reward.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]

PRINCE CAROL.

ONCE on a time, a long, long while ago,
When little fairies dwelt with men below,
It chanced one Summer day a peasant maid
Went gathering wild-flowers in a forest glade.
Her name was Elsie. She was sweet and fair;
Although her dress was coarse, her feet were bare,
And when she reached her little cottage brown
Behind the hills, the sun was going down;
And so this little maiden only paused to bring
A cup of water from the bubbling spring,
To place her flowers in and keep them bright,
When, kneeling down beside her cot so white,
With folded hands she said her evening prayer,
And fell asleep without a sigh or care,
While those fair flowers filled the maiden's room
And all the cottage with a sweet perfume.
Then when the summer moon rose full and clear,
She seemed to peep at Elsie fondly there;
But though she made her chamber bright as day,
Still fast asleep the tired maiden lay.
And now it chanced that, 'mid the fairest flowers
That Elsie gathered in the sunny hours,
Was one white lily;—deep within her cup
A fairy all the time was folded up,
For fairies sleep the whole day long, you know.
So in the moonlight woke this fairy now:
She shook her wings as if to fly away,
Then turned and saw sweet Elsie as she lay
In childish slumber, breathing soft and low—
Her fair cheeks bright with health's warm, rosy glow.
Surprised, the fairy watched the maiden there,
And thought she ne'er had seen a form so fair.
Most wonderful of all was Elsie's hair,
For her soft curls seemed spun of golden thread,
And like a halo shone around her head.
So by this sign the little fairy knew
That Elsie's heart was pure and truthful too,
And all night long she flitted to and fro,
Watching the sleeping maid and loath to go;
And then at dawn, she touched the lily white
With her light wand, to keep it fresh and bright.
Her gauzy wings she folded up once more
And hid herself again low in the flower;
So thus for many nights the woodland fay
Watched little Elsie as she sleeping lay,
And learned to love the peasant maiden too
Better than any mortal form she knew.

And Elsie dreamed such pleasant dreams the while,
Her lips oft parted with a happy smile,
Till when at length the Queen of fairy land
Sent for this truant fay, she raised her wand
And severed one soft lock of golden hair
From Elsie's brow, and bore it with her there,
While tenderly she hung the bright curl up
Beside her own white, fragrant lily cup,
Where she slept day by day and woke at night
To see it shining in the fair moonlight.

It chanced a certain Prince, in pensive mood,
One Summer day came wandering through the wood,
And fell asleep at golden sunset's hour
Just close beside the fairies' lily flower.
Now this same Prince, named Carol, had been told
That when a maiden's hair seemed spun of gold,
And glistened as the moonlight on it fell,
That maiden's heart was pure and free as well;
But if instead the lock of hair should fade,
However fair and sweet should seem the maid,
He must not choose her for his wife, for she
Would only bring him grief and misery.
And so Prince Carol sought to find a maid
Whose hair in silver moonlight would not fade;
But all in vain, though ladies high and grand
And peasant girls he sought all through the land.
And so the Prince at length grew sick at heart;—
He left the palace, wandering far apart,
And fell asleep, as I have said before,
Within the fairy dell at sunset hour.
And thus it happened, as the moon rose up,
He woke and saw upon the lily cup
The lock of Elsie's hair, just as the fay
Stretched out her silver wings to fly away.
But when the Prince sprang up, rejoiced to see
The lock of hair, and clasp it eagerly,
It withered at his touch and shrank away.
And then spoke out the little woodland fay,
Telling the Prince, though he was good and wise,
He was unworthy still to win the prize,
Or otherwise this lock of hair, that shone
Like burnished gold, would mingle with his own.
“But I'm a Prince,” cried Carol. “Who is she
That is so pure she may not smile on me?
And tell me, fairy kind, what must I do
Till I the maid with golden hair may woo?”
“I know you, Prince,” the Fairy smiling said;
“And many a high-born lady you might wed,
But she from whose fair head I took this curl
Is but a poor, bare-footed, peasant girl;
Yet you can never win her for your own
Till you resign your sceptre and your throne,
And win your bread by honest toil alone.
Do this, my Prince, or never come again,
For now I warn you it will be in vain.”
And ere the Prince another word could say
The fairy stretched her wings and flew away;
And vanished too the lock of golden hair.
The Prince stood lost in wonder and despair,
And all night long he wandered ill at ease.
What! give up wealth, his throne and crown—all these
To win a peasant maid? It could not be.
And yet he longed this little maid to see,
While every day the yearning stronger grew,
Until at length no peace Prince Carol knew;
And so at last he hid his jewelled dress
Beneath a peasant's robe, so none might guess
He was a Prince. He took a staff, yet still
He paused with golden coin his purse to fill,
And far he travelled, looking everywhere
Among the peasant maids whose feet were bare,
To find the one with curls of golden hair,
Until one eve, just as the sun went down,
He paused to rest beside a cottage brown,
And chatting with the Peasant at the door,
He lingered, being loath to start once more,
Until the full moon rose up wondrous bright,
And flooded all the cot with silver light;
When all at once he saw a maiden there,
With clear, sweet eyes, and wee feet white and bare,
While round her brow soft curls of golden hair
Shone like a halo in the moonlight fair.
Then at a glance Prince Carol knew that he
Had found his prize, and rising eagerly
To clasp the maiden's little hand he tried;
But Elsie shrank away and turned aside,

Although she kindly smiled; yet all in vain,
As days passed by he sought her hand to gain,
For still she seemed as far beyond his love
As if she were an angel from above;
And so the Prince at length, with wounded pride,
His peasant's garb threw hastily aside,
And stood in all his regal dress arrayed
Before the poor and simple peasant maid.
And not the fairest lady in the land
But proud had been to see the Prince thus stand
And sweetly sue to let him win her hand.
A nobler Prince in sooth 't were hard to find.
His voice was gentle and his smile was kind;
But Elsie's face changed not; she only said:
“I thank you, Prince, but you I cannot wed.”
And then he turned in scorn and angry grew.
“A Prince am I, a peasant maiden you;
How is it for your hand in vain I sue?”
Then Elsie spoke:—“Birth makes not rich or poor
In Heaven's sight; but those whose hearts are pure
And they who toil, and suffer, and endure,
May nobler be than heads that wear a crown;
And know, kind Prince, a lowly maid may own
Her love, or yet her sovereign right to say,
E'en to a Prince, if so it please her—nay,
As freely as a high born lady may.”
As Elsie spoke the Prince forgot his pride,
And as we long for gifts that are denied,
So now Prince Carol thought that e'en his throne
He would resign to call the maid his own.
“Elsie,” he cried, “whate'er you bid me do
Shall now be done to prove my love for you.”
But Elsie smiled: “Your love I would not buy
Nor sell my own. A simple maid am I.
I cannot hope your ways like mine will be;
Go then and wed a maid of high degree.
Your smile is pleasant, Prince, but in your eyes
There is a shade that smile cannot disguise,
I know not whence it comes; I am not wise;
I only know that when you look at me
That shadow in your eyes I always see;
While it is there your wife I cannot be.”
When Elsie told him this Prince Carol knew
That all the little fairy said was true;
He must forget that he was born a king—
Must give up all that wealth to him could bring,
All willingly resign his crown and throne
To call a simple peasant maid his own.
And what to him the homage of the crowd,
The regal pomp, of which he once was proud;
These empty honors all seemed poor and dim
Compared to that sweet maiden's smile to him.
To win one single heart so pure and true
Was better than a thousand thrones, he knew.
As thus he thought, Prince Carol's face grew bright,
And he seemed noble e'en in Elsie's sight;
But yet he spoke no word—to boast were vain;
In secret he would toil and strive to gain
This little Elsie. So he turned away
And patiently he toiled from day to day;
He freely gave his gold to feed the poor,
And then he sought the fairy dell once more.
Again he found the lock of golden hair,
That glistened still in silver moonlight there;
And though it vanished not, yet as he tried
To clasp it in his hand it shrank aside.
But while he wondered, from the lily cup
Again the little woodland fay rose up.
Smiling she said:—“Prince Carol, you behold
Your brown curls may not mingle with the gold;
For in your heart, Prince Carol, even yet
Do you not feel a shadow of regret
For all that you are called upon to part
E're you can win a little maiden's heart?
If so, when you return to woo that maid
She still shall see within your eyes that shade;
But ere her love to you be freely given
You first must win the approving smile of Heaven;
For know, Prince Carol, that you must not strive
So much to win a rich reward, but live
A noble life full of self-sacrifice,
Then come again and look in Elsie's eyes.”
Prince Carol sighed, for in his heart he knew
That what the little fairy said was true;
For as he toiled he did not look above,
But only cared to win fair Elsie's love;

THE PULPIT.

WORSHIP OF THE FATHER.

(Conclusion of a discourse by Rev. John C. Learned, minister of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, printed in full in the "Church of the Messiah.")

It is the crown and glory of Judaism that it has given to the world the idea of one God, and Him supreme, the only being who can claim our worship and our prayers. All else, all departure from this conception and faith, though found in Christian churches, is Gentile, is derived from barbarism and paganism. All worship of the creature, instead of the creator, is the fruit of a degraded or undeveloped faith. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me; and the likeness of anything in heaven or earth thou shalt not worship"—these were the first two commands of the immortal decalogue, as given by Moses. "The true worshippers shall worship the Father"—this is the instruction of Jesus.

Through heathen influence, or through false ideas of the one God, corruption came in. Converts to the Christian church in its early period were made from polytheistic nations—from Syria and Egypt, from Greece and Rome. In the severe exigencies of life men fell into the way of looking upon God as angry and despotic. They even tired of a God that was said never to change, or who was generally visiting judgments upon His creatures. They wanted a change of gods, new gods and different ones. Those who, like the stern prophets, had spent their strength in declaring God's judgments and warnings and terrors to the people, at length saw the people turn away from Jehovah in despair, as of Himself incapable of mercy and destitute of love. As Jesus was exalted in the Christian church, and at first represented as the incarnation of divine love, as interceding for men against the vengeance of God, all turned to him, and in time, by steps very distinct to the student of ecclesiastical history, the man of Nazareth was deified by his grateful disciples; but even Jesus in his turn was to suffer eclipse. There were some passages in the gospel of severest denunciation and penalty for disobedience and unbelief. He is called the judge at the last great assize. In order to persuade men by the terrors of the law, even under the Christian dispensation, for the time being, they spoke less of the wrath of God, but depicted in deepest colors the wrath of the Lamb. He who studies Grecian Art in the church, and even down to the time of Angelo, will find plenty of paintings in which Jesus, in accordance with mediæval ideas, is represented as the stern judge, showing his own wounds with vindictive spirit, as remembering the wicked cause of all his degradation and agony. Sometimes he is even more avenger than judge. In a Greek picture Moses holds a scroll with the words, "Behold him whom ye crucified," while the offenders of Jesus are dragged into everlasting fire. In the Grecian "Last Judgments" a river of fire flows from under the throne of Jesus to drown and burn up the wicked. "All the angels and powers of heaven tremble before him."

Just as men had been compelled to turn away from God, whom they could no longer heartily worship, to find in Jesus the divine compassion; so in a later stage, by a similar misrepresentation of the character of Jesus, they were forced to turn away from him to find the divine compassion in Mary. Just as Jesus-worship sprang from false ideas of God, so on a lower scale Mary-worship rose from false ideas of Jesus. Man will not remain a worshipper before a being hateful or vindictive. Fear may extort some rites from men for a time, but in the end he will sooner worship his brother-man or some dead saint, so love be there; or he will cease to worship altogether. The ground for the worship of the Virgin Mary was already suggested in these Grecian paintings of the last judgment. Mary is there, and as a figure full of tender, pitying benignity is adoring Jesus, the judge, to relent, or she looks toward the redeemed, with face averted from the condemned, as if unable to endure the sight. She appears as mediator, or supplicant for mercy, interceding for sinners who crowd around her and kneel with uplifted faces and imploring looks.

When we consider the influence of polytheism, still not extinct, the false tendencies of thought already established, and the ignorance and gloom of those dark ages, is it any great wonder that this system of Mary-worship captivated all hearts? And so it came to be true, as in the Catholic Church it is still, that Mary received more prayers than all the persons of the Godhead put together. Mary-worship had almost uninterrupted sway in the church until the light of the Reformation broke in. Its power was then checked and broken for all the best minds of Christendom. But Luther's Reformation carried men back, not to primitive

Christianity, but one step only. They fell back upon the worship of Jesus. That is where orthodoxy stands to-day. Primitive Christianity, like Judaism itself, was theism pure and simple, the worship of God. The new reformation, now represented in Christendom more by individual faith than by organized sects, stands for nothing less. The church of the new civilization will be monotheistic. The world has tried polytheism and tritheism and dualism; it has tried demonology, idolatry, mariolatry, Christolatry. Our churches in the past stand dedicated to or named after the holy angels, the canonized saints, or they blazon forth all authorized or unauthorized titles of the Martyr of Palestine. We have churches of St. James, St. Peter, and St. John; of Saints Bridget and Elizabeth, and of Mary the Virgin Mother. We have churches of the Redeemer, of the Saviour, of the Messiah, of the Holy Ghost, of the Trinity, of All Saints. We have churches of the Annunciation, of the Immaculate Conception, of the Advent, of the Holy Sacrament, of the Transfiguration, of the Ascension, of the Rosary, of the Cross. We have churches of Gethsemane, Bethesda and Calvary. We scarcely realize how Romish names and symbols have encouraged and confirmed false habits of thought, but churches of God, of the Unity, of Our Father, of the Divine Paternity, of Hope and Charity, of Truth and Righteousness and Good Will—these, though they may come at length, for the most part are waiting to be tried, waiting for that purification of worship which, as we look upon it, is greatly hindered by the yet lingering and unspent power of polytheism and idolatry which still shelters itself under the Romish ritual and all Trinitarian systems of belief. All saint and hero-worship, wherever found, all deification of human lives or created things, is paganism. And though in the "survivals," which we may still see, there is much softening and refining from the gross forms of dead civilizations, yet the essence of worship so founded is the same.

The faith of our times, tried as it is by rational thought, requires for its safe support God, and God alone, as the object of its worship. It does not feel safe, resting upon a deified man or woman whose anomalous life is at the mercy of historical criticism. It cannot settle down on the worship of our brother, though so pure and exalted, Jesus. It wants God. No human being whose life was counted by years, who once lived and then ceased to be; once was manifested to men, then veiled himself; not being present except to his children in petty Palestine; unknown to the millions of his equally worthy children elsewhere, yet who have all sunk into eternal death because he would not tell them how to escape his wrath. No; the new reformation will certainly set forth God as the object of men's worship, the good, the impartial, the ever-present God. "The Father seeketh such to worship him." The new civilization, if it be worthy of the name, will accept and honor the Supreme God, the Ancient of Days, the Eternal, the Now. Men may call Him by different names. The chemist may identify Him, in accordance with his dialect, with affinity or force; the astronomer may have no higher phrase than motion or gravitation; the biologist may call Him Life; the poet may call Him Nature; the philosopher may call Him Thought; the mystic may call Him Spirit; but it will be the same essence, the Supreme, the Omnipotent, the All-sustaining God, the One God and Father of us all.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE half century of disintegration has passed. The old rocks have been crumbling, even those which made the foundations of the Orthodox church. These fragments must be gathered together, that nothing be lost. These lime rocks in our Western cliffs once were only the sediment in the ocean, the fragments of other bodies. Now behold their solidity and strength. Human opinion on a hundred points in science and religion is all afloat. It is dissolved, and the time is ripe for recombination, and in this work the free thought, which has had so much to do with the destruction of the old, must be a powerful agent. Each member must find its mate. Reconstruction cannot be so sudden as destruction. A few days are enough to pull down an old building, but months are required to build the new edifice. We see new opportunities for work every day. The city has been desolated by fire; the people ask for something which they cannot define. A new kind of faith, a more useful home, with larger rooms and more windows, are the needs of the hour. We are called on to show them the better model of a home, a church adapted to all the fac-

ulties of our nature. We must have a thoughtful church, and must have a central truth to rally on, a truth that has power to enthuse and command. That truth must be the centre of the nerve-power—the brain of the organization, dispensing life to every part. It must not be presented as an abstraction; it must not be an axiom in geometry or a theory in science. We must have freedom to consider all theories in science or philosophy according to the mental wants of our societies, but all need a practical point to rally on. What should it be? It should be a practical work for the moral and social culture of young persons, using all the intellect that is at our command in doing this work. The elders must be edified in various ways, but the young must be educated. Our charities occupy but a small per cent. of our efforts. The poor we have, but our charities are so organized that our churches find but little occupation in that direction. The great work is the education of the youth of this age to work for something besides material interests. The air is oppressed with work to supply food and raiment. These are needful, but we must look for methods to do a better work.

Our Liberal church has many members which can be brought into one body by gradual assimilation of life and purpose. As a model to work by, we cannot dispense with the Man who stands as the Christ to all of us. We have nothing to do with the blood theology that is rife in some places. We make no idol of Jesus, before whom we must degrade ourselves. We simply want an inspiring example in one who has shown us what self-sacrifice is—one who has dared to do and die for his righteous convictions.

In our methods of moral culture, we must find some work for every one to do which will involve the element of sacrifice. We must learn how to organize for benevolent work, not simply in giving alms, but in doing everything that aids in the building up of the social edifice. For one, visiting the poor; for another, scientific teaching. One may work in an evening school, another visit the sick; one may preach and another practice. The body has many members, and each has its office. Who will tell us how we can provide work for all the varied members of even a small church? Let us have the details? S. S. H.

DAVENPORT, Ia.

A HINT TO SMALL CONGREGATIONS.

IN most country parishes, at this season of the year, there are small congregations, owing to excessively cold or stormy Sundays, and many of the people living at a distance from the church. Would it not be well to suggest on such occasions to the few who brave the weather and are seated in the corners and side pews that they occupy the body pews, and so relieve the awkwardness of the minister's having to look over empty seats to see familiar faces?

All who have spoken in public know the inspiration which comes from the eyes of interested hearers, often the larger the congregation the more inspiring the service.

I have heard brother ministers, when on exchange, inquire the names of certain persons who were helpful by the interest manifested in their countenances. I feel sure that the people themselves would be quite as much benefited by this associated worship as clergymen. The very emptiness of the front pews gives a chill of loneliness which we do not feel when only the side pews are vacant.

One who has never preached to scattered audiences may not know how disagreeable he would find it; but let him call upon friends, and converse at separate corners of the room, filling up the space with empty chairs, and I think he would feel it to some extent. Such a ceremony would hardly be repeated. Yet we expect our minister to talk to us of what should be the nearest and dearest matter to our well-being, in a most constrained attitude towards us, when it can easily be made so much more grateful to both pastor and people. S. S. B.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HANNAH H. THOMAS.

[Died at Irvington, on the Hudson, January 5th, 1877, aged seventy-two.]

We have to record, with deep sensibility, the death of one of our excellent New England women, Mrs. Hannah H. Thomas, widow of the late Mr. John Thomas, for a time Treasurer, and for many critical years a sturdy pillar of the First Congregational church in New York. He was killed by lightning, it will be remembered,

about twenty years ago, on his own place at Irvington on the Hudson. A true son of Plymouth (the rock was on his own wharf), a modest, upright, warm-hearted and sincere man, of primitive simplicity in his ways, and still very dear to the memory of his old friends, he is never to be forgotten by the writer of this notice, who leaned upon his arm in the days of his youthful ministry, and all through the anxieties of the building of the Church of the Divine Unity, which greatly tasked Mr. Thomas's anxieties, time and liberality. And now, his faithful wife and widow, ever cherishing his memory, after twenty years follows him into what to her was doubtless his still fresh and open grave!

Mrs. Thomas had lived for twenty years at the home her husband built at Irvington, and there she died. But she was still in close and frequent communication with her old religious home, and continued in heart a member of All Souls' Church to the last. Her affections were not of an intermitting kind, and where she gave her interest and confidence, there they remained unaffected by separation or time. Possibly she was as fixed in her distrusts and dislikes—but we know nothing of these—as she was delicate and reserved when she could not speak well of her acquaintances.

Mrs. Thomas was the last survivor but one of that numerous family of the late Mr. Isaac Hedge, of Plymouth, Mass., which contributed so many excellent daughters to the moral and social wealth of the community, all marked by excellent sense, refinement of moral feeling and freshness of heart. They were all Unitarians in faith, and adorned the profession they made. We could with hearty satisfaction draw the portraits of most of those noble women, and they would make a lovely gallery of matronly dignity, womanly delicacy and humane Christian worth. But we resist the temptation. Mrs. Thomas had such cordiality, constancy and ever fresh affections, that she made herself dearly loved by those honored with her friendship; but her affectionateness was not coupled with neutrality of convictions or lack of independent opinions. She was deeply of her own mind, respected her own conclusions and abided in them firmly. Hospitable, devoted to kindred, unexact, charitable, industrious, without pretence or ambition, she found in her only daughter and her children the most satisfying society, and a sphere of ever-living freshness and delight. The friendship between her and her daughter was of the rarest and most beautiful kind. Patient in sickness, she was composed and cheerful in death. She knew in whom she trusted! Her faith in God's fatherly care was perfect, and her solace in the precepts and promises of Jesus complete. Seldom has the soul triumphed so perfectly over the body as in her long dying, during which, to the last moment, her spirit was clear, conscious of its waiting on the brink, yet thoughtful of others, and without a fear for itself, though anxious "to be delivered from the burthen of the flesh." We cannot lament, at 72, any one's happy death—least of all hers, for she was ripe for heaven, and has gone to a well-earned reward of worth and fidelity, and to beloved ones longed for, and who must have been longing for her. Her memory will be cherished sacredly and tenderly while her friends remain this side the veil. H. W. B.

JOTTINGS.

NORTHBORO', MASS.—Rev. Henry F. Bond is to preach at Northboro', Mass., for three months.

HARTFORD.—The Unitarian services to be held in this city under the charge of Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, late of Buffalo, will be inaugurated next Sunday evening with a sermon by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York.

ARLINGTON, MASS.—Rev. George W. Cutter has accepted the call extended to him by the Unitarian church in Buffalo, N. Y., at a salary of \$3,500. His parishioners in Arlington will part with him with sincere regret.

A LIST of books selected especially for the ethical culture of the young has been carefully prepared by Rev. E. P. Powell and J. Colgrove, of Hadley Bros., Chicago, published in a slip for the use of parents, and distributed in the First church.

HARLEM.—The second in the special course of Sunday evening sermons, now in progress at Unity Chapel, Harlem, 128th street, near Fourth avenue, will be given next Sunday evening by Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn. Dr. Bellows and Rev. S. H. Camp will also preach in this course. Announcements will be made in THE INQUIRER from week to week.

THE most remarkable instance of self-control during the past week is, unquestionably, the complete reticence of our neighbor, the New York Herald, concerning that first-class sensation, the Bennett-May "unpleasantness." James Gordon Bennett, Sr., whose journalistic career was enlivened by several duels, would not have countenanced the present

silence of the *Herald*. If he frequently winked at the publication of news more original than true, he never allowed any of his personal shortcomings to interfere with at least the first half of the Springfield *Republican's* admirable maxim: "To print all the news, and to tell the truth about it." The morning after he had been cowed, or had "vindicated his honor" on some mysterious field of glory, you might have been sure to find the whole story properly displayed in his enterprising sheet, which never allowed any pretense of aversion to personal notoriety to stand in the way of the sale of a large extra edition! Now that the *Herald's* sporting public has discovered, to its grief, its favorite's present alarming and most uncharacteristic "policy of silence," there will be many a tear shed in memory of the less reserved policy of the "old man," who, with all his ignorance of "polo," never wasted any time trying to stand on his dignity.

We have received the prospectus of a new quarterly, to be issued May 1st, 1877, "or as soon thereafter as circumstances shall warrant," and to be called "The Radical Review." Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, of New Bedford, the projector of this enterprise, says in his circular that the aim is to provide for thoughtful Americans "a periodical publication, serving the same purpose here that the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Reviews* serve so well in England. The progressive portion of our population demands some adequate literary vehicle for the carriage and diffusion of the most radical thought of our time. The editor and publisher avails himself with pleasure of the permission granted him by the following persons to announce them as probable contributors; to which list he hopes to make important additions hereafter: John Weiss, John Fiske, Edmund C. Stedman, Sidney H. Morse, Octavius B. Frothingham, Lysander Spooner, Ezra H. Heywood, Samuel Johnson, J. Stahl Patterson, Prof. E. S. Morse, John W. Chadwick, Joel A. Allen, Mrs. E. M. F. Denton, Dyer D. Lum,

Stephen Pearl Andrews, Wm. J. Potter, John Orvis, Charles W. Buck, Francis E. Abbot, Wm. Henson, Howard N. Brown, Samuel Longfellow, Abram W. Stevens, Cyrus A. Bartol, Joseph H. Allen, John C. Clifford, J. R. Ingalls. Each number will contain two hundred or more octavo pages, well printed on good paper. Terms per annum, postpaid, \$5.00. Address the Publisher, Benj. R. Tucker, Lock Box 589, New Bedford, Mass."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Unitarian society is working hopefully and successfully to fulfill its part of the pledge made at Saratoga, to raise \$30,000 for the purchase or erection of a new church edifice. The society already sees its way clear to the realization from all sources of about \$23,000, leaving \$7,000 still to be subscribed. The subscription seems to have been managed with excellent judgment; there have been many generous subscriptions from people of small means, and after the fourth of March many other subscriptions of this sort are confidently looked for. The few wealthy men and women interested are not likely to stand by and see the scheme frustrated by the lack of three or four thousand dollars. In so far, therefore, as the Washington people are concerned, the outlook for the new church seems to us encouraging.

We hear that about one-third of the \$30,000 to be raised by the churches has already been contributed chiefly by the smaller churches. The more wealthy churches could raise the remaining \$20,000 to-morrow if necessary, but are holding off until after the inauguration of somebody and the return of business activity. The Washington people were recently favored with a visit from Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard University, who preached two Sundays, and made himself equally agreeable, "daily and Sundays," as one of our exchanges says. No attempt seems to have been made by the Washington church to win golden opinions from their honored guest, but we are glad to hear that Dr. Peabody left Washington much impressed with its importance as a field for Liberal Christianity.

The Inquirer.

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Communications relating to the editorial department of the paper should be addressed, "Editor of the Inquirer, P. O. Box 109, New York City;" all others to "Publisher," same address.

No person is authorized to collect money or make contracts for the *Inquirer*, who cannot show written authority from the Publisher.

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BY
JOHN W. CHADWICK,

AT THE

Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn,
Corner of Clinton and Congress Streets.

1876—77.

LECTURES:

- V. Emanuel Swedenborg. Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877.
- VI. Murray and Universalism. Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.
- VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion. Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.
- VIII. Channing and Unitarianism. Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.
- IX. Theodore Parker. Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, Half-Past Seven.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

The Address of Rev. John F.

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NO. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	887,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,759 20
	\$1,592,775 09

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,766 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,025 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,850 00
City and County Bonds.....	230,265 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	93,163 96
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and and Call Loans.....	7,067 22
Real Estate.....	17,109 49
	\$1,592,775 09

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$13,269 20
U. S. Bonds, market value.....	304,220 00
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral.....	1,000 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection.....	7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	21,487 00
	\$408,092 05

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$14,900 56

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

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Forty-sixth Semi-Annual Statement,
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July, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	247,326 66
Net Surplus.....	958,868 71
Total Assets - - -	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$426,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,820,000.....	1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	287,487 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	69,250 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,060).....	423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY, 1876.....	73,894 53
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	191,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE.....	10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	18,634 56
Total - - -	\$6,051,716 84

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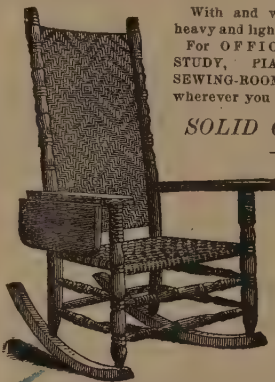
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THE INQUIRER.

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HENRY W. BELLOW, H. C. BUNNER, Elizabeth Cumings, Nicholas P. Gilman, Edward P. Powell, Minot J. Savage, Charles W. Wendte and Celia P. Woolley are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

THE cable brings news of the returns of election for the new German Parliament. The official returns show that sixty-three Conservatives have been elected to the Reichstag. This will enable the Conservatives to elect the First Vice-President, who has hitherto been chosen by the Progressive party. The members elected are classified with regard to their attitude toward the Empire as follows: supporters, 194; opposers, 133.

THE final report of the commission appointed by the last Legislature to investigate the condition of the prisons of this State was made to the Governor on Tuesday. The substance of the report found its way into the newspapers last October, just after a preliminary report had been made, and now that our State Constitution has been so amended as to give good promise of a radical reform in the administration of our prisons, the full report will be read with a somewhat abated public interest. It is none the less valuable, however, on that account, and must prove of substantial service to the new prison officials in their efforts to inaugurate the proposed reforms.

THE Senatorial election in Massachusetts is still undetermined, with the chances apparently in favor of Judge Hoar. The second joint ballot on Wednesday resulted as follows: Hoar, 95; Boutwell, 93; Abbott, 62; Rice, 17; Bullock, 4; Seelye, 4; Sandford, 1. Whole number of votes, 276; necessary for a choice, 139. The question will probably be decided to-day, when a second joint session of the Legislature will be held.

Messrs. Ferry, Windom, and Blaine of Maine, were re-elected to the United States Senate on Tuesday by large majorities. In Illinois, on an informal ballot, Governor

Palmer received 89 votes and Senator Logan 97, the Independent and other votes numbering nearly 20.

THE dispatches of the Republican National Committee for which the House of Representatives has been so anxious have at length been revealed. The most interesting feature which we find is a new sort of divisible certainty discovered by Mr. Chandler, or, as we might say, a form of absolute certainty done up into lots to suit customers. On the 8th of November he telegraphed to each of five different States: "We are absolutely certain of 185 votes for Hayes if your State is safe, and Tilden is sure of the rest." He could, of course, have sent the dispatch with the same propriety to the remaining thirty-three, and then we should have had for each thirty-seven absolute certainties and only one doubt. It is hardly to be supposed that Pelton could have beaten that.

THE Conference at Constantinople has been for some time gradually approaching a point where it is in great danger of becoming ridiculous. By a happy accident it may escape this danger before the close of the current week, but whether it will or not is still uncertain. The gradual relaxation in the demands made upon the Porte has not been of a character to inspire any very wholesome dread on the part of the Sultan or his advisers, and the Grand Turk certainly appears to occupy the position of arbiter of his own destiny, rather than that of the sick man who must take whatever medicine is presented to him "for his own good." There is still talk of all the ambassadors leaving Constantinople in case their very last proposition shall not be accepted, but it is stated that the announcement was made by each representative, separately, that each may keep his skirts clear of any suggestion of complicity with what may follow.

GOLD has been rather higher all the week, ranging between 106 and 107, the latter figure being reached on Tuesday. There seems no special reason why the price should go lower at the present time, while there are many reasons why it may go higher. Silver has been quoted at 57½d. per ounce in gold. The markets generally are stated as "quiet but steady," which would be very satisfactory if *quietness* had not become a chronic condition of portentous significance. However, there is a general steadiness in most branches of business which it is gratifying to see. It is unfortunate that the weakest spot among our financial bodies is that occupied by the Life Insurance Companies, a class of corporations whose sole warrant for existence should rest in the fact that they are above suspicion. The most recent revelations, notably in the case of the *Security*—Heaven save the mark!—are sickening in the extreme. Is it too much to ask that in such cases as this, the officers who for years have forsworn themselves and systematically deceived the public and defrauded their customers, whose dearest interests were at stake, should be summarily dealt with? We venture to say that the lines must be drawn more closely or a very beneficial institution will be destroyed.

A RAPID increase in the number of Egyptian travellers may confidently be looked for about this time. According to Mr. M. D. Conway, a large roll of papyrus covered with in-

scriptions was discovered some twenty years ago, under the floor of an old tomb in Thebes. It was 139 feet long by 16½ inches broad, and looked something like a stair carpet. Mr. Harris, the lucky finder, bought it for a comparatively small price. His daughter, Miss Harris, felt convinced that it was a treasure, and to make sure against accidents, set herself to the immense work of tracing every sign and letter on it upon a paper of equal extent. She succeeded in making a fac simile of it. Her father died, and the lady took a house at Koumel Dyk, Alexandria. A few years ago an explosion occurred in the house, which was reduced to fragments. Of its contents the two chief treasures alone escaped unharmed, the papyrus and Miss Harris herself. The great Egyptian archaeologist, M. Brugsch Bey, examined the papyrus and told the Khedive of its great value, and the Egyptian government offered the sum of £2,000 for it. But Miss Harris would not part with it. She brought it to England, when the British Museum purchased it for a larger sum, and from that time to this Dr. Birch and his corps of Egyptologists have been deciphering it, while scribes have been engaged in copying it. It proves to be a complete record of the life and works of Rameses III, and a statement of the condition of things at Thebes three thousand years ago.

THE situation in New Orleans remains much the same as when we went to press a week ago. Packard is still in possession of the State House, and Nicholls of the police stations and court rooms. The President has illustrated his neutrality by telegraphing Gen. Augur that if any one is to be recognized, it must be Packard, which he thinks does not warrant the inference that he has put his foot into it. What his object was in sending the dispatch if he did not mean anything by it, he does not state. Doubtless he is fully aware of the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, and wishes to convey the information to others. Packard has issued a high and mighty proclamation, to which the clerk of the Sixth District Court responds with a denunciation of Packard as "a wicked and shameless impostor," and a call upon the sheriff to guard the court from "violence or intrusion." Another statesman, writing editorially in the New Orleans *Evening Democrat*, advises his friends "to follow Packard into his hotel, and, if need be, into the Court House itself, and hang him from its highest window." These gentle amenities are probably soothing rather than otherwise to the perturbed spirits of the writers. An amusing incident of the situation is the appearance of the Hon. Percy Bysshe Shelley Pinchback as a candidate for United States Senator before the Nicholls Legislature. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, and sometimes we are Democrats and sometimes we are Republicans,—sometimes we are demagogues, and then again we are statesmen.

THE ELECTORAL QUESTION.

THE electoral question drags on. We wish the disposition to co-operate were more evident. Probably no mere outsider can estimate the feelings, biases and necessities of a Congressman of the very selectest order. It seems probable that party ties will have an altogether irresistible influence with the committees. Twenty citizens, selected only with reference to sense, candor, patriotism, would soon find a way out of the difficulties, which the country would endorse and follow. But what can men trained to party measures and incapable of ordinary usefulness without considering party policy be expected to do, under present circumstances? The very selection of a nicely-balanced partisan committee proves

that party was not expected to be ignored. We believe more success would have attended the conference if the noblest, strongest men in Congress had been selected without the least reference to party. It is a case where only wisdom, honor, self-forgetfulness, love of law and union and peace, can do us any good. But alas! we are to be tossed from the jealousy of the two parties in the two Houses—which first hate each other, and then the rival party in their own House—upon the partisan committees, where it seems probable every vote will be a party vote. We trust the near approach of the 14th of February will scorch these responsible men into some feeling for the country, its rights, its peace, its hopes, and that they will manage to put off some of their hard party cuticle and feel more like men and Americans, and less like Republicans and Democrats. The country has its eyes upon these committees. They have an enviable chance to commend themselves to the gratitude of the whole nation. Will they use it?

At the time of our going to press, Wednesday, the Joint Committee appointed to devise a method of counting the electoral votes has not yet reported, though expected to do so to-day. While the details of the plan expected to be submitted by this committee are as yet unknown, it is no secret that the chief feature of this plan is the recommendation of the appointment of a Board of Arbitration, to consist of members of both Houses and of judges of the Supreme Court. To this Board it is proposed to submit all questions in regard to the counting of the votes from States which have sent more than one return, the decisions of the Board to be final, unless rejected on the concurrent vote of both Houses.

The difficulties of agreement on *any* plan are, of course, seriously aggravated by the fact that both political parties are represented in the Joint Committee by several partisans of the first water. Fortunately, there are several unknown factors in the problem which make it impossible for either the Republicans or Democrats to "fix" matters beforehand *entirely* to their liking. But the result of the count will depend very considerably upon the nature of the plan accepted by Congress, and the politicians on both sides are exercising all the astuteness at their command to carry things in their own way. It seems unreasonable to expect a unanimous report from the Joint Committee, but rumor says this is by no means impossible. We shall hope for the best.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON AND EVOLUTION.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON, always the relentless tracker-out and foe of evolutionary invaders of theistic faith, pursues Prof. Huxley, in the January number of the *International Review*, through his late New York lectures, with a keen scent and very sharp teeth. He admires and respects Prof. Huxley's ability, honesty and courage too much to allow him to deal in any general obloquy, but he is caustic, satirical and unsparing in his showing up of the alleged defects in his argument. He charges him with stating the same hypothesis under three forms, as if they were essentially different, when they are really identical, and so setting up two men of straw, as if live difficulties, and knocking them over with the other one. His dissection of Huxley's argument is very adroit and masterly, but we should very much like to see Huxley take hold of Principal Dawson and show us how easy it is to make mince-meat of another man's carcass when no competent witnesses are near to see whether the body he operates upon is that of the supposed enemy or one furnished by the procurer and labelled with his name. We

have a strong suspicion that Huxley and his whole class are greatly blinded by the same disposition which Dr. Draper has shown, in his *Conflict of Science and Religion*, to the claims of the intelligent believers in a spiritual source of persons and things. Religionists have undeniably for ages looked not only unfavorably, but with eyes of alarm and horror, upon all hypotheses or discoveries which threatened their venerable convictions touching the existence and providence of a Divine Creator and Superintendent of nature and man, and upon all attempts to confound the human and the brutal. And we make no doubt their resistance has been useful and necessary. For science has too often not contented itself with stating its facts, but has hastened to draw conclusions from them fatal to the most sacred and most saving instincts of man as a moral and spiritual creature. Religion has not usually been instructed enough to contend with science on her own ground, and so has hurled her anathemas at its conclusions from her throne of faith, a process justly complained of by science, but excusable enough on the part of religion, considered as acting from instincts of self-preservation. For, in the end it is a purely materialistic science that will be driven from its position, and not religion, which, surrendering its formal propositions, will never surrender its instincts, and already knows that science, in its godless aspects and materialistic conclusions, is false, even if she cannot prove it or show how.

On the other hand, it is equally plain that defenders of a spiritual principle at the heart of the universe and a spiritual origin for man, are apt, like Prof. Dawson, to confound the outworks with the citadel, and often think it necessary to defend positions which it is certain will ultimately have to be surrendered. There is a certain prejudice and rancor in Principal Dawson's manner of dealing with evolution which savors of the odium theologium, and which belongs to most religious men in their assaults upon evolution. The determined identification of religion with the inspiration of the Mosaic books is among the weak and foolish prejudices of this class. The staking the Christian or theistic faith of the world upon the maintenance of foundations so insecure is doubtless very pleasing to the scientists, who find it easy to riddle and shake this cob-house, and much prefer it for a ground of attack than the foundation laid in the very nature of man. That "evolution" is one of the methods of the Eternal and Shaping Spirit is, despite Prof. Dawson's prophecies to the contrary, very certain to be established. But that it is the only or the chief method, or a method which carries its cause in itself, is less and less credible every day. It really answers no question that is vital and deepest in man's soul, and the simplest faith of a Christian peasant has a more rational aspect and a finer essence than the best statement which the agnostics and the anti-theists have yet been able to give to the question, "Who made me, and for what end?"

THE PROPOSED MINISTERS' INSTITUTE, AGAIN.

THE friends of the proposed Ministers' Institute will doubtless feel greatly obliged to the *Christian Register* for its hearty endorsement of the plan. The ardent and whole-souled way in which the project is received by the *Register* proves how wholly the advocates of the scheme can depend on the sympathy and furtherance of the venerable organ of New England Unitarianism. The solicitude shown that the projectors of the Institute may correct all misjudgments in advance and have the full benefit of the wisest counsel is one every friend of the movement must gratefully

appreciate. The *Register* asks some leading questions, which, being somewhat familiar with the views of the originators of the Institute, we will try to answer.

First. It wishes to know for its clients, the younger ministers, to what extent the proposed instruction is to be superior to that which they have recently received, upon the same subjects, from Professors Hedge, Clarke, Stearns, Everett, Abbot, Young, Livermore, Brigham and Cary? As most of these Professors are among the learned persons invited to address the Institute, we do not see how any instruction from them is likely to be superior to that which they are in the habit of giving in their professional chairs. We suspect that the devisers of the scheme never thought of suggesting any incompetency in the instructors or teachings of the two theological schools at Cambridge and Meadville, or they would have put the work they desire to see done into other hands. They proceeded, we conclude, upon the notion that young men, and men not young, after a few years of practical experience in the ministry, usually find themselves in a condition to appreciate instruction, theological and pastoral, much better than in the days of special preparation. They probably felt, too, that the professors might, for such men, condense and concentrate the results of their own studies and make general statements of great value, which it would be less useful and wise to give to beginners. We are satisfied that unlearning what had been previously taught in the theological schools was no part of the plan, although we do not doubt that a great readiness to retract any errors of opinion would be the desirable and useful spirit both of teachers and taught.

In regard to the second question, "whether the most valuable papers prepared for the Institute will or will not be afterward accessible in the Unitarian periodicals," we should reply, judging by past experience, that they probably will be. But then, they would not exist at all to be thus published, if they were not called forth by an occasion of oral delivery. This, however, is not the real answer. Lectures read at home and unaccompanied by the authors' personality, voice and earnestness, produce far less decisive influence than oral discourses. And discourses heard in company by sympathetic and congenial minds carry with them an illuminating and contagious influence which is none the less powerful because it cannot be accurately defined. This is the main reason why sermons preached and sermons read at home are such different and unequal forces. It is the real foundation of public worship that men feel and understand in each other's presence and in God's presence together what they seldom feel or understand in their privacy. Usually the very persons who read public discourses most eagerly and interestedly are those who first heard them; and oftentimes, alas! they find they are like the man who brought home the shell that delighted him so much, but could not bring home the sea, the shore and the sky that gave it its special charm.

Thirdly. "Why the Institute, if needed and profitable, is to meet so seldom?" Mainly, because it has to content itself, in view of time and cost, with doing a *little*, instead of doing *all* the good it could desire. The National Conference is, in part, becoming a Ministers' Institute. It meets only once in two years. The new plan is to double these opportunities for ministers, and to make what is only one object with the Conference, the *special* object of the Institute—instruction for the ministers.

The *Register* "cannot understand why some laymen may be invited to be speakers, yet all laymen, however studious and interested, are to be forbidden to listen." There are

some subjects very important to ministers at this time of day which experts in science or medicine or law or art or political economy are better fitted to lecture upon than any theologian. It was considered desirable to open room for calling in such help when it became desirable to get the best available information upon such topics. There is no doubt, considering the proportion of laymen to ministers, that the general weight of intelligence and worth is with the laity and not with the clergy, especially in this country, and unquestionably hundreds of men and women might and would profit by the lectures of the Ministers' Institute. But practical schemes of usefulness have to be limited to the means at hand and to the object proposed. At present this is a Ministers' Institute and a Unitarian ministers' Institute, and is confined to this class exclusively, as the meetings of any other association for definite objects are confined, for reasons of expediency, to add the force of a strong professional fellowship and common interest, to secure a larger frankness and a fuller and more affectionate confidence and to exclude differences that would embarrass and weaken the particular ends sought.

As it is commonly necessary to have general rules for the governance of all assemblies, the men who knew what they were seeking adopted, after very serious deliberation, such rules as they thought most favorable to their object,

It is difficult to accomplish very large objects, such as the bringing together all the wise men and women in our American Christendom to debate great theological or ecclesiastical questions. The Ministers' Institute is a modest and humble effort to accomplish a little good in the Unitarian ministry, by disinterested labor and co-operation on the part of as many as incline to come together, on a plan which is not yet fully before them. As none of the projectors have or can have any objects that are selfish or ambitious—as they represent all schools, ages and tendencies in the Unitarian body—it is to be hoped that if any cold water is to be thrown upon the plan, it will all be as clean as possible. Perhaps the scheme is weak, untimely, superfluous, wounding to somebody's feelings. If so, it is not at all indispensable it should go forward. We do not believe its undertakers very much covet the labor it may involve. Even should it fail, as many supposed the National Conference undertaking would fail, and some even now think it has failed, we do not believe it would be mortifying or distressing to its hopeful proposers. If only fifty or even twenty earnest young ministers came *once* together, the time would not be wholly lost, and if they never came together again, there would be no inconsolable grief. Let the Ministers' Institute, then, try to succeed, and be encouraged to think it may. Seeing that its failure will do no harm to any existing interest and break no hearts, while its success might do some important service, we incline to think this view will prevail among the ministers, and then the good wishes and high hopes of the *Register* will all be verified.

We have received a copy of letters of Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D., to the proprietors of the Brattle Square church in Boston, with their action thereupon. It is rare to find evidences of more disinterested and Christian conduct than Dr. Lothrop's, as it is presented in his correspondence with the society. He is frank, patient and forgiving. The action of the society was not always what so old and faithful a minister, of over forty years' service, might have expected, but their embarrassments were overwhelming and ended in a necessity of closing the church and offering it for sale. We shall earnestly hope that the ancient society will not be dissolved. It is evident that Dr. Lothrop's course produced a very kind and tender feeling before the correspondence closed, and that the people parted from their minister with genuine regret. There is not a word in Dr. Lothrop's correspondence which he could wish to recall, or which any friend of his can read without sympathy and pride.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE discussion over the "success" of Moody is without consideration that, so far as numerical results are concerned, the same work is repeated by Mormons, Indian "White Clouds" and Hindoo Fakirs. The simple question is, can anything be relied upon to develop any legitimate power of man except education? Is there a cross-road to scholarship or to sainthood? We know very well that figures will not lie in the long run; but they may be made to tell some strange stories before the problem is worked out. So when Unitarians groan over the wonderful success of Mr. Moody, let them remember to wait till the problem is worked out. For one, two, or possibly six months a religious excitement may grow in fervor and accumulate strength; but no power of flaming placards, illuminated street cars, vast tabernacles, and all the minutiae of preparation and organization can keep up the appearance of success when the novelty is gone. Then comes the time for testing the work. If Mr. Moody and his co-laborers will make out a list of one thousand converts in Chicago by name, and will tell in what church they are finally reaped, I will volunteer to furnish a table of those men one year from date, and we will learn how many recede and how many proceed. A list has been published of so many atheists, so many infidels, etc., who have been brought to Jesus. Let us see if they will stay there. I say this in no spirit of carping or disrespect for honest endeavors. I have the figures for several revival movements, and would like more. Of one great uprising in Central New York, six held to the churches at the end of two years out of nearly two hundred. The testimony of St. Louis is emphatic that the work of Mr. Hammond three years ago ended in a collapse. One of Mr. Moody's workers of four or five years ago, wearing one of his badges, called on me last summer for help in establishing a liberal Sunday School in the, as he called it, "morally burned district." "I am an atheist" he said, "but if you can help to start a movement for fairly teaching the principles of a good life I will contribute money and means. I don't believe in anything concerning another life. I'll hear no more about it. But our boys and girls need to be educated in the ways of righteousness." The result has been the Fifth Unitarian Sunday School. A night school is also sustained, in which not only the elementary studies are pursued, but vocal music and drawing. There are, besides, two debating and social clubs formed. The machinery has run on quietly for eight months. If we can keep the innumerable host of unemployed ministers from trying to start a church there with a salary, the work will steadily grow.

Rabbi Kohler, of the Sinai Synagogue, is doing some strong work. He has lately preached a radical sermon on "The Pentateuch" which commands the attention of scholars.

Learned, of St. Louis, has recently read an essay before the Woman's Club discussing "The Experience of the Nation on Vital Topics," in which he admirably says: "If we could foresee at once all the difficulties that any course casts us into we should shrink from the undertaking or even deem it unwise."

Snyder's "Church of the Messiah" has a department for correspondents in which he answers the question, "Can any who do not know Jesus be saved by living according to the light of Nature?" His answer shows lucidly how "Socrates and all other living heathen have but one destination." It won't do to get in the way of Snyder's pen.

There is talk here of calling Dr. Kittredge, of the Third Presbyterian, to Plymouth Congregational. A much better thing has been done by the Fourth Presbyterian, formerly Dr. Swing's, in calling J. C. French, the accomplished Brooklyn preacher. A truer man and abler could not be selected. The Reformed Episcopalists would exceedingly like to get Dr. Thomas from the Methodists, one of the ablest men in the denomination hereabouts. He was driven out of Chicago by the presiding elder on account of his liberal views. O! for a revolution to recall the brilliant and witty Dr. Powers, formerly of St. John's Episcopal, now of Bridgeport, Conn. He was also "too broad."

It is a pity not to pick a few gems from some of the great "popular" sermons of the day; so I give you a handful from a Christmas discourse that held its vast audience entranced. "Religion is just as graceful in a charade as in a hymn-book." "You will see a great change when the last shackle of iniquity snaps under the arm of the Lord Almighty. The Himalayas will become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah, and oceans the walking-places of him who trod the wave-cliffs of stormiest Tiberias; and the song

of salvation shall rise heavenward, until the great sky shall become the sounding-board that strikes back the shout of redemption to the earth, until it rebounds again to the throne of the Infinite, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their sceptres." "Wandering through the snake-infested swamps of Africa, Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head." When religion and poetry so charmingly combine, the result should not be lost even to men of radical proclivities.

POWELL.

FROM WASHINGTON.

"WHAT do you think now?" said Jerry Black to Mr. Seward after the Union cause had met with its most serious disasters during the war, and despair was casting its deepest shadows. "Why," said Mr. Seward, "I think, as I have always thought, that the Union will be saved." "Well," said the ex-Attorney-General, "you are the most sanguine man I ever saw." "Not unreasonably so," said Mr. Seward. "What would you say if you were to see a man with pains in his back, fever in his pulse and his skin covered with eruptions?" "I should say he had the small-pox and would die," said Mr. Black. "I should not," said Mr. Seward; "I should say he would live, for in such cases it is the rule to live and the exception to die."

Those who, like Mr. Seward, have an unwavering faith in the destiny of the republic believe it will safely emerge from its present danger. Although no one is sagacious enough to point out the way of salvation, a strong reliance is felt in the good common sense of the people, combined with their interest, and in what is called their "sober second thought." Except for the meetings of the 8th of January, public sentiment is apparently more unanimous and calm than it was before Congress assembled. The fever is not greater, but less.

A prominent topic of interest just now among statesmen is the projected interoceanic canal, opening a water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, *via* the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. British statesmanship secured the control of the canal through the isthmus of Suez, and it is well worthy of American ambition to obtain like advantages in the Western hemisphere. If in the quarrel about the Presidency we allow so great a prize to escape our grasp, we shall forfeit our character for political and commercial sagacity. The recent great survey of route demonstrates the feasibility of the enterprise.

Another project is the establishment in Washington of a grand national museum, to which may be transferred the many interesting objects exhibited by the United States Government at Philadelphia, and also the numerous gifts which have been tendered by other governments to our own. It is proposed to devote the million and a half of dollars contributed by Congress to the Centennial Exhibition to the creation of a permanent exhibition at the capital of the nation. This, with a grand effort on the part of all the people of the United States in its success, will give this country an institution rivalling the British Museum.

JANUARY 14, 1877.

LITERATURE.

A NEW SERVICE BOOK.

THE American Unitarian Association in 1868 published, in connection with the Hymn and Tune Book, "Services for Congregational Worship." The compiler said in the preface: "The present work is an attempt to supply a want very generally expressed, both by clergy and by laity, which has already led to the preparation of several manuals, more or less extended; but which does not yet seem to find what satisfies it." We have had no personal experience in using this work from Sunday to Sunday, but expressions of disappointment from members who have used it, lead us to believe that the want, which is emphasized both by the compiler and ourselves, still does not "find what satisfies it." A recent careful examination of the whole book satisfies us that the revision now proposed by the Association is very much needed. In fact, using our plain privilege of offering advice to the officers of the Association, which is the servant of the denomination only, we should counsel not a

revision of this book, but the issue of a new work upon the basis, perhaps, of this one. The principal merit of the "Services for Congregational Worship" is its adaptation, in many places very tender and uplifting, of Bible language and the words of ancient collects and litanies. Every prayer-book should hold on firmly to the past; it should retain many of those choicest expressions of pious feeling to which ancient men were moved by the Holy Spirit, and the antiquity of which but redoubles their native power. In this respect, and it is a matter of first consequence, this book stands almost, if not entirely, free from criticism. But in many other respects, on points of greater or lesser consequence, it seems to us very ill-adapted to our needs.

To proceed from small matters to greater:—The book is, to our thinking, too long in and of itself. When bound, as is often the case, with the Hymn and Tune Book, it makes a cumbersome volume. But, whether used separately (and many would prefer this way,) or between the same covers with the Hymn Book, it might be shortened one-third, at least, to great advantage. Other things being equal, the briefer the work the better. If mere gain of space were desired, the book could be abbreviated much without change of its plans. The chants, which are in the Hymn Book, and for which hymns would often be used, could be omitted; and the repetition of the Order is not essential in every service. But some portions of the Psalter should, for various reasons, be left out; and our objections to the Order of Service go further than to its simple repetition. Most of our congregations are accustomed to a very simple order of service, and unaccustomed to any prescription of that order except by usage. The simpler the order followed, then, in the service-book, and the less the prominence given to it, the better. The "Services," although not going to an extreme, elaborates the order more than many would like, more especially in the evening prayer. But whether we speak from prejudice or from good taste, we should decidedly object to the prominence and importance given to the Order in each service with its minute directions for position. The directions are generally unobjectionable in themselves, but their proper place is, as in Rev. Dr. Clarke's "Book of Worship," once for all at the beginning. It reminds one too much of machinery to be told in each service that here you are to stand and there you are to sit, that now you are to sing and now you are to read and now again to pause for silent prayer, and that, finally, you are "recommended to reverently pause a short time, after the benediction," before leaving your place. Surely it is a more excellent way to let usage settle many of these small matters. Let the compiler make his suggestions in his introduction, and withhold them from obtrusively staring in the face of the worshipper in his every mood.

The Lord's Prayer is inserted with each service. To the custom of so using it, we think it may well be said that Jesus seems never to have so intended it, and that the frequent reiteration tends toward weakening its effect, and toward "the vain repetitions" of the heathen.

"The Psalter follows, in the main, the reading of the later edition of the Chapel Liturgy." We have not the Chapel Liturgy at hand, so that the authority it follows in its reading is not known to us. But the authority can hardly be higher than that of Noyes or of Samuel Sharpe, whose translations are by us. From these, as well as from the Common Version, this Psalter varies much. Often it departs from them to the loss of correctness, more often with a greater loss of poetical spirit and expression. Compare with the accepted version, or with Noyes' translation, these renderings of familiar passages: "I will lay me down in peace and take my

rest," "My voice shalt thou hear betimes, early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee," "O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name," "To behold the fair beauty of the Lord," "The Lord is the wholesome defence of His anointed," "With Thy favorable kindness wilt Thou defend him," "My soul thirsteth for Thee in a barren and dry land;" or the entire Psalms Nos. 15, 23, 24. The common version is nearly always more poetical, while Dr. Noyes' is generally more accurate and poetical also than this Psalter, the adoption of which seems a case of "advancing backwards."

That revision which the Book of Psalms, of course, demands before it can be profitably read by modern Christian people in church, has not here been carried far enough. Some of David's milder imprecations upon his enemies, (that they are the enemies of the Lord also goes without saying) have been retained, to jar upon the minds of a more civilized age. The feeling with which the Hebrew regarded all foreign nations and gods should not be revived in our memory by passages the narrowness of which we at once perceive. Our later Christian doctrine of Providence does not say, 'Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest;' nor does our doctrine of Immortality say: "The dead praise not the Lord, neither they who go down into silence." Shall we continue to read that "The wrath of God endureth but the twinkling of an eye," or to ask, "Wilt Thou continue Thy wrath from generation to generation?" or, "What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?" Is it in accordance with a cheerful Christianity to repeat that, "The days of man are but as grass," "Man is like a thing of naught," "Man walketh in a vain show," "Verily every man living is altogether vanity?" To repeat in cold blood David's words of excitement, "my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head" cannot be a performance whose sincerity is obvious. How much the Psalms gain in power by occasionally translating the name Jehovah by "The Eternal" readers of Matthew Arnold will not need to be told, while many must sometimes weary of the paraphrase, "Lord." We do not perceive what important end is gained by arranging the Psalms under the days of the month. An arrangement, as in the "Book of Worship," by subject matter, would be far more convenient and profitable. If the ascription, "Now unto the King," ought to be repeated at the end of each reading, which we much doubt, a perhaps hypercritical taste would suggest that "etc," at the end of the last two lines has not a good look.

When we come to examine the prayers inserted in the services, we find much to surprise. We are afraid that devotion can hardly prevent the suggestion of political thoughts by the petitions for the President of the United States. Certainly many good citizens would not refrain from smiling if they should read, "From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, deliver us." A broader smile might be excused upon the face of a Unitarian responding, "O Lord! deliver us," to the clergyman's "From all false doctrine, heresy and schism." Imagination might please herself by picturing a congregation of scientific farmers, doctors and signal-service officers joining in the litany, "From lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence and famine, O Lord! deliver us." But leaving this levity, what does this mean for us, "In the hour of death and in the day of judgment deliver us," "Remember not, Lord, our offences neither take Thou vengeance of our sins," "Deal not with us after our sins, neither reward us after our iniquities," "Rescue us from the punishment which for our sins we deserve." What has courageous piety to-day to do with such utterances? David

struck a higher note: "let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness!" If the wounds of a friend are faithful, how much more those inflicted by a Divine Love which is not Love if it is not justice! Not in satire, but in all seriousness, we would suggest that a very important petition has been omitted from the litany quoted above: "From all insincerity, from every manner and degree of hypocrisy, from saying what we do not mean, from repeating what we do not believe, from formality and cant, O Lord, deliver us!"

The phrases in the prayers which refer to Christ are especially to be considered in revision. Some passages in the "Services," we can hardly suppose any considerable number of Unitarians would be strenuous to retain. Such are, "We bless Thee above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ," "Almighty Father, who hast given Thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification," "We are followers of Christ whom Thou hast made to be to us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption," "Our only mediator and advocate," "Help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed through his most precious blood." But if we are to have a Service Book which shall commend itself to many young minds now, and to more hereafter, who will repeat only what they honestly feel as truth in thought and in expression, we must go further, and leave out such phrases as these: "O God, who by Thy Son hast opened the way of life to all who hear and believe," "Through Thy blessed Son have mercy upon us," "When Thou gavest him to deliver man, it pleased Thee that he should be born of a virgin;" and the four Christmas collects on the eighty-fifth page. Many of our body in wide and high repute could not conscientiously repeat the passages referring to the resurrection of Jesus as a physical event, without mental reservation which would be unbecoming anywhere, and especially in a house of the God of Truth. Others, not few in number, having a love for the person and the word of our great Elder Brother, which yields to none in strength of feeling, like not to be saying of or to Him, "Lord, Lord." "Our Lord Jesus Christ" occurs very often in these prayers. Nearly every petition is offered "in His name;" our morality, even, is to be through him. It is not a trustworthy interpretation of the word of Jesus with pure literality so to obscure his meaning, nor a sign of spirituality to make his name a formula, when he wished his disciples to pray "in his spirit." Surely a revolt only against the letter which killeth and obedience to the spirit which makes alive a true honor for the life of God in the soul of man led a friend of mine once to end his Divinity Chapel prayer, "These things, Our Father and Our God, we ask *in our own name*." Thus do many of us feel about these matters. It is a slight thing to ask that those who have no difficulty about the words and phrases should omit them from the printed page. The omission does not diminish their faith, and it does make it easier for us to join in worship with them, without changing the meaning of what we read.

This counsel may seem too purely negative. We know it is easy to advise what to omit. But we stop here because no external word can effect in the revision that positive tone of love for Christ which the internal spirit of the compiler himself alone can cause. That spirit, if sensitive to the many desires of our body of believers, will speak of Jesus in varied ways, and, dropping some few hindering epithets and phrases, will not note their absence in the large force of its attachment to the Man of Nazareth.

We trust that of Jesus the reviser of our Service Book will so speak in a way that shall express our body's thought and

feeling as they actually are to-day. We trust that in other respects the prayers will be animated by a noble and comprehensive piety. Let us not say too often, "We beseech Thee to hear us;" let us not give a peculiar turn to the Beatitudes by asking, "Give to us meekness that we may inherit the earth. Grant unto us to be merciful that we may obtain mercy;" let us not, in the marriage service, adduce the doubtful sanction of Paul; let us not dare to pray over a sick person, "We pray that Thou wouldst be pleased to remove his disorder and restore him to health;" let us not retain Apocalyptic visions of heaven which we have outgrown. But let us deal with our services, from invocation to benediction, as with our hymns, saying nothing our intellect does not approve and our heart feel. Let us have a Service Book which, flavored with antiquity, shall also show itself a fresh production of our own religious time. It will come to light in an age when knowledge is increased and the world is vaster than before. Let it thank God for all knowledge of nature and of man with a high gratitude; let it petition for quickening of mind and for intellectual virtue, and ask that faith keep even pace with inquiry, that man may feel and act in accord with his latest light, that, while earthly science comes, heavenly wisdom shall not linger.

N. P. G.

REVIEWS.

The International Review

For January and February contains an interesting article from Prof. Curtius on "Olympia in the Berlin Museum." A very successful effort to set up in their original position the statues lately discovered and disinterred in Olympia has gone forward in Berlin with very instructive success. The condition and splendor of Greek art in the age preceding Phidias is here illustrated with great beauty and high educative prospects. The statue of Victory is pronounced of ravishing beauty and lightness, its pose and draperies being full of the suggestion of motion. The simplicity of the pedestal is much admired, and attention is drawn to the subtraction from the effect of the figure by the elaborate and ornate pedestals which it is the modern fashion to place under statues. The attention which is now so rewardingly given to the recovery of long-buried treasures of art, and which has been so conspicuous in Dr. Schliemann's explorations at Troy, promises a general revival of the study of classic taste and a fresh and more intelligent appreciation of Greek genius and skill. Mr. Bryant's fine sonnet on "The Dangers of Manhood" separates Prof. Curtius' article from its pendant, an article on "The Paris Salon of 1876," in which pictures and sculptures are considered with great critical decisiveness by M. Charles Gindriez, *apropos* of the chief exposition in France, the annual *salon*, in this case, of 1876. This article is an excellent example of the care, knowledge and conscientiousness of art criticism in France, and makes us feel our American deficiencies in critical acumen and knowledge of the subject.

M. Gindriez discusses the question whether art is possible under popular governments, seeing that its great periods have always been those of imperial power, and usually those of the decadence of political freedom and even of moral elevation. He alleges that the genius of French artists has not gone out with the extinction of monarchy and imperialism in France, and that evidence exists to show that there is even a quickening of taste, power and enterprise under the new conditions of republicanism. It seems to us quite absurd to suppose that art, which is an eternal necessity of human nature, should have any dependence upon forms of government, which are accidental and perishable. It is not our form of government which depresses art in America, but the rawness and crudity of our general culture and the preoccupation of the higher intelligence of the people with more pressing interests. We shall not have any high or pure art until more of the mind and aspiration of the country are released from the dominion of primary pursuits. M. Gindriez praises highly some statues of M. Paul Dubois, whose character is as interesting as his works, and who has delighted Paris by two recent statues, one of "Charity," another of "Military Courage," parts of a monument to Gen. Lamoriciere. They are acknowledged to be among the chief triumphs of modern

sculpture. The criticism on the several chief exhibitors of pictures is very instructive, and proves that the French are steadily overcoming their disposition to extremes and uniting the merits of form and color, of strict study of nature, with that idealism without which photography is better than pictorial art.

Mr. R. E. Bowker's careful criticism (6th article) on Daniel Deronda should be read in connection with Mr. E. P. Whipple's, in the last *North American*. It is very able and interesting, and shows a fine insight. It has little of the kindling enthusiasm of Whipple's fine *abandon* to his admiration, stated, though it be, in terms of careful discrimination. Mr. Bowker, however, pronounces George Eliot "easily first among living writers," which might be considered a pretty wholesale eulogy. He writes of her genius with reverence, but he concludes that she is unreligious, not irreligious; that she has two plots, neither of which is subsidiary to the other; that it is not certain that this is her best work, and not sure that it is not a decline from her former standard; that posterity alone can judge. All this is in inverted form such a tribute to George Eliot that we think even Mr. Whipple will be satisfied. We do not ourselves feel this pious necessity of putting our shoes off our feet in judging George Eliot, and we are by no means certain that she is the first living writer. She is certainly the most unusual of all recent women in her union of masculine vigor with feminine delicacy, of scientific and philosophic attainments with literary art and æsthetic taste, of dramatic with lyrical and narrative and critical powers. But she has the limitations of a nature essentially skeptical and unable to rest. She is the product and representative of the new age which has broken with popular faith, and is trying to create a new ethics and a new reason and rule for human life, apart from all reference to a living God or a personal immortality. If she uses the Christian or theistic vocabulary at all, it is only as an artist and without intending to confess any belief in its implications. Proudly able to face all uncertainties herself, and above the folly of wishing to weaken the positive faith in other minds, with nothing destructive in her noble soul, she simply detaches herself from the prejudices of believing spirits, and analyzes and uses the faiths of others as if a mere visitor from another order of intelligences, and not sharing the nature or experiences of her characters. The woman disappears in the artist, the truly human in the abstract intelligence of something neither male nor female, neither good nor bad, neither right nor wrong. This absolute indifference makes her an extraordinary reflector of all forms of character, so that villains and weaklings and saints and heroes get equal justice from the clear mirror of her mind, that shows them just as they are, without preference or rejection. This is certainly high dramatic art. But whether the novelist is to sacrifice the advantages of his mixed profession of dramatic exhibitor and moral teacher, of actor and chorus, of storyteller and confidential friend of his reader, is certainly questionable. We have always a fear that George Eliot does not restrain any disposition to give us her own feelings about her characters; that she finds a purely artistic air the one most easy for her to breathe, and that if she did speak out it would be all the worse for us. We cannot believe that this is wholesome, human and lasting. It flatters a present taste and meets a present mood of thought and feeling. It is vastly able and brilliant and interesting. But it is essentially sad, discouraging and hardening. George Eliot is, as a novelist, what Lewes is as a philosopher or Huxley and Tyndall as physicists. Her writings are the artistic side of the evolution theory. They are not unchristian or irreligious, but the Christianity and religion in them are carefully dæssicated of human moisture, and the writer herself is the only *Deus-ex-machina* that we think of. There is no danger of overrating this woman's genius or of the power and beauty of her works, but the aroma they exhale is for us not celestial. We read many feeble writers with more hearty sympathy and more confidence that their influence is beneficent. Indeed, bold as the prophecy may be, we doubt if her books will not lose charm and reputation with the disappearance of the philosophical and scientific speculations with which they are so closely allied.

We have no space to name the other articles in this excellent number of the *International*. H. W. B.

A WINTER IN EGYPT AND SYRIA. By Henry C. Pottel, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A very pleasant book, especially to those who have travelled in Egypt and Syria. The fascination of Eastern life, with its restful, brooding quality, may not appeal to the reason of the nineteenth century in the West, but it certainly has a strong effect upon the feeling and imagination of all who will put themselves under its

potent influence. Even Cairo, with its busy mart and kaleidoscopic costumes, has a dreamy, basking air about it entirely foreign to any equally busy city that we are familiar with. Mr. Potter has described this charm of Cairo and the Nile voyage, as well as the delightful quality of the climate and the peculiar customs and worship of the Mohammedans. One chapter is devoted to Coptic customs, with an account of a wedding among these Egyptian Christians. Another interesting chapter describes the condition and progress of education in Egypt. A daughter of Archbishop Whately has devoted her life to teaching Arab children; the progress is very slow, but Mr. Potter says that her school contains two hundred girls, all of them bright and intelligent and eager to learn. We remember being much interested in this school when we visited Cairo, some years ago. There are American schools also, but none as good and thorough as Miss Whately's. It is a difficult task to combat the Eastern fatalism in the brains of these children, but once set the springs of thought and hope in motion, and we may look for something earnest and patriotic in their manhood and womanhood.

After describing his journey through Syria, Mr. Potter debates, in the last chapter, the question, "Is it worth while to visit the Holy Land?" He says emphatically, Yes. Even though the travelling is very fatiguing, "it is worth while to visit the Holy Land, simply because in no other way can one derive impressions so vivid, so enduring and so enduringly helpful." It makes the Bible another book; its geography becomes, so to speak, disentangled and distinct. Its scenery is an enduring memory and a perpetual and most helpful commentary." For ourselves, we can never forget the wild beauty of Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee, and these places are certainly much more real than if we had only read of them and never seen them. Mr. Potter's book would be an exceedingly pleasant companion on such a journey, as it gives in compact form much of what Murray describes at exhausting length.

POEMS, Early and Late. By Horatio N. Powers. Author of "Through the Year." Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

The many friends of that genial broad-churchman, Rev. Dr. Powers, late rector of St. John's Church, Chicago, have long desired to possess in some permanent form the graceful poems with which he has enriched their church and home festivals, and uttered in melodious verse the sentiment of so many notable occasions in the literary and social life of the Lakeside City. This little volume has been in part prepared to meet this wish, although containing much other matter of poetic and personal interest. The three-score poems are introduced by a tender and touching dedication to his wife, whose pathos at once wins the reader and makes him feel as if he were taken into a sacred confidence. Our poet sings of "Home," of "Nature and Life," of "Faith," and of "Friendship." Among the latter poems are two birth-day tributes to his friend, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and a charming sonnet to Robert Collyer, beginning:

"I miss thy face, dear friend, thy voice, thy hand,"

which first appeared in the columns of the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN. The home poems have great tenderness of feeling and delicacy of moral insight. Their heart tones reveal one who has trod the depths as well as the heights of life, and tasted of heart-sickness and sorrow, but whose manful and devout spirit has won the victory through trust in God, and now distills its tears into sympathy for all who suffer and live for all who have need. The poems of Nature are full of warmth and color, betraying the ardent disciple of Isaac Walton, the climber of Rocky Mountain fastnesses, the admirer of the grand and beautiful in natural scenery. In fine, this is not poetry that will be called remarkable, but a melodious, graceful, impassioned muse, that sometimes falls to a pathetic cadence, and whose sincerity and robust faith commend it to the most casual reader. It is especially welcome to those who have the privilege of an acquaintance with the cultivated and warm-hearted author. Certainly no one who recalls his admirable services to the twin causes of culture and catholicity in Chicago, as the coadjutor of David Swing and Dr. Thomas, but will find especial pleasure in the perusal of this latest contribution to the poetic literature of the West.

C. W. W.

COLONY BALLADS. By George L. Raymond. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"Colony Ballads" ought to establish the reputation of Mr. George L. Raymond as one of the most brilliant exponents of the Tupperian system in poetry.

We cannot class him with the "fleshy school," for he lacks the

sensuous vehemence of Swinburne and his imitators. He does not remind us of Browning, for he makes a point of being intelligible. He has the placidity of Longfellow, but not the sympathetic force. Nothing about him particularly reminds us of Tennyson. Nor can we regard him as a survival of the Queen Anne era, although in profundity and unquestionable correctness of sentiment he does, undoubtedly, suggest Pope. On the whole, we think we must credit Mr. Martin F. Tupper with the influence which directed the earliest steps of Mr. Raymond's muse.

Beyond a doubt she does Mr. Tupper credit. Indeed, we are inclined to think that Mr. Raymond has succeeded even better than his master in attaining the end for which that gentleman's verse has always striven—that of utter innocuousness. There is nothing in "Colony Ballads," we can assure our readers, which could harm the smallest infant.

And if any wearied soul wishes to withdraw itself from the fevered and passionate current of modern poetry and rest by the cool and pellucid spring whence the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" drew his mild inspiration, let him study the "Ballads," of which, for his further enlightenment, we append a couple of characteristic verses:

[1765.]

"If, brought to form one body,
The colonies now ally;
What comes to fall their freedom all
Will prove, so Franklin thought, too small.
'We join,' he wrote, 'or die.'"

[ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA.]

"Meantime, 'the captain,' Allen cried;
And scarce the word had said,
Ere on a door was pounding loud
To rouse his foe from bed.

"It opened partly, where behold!
In robes as white as fleece,
The chief, beside his blushing bride,
A picture stood of peace."

BRIEF NOTICES.

DURING the last few years a number of translations of the *Norse Sagas* have appeared in England and America. Taking the remarkable translation of Prof. Anderson, of Wisconsin University, of two of the finest of these Sagas as a text, Prof. H. J. Boyesen, of Cornell, has prepared for the March number of the *International Review* a somewhat elaborate paper on the Saga Civilization; the literary and social ideals of that age as illustrated by the Sagas. Prof. Fiske, of Cornell, and Prof. Boyesen have between them, privately, the only complete library of this literature in the United States.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

- From Harper & Brothers, New York.
THE DUCHESSES OF ROSEMARY LANE. By B. L. Farjeon. 75 cents.
From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.
LANGE'S CRITICAL, DOCTRINAL AND HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE SCRIPTURES. Vol. VII. \$5.00.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE PLAINS OF THE GREAT WEST, and Their Inhabitants. By Richard Irving Dodge. U.S.A. Illustrated. \$4.00.
From Sloce, Woolman & Co., 119 and 121 William Street, New York.
MARK TWAIN'S ADHESIVE SCRAP BOOK.
From Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.
THE STAR AND THE CLOUDS. By the Hon. Mrs. Charles Hobart, author of "The Changed Cross." 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

- THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. December, 1876.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
THE CATHOLIC WORLD.
WIDE AWAKE.

ART AND SCIENCE.

ART NOTES.

EVERY art can elevate itself above a mere handicraft only by being devoted to the expression of lofty thought.—MENDELSSOHN.

A PECULIARITY of Japanese pictorial art is the total absence of any indication of a feeling for the beautiful, either in choice of subject, or in treatment.

AT Schauss' may be seen two excellent panels by Miss Greator—*one a shock of golden corn, the other a bunch of Scotch thistles*. Much of this panel-work exhibited now-a-days is trivial; but in these pieces there is earnest work for the love of it.

AT Knoedler's there is a landscape by Robbins which shows great improvement upon the work heretofore exhibited by this artist, who belongs to the school of literalism which takes no liberties with nature. The subject is, "L'Aiguille du Midi, Chamounix."

MR. GEORGE H. MOORE, Superintendent of the Lenox Library, gives notice that upon special application by postal card he will issue tickets of admission to the exhibition of paintings and sculpture, which will be open to the holders of such tickets on Mondays and Thursdays until further notice, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. Among the artists represented in the collection are, Andrea del Sarto, Constable, Copley, Delaroche, Gainsborough, Leslie, Reynolds, Ruysdael, Vanderlyn, Vernet and many other famous names. Mr. Moore should be addressed at the Library, Fifth avenue Seventieth and Seventy-first streets.

THE means by which the artist must work are not to be compared with those which are at the command of nature, and hence the attempt at a slavish imitation of nature can never meet with success. However loud the representatives of such a short-sighted, imitative tendency may proclaim themselves as naturalists, their works will always be unnatural. It is the office of the true naturalist to carry the semblance of reality to the utmost limit of possibility, but this end he can attain only by a free, intelligent reproduction of what he has seen, and by a thorough comprehension as well as a perfect mastery of the means which are at the service of art.—VON BEZOLD.

TWO fundamental distinctions underlie art. I call them Realism and Idealism, from want of clearer words to express my meaning. The former applies to the portraiture of the external world, and partakes more or less of copying and imitation. It affects local and particular truths; is circumscribed in action and motive; inclines to inventories of things in its poorer estate; is apt to be cold, pedantic, minutely fine or broadly rough, and seldom rises above consummate dexterity and intellectual appreciation. Idealism bases itself on universal truth. It deals more with emotions and ideas than facts and action, opposing imagination to perception, on which realism chiefly rests. Inventing, suggesting, creating, the former is the poetry of fine art; the latter is prose. How to combine perfect execution with profound thought, and while rendering temporal and special truths, to endow them with the spirit of the ideal and eternal, is the great problem of art.—JARVES.

ALL criticism should be catholic and tolerant, but little of it is so. Our canons are made up, not of principles, but of personal likes and dislikes, which are often capricious or accidental, and which almost always depend somehow upon temperament. The man of indoor feeling and habit, the merchant for example, or the student, almost certainly regards landscape art as inferior to *genre*; while the out-door man—farmer, sportsman or tourist, reverses this judgment. The domestic man condemns historical art as theatrical; the man of affairs regards domestic scenes as sentimental. Brilliant color offends those who have no eye for color; breadth of treatment disturbs the precisian; finish, the idealist. To cure this narrowness let the question be asked, "What was the aim of the artist?" If that was worthy, the work well-

done is sufficient justification; whether the aim be to tell the truth and no more, as Hunt; to moralize, as Hogarth; to amuse, as Leech; to imitate, as Desgoffe or Jacquemart; to be minutely true, like Richards, or broadly so, like Corot.

HEARTH AND HOME.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]

GOD'S ANVIL.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

I BREATHE the fiery furnace-breath;
I feel God's hammer blows;
I faint, as in the grip of death,
As round His hard laws close.

Let me be patient; for 'tis love
Enkindles all the flame.
The blows His faithful mercy prove,
And echo His dear name.

His tender hand, with iron grasp,
Me on the anvil holds.
His breath the flames that round me clasp
With fiercely burning folds.

The lightning fire and thunderous beat
Of forge and anvil storms,
The rough ore, for God's use unmeet,
Shape to divinest forms.

A NOVEMBER DANDELION.

A LITTLE brown and withered weed,
Part of the Summer's unclaimed good,
No golden hue, its beauty fled,
It lives as one amidst the dead.
Robbed of its Summer, spoiled of grace,
Why lifts it yet its wistful face?
But, look again! a sudden change
Has come upon the lifeless thing.
All spotless in transparent white
It floats as if on angel wing;
All robed in purest, sweetest white,
The brown husk fallen to the ground,
The flower soul stands in beauty crowned.
Oh! human soul, the teaching see
From out this life's dull misery.
For every beauty sought not found,
For every yearning left uncrowned,
For every hour of summer glow
Buried and lost in winter's snow
There waits a compensation full,
A joy which hides no sort of pain,
A mystery solved, a love made plain.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

E. A. O.

MR. WEISS'S IDEAS OF WOMEN.

I HAVE just read the essay on "Women and Men," in Mr. Weiss's last delightful volume, Wit, Humor and Shakspeare. The author seems not to have escaped the general infection, a desire to solve the mighty puzzle of womanhood. I wish we might never fall into worse hands. With regard to most of the brilliant and searching criticisms of women which are being so rapidly crowded into modern literature, I think many women must experience the same degree of astonishment as befell the Irishman when he heard his case so eloquently pleaded at the bar. Paddy said he never knew before what a miserable fellow he was; and woman might with equal frankness say that she never before suspected what an egregious simpleton she was. Every man, from Adam down, has deemed it necessary to account for the existence of woman on some new theory of his own. Nobody seems willing to take her for granted and give her a fair letting alone; but all follow the example of their ancestor in the garden and act as if they had just discovered the fair

Ever of creation sleeping by a stream, and were in duty bound to classify and label her at once. Some woman ought to write another Essay on Man! Not man, that splendid abstraction who stands for humanity at large, but man in the concrete—not man, but men. They should be held before the slow fire of impartial criticism, until they were done brown, then left swimming in some gelatinous mixture of compliments and sentimentalisms, and served up hot. If they did not like it, it would be their own fault. The feast is one of their own originating, the sauce of their own providing, and in the matter of sauces the proverb says there should be no discrimination between the sexes.

Most of what Mr. Weiss has to say is exasperatingly true. With this much of an admission to begin with, let us take a rapid review of the essay itself. There is a shade of deprecation in the first sentence, as though the author knew he was entering upon a foolish business. "Man draws near to woman with the fly-net of his analysis, thinking to steal up and capture the secrets of her disposition." The greatest obstacle to be met with in this pursuit is the "distance of sex," the attributes of both men and women being greatly modified by sex. Sex imposes upon woman certain modes and habits of life, which heretofore have made it impossible that her education should be anything but a second-hand affair; a learning by "hearsay," which will make any one's judgments, "sentiments rather than reflections." Following this line of thought, he says: "She is more likely to be well-behaved than man, but less likely to be tolerant of ill-behaviour. . . . She is apt to condemn swiftly and fatally, where man would suspend his judgment till all the qualifying facts were put into the case." Here it seems as if Mr. Weiss had fallen into the common error of comparing the average woman with the superior man. Granted that the average woman does not care anything about facts as stepping-stones to a conclusion. Neither does the average man. If her judgments are mere sentiments, his are mere prejudices. If she is silly, he is stupid, and her prudery is matched by his indifference. Coming up to a higher plane of thought and into a more refined social state, we find both men and women viewing the philosophic aspect of questions and giving rational consideration to subjects which polite society sets aside with virtuous indignation.

Some one has said that, in comparing the merits of different religious systems, attention should be paid only to the highest thought in each. So in comparing men and women, it is unfair to place the wisest of one sex beside the most foolish of the other. Very few philosophers have as yet been so philosophic as to choose a woman of culture and wisdom as the typical woman. The best of men cling to their Becky Sharpes and Dora Copperfields, and are loth to give them up.

Mr. Weiss speaks of woman's deficient sense of humor, and accounts by it, as Richard Grant White does, for her failure to appreciate Shakspeare. Only it is evident that Mr. White approves this deficiency, as being another blank space which helps to fill out the general emptiness of character so commendable in a woman. We are led to infer from his remarks on this subject, in a recent number of the *Galaxy*, that those women whom men most admire do not read Shakspeare. Mr. Weiss does not go so far as this, does not elevate the defect into a virtue, which, like many others, would be no virtue at all in a man. Nevertheless he seems to doubt if this small vacuum in woman's cranium will ever be filled. "Women are not good readers of any kind of plays. . . . the Shaksperian ideal of the great passions of mankind has to be watered for her through the modern

novel, trickle by trickle of protracted rhetoric, drop by drop of overflavored style." They persist in judging Shakspeare's characters according to the standard of their friends and neighbors, and object to them because they do not wear frock coats and silk hats. There is a broad foundation of truth in this. I have seen women who would simper and squirm over one of Bret Harte's stories, and bridle with resentment at the mention of Josh Billings or Artemus Ward. Still, some of us have not such exquisite susceptibilities and take a true, manly delight in Falstaff and Prince Hal.

Among the "vices which circulate through the world without invading the seclusion of women," are certain financial operations which she never understands and concerning which her husband can impose upon her credulity to any extent, making her believe in his perfect honesty, even though she is spending three-quarters of his income for jewelry. It may be that men believe women are just so simple and innocent as this, but you'll never get women to believe it of themselves or of each other. A woman may not know much about logic, but she has a smattering of arithmetic, and her extravagance in nine cases out of ten is to be set down to pure selfishness and not ignorance.

The author thinks women do not like to read the newspapers, and I am afraid that is true too. He says, "I have been astonished at the repugnance of intelligent and sprightly women for the labor that the genuine news of the day from every nation requires, as it deserves to be extracted from papers of value and dignity." Of course he has many pleasant things to say about woman's intuition, etc., all of which I fancy sounds oddly to women themselves, who may suspect with reason that whatever expertness they may possess in certain directions is but an absence of man's awkwardness.

When women assume the *role* of agitators, Mr. Weiss thinks they are apt to hurt both themselves and their cause by their volubility, but this he excuses by saying: "A woman's language becomes exacerbated because she is so inadequate to protest by actions."

He closes with a paragraph filled with the noblest sentiments, and every woman on reading it will hold her head a little higher—or a little lower: "When, however, a noble woman with a level countenance repudiates an unjust charge, she transfers herself from the bar to the bench, and unseats her summoners. The rebuke pulls down the accusers' eyes from their threat, and they seem to go wandering into corners furtively for refuge."

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

SELECTIONS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK AND IMPROVEMENT.

[Rev. J. B. Harrison, in the Vineland Independent.]

THESE suggestions about work for improvement are purposely made as plain and as practical as possible. I have avoided all wonderful plans for great movements, and have tried to keep to things that people can really do, almost anywhere. I hope that all who think these suggestions good will act upon them, and talk about them in their families and among their neighbors. This will be real work for improvement. I shall be grateful to anybody who will send me suggestions for other things which we can wisely try to do.

1. A great means of culture, sure to be widely used in this country in the near future, is the work of reading circles—little companies of three or four or a dozen persons, meeting informally to read and talk over what they read. If they try to have any formal organization, with officers,

or with much of a plan, failure is almost certain. No "constitution" is needed for such work. Many such efforts fail because too many persons are invited to join the same circle. There is no obligation to ask all our friends. Those left out can form another circle.

2. The effort to have young people read better books merits the attention and assistance of all thoughtful men and women. Books may do harm as well as good, and there are good books in abundance which are much brighter and more interesting than the poor ones which are so generally read. Those who teach should know.

3. The local newspaper is a very important means of education already, but in most cases it is conducted in an indolent and careless way, with great indifference to its possible influence in the culture of the people. In nearly all cases a few thoughtful men or even women could soon bring about a great improvement in the character of the papers of their town. But this cannot be done by those who have selfish objects in view, or who have pet plans for great reforms.

4. The subject of amusements for the people needs far more thought and attention than it has yet received. Every village is visited each winter by a strolling company of actors or declaimers, who promise very attractive entertainments, but whose performances are usually unworthy of the support of cultivated people, and very highly injurious to the tastes and manners of our children and young people. The amount of money which is annually wasted upon such persons is enormous, and it is carried away from our towns without the people receiving anything of real value in return, even in the way of amusement. The arrogant claims for support often put forward by travelling players and concert givers should be judged, like everything else, on the ground of utility. Usually every town they visit has better actors, singers and readers than they are. We greatly need the effort of all intelligent men and women to foster everywhere a taste for cheap and harmless amusements. Our young people should be encouraged to cultivate, without going to extremes, their own powers for singing, humorous declamation and acting charades and dialogues; and the older people should not disdain to assist them. But all excess in the hours, costumes or arrangements, should be strictly avoided.

Every community should provide its own amusements, and depend upon its own resources as to personal talent. The fashionable lecture system—paying a hundred dollars, often much more, for the reading of a nice little essay—is a fraud and a senseless extravagance. No lecture is worth a hundred dollars to the people of a country town, nor the half of that sum, in this time when the best of all human thought is to be had so cheaply in books.

5. Our public schools should receive more attention from the people, and the whole subject of education should be examined and discussed more generally and far more thoroughly, so that our methods may be improved. The moral culture of children is left too much to agencies outside of the home. The care of our schools ought to have no connection with partisan politics. Schools should be so organized that parents can know what is the course of study, and what the children are expected to learn in a given time.

6. Most people are ignorant or careless, or both, in regard to health, and the natural means of avoiding disease. A better knowledge of the laws of health and a sentiment of duty and of pride in obeying them, are greatly needed, and would save much suffering. Some kind of sanitary regulations, of a plain and simple nature, should be established in all towns and villages. The poisoning of wells from drains and cess-pools is becoming a serious matter in

nearly all the small towns of our country. The mismanagement of cellars is also a prolific source of disease.

7. In the hurry of our business and social life, many old persons are neglected and left to loneliness and depression of spirits. In every village and neighborhood the young people should give this matter special attention. All persons who, from age or failing health, are compelled to withdraw from the general social life, should be visited occasionally and made to feel that the younger and more fortunate have not forgotten them.

8. We need thought and culture in regard to living within our means, and to self-control in the use of money. Most of us often buy what we could do very well without. It is not likely that money will soon again be so easily acquired as it was a few years ago. The prosperity of that time was largely artificial and unreal. We should use money only for what we need most. This should be taught everywhere.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

THE days were short and dark, and the wind piled the snow in great drifts; but Elspet and Bertha Dietz did not mind the weather; they spun their flax and planned Elspet's wedding linen.

"You will have a finer store than any girl in the Odenwald, my Elspet," said Bertha, "even Gretchen Vardeman had not so fine and in such plenty."

"And all the linen in the world wouldn't make her handsome," said Elspet tossing her pretty head. "Even her new husband has found that out. Angelica Pabst told me he refused to buy Gretchen a silver necklace, saying, nothing will straighten a crooked nose."

"Frau Gretchen's nose is straight enough for common folk," cried Bertha. "Herr Spiegle is a miser, that's why he refused the necklace. Barbara told me that he pinches his groschen till the light shines through them."

"Peace, peace, children," said the grandmother, who sat by the fire. "Hear and see and say little, lest you suffer the fate of a girl I once heard of."

"What happened to her?" asked Bertha, who loved stories.

"A dreadful thing befell her," said the grandmother. "Such judgments ought to come oftener, and long tongues wouldn't be so common."

"Tell us about her, grandmother," said Elspet, "and I will wind your yarn."

"A long time ago," said the grandmother, "there lived in the country of the Black Forest a wood-carver named Carl Vogler. His one treasure in the world was his daughter Sophia, and her he cherished as the apple of his eye. 'Tis said she was a wonderful creature. Her knitting and lace-work brought the highest price, and she could use the carving chisel almost as cleverly as the father himself. Only a picture of the holy Madonna could equal her in beauty, for her eyes were as blue as the mountain gentian, and her hair was the color of ripe barley. But she had one fault, a grievous fault, my children, and one to which I fear you are addicted—the fault of listening and prattling. At eighteen she knew more evil of her neighbors than a common gossip would know at fifty, and you may be sure no story grew sweeter by her telling.

One day while gathering fagots in the forest she met an old woman apparently on the same errand. Of her our

young busybody asked so many questions that the old woman said to her reprovingly, "My daughter, were thy questions fagots ten men could not carry them." Nevertheless she was very kind to Sophia, leading her where the wood lay in heaps, and piling it upon her back till she could carry no more.

In their wanderings they had penetrated quite a way into the forest. The snow was falling fast and it was growing dark. Suddenly before them rose a beautiful palace, white as snow and all ablaze with light.

The old woman laid her hand upon Sophia's arm and said kindly, "This is my home; return thou to thine. So long as thou shalt keep our meeting secret, I will prosper thee in whatsoever good thing thou shalt undertake; but the day thou shalt yield to thy evil tongue and speak of me, thou shalt suffer a calamity that will make thy name a terror to thy kind." In a moment palace and old woman had vanished and Sophia was alone in the storm.

For two days Sophia was quiet. She feared the threatened calamity, and what helped her more than fear, she had no company. Never had she succeeded in her work so well. At her carving, her father exclaimed with delight, "So, so, daughter, thou must excel thy father. What next, what next!"

On the third day the tailor came to make her a kirtle of fine green cloth, and as he was a wordy fellow, like our tailor Tony, Sophia was beguiled into talk. And to let him know that she had great adventures, told him of her meeting with the old woman in the wood.

The next morning her tongue was grown so long it lay upon her lips, and what was worse, from the moment she awoke she felt compelled to talk and tell every bad story she had ever heard. Talk she must, repeating the same round of evil, whether there were folk to listen or not. From that time her tongue grew with fearful rapidity, and upon the end of it was formed a sharp sting.

One day, hearing of the marriage of an old playmate, in her haste to tell a malicious story about the family, she struck her own lips with the sting of her tongue. Awful pains seized her, and in less than an hour she was dead. And all her body, even her beautiful yellow hair, turned a green color horrible to behold."

"And is the story true, grandmother?" asked Bertha with white lips.

"As true as anything in this strange world, Liebchen," replied the grandmother. "Frau Ellsenberger, who lived in that country in her youth, and heard the story from the lips of an old man who knew Sophia herself, told brother-in-law Fritz, and he told me."

"Why are all the stories of gossiping women and not of gossiping men?" asked Elspet.

"How can I tell! That is one of the unknowable things," answered the grandmother. "In the matter of tongues and talking I never saw anything to choose 'twixt men folk and women folk."

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WORCESTER CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

I AM glad to see your paper start out newly baptized and newly born, and I trust its name is indicative of its purpose. It will surely not be less liberal or less Christian because it has left those terms behind. Professions of all kinds are at a discount, and we are quite as apt to find the best quality of piety where there is least nominal and formal profession, so often equivalent to pretension.

I wish to say a few words about the Liberal churches in Central

Massachusetts, especially in Worcester County. This Conference, soon to hold its annual meeting in Worcester, includes twenty-eight churches, twenty-two of which have settled pastors, and five of the other six pastors virtually settled and likely to retain their pastorates. A few of the longest pastorates now existing are those of the First church, Lancaster, Geo. M. Bartol pastor, settled in 1847; First Parish, Templeton, E. G. Adams, pastor, settled in 1847; First Unitarian Society, Upton, Geo. S. Ball, pastor, settled in 1857. Hall of Worcester, Smith of Barre, and Montgomery of Leicester, have been settled seven years each, while Rich of Brookfield, and Goddard of Harvard, were settled in 1870. Many changes have taken place in the Conference in the matter of pastors, the majority of them having assumed their labors within two or three years. With six elderly men, we have a score who are young men; and about the same proportion exists between what are called conservatives and advanced thinkers, though it would not be quite true to say that all who have been settled longest are on the conservative side, for Brother Bartol, of Lancaster, the genial pastor and moderator of the association, is somehow able to gather all the truths of both classes into the ample and well-filled storehouse of his thought. He is a brother of Dr. Bartol, of Boston, and is thought by some to be his superior, his modesty hiding his genius. Adams, of Templeton, finds his power in his fine executive ability, his excellent qualities as a pastor and a citizen, and in having a wife of wonderfully active and sympathetic powers. Mr. Adams was once elected a Bank President, and settles more estates than any other man in that region.

Mr. Ball, of Upton, has lately had a new church built for him by one of his parishioners in another part of the town. The Catholics occupy the old church, and the Methodists have built a new church which takes in quite a number of the Unitarians, on account of the difficulty in going so far to the new church. Mr. Ball is a great worker, vigorous, magnetic, conservative, quite a chemist, lectures on temperance, and other topics, is something of a farmer, a good deal of a man, an indispensable citizen, is liked by all the sects, has been Chaplain in the army, a State Senator, has been candidate for Secretary of State, and, together with Revs. Adams and Cutting, has enough to do in keeping down the steam of the score of "young bloods" in the Conference, and can hardly be said, in that, to succeed; for these young ministers are mostly strong, cultured, scholarly, broad and able to move straight and calmly on, and while deferential to age and charitable toward all opinions, feel that they must move forward with the new thought and try to meet the intellectual as well as the religious needs of the people. There is not an avowed Radical among this young score, not one who calls himself a Free Religionist, and yet I doubt whether one of them is in the least trammelled, fears truth, or is not moving along in the noble march of scientific thought, ever glad to welcome all light from all sources, while they all cultivate reverence and encourage the utmost freedom in religious opinion. Hall, of Worcester, is, without doubt, our finest scholar and ablest thinker. He is a good deal of a theologian, gives twelve private lectures on art each Winter, lives a bachelor in an elegant house, is a fine horseman, and rides from twenty to thirty miles horseback on exchanges, is not an orator, is loved and respected by the young people, has travelled abroad, and while he does not attract so many hearers as Henry Blanchard in the same city, his hold upon his parish grows stronger and stronger each year. His was the first Unitarian church in Worcester, and it includes many of the old families of note, such as the Salsburys. Mr. Hall followed in the pastorate such men as Drs. Bancroft and Hill. We somehow think of him as filling, in later life, some professorship in Harvard College, in art, ethics or theology, or perhaps *belles lettres*. I can only mention the names of several other pastors in the Conference, as my letter is growing lengthy.

Mr. Blanchard, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lowell, Mass., succeeded Mr. Shippen, of the American Unitarian Association, and he is perhaps the finest preacher in the Conference. He uses no notes, and his ease, pleasant musical voice, sympathetic nature, thorough preparation of what he has to say, use of apt and telling illustrations gathered from personal experience and wide reading of the freshest literature, render his sermons exceedingly attractive and inspiring. His vesper services are rendered very attractive by fine music, and the large church is completely filled by people mostly not of his society.

Mr. Cutting, of Sterling, was formerly settled at Meadville, is very conservative, well read in ethics, a hard student, a good thinker, not broad, but deep, a thoroughly sound and conscientious man, a noble fellow, a most true and faithful pastor, full of

rich thought aptly put in his sermons and essays, and while something of a traditionalist, is brave and most genial in spirit. He is Secretary of the Conference, and deserves a larger place than he fills; sometime he will fill a professor's chair in ethics or church history. Rev. J. T. Hewes comes to Fitchburg from the First church of Salem; he has got fairly into the work and will be a success in a most difficult parish to suit. I learn from *THE INQUIRER* that Savage, of Leominster, is doing finely in his new field. Gilman, of Bolton, speaks for himself in his articles in the magazines and papers. He is scholarly, a good thinker, a fine writer; terse, candid, calm, brave and true to his best thought in all he writes, and while not an orator, will make his mark in literature, and will constantly rise and force a recognition through the excellence of his work. Here I must stop; and for what I have said get a peeling from the parties mentioned. I will sometime gossip a bit about our Association and Sunday School Society. MERLIN.

JOTTINGS.

THOSE of our subscribers who are able to do so will greatly oblige us by remitting promptly in payment of their subscriptions. It is our custom to send bills when subscriptions become due, but in case bills should not be received, full information how to make remittances may always be found in the column preceding advertisements. We do not send receipts except when requested to do so, but indicate the state of each account on the address label on the paper. Thus, the number formed by the last four figures upon the label should be that of the last paper for which payment has been received. If this number should not be changed within three weeks after a remittance has been sent, it may be assumed that some error has occurred, and a postal card should be dropped to the Publisher.

IN the Dover, N. H., *Enquirer* of Dec. 7, 1876, there are some admirable words by Rev. C. A. Allen on Evil Habits, passages from an address read to the Dover Reform Club.

THE *Missouri Republican* of Dec. 31, 1876, contains an able Christmas sermon on "Three Kindred Faiths"—Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism—preached in the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, by the pastor, Rev. John C. Learned.

THE regular Sunday lecture course of Chicago is suspended. The Third Unitarian will take several of the proposed speakers. Hon. John A. Covert, of Cleveland, spoke last Sunday evening on "The Common People of France."

NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans *Times* of Dec. 31st contains a report of a lecture on "Benjamin Franklin" by Rev. J. H. Hartzell. The *Times* says: "The lecture was finely written, contained many passages of splendor and power, and was delivered with glowing eloquence. Other lectures are to follow on Cromwell and Socrates, and we learn that the lecture upon Charles Dickens is to be repeated by general request."

PHILADELPHIA.—Rev. Charles G. Ames is continuing his admirable "Sunday evening talks" at Spring Garden Institute. He announces for the new year a series of discourses on Men and Women, Marriage, Domestic Life, Children, Education, Friendships, Society, Citizenship, Labor Trade, Property, Health, and other practical subjects—all with a view to apply the principles and spirit of Christianity to human life and welfare.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—A sermon to young people will be given next Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock, at the Union Hall Boylston street, by Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline, Subject, "The First Conditions of Earthly Success." Social singing at close of services. The public cordially invited. Last Sunday evening Rev. James Reed, of the Swedenborgian church, Boston, preached to a large and attentive audience upon "The Heavenly Canaan."

CITIZENS of New York and Brooklyn will be gratified with the statement, contained in the annual message of Mayor Schroeder, of the latter city, that the East River Bridge is now an assured success, and that the enormous piles of granite on either bank will not remain monuments to a great failure. Work upon the foot-bridge to be used by workmen in stretching the cables is rapidly progressing, with a fair prospect that the whole structure will be completed ready for use within three years.

The movement for another bridge across the river at Blackwell's Island is again making headway. This is intended as a railroad bridge, and would establish a direct connection between the plains and hills of Long Island and the great centre of railroad communication in New York at Forty-second street.

AN amusing misunderstanding filled Mr. Haweis' church, in Westmoreland street, Portland Place, to overflowing last Sunday evening. He had given out as the subject of his sermon "The Sanitary Aspects of Health,"—a somewhat paradoxical title, by the way, by which, we suppose he meant the health-producing aspects of health as distinguished from the pleasurable or physiological or other aspects of health—but was understood to have given out "The Sanitary Aspects of Hell," a some-

what novel subject to all who have assumed, as Protestants usually do, that there can be nothing sanitary at all about the state of punishment—a function reserved for the "purgatory" of "Catholic superstition." Mr. Haweis, however, declaring that he knew nothing about hell, proceeded to preach on the less sensational topic. Yet he might, we think, have connected to some extent his real with his presumed subject. If health is health-giving, then surely the state of moral retribution must be health-giving, too, so far as it is itself healthy. And is not all genuinely moral suffering for sin a symptom of health and not disease?—*London Spectator*.

HARTFORD.—The Hartford Unitarian society has revived its long-suspended life. It awoke last Sunday morning, when fifty of the old stock and their descendants met in a small room in the Charter Oak building and held an informal service of worship and conference, under the leadership of Dr. Bellows, an old friend of this society. In the evening the opera house was opened and a large congregation gathered to listen to a discourse by the same gentleman on "The Unitarianism of To-day." It was a frank, full, friendly statement of the issues between so-called Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, with a plain and direct account of the preacher's own theological views, which he said were all he could be responsible for, although he believed they fairly represented those of the majority in his denomination. Although an hour and a quarter long, there seemed to be a fixed attention paid to the discourse. A telegram was received in the midst of the service, announcing that Dr. J. F. Clarke would preach in the same place on the 21st or 28th instant, as might be preferred. Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn will take charge of the society for the Winter at least, and we hope permanently.

NEW YORK CITY.—The pulpit of All Souls' Church was supplied last Sunday by Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, lately of Buffalo, now of Hartford, Conn. Dr. Bellows inaugurated the Unitarian services at Hartford.

At the Church of the Messiah Mr. Alger gave an elaborate and very interesting discourse on "The Church and the Theatre." The *Herald* thus introduces its report of the discourse: "Among the last requests of the late Edwin Forrest to his executors was the employment of Rev. William B. Alger to write his biography, a task he has very nearly completed. Mr. Alger, under the inspiration of writing the career of the great American tragedian, coupled, no doubt, with his long and careful study of the drama, chose 'The Church and the Theatre' as the subject of his discourse yesterday morning. It is unnecessary to state that the large congregation present listened with undivided attention. The theatre has never had a more earnest and plain-spoken champion. He took for his text Acts xix. 29. 'And the whole city with one accord rushed into the theatre.'" Mr. Frothingham's subject, according to the *Herald*, was "Prayer and Work."

At Unity Chapel, Harlem, Rev. John W. Chadwick preached the second in the course of special Sunday evening sermons. Next Sunday evening Rev. S. H. Camp will preach. Measures are being taken to secure a settled pastor immediately.

OLYMPIA, W. T.—We have received the first number of the *Unitarian Advocate*, a monthly "devoted to the interests and advocacy of Liberal Christianity on the Pacific Coast," edited and published at Olympia, W. T., by Rev. D. N. Utter, missionary of the American Unitarian Association. Subscription rates one dollar (gold) a year, in advance; currency, \$1.25. In his "Greeting" to the public, Mr. Utter justifies the birth of his paper by stating that "he finds himself in a field so large that it is impossible to cultivate the whole of it with any degree of success by the plan of circuit preaching. The *Unitarian Advocate* is printed to help him in his work."

Mr. Utter has worked courageously and successfully in his difficult field; he and the people he has rallied about him are building a convenient chapel, paying as they go, after the admirable manner of the Roman Catholics. The basement is enclosed, and though quite unfinished, has been in use since the middle of September. The main audience-room is nearly completed, but the expense of furnishing will be considerable. People who help themselves as persistently and courageously as our Olympia friends especially deserve to be helped by others. Subscriptions, large or small, forwarded immediately to Rev. D. N. Utter, Olympia, W. T., will certainly be put where they will do ever so much good. If you can't do more, at least forward \$1.25 in currency as a year's subscription to the *Unitarian Advocate*.

BOSTON.—The second in the course of lectures before the Free Religious Association was given last Sunday afternoon before a large audience in Horticultural Hall, by Rev. Minot J. Savage. His subject was "Immoral Religion and Irreligious Morality."

At the West church the pastor, Dr. C. A. Bartol, reviewed Mr. Frothingham's discourse on "Jesus," given the Sunday previous before the Free Religious Association. As reported in the *Globe*, Dr. Bartol said in the course of his discourse:

"American criticism should find better occupation in this nineteenth century than following other leaders in attempting to show that Jesus is a myth. Renan and his copyists in this country speak of the life of Jesus as narrowing toward the close. They think it to be the property of streams to widen as they draw near the end; and hence they argue that Jesus is no superior hero. Real greatness or goodness, they say, always and invariably grows more and more. The Greek Socrates, surely, by common consent, waxed to the end; and the last moments of Buddha showed a character purified and cleared from dross by suffering. And

so these critics pronounce Jesus, whom the world has held in homage as the Son of God and Son of Man for so many years, to be a character not worthy to be called an example of the highest heroism. But, thank God, it is the critics and not the subject that are at fault, and their theory grows in no deep soil. As for the supposed and surprising diminution of Jesus toward the end of his life, when the thick shadows gathered about his path, neither fact nor text bears out the critics' assertion. What philosophy or history makes it possible that a man like Jesus should diminish and decline when but a little more than thirty years old? Renan and his copyists stand quite apart from the skillful commentators and wise judges who have given Jesus so high a rank. Dr. James Walker, colder by nature than Renan, a man of skeptical tendency, in his rationalistic view of Jesus says that in his character there is certainly to be noted a spiritual growth. What the Baptist foretold, that the student sees to have been fulfilled in Jesus' life. True, there is a sombre color in the closing scenes of his career. Jesus does denounce hypocrisy and predict doom. But the shadow about the cross does not obscure his character. His virtue was the more earnest because he was persuaded that just retribution or reward would be given to all men according to their deeds. If the stream of his life, like the Danube or the Saguenay, is hemmed in as it nears the end, it deepens. On that Canadian river the

boat cannot anchor; it must be moored to the bank; while the Mississippi and the Euphrates, rolling through smiling meadows, grow shallow as they widen. Let Renan and his followers tell us if they have sounded with the plummet of their criticism the depth of the feelings of Jesus while they have cast their line across the stream. In the garden beneath Calvary, when the life of Jesus was indeed hemmed in, when the hour of his greatest trial had come, he was greater, not less, than in his walks through Galilean corn-fields on the pleasant Sabbath day when he unfolded to men the meaning of that day. His life was shut in a terrible gorge, a craggy cleft, a dangerous canon; but it had grown nobler than before."

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- V. Emanuel Swedenborg. Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877.
- VI. Murray and Universalism. Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.
- VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion. Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.
- VIII. Channing and Unitarianism. Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.
- IX. Theodore Parker. Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

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Reinsurance Fund.....	587,717 75
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	392,759 20

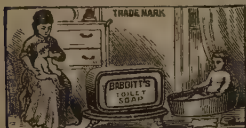
ASSETS.
Cash in Bank and Office..... \$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds..... 599,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on im-
proved Real Estate in the Cities of New
York and Brooklyn..... 328,025 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities,
ties, \$136,790)..... 114,890 01
City and County Bonds..... 230,265 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks..... 41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks..... 57,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected
Office Premiums..... 99,163 96
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and
and Call Loans..... 7,067 22
Real Estate..... 17,109 45
\$1,592,775 09

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U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 304,220 00
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, 1,000 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwel-
ings. . . . 58,900 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 1,820 65
Premiums in course of collection . . 7,394 70
New York Bank Stocks market value . 21,487 50
\$408,092 05

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$14,300 56
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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . .	1,845,521 47
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	247,326 66
Net Surplus	958,868 71
Total Assets - - -	\$6,051,716 84

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
CASH IN BANKS..... \$426,946 71
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,820,000 1,922,738 01
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,642,125 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 297,457 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 69,250 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$547,050) 423,650 00
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JULY, 1876 73,594 53
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS 181,157 19
BILLS RECEIVABLE..... 10,833 34
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE..... 18,634 56
Total - - - - \$6,051,716 84

LIABILITIES.
CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JULY 1876..... \$245,926 65
DIVIDENDS UNPAID..... 1,400 00
Total, - - - - \$247,326 66

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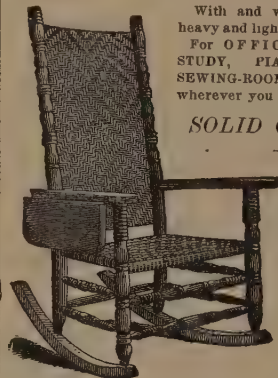
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HENRY W. BELLOW, John W. Chadwick, F. W. Clarke, Octavius B. Frothingham, Nicholas P. Gilman, James L. Hosmer, Charles C. Shackford and Henry M. Simmons are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

THE Eastern Conference has adjourned, as seemed probable last week, without having accomplished anything, except the postponement for a time of warlike operations, and apparently adding considerably to Turkish prestige. There is not at this moment any immediate prospect of war, but the opening Spring at farthest must develop the ulterior designs of Russia. Rumors of ill-feeling between Paris and Berlin have been current, but are contradicted. It seems probable that the attitude of Bismarck will exercise very important influence upon the future course of the Eastern Powers.

ON Saturday last Albert Congdon, who was the master machinist of the Lake Shore road at the time the Ashtabula bridge was built, gave his evidence before the Coroner's inquest. From his frank statement it appears: 1st, that the material provided for the bridge was insufficient; 2d, that he who constructed it did not consider himself a competent bridgeman; and 3d, that Mr. Rogers, who was directed to erect it, did not know how. And this was on a road which, we are told, is one of the most carefully managed in the land. Charles Collins, the chief engineer of the road, has committed suicide.

MERCHANTS and business men generally continue to run a "waiting race." From the universal tendency to connect the general depression with the political situation it is natural to infer a readiness to move when the horn shall be sounded. But the wholesome influence of experience in the years that are past will probably restrain any widespread and violent speculative movement, even should February see the Presidential question amicably disposed of. The price of gold in currency remains quite steady at about 106½ to 106½, while silver continues to command more than 58d. per ounce in gold. The currency dollar is worth at present 94 cents and the silver dollar about 88½ cents. Demand loans in New York range from 4 to 6 per cent.

WE have a contemporary in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, called the *Eagle*, which last week favored us with a

choice paragraph. We do not propose to reply to it, for our neighbor has the knack of a form of language with which we are unfamiliar and in which we should be distanced before we had fairly entered upon the race. Lest, however, some other good, innocent soul should have been misled by the unfortunate misplacing of a comma in the article entitled "Public Sentiment and the Presidential Dilemma," in our issue of January 11, we desire to say that we did not therein intend to assert that Mr. Tilden left the United States during the civil war, but simply that he "left the city and the country during our civil war in doubt, whether he felt a pang at the perils of the nation or a throb of sympathy with the cause of liberty, anti-slavery or union."

THE Executive Committee of the Western Union Telegraph Company ingloriously surrendered as soon as the House of Representatives cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. We believe it has been a recognized rule of law that papers bearing upon a case in trial, which could be specifically identified and described, could be demanded and must be produced when called for by judicial authority. It seems to be now established until further orders, that in this free and enlightened country, where we have thrown off all the shackles so familiar under the effete despotisms of Europe, any one who suspects that there may have been dispatches sent over the telegraph wires which might prove interesting reading, has only to get a vote of the House of Representatives, and presto! the thing is done; his neighbor's correspondence is all before him, where to read.

REFERRING to our remarks in relation to Mr. Vanderbilt, the *Jewish Messenger* asks, "Pray, Mr. INQUIRER, whose example would you have us imitate if not that of the honest, industrious, and sagacious man of business?" Being ourself of an inquiring turn of mind, it delights us to have awakened the same disposition in another, and we take great pleasure in answering the question propounded to us.

In reply, then, we will say that we cannot conscientiously recommend the *Messenger* to imitate any one's example. We would earnestly advise an independent advance, with a firm grip upon some tangible principle or rule of life, and are strongly inclined to believe that it will be more successful if it simply undertakes to do the first right thing which presents itself, than it will if it stops to ask what would such or such an one have done in the same emergency.

THE election of Mr. Hoar as Senator from Massachusetts is the brightest gleam in our lately lowering sky! We have again a scholar, a gentleman, and an accomplished statesman in the Senate to answer when Massachusetts is called! What a victory over the spirit of partisanship and the juggleries of office-holders and the vulgar admiration for smartness and unscrupulousness, and the too frequent disposition Massachusetts of late years has shown in its elections to undervalue solid attainments, high culture, elevated tone and absolute purity of life, in its weak concessions to popular arts and political managers! It more than wipes out the disgrace the election of Butler brought upon the State, for it is an act of repentance and reformation. The threatened loss of Mr. Hoar from the House is now made

up by his accession to the Senate, which we believe will become for him a throne of new power, and the beginning of new things in that House for the Republican party. All hail Senator Hoar! Mighty Mother Massachusetts! your absent sons proudly salute you!

A most remarkable statement is said to have been made last week to a reporter of a morning journal by a director of the Security Life Insurance Company, a gentleman well known "down town." It was to the effect that he did not know and could not be expected to know until the papers informed him of it, the financial condition of the company of which he was a director. He had supposed it was all right, but that was a matter which concerned the officers, not him. We give the sense of the interview as we understand it. He did not say what he directed, if not the business of the concern; in relation to that subject we are left to draw our own inferences.

If this is a true statement of the position, is it not about time for a new adjustment of ideas between corporate organizations and their customers—we do not want to have to say between swindlers and their dupes? We submit that there has been in the past a wide-spread feeling that the managers of a corporation, like the active partners of a firm, assumed a certain responsibility; that in the case of life insurance companies, for instance, long lists of well-known names composing their boards of direction were valuable, because impressible people supposed that the business of the companies was managed by those men, and were thus led to entrust dollars and cents to their keeping.

Would not perhaps a little judicious locking up, with rations of bread and water, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, applied to a few of the prominent men who have been engaged in sundry enterprises which have recently come to grief, tend to clear up the meaning of a few words and phrases, and so aid in the valuable work of adjusting our language to our ideas?

LAST Sunday morning and evening, it was our fortune to be present at the services held in a Methodist meeting-house just over the Connecticut border. It was a plain little rough-plastered building, standing on a hill overlooking the Sound, in the midst of the most lovely rolling country, now all white with snow, marked off into sections by irregular wandering stone walls, and showing, as only winter can show, the lovely tracery of graceful branches against hill and sky.

The evening services were especially interesting to us. During the earlier part the minister presided at the small cabinet organ very effectively, and the singing had the weird and plaintive character which is usually noticeable at such meetings. Then followed a prayer meeting in which a number of the older brethren took active part, both in exhortation and supplication. It happened that this was one of a series of revival meetings, and an organized effort was made to produce such a feeling as might lead to a public request, from individuals present, for the prayers of the congregation.

There was great apparent earnestness on the part of all the speakers, but their manner varied from that of ordinary conversation and communion to that of the exhorter, who, beginning slowly and quietly, gradually increased in vehemence and rapidity until he seemed possessed by a perfect whirlwind. We were particularly struck with the contrast presented by two men, who referred to the same incident at the time of their "conversion," in 1843; the one in stentorian tones, his long arms beating the air, and the tears

running down his hollow cheeks, and the other in a sweet and gentle voice, with a kindly smile playing about his lips, and having an attitude of complete repose. We cannot say how those to the manner born may have been affected; for ourself, the gentle, pleading tone had a meaning that the other could never express.

The minister, a ready speaker, and a young man of more than ordinary ability, was peculiarly forcible in his call upon "sinners to come to Christ." The man whom he wanted to reach would say that he did not need to come; that he was honest in his business, upright in his conduct, correct in his life, faithful in the nurture and guardianship of his children. He was terribly mistaken. He was presenting a bad example to the young men around him; he was neglecting the great salvation; he was going downward, downward, to the everlasting hell. Now was the accepted time; would not at least one person step forward and ask the prayers of the congregation? But no, not one would move. The appeal was ingeniously put; no one could doubt the earnestness of the speaker; under favoring circumstances it was easy to see how a movement might begin and run like wild-fire through the crowded congregation. But the nerves were too steady, the charm would not work. We could not feel sorry that it was so; we sympathized with the devout faith of the preacher, but as we took the long walk back to our hotel, we could not but think how utterly impossible it was for him, able as he was, yet dominated by an idea, to conceive of the actual attitude toward his services and his scheme, of such an one as ourself, whom he would unhesitatingly class among the scoffers.

THE REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

THE report of the two committees, on a plan for regulating the count of the electoral vote, is probably as satisfactory as it could be made under the circumstances. It has one feature we much deplore—the introduction into the final court of arbitration of differences, of five members of the Supreme Court. We have all along resisted any proposition for needlessly embroiling the Supreme Court in matters that touch directly the partisan feeling of the country. It has already quite enough strain upon its functions, and must be called upon in the discharge of its regular duties to decide Constitutional questions that arouse much suspicion of its fairness. If cases are to be made for it outside its inevitable obligations and duties—which will still further task its repute for impartiality—we fear that it will be hopelessly involved in the distrust which already attaches to all other parts of the government.

But we are in no mood of fault-finding, and doubt not that the able committees, in their joint consideration of the whole question, have given this point a deeper study than irresponsible critics—necessarily without their means of estimating all the points of the crisis—are able to make. The agreement in any plan of such men of both parties as are found in the joint committee of the two Houses, (with one non-assenting member only, and that a silent one), is a triumph of peace and patriotism which ought to secure for it general respect and practical concurrence. It is probable that no other way than this devious one could be found out of the wilderness. Only a great sense of the importance of agreeing upon some forelooking plan could have brought about the adoption of a plan in many respects cumbrous, slow and objectionable. But statesmanship consists, not in devising the best ideal plans, but in seizing the best that are practicable. It is necessarily an art of compromises and

expedients, and those who look upon it as capable of existing upon any higher plane, misread the history of politics, and confound philosophers and writers on civil law or morals with statesmen, who are to this order what pilots and navigators are to astronomers and students of meteorology. It is the business of our present statesmen to save the ship as it passes through the strait where Scylla and Charybdis both threaten it; and we must expect them to make some sudden tacks, and throw overboard, if necessary, some valuable portions of their cargo.

It is confessed by all candid men that the Constitution has not plainly provided the exact method in which the count shall be made. Precedent certainly gives the Vice-President, or acting President of the Senate, a right to decide what the count is. The only question has been whether the violence of party feeling, under the present circumstances of the country, would warrant the strain upon such a secondary form of authority as *precedent*. We think the committee have justly felt that it would not, and that the *Tribune* and *Times* have not shown a wise spirit or a statesman-like temper and foresight, in claiming for the right of the acting Vice-President, and presiding officer of the Senate, to decide the admissibility of electoral returns, and settle which set of returns shall be considered the legal one, where two sets are sent in from one State, and in fact, all the delicate questions that have arisen out of this disputed and closely balanced election. We do not question that *law* would justify their proposal, but is it a time when we can afford to rest the decision upon legal niceties? The object of the committee has been to devise a method which shall satisfy not the lawyers of the country, but the public mind. We surrender our serious scruples about the use of Judges of the Supreme Court in this plan because we recognize the exceptional and alarming difficulties presented by the present case. We have only an acting President of the Senate, not a man chosen for his office by the people, nor one, however deserving of their confidence, who has carried it by long and large services to the country. We have three States whose returning boards are of suspected purity. We have two States with double Governors and Legislatures. We have two sets of returns of electors in Oregon, and perhaps elsewhere. We have an angry democracy, sixteen years out of office; a President suspected of too great readiness to use military federal power in coercing States. We have a partisan Senate on one side, and a partisan House on the other. We are just at the end of a virulent campaign, wherein fraud, intimidation, bribery and corruption, have mutually, and with too many proofs, been charged by each party against the other. We have a set of Republican office-holders, drilled and banded, that do not possess the respect and confidence of the honest and intelligent portion of the Republican party. We have four millions of newly enfranchised negroes whom we can neither exclude from political power, nor trust with it, without almost equal danger, yet who must be dealt with on equal terms with white men. We have, besides, an almost unparalleled depression in business and in the value of property, with a bankruptcy of over 9,000 firms in the last year. There has been a dead-lock in Senatorial elections in Massachusetts, Illinois and Arkansas, happily just broken in the good old Bay State, and many other reasons besides for considering this a specially critical and perilous time in our national affairs. Amid all these threatening and trying circumstances, we say it is wise to consider the present exigency in all its seriousness and exceptional character, and adjust our conduct and plan of safety to it. Let us not vainly look too far ahead, when the 14th of February and

the 4th of March are so near at hand. We want *immediate* relief, and a plan that suits the present urgency. Let Congress adopt the plan of the committee without needless debate and obtrusive party speeches. And let our Legislature proceed, after the crisis is passed, to devise future plans, by proposed amendments in the Constitution itself, which shall obviate all coming trials in the direction of a disputed Presidential election. We judge that this is the real feeling of sober patriots throughout the country, and we hope it will prevail with our Senators and Representatives, and with the President himself.

NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

AN interesting religious movement has, within a year, been commenced in Paris, precisely parallel—the national temperaments being allowed for—with the latest demonstrations here. In fact, its originator and high priest, M. Chark's Fauvety, compares it with the attempt of Charles Voysey in London, and with the enterprises of a corresponding character in American cities. It is called by its inaugurator, who is himself a layman, "La Religion Laique," as indicating its interest for people who are not committed to any ecclesiastical organization or system, and its sources in the sentiments that are common to human nature outside of technically religious associations, without respect for the authority of tradition.

This laical religion is not to be confounded with the "Secularism" of English Radicals, which is essentially a different thing, in spirit and in form. That is atheistical in temper as well as in doctrine,—this, in a fine, undogmatical sense, Theistical; that is materialistic,—this is spiritual; that is revolutionary,—this is regenerative; that is addressed to the feelings of working people,—this is commended to the thoughtful, cultivated class; that repudiates religion as a fraud, and hates it as an oppression,—this holds to religion as a power of emancipation and an inspirer of truth; that discountenances faith in ideal things and discourages the upward, onward look,—this is full of aspiration, and cherishes every immortal hope; that aims at the extermination of religious faith and observance,—this is an attempt to revive religious faith and reconstruct religious observance.

Equally distinct is this French conception from that of the German "Freie Gemeinden," that are so extensive among Germans at home, and the anti-Protestant, anti-Christian character of the German Free Religion is that by which it is most easily recognized. Its purpose seems to be less the building up of positive religious faith on new foundations of reason, than the pulling down of the popular structure. This may be a temporary phase of the movement—very likely it is,—but at present it is the phase the movement is best known by. The French movement, like the movement in this country, is in purpose constructive. It rather ignores the established system than assails it. It classifies instead of attacking; it is less polemical than inclusive, less controversial than sympathetic. It studies to comprehend the doctrines it rejects, and by placing them where they belong in the history of opinion, to express the reasons for its rejection of them. Errors, in its judgment, are truths in a state of arrested development, and are to be corrected by larger interpretations. Religion, it declares, is in essence always and everywhere the same; there is but one religion. The idea, thus far, is not new. The newness it possesses it owes to the fact that the position is taken in full view of modern science and philosophy, and with a definite intention of combating certain tendencies

suggested by modern science and philosophy, which threaten disaster to personal character and to social life. The conception of "One Gospel in many Dialects," which has been a favorite one with mystical and sentimental spirits, is here entertained with intellectual clearness, and pushed with moral determination.

Such a movement as this in France is of great significance, for there, Christianity being identified with the Gallican Church, and religion associated with the jugglery of priests and the credulity of the vulgar, the intelligence and culture, the enthusiasm and earnestness of the best minds are trained in other and opposite directions; the natural ideality of the French genius is trained, as it were, against itself and feels rebuked when it is detected in the act of holding intercourse with religious ideas. Christianity has fallen into contempt as a system of superstition; to attempt any modification, any new adoptions or versions of that is as visionary as it is illogical. A rational Christianity is no more to be thought of than a rational idolatry, and the entire field of what we call the spiritual, the ideal, the potential world, the world of faith and hope, is abandoned to the attenuated saint and the wingless angel of an outworn mythology.

The situation elsewhere is different. The Protestant establishment in England is an aristocratic power of vast wealth and social influence, controlling education, affecting politics, standing in the way of industrial improvements. Secondly a system of opinions, primarily a social block or barrier, that affronts and exasperates the conscience of the working classes. Thence the natural outcome in England is "Secularism," a rude denunciation and denial in place of the contemptuous indifference of the unbelieving Frenchman.

In America, the situation is still different. Here, the freedom of religion from the trammels of Church and State establishment rebukes the French contempt and disarms the English violence; but this very freedom makes it easy to slip away from all religious associations, to lapse into indifference to ideal things, and thoughtlessly to follow the drift of loose scientific speculation. There is more of the French than of the English temper in the unreligiousness of our people. Hence, a closer correspondence between a movement like M. Fauvety's and our advanced religious rationalism, than there is between Charles Bradlaugh's atheism and anything that exists among us. The "infidelity" of the Paine school has no root here, and no future. The great achievement before us is to recall minds from Sensationalism to Idealism, from Materialism to Rationalism, from practical Atheism to faith in the realities of an invisible world. Christianity has agencies and potencies of its own, and is abundantly able to take care of itself. But rationalism, in the fine sense, needs fostering care. Would that in New York we had a Charles Fauvety to lead or animate an enterprise like that he has inaugurated so brilliantly in Paris. This monthly magazine, *La Religion Laïque*, of thirty-five octavo pages, has reached its sixth number, and is in most respects, a model journal of its class, bright, varied, hopeful, warm, sunny, but clearly intellectual, frank, sincere, brave, evading no question, avoiding no issues, appreciating all honest thoughts, and enlisting the good will of the best minds in the task of reviving religion in modern society. It was our purpose to give an account, in some detail, of the contents of the remarkable journal we have named, but our space is exhausted, and it is not necessary; for the most interesting feature in such a movement as M. Fauvety's is its spirit, and that has been sufficiently explained.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH THOUGHT.

FIRST NOTICE.

THE announcement a few months ago of a "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," by Leslie Stephen, must have had a pleasant sound for all who had made the acquaintance of Mr. Stephen in his "Hours in a Library," and in various articles which, from time to time, he has published in the *Cornhill* and *Fortnightly* and other English magazines. For in these publications Mr. Stephen had proved himself to be a critic of the highest order; able to see a writer in his relation to his social and political environment, and note its action upon him and his reaction upon it; able to penetrate to the most characteristic quality of the writer or the book or phase of thought in hand, and state it in intelligible and luminous terms. But all of these writings, it now appears, were but the tightening of his armor and the sharpening of his sword for a tremendous spiritual encounter with the "sceptred spirits" of the eighteenth century, some of whom still "rule us from their urns," however impotent the great majority. The results of this encounter are now given to the reading world, in two generous octavos, pages 466, 469, which in this country bear the imprint of George P. Putnam's Sons. In this and in succeeding notices I propose to set forth these results with a view to interesting others in a work which I have found immensely interesting and suggestive.

In a short preface Mr. Stephen indicates the relation of his book to others of a somewhat similar character. It was suggested by Mr. Pattison's essay upon "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750," which was included in the famous—some would say infamous—"Essays and Reviews." Leland's "View of the Deistical Writers" (1754-6) covers only the first half of the eighteenth century, and is besides a controversial, not a philosophical work. Of Lechler's "Geschichte des Englischen Deismus," Mr. Stephen speaks in a highly laudatory manner, but it is a history of those writers only who are known distinctively as deists, not of their orthodox opponents, who in different degrees were modified by the same general tendencies of thought. Mr. Hunt's "History of Religious Thought in England" differs from Lechler's, in giving an account of orthodox as well as heterodox, but his history is expository rather than critical. Mr. Stephen occupies a different standpoint, and differs widely from Mr. Hunt's estimates of the absolute and relative importance of various authors.

Mr. Stephen's first volume treats exclusively of the speculative and theological aspects of his subject; the second, exclusively of its moral and practical aspects. Thus he is obliged to go twice over the same ground, and in several cases to speak twice, in different connection, of one writer. Objections to this method are not inconceivable, but it would be difficult to settle on a better. The first volume is divided into eight chapters. Chapter First treats of "The Philosophical basis" of eighteenth century thought. In an admirable introductory section, the nature of the evolution of thought is set forth—its irregularity and inconsistency, the persistency of incongruous elements left over from discarded systems, the strained interpretations, the social and imaginative and romantic influences that retard the approximation to a higher truth. A second section treats of the Cartesian Philosophy, which, though it never obtained complete naturalization in England, furnished Locke and his school with their point of departure, and entered into combination with the most various and sometimes hostile forms of thought,

especially with that of Dr. Samuel Clarke and his admirers. Section Third reviews the English criticism of the Cartesian system as it took form in the great founder, Locke, and afterward in Berkeley and Hume, in the "Common Sense" Philosophy of Reid and the materialism of Hartley and Monbodo.

Chapter Second gives the starting-point of Deism. Bossuet, in his history of the Variations of the Protestants, had demanded a uniform creed and civil punishment for all departure from it. But England, arriving at the idea of toleration, inferred the freest use of the privilege of thought thus granted. The starting-point thus given, Mr. Stephen proceeds to show what use was made of the privilege of free inquiry, and first, in Chapter Third, recites the story of "Constructive Deism"—that is, the attempt to substitute for Christianity a pure body of abstract truths, reposing on metaphysical demonstration. The names that signalize this attempt, directly or indirectly, are those of Locke and Toland, Clarke and Wollaston, Tindal and Chubb and Bolingbroke. Tindal was the greatest of the Deists, Clarke the protagonist of revelation. Chapter Fourth gives an account of "Critical Deism"—that is, the attempt to undermine the supernatural authority of Christianity by a critical examination of the Old and New Testaments. Here the great names, for or against it, are Leslie, Collins, Whiston, Sherlock, Bentley, Woolston, Middleton.

Chapters Fifth, Sixth and Seventh deal respectively with Bishop Butler and his famous "Analogy," David Hume and William Warburton. Butler is Mr. Stephen's hero of the eighteenth century, and Warburton his pet abomination, and he shows good cause for his admiration in the one case and his detestation in the other. Chapter Eighth, ending the first volume, is called "The Later Theology," and deals with "the Common Sense School" of Beattie and Jenyns; with "Science and Revelation," as regarded by the Hutchesonians, Campbell and Farmer, in their day famous writers on the miracles; with "Paley and his School," "The Subscription Controversy," "The Unitarians," Taylor, Price and Priestley; and, last of all, "The Infidels," Gibbon and Thomas Paine.

Interesting and attractive as the first volume is, the second is still more so, and is calculated to enlist the attention of a class of readers who will be comparatively indifferent to constructive or critical Deism, or any of their approximate conclusions. The first chapter in the second volume—the ninth in the book—treats of "Moral Philosophy;" first of the "Intellectual School" of Clarke and Price; then of the opposing optimistic and pessimistic schemes of Shaftesbury and Mandeville; then of "The Common Sense School" of Butler and Hutcheson and Reid; then of Hartley and Adam Smith, with their respective theories of association and sympathy; lastly of "The Utilitarians," Hume and Paley and Bentham, and their antagonists.

Chapter Tenth treats of "Political Theories," "The Principles of 1688," "The Walpole Era," "The French Influence," and so on. Burke has a section to himself, as he deserves, the Revolutionists another. Chapter Eleventh treats of Political Economy, giving a capital account of "The Mercantile System," "The French Economists," and "Adam Smith." In the closing chapter, "Characteristics," Mr. Stephen shows us how the Preachers, the Poets and General Literature were affected by the remoter discussions of the time. "The Reaction" is an admirable account, first of the religious reaction of Wesley and the Methodists, then of the poetic, headed by Cowper and Wordsworth.

The reader will see that we have here in these volumes a

list of subjects of such great and varied interest that in the hands of an able writer, thoroughly equipped for his task by natural critical genius and immense research into the writings of the period, they cannot fail of proving deeply interesting and suggestive. Mr. Stephen is such a writer. He has more than talent. He has real genius for his work. If a good deal of criticism fails through defect of sympathy, as much more fails through too much sympathy. The critic takes the side of his subject, and becomes an advocate when he should be a judge. Mr. Stephen is always the judge, never an advocate. His own theological and ethical ideas are kept a good deal in reserve. But his whole book floats in them as in an atmosphere. He is an evolutionist, pure and simple; a believer in historic methods of inquiry. And he finds the entire history of eighteenth century thought an argument for evolution. His book will impress many readers as sad and hopeless, because so many brave hopes came to so little, because there was really so little to choose between the deists and their opponents, the optimists and pessimists. But looking closer, he will see that there was real advance; that failure was its method—failure to find in one place a true solution, obliging men to look for it elsewhere. Divinity students of Dr. Francis' time at Cambridge will not, without a pang, give up to Mr. Stephen's limbo of absurdity and contradiction the venerable names which Dr. Francis used to roll like sweet morsels under his tongue. But Mr. Stephen's dialectic convicts one after another of defective logic; all of defective knowledge of the origins of human creeds and morals and society. Without containing one direct argument for social evolution, his book is an argument for such evolution of the most impressive character. It is written in a singularly calm and clear and penetrating style. There is not an unintelligible sentence in the book. It is enlivened by a genial satire, in which there is not a particle of arrogance. It contains many sentences of aphoristic pungency and terseness. It teaches modesty and patience, but at the same time it teaches hope. It is a book which thoughtful men can hardly do without.

J. W. C.

THE SABBATH AND CREATION STORY.

THE present discussion of the Sunday Question revives our interest in the old story of God's rest on the seventh day of creation. Whence came that story? To say it descended from heaven and the Sabbath from it, is to give both, Sabbath and story, a poor foundation in many minds to-day. But to say the story grew out of that Sabbath which the Jewish nation had learned to love, is to give the Sabbath a surer foundation and the story a new beauty.

The Bible is not clear as to the origin of the Sabbath. The original law of the stone tables, as given in Exodus xxxiv. (so widely different from the accepted Decalogue), merely commands the Sabbath without explanation. The Decalogue in Deuteronomy v. explains the Sabbath as commemorative of the deliverance from Egypt. The Decalogue in Exodus xx. explains it as commemorative of God's rest from creation. Here are plainly successive deposits in the national thought and legislation, leaving the origin of the institution in doubt.

Rabbi Kohler, of Chicago, in a recently published sermon, advances views on this subject which, for their source and novelty, deserve notice. Considering the week and the Sabbath of astronomical or astrological origin in Chaldea, connected with the moon's quarters and "the seven planets," he thinks the Sabbath was not adopted by the Israelites till many centuries after Moses. He thinks it was strongly op-

posed by all the prophets before Josiah's reign, for its heathen origin; but as its blessings became apparent, it grew more and more in favor with them, obtained a place in the Mosaic code, and was at length treated by Ezekiel and others in the exile as the sign of a covenant with Jehovah. At first, however, it was considered only a national institution, commemorative of the deliverance from Egypt, as in the Decalogue in Deuteronomy. But later in the Exile, as the Jewish thought and hopes broadened, it came to be considered a blessing for all mankind, and was referred back to the origin of the race. "Inspired by this thought," says Rabbi Kohler, "the last composer of the Pentateuch, both in the Decalogue, Exodus xx., and in the first chapter of Genesis, entwined the Sabbath with creation itself, not refraining from representing God in the image of a human worker, in order to make man look up to God as his sublime pattern.

Probably few people would follow Rabbi Kohler in dating the adoption of the Sabbath among the Jews so late. But any explanation which derives the story of the creation from the Sabbath, makes the old story not a baseless fiction, but the natural outgrowth of a truth. The Sabbath, which, as the Jews regarded it, was no gloomy day, but a day of rest and freedom for servants and of domestic joy and spiritual elevation for all, proved itself a blessing more and more. And as it grew to be the most blessed feature of their religion, what more natural than that it should become a centre around which one thought after another gathered in the national tradition? And so the very story of creation shaped itself at length around the Sabbath, and the law of rest was found, as it is, linked with the foundations of nature.

H. M. S.

WHAT IS ORTHODOXY?

Nor long ago an evangelical paper, in describing the make-up of a certain popular clergyman, charged him with borrowing his "doctrinal indefiniteness" from the Unitarians. "Doctrinal indefiniteness" is good; but people who live in glass houses mustn't throw stones. We might dismiss the accusation with a "you're another," as the boys are wont to say, but it gives us a text for a longer sermon. It is really quite time that this assumption of definiteness of doctrinal belief, within the creeds of Orthodoxy, and of the indefiniteness in the uncreeded churches alone, was cast aside. If the Sphinx were to take her place outside any of our centres of population to-day and propound her question, "What is Orthodoxy?" we doubt if any Oedipus could be found to come out and answer it. What Orthodoxy *was*, we all know; but what it is now, is a vast conundrum. Some time ago, in his native New England, the writer thought he was upon the point of solving the question; but five years of Western life and contact have sent the solution farther off than ever, and he has now given up in despair. In fact, Orthodoxy, in these Western fields, is much oftener the color of Joseph's coat than at the East, where the population is more homogeneous and traditions more binding; and to know the doctrinal opinions of this man or minister, gives you no sure data for determining those of his next-town neighbor of the same denomination. Men are held to the old creeds by name and association merely; as a liberal Presbyterian said to me that he regarded the Westminster Confession in his body simply as a recognition of their denominational descent, and not as a transcript of to-day's belief; and that so generally was this understood, there could be no reasonable charge of moral compromise in the matter.

In the same denomination, along with rigid retainers of the

old creed, you find those who have parted with nearly every vestige of it; and when you come right down to it frankly and honestly, the question "what is the doctrinal belief of the whole body to-day," it is as difficult to answer of the folds of Orthodoxy as of Liberalism. The articles, whether nine or thirty-nine, are twisted into more shapes than Hamlet's cloud, and change color like the chameleon to different visions. The minister of a leading Trinitarian church in one of our Western cities told me that he was in entire accord with the Rev. Dr. Peabody in his views of Christ; and another of the same denomination, unfolding his christology, answered to my remark, "But your Christ, then, is one with Mr. Frothingham's in his 'Religion of Humanity'; it is an idealization of humanity, and independent of the historic Jesus." "Well, I know it."

The writer once preached a sermon on exchange before one of the most radical congregations of the West, on the nature of religion, in which incidentally he considered some revival teachings on the subject, and in passing out of the church overheard the remark, "Yes, but he was too severe on them." But, on reading the same as an essay before a conference in another city, the Congregationalist minister of the place, who happened to be present, came to him and was pleased to commend the paper and express himself in essential agreement with it.

These are only a few illustrations that most men doubtless could multiply from their own experience. The fact is, the leaven of thought is working in all the sects. It is crumbling the old creeds as the frost rives the rocks. Men think they are riding at anchor, when really they are drifting; and in the rising flood of intellectual questioning, fancy they are keeping over the old ground, while they are being carried on and leaving their old horizon far behind. "But we hold to the essentials," they persist; and, if by essentials they mean what is really essential to religious faith, doubtless they do, and somewhat more, as time may show; but they who made the creed would never have recognized it nor admitted the claim.

Well, in the words of the great "statesman," "What are you going to do about it?" Just what we do with the law of gravitation or any other great fact of nature or human life—nothing. What is there to do except to recognize the fact and accept it and conform to it? Human thought moves on. The votes of synod and council may mark its past reach at any period, but they cannot stop its present and future flow. It comes not all at once through society or sect, but one by one, here and there, like stars along the evening sky or the leaves of the spring woods. So it has been in the past; so it probably will continue to be.

There are those ready to fling the charge of dishonesty and time-serving at such as linger inside the old limits after acceptance of the letter of the creed has ceased, and doubtless the charge is sometimes just, but far oftener it would not be; and for one, I learn to be more lenient in all such judgments with every year. Men's religious beliefs and outlooks are so much matter of slow and silent growth that their logical relationship is not easily and at once determined to themselves, and long-cherished organic interests and associations are naturally strong. We cannot but sympathize with that spirit which, having gained larger vision itself, wants to stay and widen the horizon of its own household of faith, even amid what may seem intellectual inconsistency and compromise to us, but not to it. Meanwhile, it is for us all, Orthodox and Liberal, in the "doctrinal indefiniteness" which characterizes every ecclesiastical fold taken as a whole, to see the onward movement of human thought

touching the deep things of God, and to make sure that we are true to ourselves while we abstain from all harsh judgment of our brother.

F. L. H.

LITERATURE.

THE RELIGION OF EVOLUTION.*

THIS book, by a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, is one that deserves attention from all religious people who are concerned for the future of faith. In these times we are day after day hearing very much about "science and religion." It is quite open for those who will to believe, as we do believe, that too much is said on the subject, and that we might very well spare a large part of the discussion and disquisition in which it is the present fashion to indulge. We have two reasons for this belief. It is very natural, it is perhaps inevitable, that living in the midst of this controversy, undeniably of high importance, we should exaggerate the novelty and the consequence of the questions really at stake. Writers who, like some scientific lecturers of our day, are comparatively unacquainted with the long course of man's thought from antiquity till now, speak as if the issue which so deeply interests them were novel. Their tone is the tone of those who are handling subjects before untouched or but slightly treated. But in truth the seeming opposition of the religious mind and the scientific mind is as old as human nature itself. The difference has been illustrated in every literature; it has been manifest under every form of faith. It is the variation of two dispositions of mind which have always been, are now and will probably always continue to be—"All men are either Platonists or Aristotelians." The issue is not new, nor is it in its present shape of such momentous consequence as many imagine. The decision has not been made by any foregone generation between faith and knowledge. All our fathers have lived with the same great antithesis in their nature. They have died, and still it is neither faith nor knowledge that singly rules us, but faith and knowledge together still. We may define more sharply than those before us this or that phase of difference, but we cannot put an end to a diversity whose roots are in the nature of things. The slightly scientific and the rashly religious will come to blows here and there. Deceived by their own excessive energy, and blinded by the much powder they burn, they will mistake their skirmishes for campaigns, on whose result depends the mastery of the world. But the great army of mankind moves on, how slowly, but yet so surely; hearing "rumors of wars" and "battles" indeed, yet supported on either hand by that very faith and that same knowledge so often reported to be locked in fatal strife. The opposition of science and religion—it is in every man, and no man can put an end to it; the anxiety wherewith we trouble ourselves to settle the question once for all, must hereafter seem somewhat vain-glorious. The labor of solving every riddle of life is not for any generation. Our solution is never final.

But we doubt the value of much of the discussion of science and religion at present, for another reason. The general lines of distinction between knowledge and faith are easily laid down. The philosophical theory of their divergence is not difficult of construction. The ground principles are very simple. The chief occasion for dispute is here, as is almost always the case, in the *application* of the principles. Now too much handling of the matter of science and religion is easily proven when we hear nothing but iteration and

reiteration of the fundamental principles, with no fresh applications of them to the latest matters in dispute. The Unitarian body is exceedingly given to broad disquisition on this general theme, wherein it is most emphatically stated that there is no "conflict" between true faith and actual knowledge of nature. But Galileo is, we think, compelled to over-much hard labor as an illustration and application of the thesis. And we doubt if it be well to refrain from any later example than the geological controversy of the last generation. No, the reason why this matter is in so many minds and on so many tongues to-day is, not because of Galileo, but because of Mr. Darwin; not because we are anxious to know the age of the earth, but because we ask, with a quite fresh interest, "Where did man come from?" We think, then, that all treatment of the question of science and religion which does not enter into the merits of the present theory of evolution is quite superfluous. And we believe that there is in fact much very vague discoursing upon these matters from Unitarian pulpits. "There can be no battle between sound science and essential religion." We hear this again and again. "And if evolution be sound science, or rational philosophy, then we will accept it." So the preacher declares. But these are plain points. They are emphasized and reiterated far too often. That which the people would like to know is the frank and honest opinion of the educated minister upon the special issue. "Your opinion is not final in matters of science." It is not final, indeed, in any matters. But, as a man of books, study, thought, tell us plainly what you think. Do you believe that Mr. Darwin has made a real addition to our knowledge of natural laws? Do you accept, in whole or in part, Mr. Spencer's theory of evolution? How do you stand, how do you lean, in regard to these subjects? Give point to your generalities by special applications here. You have nothing to lose by candor. The matter has certainly been before the public mind sufficiently long for you to have formed some opinion. We think it high time that our preachers should abandon their "ifs," and with entire frankness speak their minds for or against this philosophical theory of evolution.

It is, then, with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Savage's "Religion of Evolution." The preface concisely states the object of the work. "It is only necessary in answer to the question, 'If evolution is true, what have we left in the way of religion?'" The "if" is the questioner's, not Mr. Savage's. He accepts the theory of evolution as expounded by Herbert Spencer. And the book gives us his own religious belief to show what, by one personal example, the Religion of Evolution may be. The title of the book might, for exactness, be the "Religion of an Evolutionist," for evolution is a philosophy. It must modify greatly many prevailing religious ideas, but it is not likely to establish any new form of faith with a fresh name. Religiously, Mr. Savage is a Christian; philosophically and scientifically, he is an evolutionist. The twelve chapters which compose the book were evidently first written for delivery as Sunday sermons. The revision which they have undergone for publication has probably been slight. This fact, while it may not fairly exempt them from criticism as sermons, may well blunt the edge of a criticism which would be appropriately applied to a treatise.

As a book of discourses, then, upon the various modifications which a believer in evolution must make in the popular religious creed, Mr. Savage's book deserves high praise. Both in manner and in matter it has many admirable qualities. The style is vigorous, clear, straightforward, at times blunt. The author has scarcely an obscure sentence, and

*The Religion of Evolution. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. New York: James Miller.

this merit in a book on such a theme must be allowed to be a high one. With Mr. Savage "the style is the man." Those who have once listened to him learn to expect from him plain words used with a single meaning and sentences, about whose construction there can be no reasonable doubt. Without affectation, the style passes at times into the natural rhetoric of an earnest mind, and possesses a peculiarly convincing power. The illustrations really illustrate. We should have to search far for a writer whose figures of comparison and of contrast are more pertinent and striking. Take this, for instance, "Theology, in its attempt to exalt man, takes him out of and sets him apart from the order of nature, and then abuses nature as an untrustworthy guide in religious things, because it does not find moral qualities—love and mercy—in stones and mountains and trees, as if the mainspring of a watch should start into independent life and go to searching through the rest of the machinery in the attempt to find that of which itself was the representative, and should then declare on its honor as a good piece of steel that the watch showed no signs of a mainspring, and thus was radically defective!"

As with the manner, so with the matter. It would be difficult to mistake Mr. Savage's thought in any single paragraph. Clearness of mind, vigor of reasoning, logical consecutiveness are very marked throughout the book. There are here no beatings about the bush, no evasions, no nebulosities. One feels that the frequent assertion by the writer of the supremacy of the truth is no empty formula with him. The work is one which could come only from a perfectly sincere, courageous and manly mind. And that it will have the effect of quickening such qualities in all who read we can hardly doubt.

Mr. Savage does not seek to prove the truth of evolution as a natural law; but, starting with a belief in its universal validity, he illustrates and confirms it from the history of the great ideas of religion. The results to which we have been brought by the process he summarises in the successive chapters upon the God of Evolution; the Man of Evolution; the Devil, or the Nature of Evil; the Evolution of Conscience; Love in Law; Prayer; Bibles, and the Bible; Atonement; Christianity and Evolution; and Immortality. To review these chapters in detail would be like reviewing a system of theology. But there is not one of them which we would not recommend to the earnest perusal of thoughtful men and women as a fresh, vigorous and strongly religious treatment of its special theme.

Mr. Savage has our entire sympathy in maintaining that the theory of evolution is, so far from being atheistic, the most theistic of theistic systems. The argument it offers for the unity of God is invincible, and it gratifies the deepest, most genuine religious instincts. But let no one expect to find in this book, or in any book written from such a standpoint, an entirely new system of belief. Let no rational religionist dread that a total reconstruction of faith awaits him if he embraces the evolution doctrine. For a prime argument in favor of its acceptance is the comprehensiveness with which it takes in all the best elements of existing doctrines. It is simply a universal doctrine of life, and growth because of life. And its general acceptance would be possible only through a general "revival" of sound thinking and real intellectual and spiritual humility in face of the facts of the universe. We believe that a philosophy of evolution is to be the philosophy of the future. We are confident that faith will gain and religion be confirmed by its triumph. It is most advisable for the ministers of religion to be first to see this fact and to lead the way in that gradual change of

ideas which is inevitable and will in the end be salutary. In so doing they may well, they should, indeed, emphasize ideas which do not fall within the province of scientific inquiries. In the transition to the new doctrine in its fulness and entirety the teacher of religion should repeat again and again, "Nothing evolved that was not first involved" in the Divine Being. "He who planted the ear, shall He not hear? He who formed the eye, shall He not see?" "Supplemented as it should be with Plato's doctrine of Ideas," we have heard Rev. Dr. Hedge say, "the doctrine of evolution will triumph, and deserves to do so." Having a thorough confidence in the gradual advance toward universal reception of this philosophy, we feel ourselves less liable to misconception in criticising the efforts of its friends. We desire the day of victory as soon as may be; and that victory which consists solely in persuasion will be deferred by any partial and one-sided treatment of the subject. Mr. Savage's book, as the first American book taking so frank a position in favor of evolution, should have the friendly criticism which a forerunner demands. Its merits are very high. We only regret that it has been issued from the press without a more careful and thorough revision than it appears to have received. Its tone is generally admirable, and it cannot fail, as a whole, to leave a deep impression of its author's religiousness and substantial reverence of soul. But in numerous passages we think Mr. Savage is not true to the real spirit of a genuine disciple of evolution. For, beyond the adherents of every other philosophy, the evolutionist should be generous in his judgments of all forms of faith, and catholic in his appreciation of truth, however much mingled with error. Mr. Savage has frequently stated this duty in admirable terms, and if we were disposed to go into detail we should condemn him in one passage out of his own mouth in another. This is saying that we have found great inconsistencies of temper between different pages, and some statements we can scarcely reconcile with each other. The tone of the work is in many places too purely controversial for the best effect. The author seems, to us, to do much injustice to the religion of the Hebrews; and he makes assertions as to their beliefs and practices which we do not think careful scholarship would endorse. He seems to us to place too much emphasis upon the part of fear in all early religions, and, as a rule, to have too little appreciation of a "progress of doctrine" after the life-time of Jesus. He exaggerates the by amount of mention given to them, the importance of the physical sciences, and does not sufficiently emphasize the higher science of man. He has too little place for some very essential parts of religion—the sense of mystery and the awe and the wonder which must enter into faith in all times. He appears to set too much value upon many so-called "explanations" in nature and in man.

But we are not disposed to dwell upon the deficiencies of this book. It has the "faults of its virtues" indeed; but while perceiving them, we would not seem to be in any degree insensible to the high and noble tone which inspires by far the largest portion. It is a brave, powerful, edifying work, and we hope that it will be read very widely, and effectually prove to many that religion is in these latest days still the natural disposition of the courageous and thoughtful mind.

W. P. G.

WE have been glad to notice that Mr. Chadwick's Book of Poems, of which about two thousand are said to have been sold, has been received so favorably by the press. Mr. Chadwick preached a fine sermon on the evening of Sunday, the 14th, at Unity Chapel, Harlem, on "The Faith of the Doubters," whom he represented as the chief believers of our time, doubting the less to believe the greater truths.

REVIEWS.

THE ARUNDEL MOTTO. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If this novel of 167 pages were condensed to one-half its present size, simply by the elision of insignificant episodes and trivial descriptions, it would make, in spite of its improbable plot, a very readable little tale. The story is of a girl who mistakes a man madly in love with her for another of the same name who had killed her (the heroine's) brother in a duel. The author seems to forget that under no circumstances could there be even the most distant social intercourse between any woman with a spark of self-respect and a man holding such a tragical relation to her. There could, at least, be no mistake about their position; nor could an *éclaircissement* be long deferred.

Miss Hay's style is decidedly amateurish; she indulges in a great deal of tautology, and her idea of colloquial English is rather startling. Witness the following specimen phrases put into the mouths of her most aristocratic characters: "like most little boys are," "those sort of people," "like you used," "who do you mean?", "thanks very much," "whatever do you mean," etc., etc. Moreover, it is noticeable that these aristocrats are frequently made to conduct themselves in a manner unbefitting ladies and gentlemen. But, to compensate for their rudeness, there is an immense deal of osculation introduced. Everybody kisses everybody else. The hero is the only man who does not kiss the heroine until he gets within a couple of chapters of the end. In that brief space, however, he makes up for his previous continence.

Apart from these defects, of which the worst is the extreme diffuseness of the narrative, "The Arundel Motto" possesses considerable merit. The sentiment is pure, the interest well sustained, and the author shows occasionally a sense of humor to which she might certainly allow a freer play. Some chapters are very good, and the novel as a whole will repay perusal.

RARE GOOD LUCK; A Fortune in Seven Strokes. By R. E. Fraucillon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Rare Good Luck" is a wonderful tale of hairbreadth 'scapes and moving accidents, whereof the hero is a cheerful individual, a kind of sublimated Mark Tapley, who receives as the best of good fortune what most men would consider extremely bad luck—from falling over a cliff in the first chapter, to marrying, in the last, the heroine of the book, who is scarcely what one would call a sympathetic character. But for a writer of sensation novels, Mr. Fraucillon can boast a clear and easy style; he writes with vigor and conciseness, and his characters talk naturally. He must be, we should think, capable of better work than "Rare Good Luck."

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. With Notes and Queries.

Edited by John Austin Stevens. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Subscription, \$5 per annum. January, 1877.

We welcome this latest contribution to the wants of the historiographer, which comes in sumptuous form from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co. A small quarto, well printed on heavy paper, it is as handsome as need be, and the contents of the January number give promise that it will be made the depository of valuable and curious information. It embraces in its scope historical and biographical papers, original documents, reprints of rare documents, notes and queries, proceedings of the New York Historical Society and literary notices of historical publications, and being edited by the Librarian of the New York Historical Society, it emanates from a source which will command respect.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co. Parts 5 to 10 inclusive.

The Spring of 1691 has arrived. Governor Stuyvesant has surrendered to the English. Admiral Evertzen has reconquered the colony for the Dutch, who in turn cede it to England. The stratagems and diplomacies are unravelled with simple and comprehensive statements. The social and political influences brought to bear, both in Europe and America at the period under review, are discussed with impartial candor.

The superior quality of this history is enough to render it popular wherever public spirit and culture are found. The portraits and signatures, the armorial bearings and other illustrations, are great additions. The maps and full-page illustrations at the commencement of each part are full of interesting features. The provincial life is admirably illustrated by the text, as well as pictorially. The work is admirably written, and the mechanical execution is especially commendable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.
MICHAEL STROGOFF, The Courier of the Czar. By Jules Verne. Ninety full page illustrations. \$3.00.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Parts V.-X. From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Kismet. No Name Series.

MAGAZINES.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. ATLANTIC MONTHLY. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. ST. NICHOLAS.

SELECTIONS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK AND IMPROVEMENT.

[Rev. J. B. Harrison, in the Vinceland Independent.]

(Concluded.)

9. We need to understand, as few of our people yet understand, the fatal mischief of debt, the parent of so many evils. There is commonly a delusion connected with "going into debt." It is always harder to pay than we think it will be. It is a good subject for inquiry everywhere how much the towns owe for school-houses, or public buildings and improvements of any kind; whether our churches are in debt, and what incumbrances rest upon the business enterprises of the community. A man in debt nearly always thinks he is worth much more than he is really worth; and he unconsciously lives, and spends money, on the scale of greater wealth than he actually possesses.

These are very important practical matters, and they should be thought of and discussed by the people everywhere. No success of any political party, no financial legislation whatever, or "improvement in business," can make people permanently successful or prosperous while they are generally in debt. Nor can any system of morals or religion successfully oppose the pressure in the direction of dishonesty, which is connected with debt, failures in business, bankruptcy regulations, etc., except by opposing and removing these conditions and causes of dishonesty.

10. We should cultivate everywhere a public sentiment favoring and requiring a more strict obedience to the laws of our country. In many portions of the country some of the laws are habitually disregarded, sometimes openly violated by prominent citizens. In such cases, if any one tries to have the laws enforced, he usually receives no sympathy or co-operation from the leading members of the community. Such a course is extremely foolish, and cannot fail to encourage disorder and increase crime. It is the duty of all citizens to assist in the enforcement of the laws.

At the same time our people should be awakened to the dangers and evils of over legislation.

11. For a long time to come the people of our country will need more knowledge of subjects connected with political economy and the principles of government. Correct or intelligent views of such subjects as finance, the relations between capital and labor, and the best legislation for all classes of the people, are not to be reached by intuition. In regard to such subjects the "thinking" of persons whose minds have not been trained and disciplined is apt to be wrong. The methods and laws of scientific investigation, that is, of accurate and successful thinking, will command and reward greatly increased attention in the near future, and we should prepare for such improvements. The best minds among our young men should be directed to the lessons of national experience as recorded in history in regard to all subjects connected with government, citizenship, and national life and character.

12. The place of Art in culture, and in the life of the people, and the best means for expelling ugliness and coarseness from our homes and streets, are topics of deep interest for us as Americans. Also, the best methods of organizing our

daily life, that is, of arranging all kinds of work so as to save time and strength. Under this head there is one great lesson for everybody to learn—that is, we must decide to do without some things—in property, in knowledge, in pleasure, and in all kinds of possessions and attainments, and to be content without them, so that we shall not scatter our powers in too many directions, and so fail in all. The popular teaching that everybody should “aspire” to everything is idiotically mischievous, and leads many people to disdain all useful work.

13. We must have everywhere a principle and spirit of patriotism, which shall give a deeper meaning to the word: not an affected and absurd sentimentality, but a sober, practical, intelligent love for what is good in our institutions and national life, a serious and reverent devotion to the interests of the country, as our country, as the home of our fathers and of our children; a sense of the high responsibilities and sacred duties of citizenship. We must nurture and strengthen a feeling of fraternity and comradeship for each other throughout the country, against all partisan and sectional prejudices.

14. The people who do not attend the churches should speedily awake to their own responsibility and duty in the moral culture of the country. They should reflect that finding fault with the churches cannot release anybody from the obligations to society and to our country which rest upon us all. If we are doing nothing, our own inaction vitiates our wisest criticism. Especially is it important that these people should come into some relations with each other and with their neighbors. People who will work with nobody fall into many crochets and conceits, and such narrowness brings a terrible retribution.

The church is imperfect, and should be criticised for worldliness, and for whatever is wrong in her life or teaching. But to be useful, criticism should be just, and it cannot be just if devoid of sympathy. The people who criticise the church are imperfect too. Our common infirmities should give us a feeling of fraternity for each other. Nobody need shrink from any just or intelligent judgment. We shall be tried by the standard of utility, of the real worth of our work.

15. The practice of living above our means in order to be equal with our neighbors, and the feeling of discontent if our dress and houses and furniture are not so good or so fashionable as those of other people, if not corrected, will lead to general personal unhappiness and failure. As there is no division into classes here, there is really no limit to this insane effort to live as well as the people a little above us. No degree of success ever satisfies those who once admit this feeling. This measuring ourselves by the style of our sofas, chairs and carriages, really comes from want of self-respect, and is unworthy of American citizens. Many people who are furnishing their houses with so much attention to style ought first to pay the laboring people who have done their work.

16. Let us think definitely what is the end, or object for which all good men or women should work in this country. It is that there may be as many healthy, cheerful, industrious, self-sustaining, orderly and useful people in the country as possible. As many prosperous homes, and as little idleness, disorder, ignorance, disease and crime as possible. These are the highest objects for which the people of a nation can work. The people who labor for these ends ought to value each other's work far more than they now do. Sensible, clear-minded people should be able to assist each other in the promotion of these rational objects without parade or gushing sentimentality.

17. One great means for the accomplishment of all these things is, that the people of our country should talk about them. If such subjects were habitually talked about everywhere, seriously and intelligently, important practical results would follow. There is wretched waste of time in most families, and of the opportunities of social life, because the talk at table and wherever the family assembles, is mostly so trivial and empty of thought and interest. The same drivelling gossip flows on year after year. Few things are more amazing than the pettiness and emptiness of the talk with which so many families are content to employ all their opportunities for companionship. This family conversation is the real education of the children of a family, and this accounts for the habits of inaccurate speech and “bad grammar” of many graduates of boarding schools and colleges. They always heard it at home. It is their “mother tongue.” The state of our country is a summons to earnest endeavor, especially for our young men and women. These suggestions are in accord with the aims and judgment of the most far-seeing men of all schools and parties. I shall be glad to hear from readers of these suggestions and to receive any one's thought about the methods of work; and I am always glad to meet practical people who are interested in such subjects.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE MYSTERY.

BY F. W. CLARKE.

He is at rest.
The eternal mother clasps him to her breast.
Dead! and we weep;
We say, with streaming eyes,
He is in Paradise
Who seems to sleep,
And yet, in spite of faith, pale sorrows vigils keep.

Why flow our tears?
Is it that we, unthinking, harbor fears
For that dull clay?
Or is it that belief,
Too weak to conquer grief,
Itself gives way,
Casting the bitter lie at everything we say?

Or is it vain regret
That he who died is not among us yet,
To know indeed,
Our love for him was more
Than ever we before
Within our hearts could read?
Death scatters, always, love's most precious seed!

If he were with us now,
Light in those eyes and thought within that brow,
We could undo
Much that has made him frown,
Much that has cast him down,
Much that we rue;
And make this life to him like Paradise anew.

O! heavy thought!
How much more joy for him we might have wrought,
And gladness won!
We mourn not for the dead,
But for kind words unsaid,
And deeds undone,
Which might have made life's turbid current run
Brighter than dew-drops in the morning sun.

And thus it ever is;—
Mourning the death of opportunities
Our lives pass by.
Will their unresting ghosts
In dim, despairing hosts,
Confront us when we die,
To haunt us then eternal as the sky?
Or may we then forget,
And in oblivion lose all regret,
While only peace wins immortality?

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN; OR, THE EMPEROR
AND THE REPUBLICAN.

[Retold from Berthold Auerbach for THE INQUIRER.]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

THE words of the Bible can frequently be applied to the Emperor Joseph, of Austria. It is written in the forty-second chapter eighth verse of the book of Genesis: "And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew him not."

Yes, Emperor Joseph knew his fellow-men as brethren, but they, few only of them, knew his benevolent heart, so long as it beat with life. And yet, kindness and nobility of thought were no mere occasional moods in him; the desire and feeling of obligation to be a kindly brother to his fellow-men was always present in him. He went constantly about the world as if in a temple, earnest and reverent in the unceasing endeavor to ennoble himself and to be helpful to his fellow creatures.

In such a disposition, then, the Emperor Joseph was travelling toward Paris in the Spring of the year 1777. He had sent his suite forward, and had with himself in the carriage only his two attendants, the Counts Colloredo and Cobenzl; he was himself travelling under the name of the Count von Falkenstein.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOD-FATHER'S RELAY HOUSE.

"This is what one gets by travelling *incognito*. When it comes to the pinch, we have to unmask after all." So grumbled a grey-bearded servant in good Austrian German before the post-house at the last stage before reaching Paris. He then went to the carriage door, took off his hat respectfully, and said: "Your Majesty—I ask pardon, Herr Count—there are no post-horses here; now we've got to stay in this confounded hole."

"Patience, patience," answered the ringing voice of the Emperor; "I will get out."

The servant opened the door, let down the steps, and the Emperor alighted. He was then about thirty years old, of slender figure, and wore a grey coat with steel buttons, and a three-cornered hat trimmed with fine gold lace on his powdered head. As he now took off the hat and looked about him, a delicate, rather long, but handsome face was to be seen, from which shone mild, clear blue eyes, while around the mouth played an unmistakable expression of goodness and benevolence.

"I must wait," said he, smiling, to his two companions. "I must learn how other people feel, who don't always have the way smoothed before them."

The two attendants bowed in polite acquiescence, without answering a word. Colloredo, stiff and soldier-like in his bearing, and with a great scar upon his face, was a few years older than the Emperor, while the smooth-faced and handsome Cobenzl was about his equal in age.

The postmaster came up, took off his cap with a polite bow, but immediately put it on again defiantly, as if bethinking himself that, as a free man, he ought not to humble himself before the aristocrats; he said that without previous notice he could not have so many horses in readiness, at this moment, indeed, he had not any.

"And why not?"

"Because I have sent my horses away to bring back the guests to the christening."

"Ah! have you a christening in the house? It's a good sign to have uninvited guests arrive; it promises much unhoped for good fortune for the child."

The landlord heard the Emperor's French, and, as he had

come on the road from Metz, was all the more sure that the new arrival was no Frenchman; he answered, dropping his chin upon his breast, "Thank you, sir! I am not at all superstitious, and do not wish to be, even when good fortune is prophesied. If one accepts one belief, the other will follow."

"Then you are entirely free from superstition?"

"Yes; let every one be happy in his own way, that's a good saying of your King Frederick, of Prussia. I have given my son a Protestant god-father too; he can't come himself, I'm sorry to say, but the child is to have his name. Our priest is shrewd enough to act as if he knew nothing about it."

The postmaster imparted this information with the cheerfulness and self-satisfaction which are so natural to the French, and with the easy flow of words which seems to belong to their language.

During this explanation, the guests had entered the inn with the landlord. The latter brought forward an engraving, saying, "That's the god-father of my first-born son; he's the greatest man of our century."

"Of the whole century?"

"Your King Frederick," answered the postmaster, with a friendly air of patronage, "is a great man too. I know that, though he has beaten us Frenchmen so horridly. But we're not to blame. Louis XVth's bad government, and the miserable creatures of generals are to blame. My god-father is much greater than King Frederick, to my mind, at least. I don't want to offend you, if you are Prussians; my god-father is a philosopher, a wonder-worker, who rules the lightning, a man of freedom from the New World."

"And has he written to you from the New World and given his consent?"

"He lives here in our own neighborhood, at Passy, and he has sat there where you are sitting now and drunk my wine and eaten my bread, and here's where I mean to hang his picture; whoever comes in shall see it and say: 'Look! there's one of the greatest men the world has ever seen, and he was a poor printer, and his motto ought to be spread abroad: Virtue is the only nobility.'"

The postmaster unrolled the picture, and the three men saw the portrait of Benjamin Franklin with his motto beneath it.

"I am glad," said Joseph, "that you set that man so high."

"But don't you believe," asked Cobenzl, "that there are also good princes?"

"Why not? Any one may be a good man. As I said, I have no prejudices and no superstitions. Herr von Voltaire has passed two nights in my house. Do people in Germany, too, know something of my god-father?"

"Certainly they do."

"And I tell you," continued the talkative host, "the Court of Versailles is still playing a hidden game, but we know everything! Three million livres and arms and vessels have already been secretly sent to the American States. It's just like two lovers who have confessed their love in private and exchanged gifts, they think the world knows nothing about it, but the world has known all a long time, and the public wedding must come soon. France must help to establish American independence, and if my son, who is to be christened to-day, were only old enough I would gladly send him over the sea. There we can cut off the right arm of the confounded English."

The merry notes of a post-horn were heard before the house. The postmaster went out hurriedly to welcome the

guests. The Emperor sat still gazing before him, and he murmured as if to himself: "There is a strangely excited spirit abroad among these Frenchmen, and all over Europe it's just as it is here, while on the other side of the ocean the tumult has broken out. It must be possible to bend these aroused spirits instead of breaking them, to lead instead of binding them. It is a noble lot to be the ruler of a free people; to be their leader in all good things, and they shall know that manly courage and self-confidence are not to be punished as a crime, but protected and cherished. Not to darken minds, but to illuminate them, is the duty and privilege of us rulers."

The postmaster re-entered the room with a party of men and women, all adorned with garlands of flowers, and said to the three men that they could continue their journey as soon as their horses had been fed, meantime he respectfully invited them to be present at the coming ceremony.

The Emperor rose, and smiling pleasantly, said, in a merry tone: "Unprejudiced and open-hearted postmaster, have you a mind to let a stranger stand god-father to your child?"

"Willingly if he is an honest man."

"Do I seem to you an honest man?"

"Yes, an honest German. My good man," he added in broken German, "I learned German once, too, though not much. All men are brothers!" he exclaimed with noisy enthusiasm, as if he had already drunk some of the wine of the festival. "Here's my hand, Herr god-father! If the mistress only consents. Mother," he cried springing quickly toward the bed-room door, "come out here. A fine gentleman from Prussia wants to be our son's god-father. Voila, madame."

The stout landlady appeared and with repeated courtesies reiterated:

"If the grand gentleman pleases, I am satisfied."

"Are you married?" she then asked in a timid tone.

"I have been," answered Joseph.

"Have you children?"

"I had one."

The postmaster and his wife looked compassionately at the stranger, and each waited for the other to ask the god-father's name. The bell rang, the procession was formed to go to the church. The child, a bright, active boy, was carried in front by a maiden, and behind followed the relations and friends; the emperor walked near the mother. In the church, before the altar, the postmaster announced that beside the brother-in-law there present, Benjamin Franklin and the stranger were to be the god-fathers.

"What is your religion?" asked the priest.

"Catholic," answered Joseph.

"And your name?"

"Joseph."

"Joseph! Nothing else?"

"The Second."

"The Second? A strange surname. And your standing?"

"Before God there is no incognito," cried Joseph with beaming countenance. "I am the Roman Emperor of the German nation, Joseph of Austria."

The young godmother almost dropped the child in her alarm, but the Emperor took it in his arms, and his whole being thrilled with the thought that here in a strange land he was holding a human being just awakened to life, and with the feeling of consecration with which he greeted the young offshoot of humanity; and when the child opened its eyes and met his glance, the heart of the Emperor expe-

rienced one of those moments of reverential awe, when, to the inward eye, the whole earth appears in truth the gleaming star which shines in the firmament.

The baptismal service completed, the Emperor still held the child in his arms saying: "Blessings on you, my child! You bear the names of a simple citizen and of a prince; be strong in freedom and self-dependence as a man, and in obedience as the subject of a State. Take this as a keepsake."

He laid a medallion portrait of himself, set in brilliants, on the pillow.

Outside stood the carriage with its fresh horses; the Emperor quickly escaped from the torrent of thanks and entered the vehicle, while behind him rose shouts of "Long live the Emperor Joseph!"

So travelled the Emperor toward Paris on the 18th of April, 1777. On his left sat the Field-Marshal Colloredo, and opposite him the State-Counsellor Cobenzl.

The Emperor spoke not a word, and his companions were likewise silent.

A clucking hen that has hatched ducks and sees them swimming comfortably about in a strange element cannot be more frightened and perplexed than a genuine courtier when he is obliged to look on or assist, while his prince, released from the fetters of rank and ceremonial, takes part in the doings of simple commoners. He must take his share in it as if he were moved to do so by his own free will, and all the while he is only showing obedience, and stands ready every moment to uphold dignity, which may be insulted by ignorant lookers on, and to protect his prince.

It is a difficult task to be an attendant on a prince who has the fancy at unexpected moments to be only a man.

These thoughts were expressed on Cobenzl's face as he said to himself: "Strange whim. It's a philanthropic giddiness; and no one who is giddy can keep himself on the throne. There one can't trouble himself about how the world is scrambling along down below. Instead of travelling merrily through the world, to make such a fuss over a little brat by the road-side. Incomprehensible!"

And Colloredo said to himself: "It's a pity that at every station our Emperor wants to stop and perform a good deed instead of driving straight to his goal without looking back." And the subordinate attendants were still severer critics. Had the Emperor known their thoughts he would have pardoned them; he only pitied people who, through education and habit, have missed the best happiness of life—to know themselves at all times and places, to be near their fellow-men in pure love.

But the Emperor looked out on the landscape; in his soul were still sounding the organ tones from that little church.

This journey was consecrated to him; on the threshold of Paris he had performed his devotions at the altar of humanity.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SOUL OF THE APPLE.

A soft wind was playing among the pink and white blossoms of an apple-tree one lovely Spring morning. Away up on one of the highest branches it found one blossom more beautiful than all the others, and the little breeze sighed as it touched its smooth leaves and whispered very softly: "You dear little flower, you are very pretty and sweet, but, alas! you will only live such a short time; you must soon fade and drop off the tree to make room for the beautiful red apple which is coming in your place." Then the breeze

flew away, and our apple-blossom thought over its words until she grew so sad that she hung down her little pink head and could not nod brightly as usual to her companions on the lower limbs.

But after a day or two the sunshine and the sweet Spring air made her forget her sadness and be glad and happy once more.

So the days went by and the time came for the flowers to droop and wither. And when she felt her leaves shrivelling up and her head hanging heavily she remembered the words of the breeze, and she said aloud, "Yes, it was only too true; I have been very beautiful and the birds and the butterflies have loved me, but now I shall die and no one, not even the apple which is coming to fill my place, will remember or think of me." Just then a little bird came hopping along, and he listened very quietly, with his brown head on one side, to what poor little apple-blossom was saying. When she had finished, he perched very close to her and sang this little song in the very sweetest voice you ever heard:

"Oh, flower, be not sad,
For see, I am glad,
So surely I know
That God loves us so.
Not one thing on earth
But to Him has its worth.

"No beauty can die,
Be it lonely or high.
God will never forget,
Though we sorrow and fret.
Out of death He will bring
Some most glorious thing."

The little brown bird flew quickly away. And apple-blossom was quite comforted. So at last one day a wind passed over the tree, and the flower, with a great many of her friends, fell to the ground and died. But in its place was a tiny, hard, green apple, which all through the Summer hung there. And the sun shone on it and the rain washed it, and it grew larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, and redder and redder, until when the Autumn came it was the most perfect apple on the tree. At last the time came when the apples were gathered, put into barrels, which were stored away in the cellar, to be used during the Winter, and our apple lay on the very top of one of the barrels. For a great many long, cold days it lay in the dark cellar; but finally one afternoon it was put into a basket with a great many other apples and carried up stairs into the warm, bright dining-room, and there it was placed on the very top of a high silver dish which stood in the centre of the dinner-table. Around this table were seated five children, and at either end sat their father and mother. And the children seemed to be very merry, for they laughed and talked a great deal, and the apple enjoyed the light and fun as much as any one.

At length it was time to eat the fruit and papa himself took our apple in his hand and began to peel it very carefully; then he divided it directly through the middle, and next he cut off a very thin round slice and held it up to the light.

Now little Elsie had been watching her father very attentively for a long time, and when she saw him hold the slice of apple up to the light she was so full of curiosity that she jumped out of her chair and ran round to her father's side and said very eagerly, "Oh, please, papa, let me see too?" "Yes, dear, you shall all see," said her father. So the children came up one by one and looked, and what do you suppose they saw? Right in the centre of this thin slice was something which looked like the shadow of a flower with its leaves spread out wide. And they all thought it very beautiful and looked at it over and over again. Then papa said,

"That is the soul of the apple, dears; it is the picture of the little pink and white blossom from which our apple grew. It faded and died long ago, but you see it lives here in the beautiful red apple which came in its place."

So the little brown bird was right after all when he sang so sweetly to the poor, sad flower, "No beauty can die."

JANUARY 12, 1877.

E. A. O.

JOTTINGS.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD, which is actively engaged through its various committees in relieving the distress caused by the wide-spread destitution and misery now existing in New York, makes an urgent appeal for aid in its great work. We regret that as we go to press we are unable to give greater prominence to its call. The extreme depression in nearly all branches of business, which has now lasted so long, has inevitably produced acute suffering among many who have never heretofore been compelled to depend upon the charity of others. It is therefore not surprising to learn that "men whose education, business training and social standing should, and formerly did, guarantee to them prosperity and even affluence—merchants, book-keepers, salesmen, clerks and professional men—are now compelled, after having sold or pawned everything to keep their families from starving, to overcome their pride and solicit alms to save their wives and children from starvation." During the last month the Guild assisted nearly 25,000 persons, and the claims now made upon it demand the expenditure of one thousand dollars a day. The present period is what may be called the *dead-point* in the rolling year, and every shoulder is needed at the wheel. We believe that careful examination is made of all cases submitted, and that the work of the Guild is performed with some regard to its lasting effect upon the recipients of its bounty. If any of our readers feel able to extend the aid asked for, they should send contributions of money to Andrew W. Leggat, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Relief Fund, Headquarters of the Volunteer Visitors, 42 East Fourteenth street; and contributions of groceries, dry goods, new and cast-off clothing to the Relief Office, 52 Varick street.

GIFTS amounting to nearly a million dollars were made to colleges in this country during 1876.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH has been knighted by the King of Bavaria, receiving the Maximilian order for art and science.

THERE are over one hundred prohibitionists in the Massachusetts Legislature, and they are preparing for a concerted movement.

REV. STOPFORD BROOKE is represented to have said in reply to an inquisitive lady: "My dear madam, I gave up theology long ago."

BOSTON, WARREN STREET CHAPEL.—The fortieth anniversary occasion, next Sunday evening, January 28th, will be full of interest to all who seek the welfare of children.

HARLEM.—At Unity Chapel last Sunday evening Rev. S. H. Camp conducted the services. Next Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Bellows will preach his sermon on "The Unitarianism of To-day."

ANTIOCH COLLEGE needs a piano. Contributions are requested for this purpose. Address the Matron, Mrs. E. G. Bridge, Yellow Springs, Greene Co., Ohio; or Emily A. Hayward, Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio.

BOSTON glories in the statement that while New York acknowledges uncollected taxes for 1876 to the amount of nearly \$7,000,000, the Hub has only to answer for \$2,785,194.16 remaining for fifty-four years' work.

An effort is being made by interested parties for the preservation of Dighton Rock, in Taunton River, and a meeting in furtherance of that object was held at the rooms of the Board of Trade, in Boston, last week.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The Rev. John Wills, formerly of Dighton, Mass., is now preaching at St. John, N. B. Under his ministry the congregation is gradually increasing and will probably soon have to remove to a larger hall.

TRENTON, N. J.—Rev. Mr. Silsbee has received leave of absence from his pulpit for four months and is now on his way to Aiken, S. C. During his absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. John Andrew, recently of Newark, N. J.

JACKSON, MICH.—The Unitarian society of this town is in a wholesome condition, though, like so many others, pinched somewhat financially. Since Mr. Pardee's departure the pulpit has been supplied by Dr. Parrott, recently of St. Paul.

R. DAVID SICHEL, the leading figure in Erckmann-Chatrian's new drama, *L'ami Fritz*, is a character somewhat akin to Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and is said to be a copy from life of a rabbi at Phleburg, now deceased, as Nathan was a copy of Moses Mendelssohn.

ARNOLD TANZER, in the *Jewish Messenger*, says of George Eliot in Daniel Deronda:—"But when George Eliot appears to champion Jewish ideas, the mere fact that so great a mind has deemed them worthy of such deep study, is sufficient to accredit them in quarters where, till now, they have been despised; and, by producing a favorable state of

mind in those who influence the masses, she has conferred a great benefit on the Jews. Even if her book should be productive of little practical benefit, we owe her a debt of gratitude for what she has done, and what it required a genius of the first order to undertake."

THE owners of the Brooklyn Theatre property propose to rebuild the theatre on a smaller scale than before, and promise that it shall be as safe as money can make it. It is difficult to imagine any one visiting that particular spot for pleasure for some considerable time to come, but perhaps it may be possible to draw audiences thither.

THE *Tribune* pokes fun at the language of the circular issued by the projectors of the latest proposed great scientific expedition, which, however, may yet prove a very good thing. It is to sail in the interest of Michigan University, and is managed by James O. Woodruff, of Indianapolis, who has the ducats, and Profs. Steere and Jenney, who have the brains.

THERE is a good deal of point in the story which is told in connection with the name of the English Justice Willes, who was in the habit of interrupting counsel. A lawyer who was thus annoyed one day said to him:—"Your lordship is even a greater man than your father. The Chief Baron used to understand me after I had done, but your lordship understands me before I begin."

REV. OSCAR CLUTE has begun a course of nine lectures, to be given on alternate Sunday evenings in his church at Keokuk, Iowa. The subjects are: "The Rise and Progress of Unitarianism in America," illustrated by Channing and Parker; "The Rise and Progress of Universalism in America," illustrated by Murray and Ballou; and "Transcendentalism in America," illustrated by Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

We learn that a rebellion of about one hundred boys in the Westboro'

State Reform School recently was speedily and effectually subdued by the free use of water from the hydrant. This recalls the effect of a sudden shower upon the mob during the July riots of 1863 in New York. There is nothing like throwing cold water upon such an enterprise as rioters engage in. It is worth all the blank cartridges between here and Dahomey.

THE Tabernacle prepared for the Moody and Sankey meetings in Boston is to be dedicated this evening. The services will consist of prayer, singing by one of the great choirs, and addresses by the Rev. Dr. Webb, Bishop Foster, Mr. Henry F. Durant, Rev. A. J. Gordon and others, and as the music has been placed under the charge of Prof. Eben Tourjee, it is evident that no pains have been spared to give the affair a good "send off."

THE vital statistics of Massachusetts for 1875, show the births of male children to female to be in the proportion of 104 to 100. The relative birth rate among foreigners and natives is 55 to 16. Eighteen centenarians were said to have died during the year, more than half of whom were born in Ireland. This fact or suggestion is similar in its meaning to the other well-known one, that the farther you get into the interior of our country, and the more distant you find yourself from accurate records, the greater the longevity of certain of the inhabitants. The victims of insanity are said to number about the same only as during the ten years preceding. The ordinary opinion is that the number has increased largely. There has been a large increase in the number of suicides.

MARRIED.

SMITH—WELLS. — In Quincy, Ill., January 18th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Mr. JAMES RUSSELL SMITH to Miss ELLA, daughter of Edward Wells, Esq.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, in the Park Bank Building, 214 Broadway, New York.

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AT THE

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1876—77.

LECTURES:

- V. Emanuel Swedenborg. Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877.
- VI. Murray and Universalism. Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.
- VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion. Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.
- VIII. Channing and Unitarianism. Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.
- IX. Theodore Parker. Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

HOOR OF LECTURE, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

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HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
NO. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY 1, 1876.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Reinsurance Fund.....	557,717 78
Outstanding Liabilities.....	112,298 14
Net Surplus.....	\$927,392 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Office.....	\$102,756 92
United States Six Per Cent. Bonds.....	596,637 50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.....	326,023 00
Loans on Call (Market Value of Securities, ties, \$136,790).....	114,890 09
City and County Bonds.....	230,265 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	41,650 00
First Mort. R. R. Bonds and Stocks.....	67,250 00
Balance in hands of Agents and Uncollected Office Premiums.....	99,163 96
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and and Call Loans.....	7,067 27
Real Estate.....	17,109 45
	\$1,592,775 09

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Broadway, cor. John Street.
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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value.....	303,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral.....	13,280 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings.....	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.....	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection.....	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value.....	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.
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WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

HOME Insurance Co. of New York,
Office No. 135 Broadway.
Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1877.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends.....	243,402 24
Net Surplus.....	1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - -	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000.....	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	286,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE).....	165,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379).....	519,631 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,116 05
REAL ESTATE.....	6,500 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,339 26
Total - - -	\$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00
Total, - - -	\$243,402 24

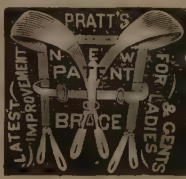
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P H E N I X

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Capital.....	\$1,000,000 00
Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1876.....	2,549,958 77

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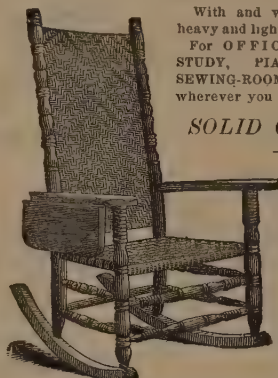
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 9.
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1877.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.
8 CENTS A COPY.

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HENRY W. BELLWS, John W. Chadwick, F. W. Clarke, Frederick L. Hosmer, Minot J. Savage, Charles C. Shackford and S. Alfred Steinthal are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER. In the last number, for James L. Hosmer read Frederick L. Hosmer, and for W. P. G. read N. P. G.

PROF. CURTIUS is not wholly satisfied that Dr. Schliemann has found the tomb of Agamemnon, though greatly interested in what he has found. The Doctor is undoubtedly an enthusiast, as he showed at Hissarlik, but he is of the stuff of which true discoverers are made, and scholars will follow his labors with the most intense interest.

ON Monday, Circuit Judge Carpenter, of South Carolina, rendered a decision in which he holds that neither Chamberlain nor Hampton has been legally installed as Governor since the election, and that under the law Chamberlain holds over until his successor is qualified. The question is now before the Supreme Court of the State. The electoral vote of South Carolina is not in any way affected by the action of the Court, all parties now conceding that the Republicans elected their ticket.

THE *Churchman* says, in an article upon one of our leading citizens, "There is one consolation to be derived from Mr. Frothingham's position. Now that the Saviour has been disavowed, the next step must be to select some one else as the prophet of the New Dispensation. Free religion will then sail under its true colors. There is only one thing more to be done, and that is boldly to disown the moral as well as the historical teaching of the New Testament." Different people find consolation in different things, and it is an instructive addition to our knowledge, to find what soothes the ruffled nerves of our neighbors. Is it not singular, however, that so little has yet been realized of the conditions to which the *Churchman* looks forward with such solemn satisfaction?

THE decision reached by Judge Cadwalader, on the case made by the Centennial Board of Finance, is to the effect

that the United States Government cannot claim a prior right to \$1,500,000 of the funds now in the hands of the Board, which many had supposed to be a sum simply loaned in aid of the enterprise. The decision is said to have turned upon the presence or absence of a comma in a clause of the bill. Those who supported the claim of the Government to a return of the money, say that the clause referred to reads, or should read:

"The appropriation hereinbefore made shall be paid in full into the Treasury of the United States before any dividend, or percentage of the profits shall be paid to the holders of said stock."

The other party claim that the clause should be read without the comma after "dividend" and the court seems to have agreed with them.

Nor content with what they could get by dredging for dispatches in the telegraph offices, the House of Representatives has within the last week been laboring in the same way in the memories of the telegraph operators. It requires some little time to adjust ourselves to the changes taking place around us, and at the first blush this kind of testimony seems a little odd. Still, let us not pass premature judgment upon it.

An idea has just occurred to us which may be of value in these investigations, and we cannot patriotically conceal it. Remembering that the electrical circuit is completed by the earth, it seems not unlikely that the telegraph may be constantly recording itself upon the soil. We have no doubt that if a man properly educated for the purpose, say a pupil of General Butler or of Mr. Morrison, would take his stand, armed with a spade, in some properly located potato-patch where the soil is light and friable, he would obtain really surprising results. Let not this suggestion be passed by without careful consideration.

SOME testimony was elicited on Monday by the House Committees engaged in the investigation of Louisiana affairs, which, if not very positively contradicted, will go far toward affixing indelibly the stamp of fraud upon the action of the Returning Board. The evidence comes in an involved and unbusiness-like shape, but it seems to be established pretty certainly that the returns of at least one parish, Vernon, were altered in the interest of the Republican candidate after they came into possession of the Board. The testimony points to J. Madison Wells as the party under whose orders the alterations were made, but it is as yet hearsay evidence, which would not be admitted in a court of law. Several witnesses have been examined since Monday, whose evidence is conflicting. If Ex-Governor Wells and those associated with him are innocent of the charge laid at their door, there is a black conspiracy somewhere. Meantime it is satisfactory to know that Grant does not propose to discriminate further between the rival Governors until the Presidential question is settled.

A MORE hopeful feeling is expressed by business men, in view of a near settlement of the Presidential muddle, and merchants begin to look forward with some confidence to a condition of renewed activity at an early day. So many

have been crippled by the disasters of the last few years, and checks have been of so frequent occurrence, that the movement at first must be very slow. In the iron interest indications are still unpromising. On the other hand, the dry goods men report a better condition of affairs. Prices, on the average, are held to be about seven per cent. lower than a year ago. The money market continues easy, with call loans in New York at 4 to 5 per cent., and the banks continue to accumulate reserve. The President is said to feel confident that specie payments may be resumed almost immediately, and the price of gold in currency has fallen to 105½. It is easy to see how redemption might have taken place at this time if any accumulation of gold had been made; such not having been the case, it is only evident that the time is propitious for taking measures for laying up a store against the time agreed upon, or for use at an earlier day if it be judicious. The price of silver in gold has again fallen off to 57¼d. per ounce.

ANOTHER disastrous life insurance failure has been reported since our last. The New Jersey Mutual Life—we regret to say it appears on our advertising pages—after examination by the Insurance Department of New Jersey, was found to be “short” a very large sum, and has sought to escape further investigation by re-insuring in the National Capitol Life, a company which appears to be able to transact business as a sort of “free lance” not amenable to the laws of the States.

Mr. Kelsey, the Secretary of State and Superintendent of the Insurance Department, very naturally considers that a *conversion* of the assets of the Company in the manner proposed is an action worthy of careful scrutiny, and has made application for the appointment of a receiver. Two years ago this company was industriously circulating a certificate obtained from a prominent Boston actuary, to the effect that the Company was well managed and had a handsome surplus. On the faith of this certificate many operations were based by parties who received an assurance that it was strictly true. It is now a fair question whether this statement was false or whether the officers have since disposed of the large surplus then claimed.

A GENERAL feeling of relief pervaded the community when it was known that the President had signed the bill relative to the electoral count, and that it was actually a law. We say *general* advisedly, for observation induces us to believe that the extreme apprehension concerning this “invasion of the Constitution” expressed by partisan newspapers and by a few partisan politicians, and also by some cautious men who cannot be so classed, was not widely shared by the people at large in any part of the country.

The members of the Commission seem to have been, in the main, well chosen. An unseemly attempt was made in both Houses to appoint as representatives of the Republicans a majority who were violently opposed to the bill, apparently with the intent, if possible, to prevent action under it,—an effort which happily proved unavailing. The selection of Judge Bradley by his associate members of the judicial branch of the Committee is perhaps as good a one as could have been made, Judge Davis being practically out of the field. Probably no one honestly questions Judge Davis' fitness for the position, but there can be no doubt that the addition of five members of the Supreme Court to the Commission was made for the joint reasons, that they were supposed to be learned in the law and to be divorced by their office from active party affiliations. The acceptance of a Senatorship from the adherents of one of the parties in the

midst of the debate is certainly therefore an imperative reason for setting the gentleman so accepting aside as not answering the requirements of the law. That this necessity left only three, whose antecedents connected them with the Republican party, to select from, cannot be considered an important incident, as those three have not been held to be partisans, and Judge Bradley especially has made for himself a record in Louisiana which entitles him to be classed as an independent jurist.

We shall now look forward hopefully for a decision of this vexed question, content to abide the result, be it what it may.

THE ECONOMICAL ASPECT OF OUR NATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

LORD MACAULAY's letter of evil prophecy for the future of this country, republished after twenty years' forgetfulness, is so far fulfilled that no doubt it will have much greater influence now than when it was written. A single generation has developed so much of the tendency he deplored that we cannot but ask in some consternation what a half century more will do to make agrarianism and a war of labor on capital a fatal source of weakness and revolution in the United States.

The weakness of our political institutions lies in the legal right which the people at large—being in general either holders of small properties or none at all—possess of voting taxes which only the industrious, energetic, and saving people, who have made themselves rich or comfortable in their circumstances, are called upon to pay. The fear that men who are hungry and needy and out of employ, yet possessing votes, would combine to send representatives to the Legislature to urge public outlays, or rates of wages, or methods of taxation, or modes of currency, which will most easily enable them to get work and secure bread, is a natural one which Lord Macaulay might fitly record. What can they be expected to think and feel in regard to the sacredness of property, or the rights of capital, or their own far future, with scarcity and enforced idleness pressing upon them and their children, and making oftentimes a choice between crime and beggary their only resource? In old countries this danger is well understood and provided against. Wealth, forethought, successful industry know how to keep *command* of legislation. They arm themselves with power to defend the citadel where their gains are stored up. But we have surrendered the power to the chances of universal suffrage. The property, the vested rights of the country, are in the hands of a minority, the powers of taxation in the hands of a needy and hungry majority, always growing larger and more mighty at the polls. Can the accumulated labor and wealth of the country stand the drain which the new labor and bare physical want of the country must soon make upon it? With equal rights in local and State legislation, what is to prevent hungry mouths and empty hands from decreeing just what wealth and competency and capital and intelligence shall do to buy their quietude or their contentment or their forbearance? They have the physical power and they have the legal power—this horde of people now living from hand to mouth—and how long, at the present rate of pressure in the labor market, of a broken commerce and a palsied trade, of a rapidly increasing class in cities of American poor, will the capital of the country be able to keep itself from intolerable taxes tending to drive it into other fields of investment, or from

various forms of seizure and destruction by the legal assaults made upon it by an organized majority of paupers?

This is the problem which Macaulay states, though not precisely in these terms. And it has an ugly look. There can be no denial of the fact that we are losing by degrees all that was so long struggled for under the name of self-taxation. Property does not tax itself, but numbers tax property. There is no equivalency between representation and property. The received American principle disclaims the very idea of political power having any relation to property. It says, in effect, all are equal before the law and all are equal in making the law. Laws which are universal cannot be otherwise than just. The right to lay and level taxes belongs to the people, and it is no hardship if ten poor men lay a tax the whole of which one rich man must pay, if only he possesses ten times as much as all the poor men put together. Property is taxed evenly; power is evenly distributed; they have no connection with each other, but that is all the better. But, then, when it comes to this, that nine poor men can vote to build a *needless* bridge which one rich man must pay for, only that they may have occupation and wages in erecting it, rich men will soon emigrate to other countries, where they have more to do with inaugurating the measures and laws that control taxes.

This so-called American principle is founded upon a faith in ordinary and average intelligence, justice and provident study of consequences, which, though it does not at once hold good in all communities, still may, we think, be depended on in general and in the long run to an extent not anticipated by Lord Macaulay. We did not adopt it without knowledge of what it involved, nor without connecting with it certain other new methods, on the operation of which we depended for its safety. The chief of these was a system of common-school education, designed to be universal, conducted at the public expense, which it was hoped would utterly destroy everything like a peasantry, or class of hereditary ignoramuses, or persons who, with the ballot in their hands, should not be able to read the newspaper or the Bible or to acquire any notions of the true relations of labor to capital. We reckoned that our people would be universally taught to read and write, to know their rights and their duties, and thus be saved from the perils of abusing the power in their hands by learning that all such abuses reacted very shortly upon their perpetrators. The hope has not been wholly disappointed, and if we can survive the force of the evil wrought upon us by immigration of ignorant and untrained foreign paupers, and the slow adjustment of education to political rights—the rights coming faster and more certainly than the education—we still hope to show that mere brute force, or mere hunger and thirst, or mere numbers do not have the arbitrament of our national fortunes in their hands. We still stoutly maintain that a people who as universally read and write as they vote cannot be so blind to their own permanent interests as not to know that laws or taxes which are fatal to the security and growth of capital are fatal to the wages and the freedom of day-laborers. We think we see that the vote of all intelligent communities, and in proportion to their intelligence, is less and less controlled by demagogues and by passion and pressure of immediate interest. We would commend to all Lord Macaulay's endorsers the study of the hard-money question—where mere popular feeling and mere hunger and thirst were all on the *soft* side, and only reason and calculation and sense on the other side, and yet note how steadily the people have surrendered prejudice and

folly and short-sighted opinion or wishes to the force of sober and solid reasoning. It proves that we had not wholly misreckoned in placing our confidence in a common-schooled people when we opened the suffrage to all.

The same may be said of the progress made in the present Presidential quarrel. What clearer than the rapid predominance of reason, fairness and patriotism over the popular passions and prejudices which at first threatened a new civil war? We forgive the newspapers all their other sins and mischiefs when we observe what ventilators they have proved for the pestilent gases of ignorance and thoughtlessness that, confined, would have burst the State. After all, our institutions are still upon trial, and those who most boldly assert their confidence are often those who inwardly tremble most. But we have a growing confidence that we shall weather our Hatteras and other capes, fear among them—and yet disappoint by a long and safe voyage the predictions of Lord Macaulay and other despairers of the Republic. But we hope with trembling, and are just as ready to confess our fears as our hopes, since they are equally patriotic in their origin and purpose.

ELEEMOSYNARY EDUCATION.

I.

IN President Eliot's last very interesting and encouraging annual report on the state of Harvard University, there is one passage of guarded criticism on the eleemosynary character of theological education, which, from its application only to the inexpediency of adopting the method in other departments of the University, may fail to draw the close attention of the clerical body who need most to consider it. President Eliot is well known as one of the stoutest opponents of the proposition to tax churches and universities, and he opposes it on the ground that these educational institutions too deeply favor the higher interests of society, not to be fitly encouraged by the State. It is clear that he wishes well to the clerical profession, without which the churches could not live, however exempt from taxes. But, as clearly, he thinks the educational societies and other charities which make it so easy for men of gentle mould in humble circumstances, and with no heroic shrinking from dependence, to get through college and the theological schools at the exclusive expense of the benevolent public, or of generous private benefactors, not favorable to a high standard of ministerial capacity or very noble self-respect.

It is no new thought. It has long been felt by many serious observers of the prospects of religion, that the quality of recruits for the Christian ministry was lowered by the facilities so profusely furnished for entrance into it; that a freer competition, and one which tasked the utmost energies of aspirants to the ministry, would raise the quality, if it diminished the quantity of candidates. It is pretty well established that at least half of the graduates from theological schools do not continue in the ministry, usually because they cannot succeed in filling it acceptably. Whether the half that do continue and who serve the cause could be secured without the education and experimental test of the other half, is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps it would be found that half the doctors and half the lawyers were obliged to betake themselves to other occupations, if the statistics in their cases were as well kept. Certainly, some of our best and ablest ministers have been helped largely by public friends and by private beneficence in their college and theological course. We suspect that successful ministers who have been the objects of such charities, are seldom easy in

conscience and self-respect if they have not returned all that they had received at the earliest moment possible. As for the rest, it may be considered as a rule, that a large percentage are objects of eleemosynary support, in some form, to the end of their lives, and are never able to return any money they thus receive, their utmost exertions just enabling them to keep out of the poor-house.

It must be remembered, however, that money has an artificial sentiment connected with it in the minds of merchants and traders which many students never acquire. It is with them a necessity and a convenience, but a comparatively very low possession, and they never acquire a very high sense of gratitude toward those who, having it to give away, bestow it upon the indigent who have often what is much better in learning and goodness. Perhaps, too, the shrinking pride which feels a pecuniary gift, even when necessities are urgent, to be a degradation, however impossible it may be to decline it, is not a wholly noble, much less a strictly Christian sentiment. Ministers have not much chance as a rule to cultivate a pride of independence in respect to the means of living. Society and the church, not, perhaps, without some wise instinct, keep them, as a rule, at a poor, dying rate of salary. They enter the profession with the expectation of resigning wealth, income from increasing talents and success, accumulated savings and an easy and well-endowed old age. This consciousness doubtless takes away some portion of the feeling which men in the other professions have about being the objects of charity during the progress of their education, academic and theological. They set off the essential sacrifice of moneyed ends in the choice of their calling, against the support which the usages of the Christian world afford them in training for a self-denying profession.

But after all is said in justice and charity in extenuation of the custom of making the preparation for the clerical profession a special object of public and private charity, it remains an evil—a necessary one many consider it—but nevertheless an evil. Free education in any form tends to cheapen the sense of the value of education and to dampen the eagerness and earnestness of learners, as well as to weaken the sentiment of parental responsibility and the pride of independence. Moreover, it interferes with the laws of free choice and free tendency, which would make education various and accommodate it to individual preferences, while it withholds the natural stimulus which, by giving the resolute and the forelooking the rewards of their virtues, causes a wholesome rivalry in the race for success. Few can deny that it floods the country with a large class whose formal elementary education is a poor substitute for what they lose meanwhile of training in pursuits for which they are better fitted, while it often inspires false tastes and idle habits, and indisposes to the drudgery which is frequently the only open or possible method of an honest and useful life. United with other causes, it has tended to disqualify a large class of American girls for domestic service and an equal class of American boys and young men for the useful labors of the field and the work-shop. We are not arguing for the abandonment of free schools, or even against compulsory education. We think the weight of the argument in this country is still in the scale, which makes it our duty and policy to uphold both. But the argument is not all one way. And it becomes us to recognize the fact that it is a violation of some of the more important principles of freedom and self-reliance. Some of the objections to free schools will doubtless be overcome by a radical change in their character. They need to be kept more strictly elemen-

tary, and to be made in part industrial-training schools.

Probably the higher up we go in education, the more dangerous it is to interfere with the principle of selection—the intellectual tools being reserved for those who prove their right to hold them, by their ability to earn or seize them, and not kept open and free for all who are willing to accept them. There is nothing dangerous in the endowment of colleges and the public support of universities, provided pupils are compelled to prove their ability to derive advantages from them that will accrue to the common good, by submitting to thorough examination and showing their disposition and capacity to become thorough students. But it is wrong to the public and to public benefactors to accept on easy terms those who afford no promise of doing honor and service by properly improving the advantages offered. A great many young men of indolent intellect and small capacity for professional success are foisted by cheap colleges or free academic opportunities into all the professions, and add to the discredit they bring upon their guild an injury to society by being withdrawn from pursuits where they are needed and in which they are fitted to succeed.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH THOUGHT.

SECOND NOTICE:—CONSTRUCTIVE DEISM.

THE avowed sympathies of the writers in the deist controversy by no means coincided with their true affinities of thought. Judged by the war-cries of the period the issues seemed definite enough: Christianity on the one hand, infidelity and atheism on the other; the Bible a forgery or the word of God; Christianity an imposture or a fount of plenary inspiration. But in fact, Mr. Stephen assures us, the orthodox flag covered wider differences than those which separated its followers from its enemies. The orthodox statement, thinly veiled, at times, in the old-fashioned phraseology the most radical deistical opinions. But as "no one is more offensive than the man who strips your thought of the disguises most carefully prepared," the defenders of the faith loved their opponents all the less because of their own half-conscious approximation to their heterodox conclusions. To men who view the conflict from the vantage ground of modern thought, the arguments on both sides are about equally worthless. They rested on historical assumptions long ago exploded, or they implied a partial glimpse of truths whose real bearing could not be appreciated. And yet, perplexed as are the issues, inadequate as are the methods, unconscious as are the various antagonists, what live coals they have mistaken for cool pebbles. The controversy is no mere historical curiosity, but a wilderness which had to be traversed on the way from seventeenth century to nineteenth century thought. Mr. Stephen is wonderfully impartial. Trojan and Tyrian, alike, he treats without discrimination. Himself a thorough anti-supernaturalist, he shows no favor to the deists, but handles their arguments with equal, if not greater, severity than the arguments of their opponents.

It was the faith of deism, pure and simple, that Christianity was no more or less than rational religion, plus a supernatural accretion which was prejudicial to its life. The orthodox objection was two-fold; first, that unassisted reason could not construct a clear and authoritative creed; second, that supernatural Christianity was on the ground and therefore must answer to an actual need of human nature. Deism, as opposed to the former, was constructive; as opposed to the latter, critical. In order of time constructive and critical deism were simultaneous. In order of thought the

constructive had priority. Doubts of the record were logically subsequent to doubts of the principles involved. Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," and Toland's "Christianity not Mysterious," appeared in 1695 and 1696 respectively. But the "Christianity" in Locke's title meant supernatural Christianity; in Toland's, something less. Locke was the avowed protagonist of revelation. He accepted the plenary inspiration of the Bible; could conceive of no half-way position between this and the theory of imposture. But without quite allowing that no error of belief is sinful, he reduces to a minimum the belief that constitutes a man a Christian. It is that Jesus was the Messiah. And even without this belief salvation is possible. But if this be so, what is the need of supernatural Christianity? To sanction and encourage the morality which without such sanction and encouragement could never hope for universal acceptance. It is a new promulgation of the moral law. Himself a thoroughgoing rationalist, it never occurred to Locke to make the worth of Christianity consist in its superiority to reason or its opposition to it. This monstrous folly was reserved for later advocates, some of whom are still "alive and kicking." He thought that he could render Christianity no better service than to prove its teachings perfectly coincident with the teachings of the unassisted reason. In fact, by his appeal to reason, he evoked a Frankenstein which others found it difficult to quell. Toland avowed his adhesion to Christianity full as explicitly as Locke, but Mr. Stephen fears somewhat less honestly. There were temptations to dishonesty in 1696 which do not now exist. But while Locke is regarded a defender of the faith, Toland is always ranked among the infidels. The difference between his position and Locke's justifies no such estimate. Locke said that Christianity was reasonable. Then, said Toland, everything in pretended Christianity which is contrary to reason or inconceivable is not real Christianity. In so far as a mystery is inconceivable it can form no part of Christianity. Toland meant his test for doctrines rather than narrations, and even there applied it cautiously. Others were not so cautious. His book set Locke and Bishop Stillingfleet by the ears. The bishop saw, as Locke himself could not, that Locke and Toland were substantially agreed. But Toland had adventured on a problem where he soon found himself floundering beyond his depth. "The limits of Religious Thought" were not for him to settle. Far abler men have failed in our own time with all the advantages of Toland's and a hundred other failures from his day to theirs.

Mr. Stephen passes from his review of Locke and Toland, and the controversy which they excited, to Clarke and Wollaston. Samuel Clarke does not figure in these pages as the intellectual giant which he seemed to his contemporaries and which we were taught to regard him by Dr. Francis in our divinity-school days. Mr. Stephen finds him only a second-rate advocate of opinions which are only interesting in the mouths of greater men. A disciple of Descartes, he enervated his doctrines without making them more reasonable. He was the great English representative of the *a priori* method of constructing a system of theology. A great admirer of Newton, it was his ambition to construct a sort of theological "Principia." In a chain of twelve propositions he demonstrated the existence and the attributes of God. Another chain of fifteen propositions, equally mathematical, demonstrated the need and truth of revelation, and still another chain the universality and immutability of the moral law. But while there is no moral or theological truth which he cannot demonstrate, as all men are not Samuel Clarkes, a revealed religion is necessary to impress this

body of truth upon mankind at large and by the sanctioning beliefs in heaven and hell to compel faith and obedience. Clarke is more truly than Tindal a Christian deist.

The method of Wollaston's "Religion of Nature" was not unlike that of Clarke. But Mr. Stephen is much more drawn to him than to Clarke, because of his perception of those facts upon which pessimism rests its argument. Mr. Stephen is himself no pessimist. His evolutionism saved him from being one. But pessimism, however crude, is not so distasteful to him as a crude and shallow optimism. For this he saves his sharpest weapons, his most stinging epithets. Even the pessimism of Mandeville, so coarse and brutal, is less distasteful to him than the optimism of Shaftesbury, wilfully or selfishly blind to the plain facts of human misery. But Wollaston was a pessimist only so far as this life was concerned. He was a pessimist with a purpose. He painted the miseries of this present life as darkly as he could to show that there must be another life in order that we may get as much pleasure, on the whole, as pain.

In 1730 appeared Tindal's "Christianity as old as Creation," a book which marked the culminating point of the whole deist controversy on its constructive side. Its rather dry and formal arguments are an attempt to exclaim, in the dialect of his time:

The Builder of this universe was wise;
He planned all souls, all systems, planets, particles;
The plan he shaped all worlds and æons by
Was—heavens! was thy small nine and thirty articles.

Not that he had the awful sense of God which dictated these lines; but his conception of God, though very definite, was sufficiently noble to prove the average Orthodox conception of his time outrageously incongruous. Starting from the immutability of God and human nature, he argued that, in simple justice, the truth of Christianity must have been revealed to primitive man. Whatever was not so revealed was not the truth. And so everything went except the acknowledged laws of ordinary morality. Obedience to these as "the rule of God" was Tindal's definition of religion. His deism was next door to Clarke's colorless Christianity. If reason was as competent as Clarke contended, it was manifestly absurd to lug in supernaturalism as a sort of fifth wheel to a coach. But Tindal's abstract human nature was severely tried by the concrete facts of every-day experience. An easy victor on his neighbor's grounds, his argument is absolutely worthless tried by the tests of modern sociology, with its array of proof that human nature is an exceedingly variable quantity. Tindal entirely fails to see, in common with all eighteenth-century writers, that the history of the human race is a history of development.

But if his contemporaries couldn't see this any more than Tindal, they *could* see that his doctrines didn't tally with the facts of human ignorance, and so won an apparent victory. But some of his opponents tried so hard to make Christianity appear reasonable that they very nearly went over to his side. Foster and Sykes were eminent examples. The more Orthodox reply was that the truths of Christianity were undiscoverable except by revelation. Leland and Conybeare are here the great expounders. It was their trick to belittle human reason when assailing natural religion, to exalt it when defending revealed, regardless of the inconsistency. "Man is a kind of Bentley-Caliban—a fetish worshipper on the one side, and an accomplished critic on the other." Mr. Stephen wonders how such books were popular and Wm. Law's quite unregarded. Here was a man who realized God's superiority to man as did few of

his contemporaries, Christian or deist. But his method, also, was to depreciate reason, oblivious that by so doing he was befriending the absolute skepticism of Hume more than the partial skepticism of Tindal. Dodwell's "Christianity, not founded on Argument," pleaded for a miraculous communication of saving moral and religious truth to every individual—a very natural conclusion from the depreciation of reason by Leland and Law, but an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of their arguments. Mr. Stephen's account of constructive deism ends with Bolingbroke. His God was Paley's almighty watch-maker; the argument from design is his great argument. His shallow optimism provokes Mr. Stephen's keenest irony. Follow him, and you were landed in a theory contradicted by every fact before your eyes. Follow the Orthodox divines, and you were compelled to assert the absolute perfection of the Deity, and at the same time ascribe to him a cruelty and vindictiveness everywhere reflected in the character of his human offspring. Constructive deism left the world confronted by this horrible dilemma. Had it accomplished nothing? Nay, rather much, in that it could not be but that humanity would, soon or late, find out a way involved in no such contradictions. Honor to those who by their futile efforts proved that here or there was *not* the way which we are still feeling after, if haply we may find it, and not without profound encouragement.

J. W. C.

(FOR THE INQUIRER.)

THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY F. L. HOSMER.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

'Mid life's strange vicissitude,
Seeming evil mixed with good—
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,
'Mid its losses and its gain,
Be thou still my staff and rod,
All-sustaining grace of God!

Like a pilgrim here I pass,
Darkly see as through a glass;
Little know I of the way,
What shall be I cannot say;
Let thy light upon me shine,
All-sufficient grace divine!

'Mid my ever-changing mood
One that changeth not is good;
And His word within I have,
He will guard the life He gave;
Thus I sing along the road
Steadfast in the grace of God.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

THIS is the idlest time of all the year, as far as matters of public interest are concerned. People are all engaged in private and family parties, and have no time to spare for public work which does not to a certain extent share in the festive nature of the season. Political societies are holding Christmas and New Year Tea-parties, as they used to be called before the modern word *soirée* came into fashion; Sunday schools and congregations are similarly employed; indeed, all the world is either dining or drinking tea, and has no time for serious business. Those of us who are actively engaged in public life are supposed to have some thirty hours a day to devote to attendance at these public festivities, with unlimited powers of endurance and a constant supply of original and witty speeches suitable to hospital Christmas trees, working men's club anniversaries, congregational dinners, and Sunday school tea meetings.

I have a strong faith in Christmas and all connected with it, and though I have a considerable experience of its fatigues, always look forward with pleasure to its recurrence, and just as regularly re-

joice when it is all over, and when the world gets to work again, for a month's festivities mean having no evenings for one's-self, and all the days have to be spent in preparing to do one's share in the public rejoicings; while there is always an uncomfortable feeling that the folks do wish the speaking were over, and the amateur performance or the dance were going to begin. I almost think my pleasantest public Christmas festivity was in our Children's Hospital. We have, at least so the committee firmly believe, the best planned and the best managed Children's Hospital in England, and therefore of course in the world, for you know, we Britishers are just as sure that we are ahead of our neighbors as you Americans are. It has three wards now, or pavilions I suppose I ought to say, beautiful in being bright, cheerful, airy and always clean. In each we have about twenty-five children; some, of course, confined to their beds, while some are already so far convalescent that they can run about the room. A generous friend provides for these little sufferers three Christmas trees, and on the thirtieth of December they were lighted up, to the great delight of the patients. It was a touching sight to see the pleasure dancing in the children's eyes as the brilliant glory of the sight reached them; and when the various presents provided for each poor child reached the hand for which it was intended the joy was great. One poor little fellow could hardly believe that he was to call the toy which was handed to him his own.

I fancy if we had sick children in our own homes we should be afraid of the experiment of exciting them by Christmas trees and presents distributed by a crowd of visitors, however friendly. I had however, two days subsequently to the Christmas party, to visit the hospital again, and not one of the invalids was any the worse for the evening's enjoyment. Indeed, they seemed to have gained an experience of pleasure which would be a source of gratification forever to them. It is a touching sight to see so many suffering children, and at the same time a pleasure too; they are so well cared for, are evidently, whenever it is possible, receiving such aid as shall restore them to health, when disease is not too far gone, and such a cheerful atmosphere is round them, such friendly smiling faces, and such plenty of food and clothing, that a stay in hospital must almost seem a little paradise to the half-starved dwellers in the dingy courts and alleys of our smoky city.

Writing about the children reminds me that with the beginning of this year the amended Education Act of 1876 has come into force; and the law of England henceforth recognizes it to be the duty of "every parent of every child to cause such child to receive elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic." There are very many enactments in Lord Sandon's new law which play into the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities, and which will prove a hinderance to the future educational progress of the nation, but this one clause is so valuable that, coming as it did from a government of so conservative a character as our present one, it marks the great advance which has been made by the family since the Rational Education League was established in 1869. That society was looked upon as demanding quite Utopian conditions when it insisted upon "(1.) Local authorities being obliged to find school accommodation for every child in their districts. (2.) Necessary schools to be provided by local rates aided by Government grants. (3.) The Rate schools to be managed by local authorities and subject to government inspection. (4.) Rate schools to be unsectarian. (5.) Rate schools to be free. (6.) Children of school age to be compelled to attend school." I suppose that since 1874 even this last clause will not appear absolutely opposed to liberty in New York. Seldom has any agitation been able to boast such results as the League can claim for its seven years' existence. It was opposed by nearly the united force of the established Roman Catholic and the Wesleyan churches. All manner of misrepresentation was resorted to to impede its progress. We were told that we were gradually and surely overtaking the ignorance of the community, and that no change of system was needed. We were accused of desiring to bring up the children of the poor without a knowledge of God or Christ. We were accused of desiring to plunge the country into a profligate waste of money, and I don't remember how many awful things besides. Well, notwithstanding all obstacles, we now have over 1,140 school boards in the country, and where there are no school boards Town Councils or Boards of Guardians have to elect Attendance Committees to enforce the education of children. School rates are now levied wherever there is a school board; all sectarian formularies are by law excluded from rate supported schools; School Boards can admit children to their schools without charge, and can, as well as Attendance Committees, make compulsory by-laws. In a few years no doubt we shall see the result of

this improved legislation, and notwithstanding the increase of grants to schools under ecclesiastical superintendence, I have little doubt but that by degrees the elementary education of the country will be entirely in the hands of locally elected authorities, responsible to the rate payers. It seems strange that over one million pounds sterling is paid to self-appointed school managers from Government funds; but the tide is turning, and school boards are growing in popularity, so that before long we may hope to see them exercising the full control they ought over the elementary education of the country. The reactionary section of the Established church has received a very emphatic check in nearly every recent School Board election, the unsectarian party returning its men nearly everywhere by large majorities and securing for them the management of the schools for the next three years. London, Birmingham, Newcastle, Sunderland, Manchester and other large towns will in consequence make great progress, we may rest assured, in educational matters.

Indeed, just now the Church is having anything but a pleasant time of it. Its internecine struggles are taking up a great amount of public attention. The growing energy of the extreme ritualist party is becoming more and more threatening to the unity of the church. The Public Worship Act, which was to secure uniformity, seems, like all previous acts for that purpose, to produce more diversity than unity, as conscientious High Churchmen seem to make it a matter of conscience to disobey the law. The Rev. I. Tooth, of Hatcham, is just now clamoring for martyrdom and setting both the court established by the Public Worship Act and his Bishop at defiance. He has been condemned for using a ritual which cannot be distinguished from the Roman Catholic, and has been inhibited by the Bishop of Rochester; but he continues his ornate services and refuses to admit the clergyman, sent by the Bishop to conduct the services, into his church. What will be the result no one can tell. Past experience leads me to grave doubts whether any of the ritualistic clergy will act with the honorable consistency of the martyrs of 1662, and lay down their livings for conscience sake. The self-sacrificing spirit of the 2,000 ejected ministers seems very unfashionable just now. It is much more profitable and pleasant to cling to endowments than to resign them.

The brotherly feeling of the different parties in the church is being very beautifully manifested in Manchester just now. We are to have a Church Mission here beginning next month, a kind of respectable Moody and Sankey revival under the patronage of an excellent Bishop. Much to his disgust, a quarrel has broken out between the Ritualist and the Evangelical sections of his clergy. The Dean, who belongs to the former, has invited the Rev. Knox Little, an extreme man of his own school, but a most indefatigable parish priest and eloquent speaker, to be the Mission preacher at the cathedral. Against this the Evangelicals are up in arms. We are to have the pleasant and edifying sight of a public meeting of churchmen to denounce the appointment of Mr. Little, who is spoken of in the advertisements as a notorious ecclesiastical law-breaker. How the Mission will fare no one can tell; but our good Bishop is already afraid of the prospect, and no doubt is truly grieved; for a better and more tolerant man than he is cannot be found in the Church of England. But though he is a Peer of the Realm, and one of the best and most genial workers for all good objects, even he cannot restrain the bigotry of his clergy or prevent their quarrelling. It is this kind of conduct which makes many of us outsiders believe that the established church is threatened by greater dangers from within the fold than by any which the Liberation Society can create by outside agitation. The really liberal thought of the country takes no interest in questions concerning vestments or incense, or the eastward position, except in so far as these things symbolize a growing tendency to priestcraft, but it is becoming more and more estranged from a church that is divided by them. We have been pleased by the evident awakening of liberal thought in the more educated classes, and the experience of those who have been attempting the establishment of a Free Christian church in one of our university towns is an encouraging sign of the readiness with which the most cultivated classes receive a manly expression of liberal thought. A few well chosen ministers, among them Charles Beard, H. W. Crosskey, John Gordon, Alexander Gordon, Henry Ierson and others have made an inroad on the University from which but a short time ago, dissenters were practically excluded, and have conducted Sunday services there with surprising results. Two young men, churchmen, studying there, have devoted themselves to the Unitarian ministry, and I trust that before very long we shall see a strong congregation

established there, with no tests or creeds to limit the thought of either minister or people. There will be historical fitness in the University of Milton, Newton and Locke having a Free Church and a Unitarian congregation meeting for worship near its venerable colleges. If all who agreed with us in principle were but to come forward we should need a larger room than we have engaged for the present year; the prestige of the establishment and the reproach of dissent are very strong as yet amongst us, but the truth will prevail at length.

I am afraid from the look of things at Constantinople that I may have to write in a fortnight about more stirring scenes than ecclesiastical squabbles, but still hope again and, hope for peace. At any rate I think I may safely say we are not going to fight for Turkey.

S. A. S.

MANCHESTER, January 10, 1877.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE "Library of Congress" attracts the attention of all who visit Washington. It might, perhaps, be better named "The National Library." It now contains 311,097 volumes or bound books and 100,000 pamphlets. There have been added during the year 1876 about 18,000 books and 9,000 pamphlets, 5,495 volumes and 745 pamphlets were purchased; 8,000 books and 5,000 pamphlets were contributed by authors and publishers under the law which requires two copies of every publication to be so contributed to secure a copyright. There were donations to the Library of 1,828 volumes and 345 pamphlets, besides 830 of the former and 373 of the latter received in the way of "exchanges." 2,500 maps and charts are also to be added to the annual receipts of this mammoth Library. Much is said of the depressed condition of the book publishing trade, yet it appears that the copyright entries made during the year 1876 exceeded those of 1875—being 14,882 in 1876 and 14,197 in 1875.

The addition of books to the Library during the past year by purchase are said to have been unusually important. Opportunities are watched in American and foreign auction markets for valuable acquisitions. Among the foreign purchases were publications of the Maitland Club and of the Chetham Society, debates of the Irish Parliament 1775 to 1789, besides many works of great value in architecture, sculpture, painting, and the mechanic arts, tending to make the Library more complete in books of reference. A new catalogue embracing 260,000 titles has been completed in manuscript. The parsimony of Congress has prevented or delayed its publication. An index to the documents, debates and laws of Congress is also nearly ready for the press. The value of the catalogue and index is apparent, and Congress ought not longer to withhold the necessary appropriation to make them available.

A publication of original documents relating to the discoveries by the French in the northwestern portion of the United States is in preparation. It will occupy six octavo volumes with an atlas of maps in quarto. An edition of only 500 copies will be printed. But altogether the most important subject in relation to this great library is the need of a building appropriated exclusively to its use. The present rooms are entirely inadequate. Their fair capacity would not exceed 240,000 volumes, yet over 300,000 are crowded within their walls. The floors are literally stacked with books for the want of shelf room.

Not only is the value of the library greatly impaired by this disgraceful condition of things, but great loss and damage accrues to the books. With the immense additions annually also considered, the future condition of the library becomes a serious subject. It has repeatedly been presented to Congress, but the suggestions of "them literary fellers" go unheeded.

The Librarian, Mr. A. R. Spofford, from whose brief annual report I have gathered these statistics, spares no labor within the limits allowed him to make this library a credit to the government. Senator Howe, the Chairman of the joint committee in charge of the library, is ever ready to act upon the librarian's recommendations. Mr. Howe's colleagues are senators Edmunds, of Vermont, and Ransom, of North Carolina, with Messrs. Clymer, Waddell and Monroe, of the House. Whether the members of this committee possess any superior qualifications for their duties, as managers of a great library, might be worthy of inquiry.

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1877.

Of George Dawson it is said that he hated theology and botany, but loved religion and flowers.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

My Dear Inquirer:

IN speaking of the "size" of New England weather, Mark Twain says that frequently you will see it "sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states." He said that before our last *spell* of weather began. I don't think much weather has been exported lately. It has been pretty hard work; but I think it has been all used for home consumption. I never saw more weather, and Boston never saw more snow in a given time. Our present extravagance must have used up the supply that had been stored for several years to come.

The three lectures thus far given in the Horticultural Hall course have been very successful. Mr. Frothingham's was scholarly and fine, as everybody expected. The very next day, however, it was crushed beneath the tread of the "Elephantine Lectureship" of Mr. Cook. But we are sanguine that Mr. F. will still manage to survive to do good work yet, in spite of the disapproval of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Last Sunday Prof. Hyatt, of the Natural History Society, gave us a "New View of Evolution." The Professor is an old pupil of Agassiz, and now a pronounced Darwinian. In a recent conversation he expressed to me the opinion that if evolution were given up, no theory remained that could properly be called scientific.

The Professor is a singularly modest and simple man. One thing about him strikes me with much force; and, if I mistake not, it is an illustration of the natural result of scientific culture. I could not get him to speak of *knowing* anything beyond that which he had specially investigated and proved. Theologians are not troubled with any such limitations of knowledge.

Mr. Murray, every little while, treats us to some remarkable specimens of modern orthodoxy. If Mr. Murray's sermons were conscious of the relations in which they stand to each other it would hardly be safe to leave them alone together. The antagonisms of Barnum's Happy Family would be peace compared with their mutually devouring attitudes. Their relations are what Gail Hamilton calls "Kilkenny Cat-egorical"; they eat each other up. The claim of such preaching as his to the name orthodox ought to be regarded as the big joke of the season.

For the last two Sundays the Rev. J. L. Dudley, of Milwaukee, has preached at the Parker Memorial. For some years he has had a wide reputation. He speaks without notes, in a finished, racy, and logical style. Though he has stood on a nominally orthodox platform, he has not kept his position by any Pickwickian use of language. No one has had any reason to doubt what he believed. He occupies substantially a Free Religious position. Quite as broad as any Unitarian, he will not allow himself to be called one. Having given up one *ism*, he will not now be tied to another. He thinks it is time for a broad, cosmic religion that shall not claim that all the truth and good is in any one name. There are many strong men in orthodox pulpits who hesitate about becoming Unitarians because they do not believe in *any* sectarianism.

The Moody and Sankey Tabernacle will be dedicated this, Thursday, evening. Persons are to be admitted by envelope; and into this envelope all are expected to put at least one dollar as a contribution to the expenses of the enterprise. Quite a little breeze was started the other night in the volunteer choir, by their being told with rather unnecessary sharpness and energy, by Dr. Pentecost, that they were not expected to excuse themselves from giving the dollar because of their being members of the choir. One man boldly denounced it as an imposition. Whereupon *The Globe* remarks: "The choir will now sing, 'I'm glad salvation's free, and a collection will then be taken up.'"

Mr. Tilden preached on the revival last Sunday. He wished them god-speed, although he could not work their way. Mr. Hale has been preaching on their doctrinal basis for two or three Sundays. He has handled their theology without gloves.

I had a talk the other day with the Rev. J. Villa Blake; and though he did not say I might speak of it out loud, I think he will not care if I say to you, in confidence, that he is getting hungry for pulpit work once more. He is a man of rare ability, as those know who are familiar with his work in the 28th Society.

Carpenter is doing fine work this winter. One of his most intelligent men recently told me that he had never preached better than now. He is also lecturing somewhat on solar and lunar topics. But he has travelled there so often that he doesn't get lost in the infinite.

All who see the INQUIRER feel like congratulating the energy

and ability that have put it on its present footing. It only needs to be widely known to insure the success it deserves.

14 WORCESTER STREET, January 25, 1877.

SILVUS.

LITERATURE.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.*

IN the two beautiful volumes now before us, Mr. Wallace has conferred an immense service both upon the scientific naturalist and the general reader. Never before has the material relating to the distribution of animal life upon our globe been so well and so thoroughly systematized. Such a work as this has a double value. It furnishes at once a ready reference to vast masses of facts considered singly as facts, and it also illustrates very clearly the important principles of evolution. The key-note of the book is, perhaps, best sounded in the following passage:

"If we keep in view these facts, that the minor features of the earth's surface are everywhere slowly changing, that the forms and structure and habits of all living things are also slowly changing, while the great features of the earth, the continents and oceans and loftiest mountain ranges, only change after very long intervals, and with extreme slowness; we must see that the present distribution of animals upon the several parts of the earth's surface is the final product of all these wonderful revolutions in organic and inorganic nature. The greatest and most radical differences in the productions of any part of the globe must be dependent on isolation by the most effectual and most permanent barriers. That ocean which has remained broadest and deepest from the most remote geological epochs will separate countries the productions of which most widely and radically differ; while the most recently depressed seas, or the last-formed mountain ranges, will separate countries the products of which are almost or quite identical. It will be evident, therefore, that the study of the distribution of animals and plants may add greatly to our knowledge of the past history of our globe."

Starting out from this point of view, Mr. Wallace divides his work into four parts of very unequal length. Part First relates to the principles and general phenomena of distribution, taking up the means by which animals have been dispersed, their migrations, and the conditions of existence. Among other interesting illustrations of the mutual interdependence of species is cited Mr. Darwin's famous case of the cats and the clover. In Great Britain the red clover is fertilized only by humble bees. These insects are kept down by the field mice, which destroy both combs and nests. The mice in turn are destroyed by cats and owls. If, then, there were no cats nor owls, the mice would propagate much more rapidly than they do now; they would exterminate the bees, the clover would not be fertilized, and the plant would consequently die out. Hence the cats and the owls render the continued existence of red clover possible. Again, in Paraguay, a certain species of fly destroys new-born cattle and horses. Hence these animals have never run wild in that country, although they abound both to the north and south of it. Thus is inevitably caused a difference in the vegetation of Paraguay, and consequently a difference in its insects, reptiles, birds, and wild mammalia.

In Part Second the distribution of extinct animals is discussed quite fully, a good deal of space being given to the

* "The Geographical Distribution of Animals, with a study of the relations of living and extinct faunas as elucidating the past changes of the earth's surface." By Alfred Russel Wallace. Two vols., with maps and illustrations. 8vo. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1876.

interesting American discoveries of Marsh, Cope and Leidy. Obviously, the distribution of species at the present day must depend in part upon the distribution in past times of those earlier species from which modern forms have been derived. By comparing the distribution of animals, in widely separated periods of time, much light is inevitably thrown upon the great problems of evolution.

In Part Third, which is by far the bulkiest division of the work, we have a full outline of what Mr. Wallace calls "Zoological Geography." Here are taken up, in due order, the different regions of the earth, and a brief summary of the fauna of each is presented. Of course a systematic division of the earth's surface into regions is necessary, and in this matter Mr. Wallace follows Sclater. First is described the Palearctic region, comprising Europe and the great mass of Asia; then the Ethiopian, which covers all Africa (except the extreme northern portions) and the adjacent islands. In the Oriental Region are the Indies and the Malay Archipelago; the Australian Region includes Australia, New Guinea and the many other islands of the Pacific; the Neotropical region extends from Cape Horn to Northern Mexico, taking in the West Indies; and lastly the Nearctic Region represents the bulk of North America. Each region is carefully discussed and its relationships to other regions pointed out, both resemblances and dissimilarities being traced. Since it would be obviously impossible to treat all forms of animal life, a few classes are selected for discussion, all lower orders being omitted. These classes are the vertebrates (mammals, reptiles, birds and fishes), the mollusca and the insects. Indeed, the vertebrates only are taken up at all thoroughly, the other classes coming in rather incidentally than otherwise. Species, as such, are systematically disregarded—the discussions relating chiefly to genera—because, as the author says, species are so numerous as to be unmanageable; and representing, as they do, the most recent modifications of form, are not so clearly connected with geographical changes.

Part Fourth, "Geographical Zoology," is in a certain sense an inversion of Part Third. Now, instead of discussing the fauna of a region, the author takes up each family of animals, and describes its range. For example, the order of primates is first taken up, family by family, and its distribution among the various geographical districts indicated upon a sort of condensed chart or diagram which refers to more elaborate maps. We have thus a very convenient reference book, by means of which, at a glance, we can tell in what parts of the world any given family of animals is represented.

In finally laying down these volumes the reader cannot but be impressed with the immense industry of the author. It is a very difficult matter to collect and arrange great numbers of heterogeneous facts, and yet Mr. Wallace has bravely faced the difficulty. He has presented a book which is both interesting to read and useful for reference, and he has filled with remarkable success what has hitherto been a serious gap in the literature of science.

F. W. C.

BRIEF NOTICES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICE, in Harmony with Modern Science and Philosophy. London: Trübner & Co.

This is an English pamphlet intended to suggest an Order of Public Worship on the ground of Theism. The anonymous authors, who write with earnestness and ability, appear to take substantially the same views of the religious situation as those with which Miss Francis Power Cobbe has made her readers familiar. The introductory remarks (by far the larger part of the matter) touch briefly a large number of theological topics, and show strong

thought and deep feeling. But persons acquainted with the order of services in Unitarian churches in America and England, which represent "the most advanced thought," will find nothing novel in the order proposed here. The congregation is to take part in the hymns and prayers. One reading is from the Bible, and one is from another religious literature. A Book of Religious Service is suggested to be drawn from all accessible sources, with a supplement of extracts from ancient and modern writers on religion. Clergymen and others dissatisfied with the prevalent one-sided and little-worshipful order of services in most Protestant churches will find some valuable hints here.

N. F. G.

THE LIBRARY TABLE. New York: Henry S. Hinton & Co. Vol. I. No. I.

This is a connecting link, being both December and January number. Its named contributors are Charles S. Harrower, O. B. Frothingham, Francis Gerry Fairfield, Howard Hinton, Samuel Osgood, and J. Brander Matthews. Beside the signed reviews, it contains numerous shorter notices and items, a "Record of New Books," and an "Index to Periodical Literature," which, if continued regularly and well edited, should be of great use. The proprietors appear to be making an honest effort to have their work well done, and *The Library Table* should, consequently, prove of much value to the student and, indeed, to all readers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

- From Harper & Brothers, New York.
CENTRAL AFRICA: Naked Truths of Naked People. By Col. C. Chaille Long. Ill.
THE PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER. By R. W. Thompson.
A PRINCESS OF TRULLE. By William Black.
MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black.
THE SUN-MAID. A Romance. By the author of "Artiste," etc.
From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. 75 cents.
From Lee & Shepard.
THE WINE-BIBBER'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. 75 cents.
THE ART OF PROJECTING. By Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College. Ill. \$1.50.
From Nelson & Phillips, New York.
OLD TALES RETOLD FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY. By Augusta Larned. Ill.
From J. E. Osgood & Co.
POEMS OF PLACES. France. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Vols. 1, 2. \$1.25.
THANKFUL BLOSSOM. A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779. By Bret Harte. Illus. \$1.
From Hurd & Houghton.
A STATEMENT OF THE NATURAL SOURCES OF THEOLOGY. By Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. \$1. Cloth. 75 cents. Paper.

ART NOTES.

THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

FIRST NOTICE.

The first exhibition of American Water Colors a few years ago was a display of crude, imperfect and tentative work, in which little warrant could have been found for a prophecy of the results now shown at the Academy. The best that could be said of the majority of the pictures was that the intention was better than the performance. In the collection now on view at the Academy few are bad, and many are excellent.

The transparent and the body-colorists are both well represented; and it is observable that, while the modern practice of body-color favors solidity and depth of effect, crispness, decision and transparency are sacrificed. A comparison of one of Van Elten's paintings with the best work of the other school will verify this statement. The blended intricacy of nature's lines and her superpositions of color are best rendered in water-color; while gradation, depth and the qualities that represent space, solidity and texture are most adequately expressed in oil.

The desire to get results by the use of some means or material other than the most direct, appropriate and effective infects all art-practice; it is incident to that spirit which exalts technique above thought, which elaborates the iridescent hues of a vase and makes the human face wooden and repulsive.

A quick reconnaissance at the Academy furnishes the following notes:

The landscape painters are in the majority; a necessity in

an American exhibition. There are two large works by Colman—views of a cathedral—excellent, but not so good as the two pictures in last year's exhibition; a study of rocks by Richards, not pleasing in color; a charming landscape by the same artist—"why did he not do it in oil?" was the comment of an artist. Several good drawings by Smillie, not entirely satisfactory in color; a road-scene by Robbins, too elaborate; another by Bellows that may be called a water-color painting, but cannot be called a water-color drawing; good marines by Nicoll; an excellent wood-interior and sketch by F. Hopkinson Smith; a coast scene by Bricher and a summer scene, one too metallic, the other too "sweet"; several delightful pictures by Van Elten; and essays by Wyant, McEntee and Cropsey. Tiffany contributes two or three studies and a large painting full of colors appropriate to mural decoration or textile fabrics, with figures in the foreground very badly drawn and very weak.

Genre is represented by Magrath, who repeats his ideal face in two or three good pictures; by E. K. Johnson, in two pictures, one of which, at least, is exquisite; by Homer, *bizarre*, of course; by Perry, who is truthful, and who will sometime be poetic; and by Reinhardt, for whom Boughton is "so near and yet so far."

There is good work in fruit and flower painting; and the exhibition in the black-and-white room is interesting. Several good foreign pictures are in the collection, but they are badly hung.

PROF. JOHN K. PAINE, of Harvard University, is working on a new musical composition, entitled the "Spring Symphony."

THE South Kensington Art Hand-books are cheap and excellent. Those infected with Ceramics who cannot afford to buy an expensive book, will find interesting matter and fine illustrations in the work entitled *Maiolica*.

IN landscape art those well endowed, who, to their inspiration and gift of observation, joined a practical experience acquired by work, have succeeded in the art struggle. It is true that many painters look upon nature with the eyes of realism, and their works are of an inferior sort; but, on the other hand, many regard her with the gaze of the lover and thus discover their ideal, the ideal which is the object of all love.—CHESNEAU.

LET me think

Of form and the external less. Trust the Spirit,
As sovran Nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward. So in Life and so in Art,
Which still is life.—E. B. BROWNING.

The above is good advice for the imitator and the realist, and for those critics whose tests are botanical, anatomical and topographical—in a word, external. But let it give no comfort to that legion who regard bad drawing as a sure mark of genius, who splash and call it breadth, and who strive to get the quality of mystery, not by suggesting anything, but by expressing nothing.

BUT while our architects were content to put columns that supported nothing, roofs that covered nothing and parapets and balustrades that protected nothing; to contrive sham attics to hide the construction of ugly roofs, or to make the pedestal of a statue into a chimney-pot, how was it likely to fare with furniture which became a sort of toy architecture? Was it to be wondered at that all constructive shams were increased tenfold when used as ornament? Was it surprising that Grecian stone-altars formed our

side-boards, Roman temples our cabinets, sarcophagi our cellarets and wine-coolers, or that our harpsichords stood on lyres instead of legs; that constructive truth, in short, was wholly and entirely disregarded, in order that some favorite type might be reproduced? Was it to be wondered at, moreover, that men broke loose from these dead shams, and, getting sick of these classicities, entirely deserted constructive truth and symmetrical arrangement; went mad, first after Rococoism, and then, in our days, after picturesque naturalism?—REDGRAVE.

THE experience of some good artists has taught them to prefer the smallest and plainest chamber, with one chair and table and with no outlook, to any picturesque liberties. In Turner's house, however, there was not even this austere poetry of asceticism which gives nobility to the cell of the monk and the tent of the soldier. There was no poetry in the place whatever. A place may be bare and simple, yet affecting in the extreme. In Goethe's study "no arm-chair is to be seen, no sofa, nothing which speaks of ease." We like the absence of material luxury in the personal belongings of a great man; but then in Goethe's house the staircase and reception-rooms made a thousand appeals to the mind. There were the Olympian gods, there was a colossal bust of Juno, there were cartoons, sketches of great masters and etchings, a collection of gems, another of bronze statuettes, lamps and vases. In Turner's house there was little to show that he cared for any other art than his own, and not much evidence that he cared even for that, since he treated his own pictures with less care than the humblest picture-dealer will give to his least valuable merchandise.—*Hamerton. Portfolio, December, 1876.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel-trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;

As fine as a fiddle,
 As clear as a bell;
 As dry as a herring,
 As deep as a well.
 As light as a feather,
 As hard as a rock;
 As stiff as a poker,
 As calm as a clock;
 As green as a gosling,
 As brisk as a bee;
 And now let me stop,
 Lest you weary of me.

—Hartford Courant.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN; OR, THE EMPEROR AND THE REPUBLICAN.

[Retold from Berthold Auerbach for THE INQUIRER.]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

CHAPTER II.

A MEETING ON THE NEW BRIDGE.

"THERE is Paris!" the valet, sitting by the postillion, called down from the box of the state-coach. The carriage stood still for a moment, and a roar was heard like that of the waves of the sea.

The Emperor looked out. "Paris," he said, half to himself, after he had sat down again; "thus then we greet the city to which all the children of humanity make their pilgrimage. You smile, Cobenzl; tell me what you are thinking of. You used to know Paris; what is passing in your mind?"

"May I speak frankly, your Majesty?"

"Who ever asks that," answered the Emperor impatiently, "wants to conceal something, and to slip off with a false pass, by means of the permission to speak frankly."

"My gracious master!" began the courtier, smiling, as he received the reproof gratefully as if it were a favor, "my gracious master! I become a sinner, as soon as I breathe the intoxicating air of this city. Our good Vienna enjoys life too, but what a fair, simple, unsophisticated maiden she is compared with this fascinating, dancing, sparkling Paris. It is true,—alas! our German language is too heavy, and always moves in wooden shoes,—it is true, call it if you please a sinful and wicked life under Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour; it was, indeed, a most frivolous and dissipated life, but it was merry, entertaining and enjoyable. The pleasure of life was not spoiled by any kind of moralizing pedantry, and, I confess, I hope now to go home again with cheerful memories. I am sorry that your Majesty's lofty nobility of mind and modest simplicity scorn princely splendor. It would have been fine to be met by the guards and the state-carriages, to be escorted to the presence of his Majesty the King and your illustrious sister Marie Antoinette, with the ringing of bells and roar of cannon; and the people would have had the pleasure of shouting; and since these French know nothing of our German empire, and devote themselves to a special ignorance of geography, they would cry, "Long live the Emperor of Austria!"

"I believe now that you have really spoken out, Cobenzl, but I don't like such parade. With all the bell-ringing and cannon-firing, one doesn't hear the inward voice of the people's soul. I should like to know what is stirring in this nation. I want to become acquainted with the brave and great minds, which move the world more than all the diplomatists or commanders of armies; and whose voices sound louder than all the clash of bells and thunder of artillery. I hope too, to go home enriched with memories, but also enriched in knowledge and in insight how to make my people happy."

"Mind is certainly an excellent ally," Coloredo interposed,

"if your Majesty can only make real allies of your brother-in-law, the amiable King of France, and her Majesty the Queen, who has bewitched the hearts of this capricious nation——"

"How do you know that?" interrupted the Emperor sharply. "My sister has fallen into the French tone only too easily. That frivolous Abbe Vermond was sent to us in Vienna, to educate her from a child as the Dauphiness of France."

The Emperor looked down in silence, pressing his lips tightly together. The deep pain which filled his whole life, rose to his lips for utterance, but he held it back. He constantly felt it anew, that he was alone, alone like every genius. Everything that met him, and everything that he undertook, awoke in him thoughts and opinions which no one shared, and yet from the very depths of his heart he desired to bless the world.

When the Emperor again looked up, there was an expression of suffering on his handsome, youthful face, and there was a light in his moist eyes which spoke of deep inward emotion.

The postillion blew a merry blast in the bright sunshine. Those who were coming in vehicles or on foot from the city, whether laden with burdens or walking unburdened, all looked cheerful, as if here were a perpetual Sunday. The French, every one of whom moves and bears himself as if something quite original were going on within him, greeted the carriage approaching from Metz, and its inmates, with a friendly smile, as if to say: "I am a representative of the most amiable nation on earth. Only come, you rich grandee from the uncivilized world yonder, you have too much money, too much youthful strength; here with us, you will get the fine polish; you will be well served. . ." So spoke every glance, every slight wave of the hand.

The Emperor had on purpose arrived in Paris a day sooner than the time he had named for his coming, in order to avoid any ceremony of reception, and to take up his abode quietly in an unpretending hotel. Afterwards, according to the court etiquette of France, he would be obliged to appear in state with his sister at Versailles.

They drove at once to the house of the Austrian ambassador, Count Mercy. As he was ill, the ambassador extraordinary to the court of England, Count Beglioso undertook to be Joseph's guide in Paris.

The day was fine; Joseph felt no fatigue, and soon prepared to stroll on foot, with his companion, through the streets of the city.

"What does your Majesty wish to see first?"

"Take me to the statue of Henry IV."

The ambassador stood astonished for a moment, but quickly recovering himself, he said with an expression of genuine warmth: "It is the privilege of noble natures to do the most fitting thing. Out of all the throng of lives in the past and present, what could Joseph first seize upon? Now I see that it could not be otherwise, he makes his pilgrimage to his saint, whom no church, but the eternal spirit of virtue and brotherly love, has canonized.

"We have at least the same enemies," answered Joseph. "They aim now, as then, at every heart that wishes to be free and pure, and that hates all priestly lust of power. The Jesuits, who drove Ravallac's dagger into the breast of Henry IV. are now indeed, after a hundred and sixty years, disbanded, and so far as my power extends, they shall never rise again, even if I know that their invisible daggers are constantly pointed at me."

On the new bridge, Joseph took off his hat before the

statue of Henry IV., at which he stood gazing for a long time. The life of Henry passed before his memory, the hard struggle he had taken upon himself, to heal and unite his broken and distracted France, his forcing himself to adopt the Catholic faith, though always remaining true to his fundamental principle that no man should be deprived of his rights as a human being or a citizen, on account of his creed, and finally, his martyrdom on account of his pure and lofty views.

"How many lies are told to the face of princes while they live," said the Emperor, "and how many are written on their monuments,—but this one deserves the inscription: *Father of his people!* I covet such a name; there is none more beautiful."

After a short pause Beglioso added: "And like a true father, Henry wished to feed his people well. On Sundays, a fowl in the pot of every peasant; he would not rest till he had brought that about."

"Yes," answered Joseph, "to place men at ease, in a comfortable position in life, is the necessary foundation for fitting them for free thought and a higher civilization."

While the two were still lingering by the statue, a dignified looking man approached from the opposite direction. They could see far off how every one saluted him, though he bore no outward sign of high position. He held by the hand a handsome, slender, light-haired boy of about fourteen years, and the boy was like a youthful copy of the man, who thus appeared in a double form. As he drew near, Beglioso also saluted him; he wore a plain brown coat, which came almost to his feet, on which rough shoes were fastened by great ill-formed buckles. He raised his broad-brimmed, black Quaker-hat, and a noble face, shaded by long, silver-white hair, uncurled and unpowdered, acknowledged the greeting gently and modestly.

"Who is that man?" asked Joseph.

"His position is the very reverse of your Majesty's. He has risen from the lowest rank, from poverty and trouble, to the most honorable standing; and your Majesty descends from the highest rank to the lowest, to watch what is going on—"

"Who is the man?" repeated Joseph.

"Doctor Franklin, confidential agent of the English colonies in America, now in a state of insurrection."

"Benjamin Franklin?"

"The same, your Majesty!"

It had a strange effect on the Emperor, to meet now at his very entrance into Paris, the man himself, with whose name his own was inscribed in the church records as sponsor. "The man," he said, "seems very much beloved in France. What do you think of him?"

"He is a man who sets at nought all the diplomatic traditions, and introduces a new power, public opinion, as it is termed, in State transactions. I have never imagined that a man could be so honored by the highest as well as the lowest, as this man is. He is not even received at the Court of Versailles as an ambassador, but his credentials are so much the more valid with the French nation; and Franklin is the main hinderance to our projects."

"How so?"

"His views run directly across our track. The Court of Versailles imagines that it has some choice in the matter; but it is under the necessity, after the first success of the insurgents, of making an open alliance with America. There can be, in that case, not the slightest prospect of effecting an alliance with France for our operations in Bavaria and the Danubian provinces. Circumstances are in favor of this Franklin. France wishes to be revenged

on England for her humiliation through the last treaty of peace. The so-called 'rights of man,' heretofore only proclaimed in books, have been for the first time embodied as law by the American insurgents, and Franklin, with Jefferson and Adams, has the renown of drawing up the Congressional resolutions to that effect. It flatters the French people to help in establishing a republic for another nation. But what a school for France itself! They will not see this at Versailles, and are thinking only of humiliating England. Nothing is talked of here now, your Majesty must understand, except the American republic. They are playing a double game here at the Court. The Marquis Lafayette has furnished a frigate at his own expense; they let him escape after he had been arrested as a deserter, and at England's demand sent two ships of war to overtake him; but the people know very well that it was a mere farce, and the French love to play these theatrical tricks on themselves and other people."

"Do you think so poorly of the French?"

"By no means; they are a very amiable nation, and susceptible of the noblest inspirations. It pleases them most when they can render ostentatious assistance, and so this expedition to America——"

"This whole American affair," said Joseph in a tone almost of displeasure, "interests me very little. It is my vocation to be a Royalist; I shall not be in the way of this Doctor Franklin. I want to see what may be done for our interests—yes, I should like to speak with this man for once."

"Your Majesty has only to order it; but I must add that it will make a great noise. I have often met him, and I must confess that this real or pretended simplicity is deserving of the highest admiration. Here he appears in society like one of the old Biblical prophets, or as this comparison is not liked very well, and something of the heathenish classical is preferred, they call him a Solon, a Plato, an Aristides, a Republican of the days of Cato and Fabius. But amidst all this enthusiastic homage, Franklin maintains his cool equanimity, and follows out his ends with persistent determination. He never puts himself forward, and he is everywhere in requisition. He has the peculiar faculty of being able to dispense with other people and of being sufficient for himself; and he knows how to bear himself towards those whom he needs for his own ends in such a way that they are compelled to make suit to him and to thank him for——"

"Bring it about," interrupted Joseph, "that I shall have an informal interview with this man. Where do you mean to conduct me now?"

"Would your Majesty not take a look at the cathedral?"

"No," said Joseph, curtly. "But do not address me as 'your Majesty'; my title is Count Falkenstein. We will drive to the Hotel Dieu."

"The large hospital has just been burned down."

"I will see, then, how they now take care of the patients."

As Joseph was driving in a hired carriage to the temporary hospital, his companion, Beglioso, said that the Emperor must rely upon everything that he did and said being reported to the government and to other courts. There were spies everywhere.

"Even in hospitals?" asked Joseph.

"There especially; there they have the richest harvest. In pain and in lonely nights men speak out most freely. Not only are the attendants spies, but persons are sent thither to feign themselves sick, in order to get acquainted with the life and secret motives of the other patients."

Joseph smiled bitterly to himself at the thought how

tyranny, because it feels itself insecure, makes all life insecure, and at the same time he realized that the king himself was also surrounded by spies. What a mad carnival masquerade was this world!

Joseph visited all the wards, and his heart revolted at the suffering, the filth, the number of patients in one bed, the want of proper supplies, while the Court was revelling in lavish festivals. He could not refrain from saying aloud and frequently, "This institution is no blessing;" and he left behind a large sum of money for procuring additional beds.

On the same day the report of what he had said and done spread through all Paris, and also it was known at the Court, and then soon at all the courts of Europe.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

THE session of this conference, January 17, with the Cambridgeport parish (Rev. Dr. Briggs) was well attended and full of interest. The essay of the day was from Mrs. Charles Lowe, on "The Church as a Centre of Social Life," a paper abounding in important suggestions on the mutual obligation and privileges of parishes and their ministers, and delivered with quiet emphasis and impressive calmness.

Rev. Dr. Newell offered a vote of thanks to Mrs. Lowe, which vote was unanimously passed. Rev. Mr. Tiffany spoke with great force of class distinctions in parishes, citing the absence of such differences in college or in the army. Where there is unity of purpose there is unity of spirit. Rev. F. G. Peabody dwelt on the words of the essay, "The Parish makes the Minister," and on the force with which the younger ministers feel this. Rev. Mr. Metcalf compared the church with the central Corliss engine, giving life and motion to all activities. Rev. Mr. Hussey repeated Rev. Dr. Putnam's phrase at the opening of a social parlor, that he hoped the steps thence to the place of worship would be well trodden.

Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Humphreys, Muzzey, C. Palfrey and Shippen also spoke at the morning session, at the close of which the election of officers took place, and Hon. E. R. Hoar, of Concord, was chosen President, Hon. W. L. Whitney, of Cambridge, declining re-election.

After enjoying the liberal hospitality of Dr. Briggs' people the Conference listened to further words from Rev. Mr. Metcalf, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, Rev. Mr. Seaver, Hon. J. C. Park and Rev. Mr. Emerson. Judge Hoar said that his father was once asked to join a society for the abolition of slavery, and replied that years before he had joined an association which comprised that with other purposes—the Christian church. Mr. Waterhouse spoke on the judicious care and help of the poor, as taught in the experience of the Children's Mission. Mr. Seaver proposed that Mrs. Lowe's paper should be printed as a Unitarian tract, which proposition was voted on and carried. Rev. Mr. Cutter, the retiring secretary, made a farewell address. Hon. J. C. Park summed up the lesson of the meeting in words used by Mr. Shippen, "Consecrated Action."

This was indeed the watchword of the day, and the Conference dismissed its large audience of delegates and friends with a renewed purpose of such consecrated action in their parish life.

THE WORCESTER CONFERENCE.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

THE Worcester Conference held its eleventh annual meeting in the city of Worcester January 23d and 24th. Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Boston, gave the opening sermon on the evening of the 23d. The discourse was a pungent and stirring arraignment of the long-standing sins of Unitarians, indifference and neglect of missionary labor, and predicted a not-distant decease of the denomination unless radical measures of prevention were adopted. The wisdom, however, of such doleful prophecies may be questioned unless they be accompanied by a clear and definite statement of the means of cure. The lamentation that the Unitarian body is dying out are nearly as old as the body itself; and the tone of the sermon was

often exceedingly hilarious for a funeral occasion, if not indeed for any religious service.

The devotional meeting, on the 24th, was led by Rev. George M. Bartol, who, in his remarks, emphasized the superiority of essential unity over superficial uniformity. The essay by Rev. James T. Hewes, of Fitchburg, was a forcible development of the idea that the kind of preaching most needed is that which, proceeding from a strong personality and seeking truth with earnestness, is yet chiefly inspired by a love of man himself.

The discussion was an animated one. Most of the speakers took occasion to express their belief that the denomination is neither dead yet, nor likely to die. On all but a few minor points, the clergy present seemed of one mind with the essayist, and they could only regret that the subject drew remarks from only one layman. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Hon. C. A. Stevens, of Ware; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Geo. S. Ball, Upton, Hon. C. H. Merriam, Leominster; Secretary, Rev. H. P. Cutting, Sterling; Treasurer, J. C. Otis, Worcester; Executive Committee, Rev. Geo. M. Bartol, Lancaster; Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Hudson; Mrs. J. W. Wetherell, Worcester; H. L. Butterworth, Brookfield; C. C. Stone, Clinton. The meeting was large and full of interest; the entertainment of the delegates was such as to sustain the well-known reputation for hospitality of the Unitarians of Worcester.

JOTTINGS.

HARTFORD.—Rev. James Freeman Clarke conducted the services here on Sunday.

QUINCY, MASS.—We understand that this society is unwilling to accept Rev. Dr. Putnam's declination as conclusive, and still hopes to induce him to reconsider it.

HARLEM.—Rev. Dr. Bellows preached last Sunday evening to a large audience. Next Sunday, both morning and evening, Rev. F. W. Holland, of Newburgh, will preach.

THE *Star in the West* of January 25th prints the able sermon on "The Modern Minister" which was delivered by Rev. C. W. Wendt as an installation discourse Jan. 14th.

GEROME's personal appearance is peculiar. He has deep-set, large eyes, wild masses of gray hair and a pointed gray mustache. He is very thin and is distinguished for extreme industry, excessive irritability and great dislike to visitors.

STERNE's apothegm, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," printed in 1768, is traced to Herbert, 1640: "To the shorn sheep God gives wind in measure," which is a close translation from Henry Estienne, 1594, "God measures the wind to the shorn sheep."

THE *American Israelite* thinks Mr. M. D. Conway is very much mistaken as to there being any movement of importance among the Jews in the direction of Palestine. It thinks the members of the Jewish race scattered over the world, are very well content to remain where they now are.

PROF. SWING said, in the course of a sermon delivered a week or two ago, "Christ's religion began as one of character rather than as one of opinion." "It is not at all probable that by belief Christ implied any such acceptance or espousal of articles as is demanded of religionists in modern times."

SCULPTOR.—We regret greatly that we are unable to give you the information which you desire. The times are eminently unpropitious to the cause in which you are interested. The best suggestion we can make is to advertise in the *Nation*, but we cannot encourage you to place much reliance on any such effort.

ANDOVER calls aloud for some rich man to fill the place once occupied by William Bartlett and provide the means for the education of young men in the ministry, to the end that they meet and conquer the scientific men of to-day. On another page we have expressed some general views on the effects of education so applied.

A FEW days ago an omnibus, heavily laden, stuck fast in Stamford-street, London. The horse pulled in vain. An elephant came along at the time, the keeper called his attention to the position of the omnibus, and, like a good fellow, he went to the end, put his shoulder to the 'bus, and sent the whole party on their way rejoicing.

MISS OGLE, a young English woman, a student at Newnham Hall, the Cambridge college for women, has been subjected to the same examination in natural science as that which the members of the University went through. She acquitted herself in such a manner as would have entitled her, had she been an undergraduate, to a place in the first class.

ITALY has declared its seventeen universities open to women. The like action has been taken by Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. A ministerial order has been issued in Holland opening every university and gymnasium to women. France has also opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

We have received some leaflets published by Western Unitarian Publication Society, Janesville, Wis., containing a valuable list of books of reference for Sunday Schools, prepared by Rev. J. C. Learned, with pertinent hints as to method of reading, etc., together with a plan of study for Bible-classes in both Old and New Testaments. We find the reference list peculiarly good and suggestive.

THE Renaissance (organ of the Liberal Protestant party of France) of Dec. 8, 1876, contains the following extraordinary news from Transylvania. It says that a Roman Catholic baron of that country, Anton de Baldache (possibly a misprint for Orban Balass) has given all his real estate to be divided after his death among the three Protestant churches of the country—the Lutheran, Reformed, and Unitarian.—J. FRETWELL.

ALBERT BRISBANE has commenced, in the *American Socialist*, a series of articles on Fourierism. The changes which have occurred since the days of Brook-Farm and the North American Phalanx, have left us with a different atmosphere and in a far different attitude from that of the active men of those days. But it will be strange if Mr. Brisbane does not, in his study of "Social Evolution," suggest some ideas which are worth considering.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY began their services in the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon with their usual success in drawing immense crowds. Mr. Moody's text and opening words at the initial service were significant: "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are able to overcome it."—Numbers xiii. 30. "Caleb and Joshua are great friends of mine. They were not all the time looking at the dangers and obstacles in their way; they had their eyes above. Now, if we can only get a few hundred Calebs and Joshuas here in Boston, I have no doubt about the success of this movement."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.—Rev. David Cronyn, recently of San José, goes to San Diego to take charge of a new Liberal movement for six months.

Rev. Mr. McKaig, formerly a Presbyterian clergyman in Chicago, is called to Unity Church, San José.

The friends at Santa Barbara are holding services Sunday afternoons in the Orthodox church, under the ministry of Rev. George H. Young, recently of Troy, N. Y. We congratulate our Santa Barbara friends upon their good fortune in obtaining the services of so earnest, devoted and experienced a man as Mr. Young.

MAURUS JOKAI, the Sir Walter Scott of Hungary, and one of the most talented and productive novelists in the world, is writing for his paper *Hon* (the Fatherland) a novel entitled "One is the Lord; or the people who love but once." The first part, which has been translated into English by Mr. John Fretwell, Junior, plays in Rome in the year 1848, and contains vivid sketches of revolutionary life and the Catholic and reactionary intrigues of that time. The second part has its scene among the Unitarians of Thoroczyko. Of Jokai's works more than 1,250,000 volumes have been sold in Hungary; and this translation of his latest work will introduce to English readers a most interesting and novel phase of European life.

THE fortieth anniversary of the Warren Street Chapel Association occurred last Sunday evening. From the report of the pastor and superintendent, Rev. William G. Babcock, it appears that during the past year he has expended \$490 for charitable purposes in connection with the work of the association, and that three scholars have died within that time. There are now under his supervision 200 families, and in the Sunday school 650 scholars. The treasurer reported that the receipts during the year had been \$2,879.83, and the expenditures \$3,780.02, making a deficit of \$900.19. The association has received a legacy of \$3,000 from the estate of Miss E. P. Seves, and to the poor's purse has been contributed \$427.93. Of the amount expended nearly one-half had been given by those who were immediately engaged in the work.

THE HORTICULTURAL HALL LECTURES.—The lecture last Sunday afternoon was by Rev. William B. Alger, upon "The Laboring Classes and the Rulers." According to the report in the *Globe*, the lecturer thought that "it could not be long before capital and labor would be reconciled. Justice must be the basis for the adjustment of every social problem. The supreme interest of humanity must be respected. Laborers would yet be partners with the upper classes. Every increase in productivity increased the supply for consumers and the profit of distributors. The inherited selfishness of society was the sole cause of present evils. The conflict of ages must be settled by co-operation of all—there was superabundance for every one. History would no longer be an alternation of struggles and conquests, but an equilibrium of mutual benefit. Weak classes would conquer the strong by using the weapons of Omnipotence. A better era was coming, when humanity would look back on its long probation and enjoy ample compensation for past suffering."

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—A course of sermons to young people, in the Union Hall, 18 Boylston street, has been arranged for successive Sunday evenings, beginning January 28, 1877. The first three and the fifth and sixth will be by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, and will be respectively upon "Temptations: what they are, to what they lead," "Young Man's Duties to Himself," "Young Man's Duties to Society and the Public," "On making Mistakes" and on "Bowling to Rimmon." Feb. 18, Services Commemorative of Washington. Addresses by Hon. Alexander H. Rice and Hon. John D. Long. The others will be as follows: March 11, Rev. R. H. Neale, D.D.—"Heart Religion." March 18, Rev. Horace A. Cleveland—"Wanting the Chief Place." March 25, Rev. Wm. Burnet Wright—"Prayer." April 1, Rev. S. E. Herrick—An Easter Sermon. April 8, Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton—"The Hidden Talent." The opening sermon was delivered last Sunday evening before a crowded congregation, many persons indeed being unable to obtain even standing room. It was full of very direct, positive and wise counsel to the young.

MARRIED.

THORNE—CLEVELAND.—On Wednesday, the 24th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, William H. Thorne to Ida Cleveland, daughter of Cyrus and Emily P. Cleveland, all of Yonkers.

The Inquirer.

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BY

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

AT THE

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Corner of Clinton and Congress Streets.

1876—77.

LECTURES:

V. Emanuel Swedenborg.

Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877.

VI. Murray and Universalism.

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

• HOUR OF LECTURE, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

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The Address of Rev. John F.

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.
Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. . 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings. 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64
Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00
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Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82
SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
CASH IN BANKS. \$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE). . . . 236,002 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,435 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,631 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . . 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 1,416 05
REAL ESTATE. 6,840 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26
Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82
LIABILITIES.
CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877 \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. 1,375 00
Total, - - - - \$243,402 24
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Capital..... \$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus..... 1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.....\$2,792,902 92
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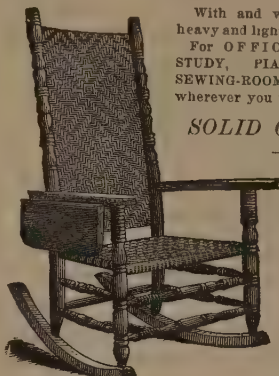
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 10.
WHOLE NO., 1580.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1877.

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HENRY W. BELLOWS, Edgar Buckingham, John W. Chadwick, Octavius B. Frothingham, William I. Marshall, Edward P. Powell, Minot J. Savage, Charles C. Shackford, S. Alfred Steinthal, and Charles W. Wendte, are among the contributors to this number of *THE INQUIRER*.

THE Churchman of the 3d has an editorial entitled "Unitarian Degeneracy," which is founded upon a review of "A New Service Book" in a recent number of *THE INQUIRER*, and seems to call for two or three remarks.

In the first place, we desire it to be distinctly understood that we are not to be held responsible for the opinions expressed in all the articles appearing in our columns, which, like the one alluded to, have signatures appended. We shall endeavor to publish nothing which is unfit for publication, but, on the other hand, we do not class as unfit for publication all articles which are not written from our own point of view.

In the second place, it would be presumptuous for us to speak for the Unitarian body, or for any of our contributors to do so, unless properly authorized, and to such authorization we believe the writer of the article mentioned laid no claim. For ourselves, we shall be glad of the approval of Unitarians and of all other good citizens, and we shall esteem ourselves happy in gaining any support that may be offered to the cause in the interest of which we are working. But we shall not go out of our way to obtain the endorsement of any one, and we make no claim to represent any one but ourselves.

Does it not seem that complaisance was a little overdone in the letter which Mr. Geo. F. Hoar addressed to the friends of Senator Boutwell last week? Here is an extract:

"I was confident that the support of Governor Boutwell was inspired in your mind and that of other gentlemen by the highest and purest motives. I supposed, until the surprise of the final vote, that these motives would in the end prevail with a large majority of the Legislature, and cause

his return to a position which he has adorned with so much strength, wisdom and integrity."

Now it appears to us that—be Mr. Boutwell's integrity what it may, and we do not question it—there was enough doubt of his wisdom and of the "highest and purest motives" on the part of many of his supporters afloat to give rise to a long and severe struggle in the Legislature and to produce wide-spread joy when the result was announced. It really scarcely seems necessary that Mr. Hoar should have put himself upon record in such loose fashion under the circumstances, and we confess that the fact that he has done so has led us to modify a little the trust we have been inclined to place in his judgment, and to feel a little more uncertainty than hitherto as to his future. America is appealing for outspoken honesty and frankness. Let it be understood that the age of unconsidered compliment is past, we beg of you.

THOSE of our readers who live within easy reach of New York are to be congratulated upon the opportunity offered them for the examination of the exceedingly valuable collection of Antiques belonging to Signor Castellani under more favorable circumstances than in the crowded rooms of the Centennial Exhibition. The arrangements for their display at the Metropolitan Gallery are admirable, and we have been surprised to find how much we had missed in numerous visits made to them while in Philadelphia. For those who have not yet seen this interesting collection we can scarcely even hint at its treasures. The exquisite engraved gems alone are a revelation in early art, and the Majolica, especially the Della Robbia and Gubbio wares, will convince the most skeptical that those "infected with Ceramics" have some ground for the faith that is in them; the statuary and the engraved chests afford room for valuable study of the early treatment of the figure, while curious relics of the toilet bring the past into strangely close relationship with the present.

The proceeds of the exhibition are to be applied toward the purchase of the collection if sufficient interest is manifested to make that possible.

DURING the week the price of gold in currency at one time reached as low as 104½. This price was not maintained, however, the reaction carrying it to 106½, whence it fell off again to 105¾. Silver has remained reasonably steady at 57¾ to 57¾d. per ounce in gold, the latest quotation being 57½. The majority of the Congressional Silver Commission have reported in favor of the double standard, as every one expected they would. The promised message of the President advocating measures to facilitate the return to specie payments, has appeared. It does not contain the anticipated clause, fixing upon the first of March as the proper time for resumption, and is for the most part a sound and sensible document. The suggestion that 4½ per cent. bonds be sold for coin, and that greenbacks be convertible into a long 4 per cent. bond, is one which should be acted upon at the earliest possible moment.

The weak point in the message is a recommendation for the repeal of the limitation now imposed upon the amount of issue of subsidiary coin, and unhappily this is the one

proposal which is most likely to be acted upon. But we will hope.

THE Electoral Commission has settled down to its work and is moving steadily forward. The Florida case, the first submitted to it, seems by general consent to be accepted as the pivot upon which the action of the Commission will turn. Everything depends upon the place where the limits to the right of inquiry into the returns from the States is fixed. The drift of opinion is in favor of the probable acceptance of the States-rights doctrine as against the Federal one. It is one of the odd features of the case, that the Republicans are chiefly using Democratic arguments to support their side of the case, and the Democrats, though with some caution and inconsistency, Republican arguments to support their view.

Thus far the Republicans seem to have the advantage of the legal argument before the tribunal. The speech of Mr. Evarts was terse, compact, and vigorous in its application of the law, and could not fail to have great weight with the Commission. That of Mr. O'Connor was addressed more to the people than to the court, and represented what might be called the common sense view, that the actual will of the people should be carried out. It seems hardly probable, however desirable, that the law will permit of a roving Commission to find what the will of the people actually was. The country is placed in this unhappy predicament, that that which is legal may not be that which is equitable.

In the case of Louisiana, it would be a relief, should the Commission be able to decide legally that the State has forfeited her right to have her vote counted at all. It is hardly probable, however, that this can be done. The testimony taken before the several investigating Committees, while very conflicting, all goes to show that the prevalent want of confidence in the character of the members of the Returning Board and their satellites has a very sufficient basis.

ELIEMOSYNARY EDUCATION.

II.

IF to the general public charity, which all highly-endowed colleges and schools extend to all their pupils, is added a large provision for the further facilitation of the enjoyment of these privileges, in the shape of educational societies, fellowships and loans, made accessible to all who ask their use—there can be little doubt that a dangerous encouragement is given to weak and careless young men to go to college, who would be much better occupied at mechanical trades or in farming or shop-keeping. Everybody knows that many of the best scholars at every college are charity students, but we judge that those capable of becoming the best scholars would force their way if the charities were far less than they are. Everybody knows also that a great many charity students are incapable of doing any profession credit, and had much better be engaged in the ordinary hand-work of the masses of our fellow-men. We often "spoil a horn to make a spoon," by this method.

The experience of the clerical profession does not encourage us to hope that any special advantages would accrue to the legal, medical or scientific departments in our colleges by making them any easier of access. We desire with all our heart to see the professorships better endowed, the apparatus improved, the museums enriched by public and private bounty; but the lowering of the fences, whether in respect to qualifications or fees of tuition, would be, we judge, to increase the quantity and lower the quality of our graduates. We want better graduates before we want more;

better lawyers, better doctors, better mining engineers and bridge-builders and chemists, and not more of them. Such as they are, we have quite enough deploma-ed lawyers and doctors and engineers. There is always room at the top in any profession, anywhere and at any time. But the professions are fast becoming crowded with men who hinder each other and lower the respect which is felt for any. And we doubt not that cheap academic and professional education is partly if not principally to blame for it.

It may be partly this cause and partly larger causes which have tended to make the clerical profession less honorable and less dignified and less useful than it was once in America. It is clear that fewer first-rate men enter it; that the best ability seldom now seeks the pulpit for its sphere. There are fine exceptions, but they only prove the rule. It is not that classical talents and high ministerial gifts are less prized or have a less substantial reward. The reverse is true. But it is popular talents that are called for, and they often enable men to succeed in the pulpit who ought not to succeed, and would not if a substantial knowledge of their calling were considered necessary to their office. Learning, literary culture, dignity, even purity of character, are considered in many, we might almost say all parts of the country, as less indispensable qualifications than a knack of story-telling, a dramatic faculty, a flow of words, a bold personality and a fair aptness in the use of pulpit currency. It is instructive to consider how many successful and popular preachers are men who never had any proper collegiate or theological education. They prove that natural aptness will often outrun all academic advantages. But what might not such men have done if they had been carefully and thoroughly trained? If one thinks of the mischief which a popular evangelist does by making his great natural gifts the vehicle and cover for a stupendous mass of narrow superstitions, which careful culture would have made it impossible for him to use, one sees the vast importance of a learned and instructed ministry and deplores the unwisdom of the policy of snatching at every smooth-tongued or even fiery-hearted pietist and making him a teacher of religion. If it be said, and it often is said, that a sound or learned education actually quenches faith and piety and disqualifies evangelists for public usefulness, it is a mournful confession that truth, light, self-discipline, knowledge, are foes of faith; and thoughtful men will doubt—if this be true—whether religion can subsist at all except in the form of superstition, and whether in that form it is worth while to give it any encouragement.

Meanwhile our theological schools, with all the facilities we furnish for the free support of students, are not crowded by students of any sort—a proof that the alleged evil of their eleemosynary character is not the chief difficulty with the profession. Facilities for educating ministers will not make ministers half as soon as they would make doctors or lawyers or engineers if offered as freely. There are great reasons why our American institutions do not favor the clerical profession in its average product, and they are not all bad reasons. There is no large class of persons left to think the way to heaven or the way of duty guarded and tended by priests. There is too much private judgment, too much common sense in the people to give the pulpit or the minister the old pre-eminence. The pastoral office is exceedingly abridged and weakened by the decay of the feeling that only the minister can direct the moral and religious life of a family or supply its solaces. Society has largely outgrown the old leading-strings which made the minister so important. And when the pulpit alone is left as the sphere of his

influence it requires gifts or arts or genius to fill it. It appears even to men of solid knowledge and serious purposes an unattractive field and one unlikely to reward their efforts. Politics, platform oratory, literature, the law, offer larger rewards at less sacrifice and with equally honorable and useful results. We must doubt whether free theological education does much to prevent or to favor the supply of the ministry with its needed recruits. That is not the chief weakness or the chief cause of a decline in the quality of our American ministry. But we are convinced that the ministry is not helped by it. And we should be very glad to see what the effect of an absolutely unassisted system of theological education would be after a trial of ten years. Meanwhile we are sorry we cannot think it the main cause of the deterioration in the quality of the profession, for it is one that might be dealt with summarily. The actual reasons, we fear, lie too deep for any remedies in our generation to reach them. We must slowly grow out of them if we get out at all.

FREE RELIGION IN SPAIN.

WE have received from Madrid a volume entitled "Jesus y la Religion de Razon," (Jesus and the Religion of Reason), by Nemesio Uranga. The author is unknown in the world of letters—a layman, intelligent, observing, travelled; a man of reading and reflection, of fervent aspirations, ardent feelings and gorgeous anticipations; a republican in politics, a humanitarian in religion, and his book expresses it all. The new faith, always the same in certain cardinal principles, bears the stamp of the nationality of its interpreters. It assumes different aspects in different lands. In philosophic, scientific, literary Paris, it has a brilliant intellectual cast, penetrating and thoughtful, swift, comprehensive, and ingenious, however audacious. Renan never forgets to be intellectual; Fauvety contemplates the whole subject from the height of philosophy. The rationalism of Germany is studious and critical. Its successive schools have simply worked new veins of analysis. Cold and erudite, the critical understanding, well furnished with learning, has pushed its way from conclusion to conclusion, the philosophical thread, if it had one, being concealed beneath the scholarly process. In England rationalism, so far as it possessed a character of its own, has devoted itself to the task of combating the doctrines of the established church and the tenets of the dissenting bodies, challenging the authority of the Bible, the claims of the Sabbath, the rights of the clergy. In Spain it has the hot blood of the Southern clime. It is not philosophical, for philosophy is not at home in Madrid. It is not learned, for learning has been appropriated by the church, which has kept a jealous eye on the diffusion of knowledge. It is not polemical, after the English fashion, for this requires a patience which the Spaniard does not possess, and supposes a controversial public which in Romanist communities does not exist. It is rather the expression in religious forms of the temper which rebels against despotism alike in state and church. It is impassioned, exuberant, unrestrained.

M. Uranga makes no pretension to philosophical calmness or critical thoroughness. Jesus is, in his view, the apostle of the heart, the leader of spiritual aspiration, the prophet of humanity. Precisely what he said cannot be determined; precisely what he did cannot be discovered. The specific doctrines he taught will not reveal themselves to any searcher of the Scriptures. The air of mystery that has been thrown about him hides from view his genuine character. The miracles that are recorded as wrought upon

him, or by him, are set down to the glorifying power of imagination or the influence of dogma. All this, M. Uranga contends, must be stripped off if we would come at the man. They conceal, not express him. What he was is rather to be conjectured than to be told, rather to be *felt* than to be asserted. Sympathy with the age in which he lived, with its needs and sorrows, its hopes and its aspirations—sympathetic apprehension of the social and moral conditions of the time, will put one on the track of discovery here better than theory or scholarship. Neither the wit of Renan nor the ingenuity of Strauss will assist the mind in comprehending the character of that mighty spirit who gathered up and freshened with his fervent inspiration the ideas of his age, East as well as West, "stamped them with the seal of an august consecration, and laid the basis for the supreme religion of humanity." The cardinal beliefs of this religion are, in his interpretation, few and simple—God, the supreme Creator of heaven and earth, our Spiritual Father; Man, the rational child of God; the universe God's temple; love to God and man the substance of the Divine law; the Beatitudes the rule of the perfect life; the consecration of the human faculties to the good of humanity the ideal purpose of existence; absolute freedom of conscience; complete separation of church from state; the moral law supreme in all human affairs, personal, social and political.

The application of these first principles, as made by a fervid temperament in a country like Spain, king-ridden and priest-ridden, may readily be surmised. The judgment of feeling is essentially the same everywhere, but will be more vehement where the feeling is not held in check by the colder temperament or the severer training of the North. The impulsive, impetuous, inconsiderate character of some of his incidental opinions must be ascribed to personal temperament. The principles of the rational faith are not responsible for them. M. Uranga's book proves that rationalism, wherever taught, in Paris, London, Madrid, is not a cold, intellectual system, but warm, sympathetic, humane. That Frenchmen and Germans, Englishmen and Spaniards can entertain it, shows the breadth of its fundamental principles. Romanism is the religion of southern Europe; Protestantism is the religion of northern Europe and of England; Rationalism is at home on all soils.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH THOUGHT.

THIRD NOTICE:— CRITICAL DEISM.

By critical deism we are to understand the attempt to invalidate the supernatural claims of Christianity by showing up the inconsistencies and absurdities and contradictions of the Bible. In witnessing both the assault and the defense, we are impressed with the feeling that somehow we are permitted to behold a duel in the dark, in which the combatants not infrequently change weapons—weapons which, however poisoned, are not deadly. The controversy was exceedingly virulent. To admit that intellectual errors were innocent was by no means to acknowledge that such errors or even the persons holding them were not proper objects of antipathy. Any really scientific or philosophic criticism of the Bible was still far in the future. On both sides there was absolute ignorance of the nature of the genesis and evolution of sacred writings, worships and beliefs. What was not the truth in them must be a lie. There was no middle ground of error and illusion. Pope could praise the "invention" of Homer, as if he had manufactured his Olympian deities and heroes entirely out of his own brain.

Orthodoxy, casting the burden of proof on its opponents, considered itself victor when it had reconciled apparent contradictions, and the deist generally allowed the claim. He was obliged to fight the battle upon the Orthodox ground. His only hope was to make the supernatural commit suicide. He could not strike it from without. Where it was not obviously absurd and contradictory, he gave a credence to the statements of the Bible which similar statements in Herodotus and Livy would not have received. "The deists, one might almost say, admitted the miracles, but attributed them to men instead of God." Equally with their opponents they broke in two the history of the world and failed to see that it was no continuous process of development. Their utter lack of any genuine historic sense showed itself in first supposing a difference where there was none, and then a likeness. "The ancients were conceived as men of the modern type under the action of a totally different set of laws, instead of being regarded as men in a different mental stage under the action of precisely the same laws."

The first book of any importance in the critical controversy was Leslie's "Short Method with Deists," a reply to Charles Blount's "Oracles of Reason." Blount shot himself in 1693 because he could not legally marry his deceased wife's sister. Blount's worst offence was skepticism in regard to the Old Testament miracles and the stories of the Fall. By arresting this little rivulet of unbelief, Leslie imagined that he could dry up the whole mighty current of revolutionary belief. Or rather he did not imagine that any such current was preparing in the atmospheric conditions of the time. Leslie allowed that if Christianity was worthy of universal acceptance, its teachings ought to be "as plain as a pike-staff." His short method included four rules for testing the Biblical narrations: First, that the facts reported should be addressed to men's outward senses. Second, and this publicly. Third, that there should be commemorative movements and actions, and that these (Fourth) should commence from the time of the fact in question. By this method, Leslie fancied he could not only establish the Biblical doctrines and narrations, but also his High Church sacramental and sacerdotal theories, he being a very manly specimen of a non-juring High Churchman. To the majority of his contemporaries, his "Short method" seemed tremendously effective. But nothing could be more absolutely worthless, from the standpoint of modern criticism, seeing that it assumes the authenticity and contemporaneity of the Biblical record. Could anything be more delicious, as we see it, than the absurdity of this? "Could Moses have persuaded 600,000 men that he had been through the sea, in the manner related in Exodus, if it had not been true?" Certainly not if they had been through with him. But for a long time the Orthodox argument was based on Leslie's assumption of the authenticity and contemporaneity of the Biblical record. Grudgingly allowing so much, it is no wonder that the critical deists had a difficult task.

Few names in the deist controversy have been in worse odor than that of Anthony Collins. His "Discourse on Free Thinking," (1713) brought down on him "the sledgehammer of Bentley's criticism." Collins' first point was that all sound opinion must be based on free inquiry. This, Bentley hastened to allow. His second, that it tended irresistibly to deism. His argument was the variety of opinions based on the text, and the 30,000 various readings of the New Testament text which Dr. Mills had recently pointed out. It was sufficient for Bentley's triumph, always more dear to him than victory, that he could ridicule the scholarship of Collins, while leaving his argument intact. Another

of Collins' antagonists was Dean Swift, to whom not deism, but *avowed* deism, was a deadly sin. One could almost anticipate his argument. All men are fools; therefore free thinking is an absurdity. Even the good-natured Steele or admirable Berkeley could write in the *Guardian*: "If ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Discourse on Free Thinking." Lest it should come to this, Collins retired to Holland, but only for a time. In 1724 he published "Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion." The hint was taken from William Whiston, successor to Newton in his mathematical professorship. Whiston, perceiving that the fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecies in the New were far from satisfactory, argued that the Old Testament had been tampered with by the Jews, so as to put the New Testament fulfilments in the wrong. Collins' book was avowedly an attack on Whiston. He proved conclusively enough that Whiston's method of clipping and docking the prophecies to fit them to New Testament events was altogether absurd. At the same time—and here his real power and purpose were disclosed—he showed that without such clipping and docking the prophecies could not be made to tally with the events, *unless the prophecies were allegorical*. He argued that they were, but evidently with little heart. This part of his book, and the reply to Whiston, are the harmless bread of a sandwich the meat of which is the insistence on the inapplicability of the prophecies, considered literally, to the events. Great was the excitement produced by this book. The like had not been seen before. In his next book (1727) Collins recites the titles of thirty-five opposing treatises. The most that came from any of these was certain ecclesiastical preferments. A book against the deists was the regular price of a bishopric. It is really comical to see to what an extent the argument turned on Daniel, and how completely his authenticity was established, when we consider the estimation in which the book is held at present, the critics being few indeed who are so poor as to do it reverence as a genuine writing of the time of the Captivity, the most assigning it to the last half of the second century B. C.

The argument from miracles was thought to be impregnable, even if that from prophecy should fail. Collins had promised to consider this also, but the task devolved—perhaps by some arrangement with Collins—on Thomas Woolston, a fellow of Cambridge. His book is an application of the allegorical method to the miracles. He declared that the miracles had not a particle of historical truth. He had no *a priori* objections to miracles; but on their face he found the narratives preposterous. Fines and imprisonment were very naturally his portion; insanity and poverty his fate. Absurd as was the criticism and the device by which Woolston proposed to remain "sound as a rock" in his Christian profession, the replies which his book elicited, though sometimes panoplied in a great show of learning, were on his level or below it. Thus Bishop Smalbroke argues for the miracle of Gadara, that the permission of Jesus to the evil spirits to enter into the swine was amply justified by his casting a whole legion of devils out of one person "by suffering about three of them to enter each hog instead of about six thousand of them keeping possession of one man." No wonder that this bit of pious arithmetic earned for the bishop the soubriquet of "split-devil!" One result of the controversy was to concentrate the orthodox defence upon the resurrection; another, that the miracles are beginning to be regarded as encumbrances rather than

as supports to faith; things to be proved instead of things proving. Sherlock's "Trial of the Witnesses" and Aunet's "Resurrection of Jesus Considered" are the most significant books in the later stages of the controversy until we come to Middleton. He first assumed the authenticity of the record as innocently as Leslie, and so had an easy victory. To Aunet it seemed more reasonable to suppose the Gospel writers dupes or liars, the brutality of his method being an anticipation by some fifty years of Thomas Paine's.

In 1748 appeared two books, by far the most remarkable of any in the history of critical deism. One came from David Hume, the other from Conyers Middleton. Middleton's "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have existed in the Christian Church through several successive ages" was the most effective assault upon the orthodox dogmas of the whole deist controversy. But the assault was covert. Avowedly it was confined to miracles of post-apostolic times. Its real force, however, was equally great against the miracles of these times. And faulty as his method often is, it was the discordant prelude to a genuine historical method. He received no serious answer, and so the skeptics had the last word of the controversy, and that the most effective word which had been spoken. Already orthodoxy had retreated a long way from Leslie's theory of a body of evidence so compact, flawless and coherent that it could only be rejected by the most reckless skepticism. From this extended line of battle it had fallen back upon the fortress of the resurrection. And now came Hume, asserting that no evidence could prove a miracle, and Middleton, that stories of miracles only prove the credulity of the narrators. The practical result was a pretty general agreement to believe everything, but not believe anything very heartily. There were spirits whom this could not satisfy; believers like Wesley, on the one hand, and skeptics like Thomas Paine, on the other, and a whole world of historical and constructive criticism was left still unexplored. Nevertheless, in critical as in constructive deism, with much failure and absurdity, there was some real progress, and, best of all, the conscious need, however dimly felt or unexpressed, of some further development.

J. W. C.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]

THE LONE VOYAGER.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

'T WAS ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown,
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
And brave its perils all alone.

Columbus, with his faith alone,
Sailed for new land beyond the sea:
Trusted behind by few or none,
Around him faithless mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream upon the shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep through all his youth,—

Must sail unblest of those behind,
While love turns to reproach her tone,
The loving God alone is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

HERBERT SPENCER thinks that George Eliot is the greatest woman that ever lived, and most people seem inclined to agree with him. There are not a few, however, whose opinion usually carries weight, who regard the author of "Daniel Deronda" as a much overrated woman, whose shortcomings and deficiencies of both heart and head will one day be quite as generally recognized as her many remarkable qualities now are.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

WE are still living in quiet times, though nobody knows what a day may bring forth. The Constantinople Conference has broken up and Turkey has gained a diplomatic victory. How all this has been brought about nobody really knows, though rumor is busy enough, and, if we are to believe all we hear, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Henry Elliott could tell the world some of the reasons. There is an uncomfortable suspicion abroad that while Lord Salisbury was working in perfect harmony with the other European Powers, our ambassador was encouraging the Turks to be firm in their resistance, and was doing so in obedience to instructions from the Prime Minister. I can hardly believe that this is true; but it is well known that Sir Henry Elliott is as enthusiastic a friend of Turkey as can be found, so that if such instructions did reach him he would not at all regret the opportunity of thwarting Russian policy. Every one is now anxiously awaiting the next move, and Mr. Gladstone has made a speech which almost reads as if he would not be opposed to England supporting Turkey should she go to war to secure the guarantees which she has not been able to obtain at the Conference. But a few weeks must elapse before all is revealed. Parliament meets in about a fortnight, and in the debate on the address we shall no doubt hear much that will enlighten us as to the past as well as give us a clue to the future. The electric telegraph is a great boon to mankind, but I fear it will rob your correspondent of the opportunity of sending anything of special interest to your readers, as you will know all that is said in London as soon as he will.

The ecclesiastical world is much exercised about Mr. Tooth's case at Hatcham. The full rigor of the law is being put in force against him, and I suppose the end of this week will see him imprisoned for his pertinacious disobedience to his superiors. I am, of course, opposed to everything like persecution, but I cannot feel any sympathy with Mr. Tooth, who, on entering the church, undertook certain responsibilities in return for the privileges he was to enjoy as a clergyman of the Established Church. If he and his people are desirous of conducting their worship with ceremonies and vestments, which are not permitted by ecclesiastical law, he has only to leave his position as a member of the Establishment and no one will interfere with his imitation of the Mass any more than with the Roman Catholic clergyman, who upholds the real thing without let or hindrance. I cannot help feeling something very much akin to contempt for the pretensions of our extreme High Churchmen. They speak as if they were supported by the authority of the church, while in reality they are exercising the right of private judgment just as much as the freest Unitarian. They select from Roman usage what they like and reject what they dislike, and instead of bending with sublime humility, like that of the true Romanist, to a tradition which has at least its fourteen centuries to appeal to, they make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all sensible men. At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Home Missionary Board the Rev. Charles Hargrove, who has lately left the Catholic church for our free communion, spoke out the plain truth about the pretences to authority made by the orthodox churches of Christendom. He had been a priest, a member of the Dominican order, the one especially devoted to theological study in the Catholic church. He made his hearers feel the solemn awe which every true Catholic must feel for the power which undoubtedly lies in the venerable tradition on which the Papal power is founded. Once grant the truth of the authority of the church, and everything else is easy to be accepted. With great truth he pointed out that if the church is infallible, then when its chief speaks as its mouthpiece he must speak with infallible truth. If you can accept as true the unspeakable miracle that the Infinite God was once a little child, what can be the difficulty of accepting transubstantiation? If you believe indeed that Christ was God, what is more natural than to bow before Mary, who was permitted to be his mother, or to St. Joseph, who tended him in his early days? And when once, Mr. Hargrove continued, a man has cast aside his faith in the authority of the august Church of Rome, how can he fail to look with contempt upon the Anglican claim for his church, or accept the rule of Methodist or Presbyterian, putting forth as an infallible guide a book which men cannot fail to interpret differently according to the peculiarity of their own intellectual conceptions. It was a pleasure to listen to Mr. Hargrove, and I have only heard one universal expression of congratulation that a man of such evident power, and at the same time of such

truly reverent religious mind, has cast in his lot with our free churches. He is settled as the minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, a church that has noble traditions, as to the men who have occupied its pulpit. Mr. Hargrove will, I am sure, maintain to the full the reputation his predecessor gained for it.

I hardly know whether I ought to congratulate you in the United States upon the emigration to your shores of a gentleman who has been for the last four years the minister of the Free Christian church in Bolton. He has been a very active and, I am told, a very effective speaker at many political meetings. It would be very absurd in me to condemn men for holding extreme opinions, at least those who know me would think so, but I think Mr. Applebee has made himself better known in political than in religious circles, and he has especially kept himself aloof from Unitarian gatherings or associations of late, though in former years he occupied the pulpits of acknowledged congregations among us. He said some strong things at Newington Green when he left them, but he has exceeded his former exploits in bidding farewell to his congregation at Bolton. To give a few examples of his style of eloquence I quote from the Bolton *Evening Guardian*, now before me: "The Bolton Free Christian church is not A. 1 at the Celestial Lloyds. It is a rotten old tub, incapable of keeping any longer afloat." He began his speech by calling his congregation "Ladies and Gentlemen." "If he had addressed them as 'dear friends,' or even as 'friends' or 'dearly beloved brethren,' or even as 'brethren,' he would have used words which would not have been correctly expressive of the emotions he felt. He was a friend and a brother to everybody connected with that church, but that was a very different thing from saying that everybody was a friend and brother to him. He was a friend and a brother to the veriest worm that crawled, yet nevertheless when the worm misinterpreted the meaning of his wormy life and made his (the speaker's) higher life uncomfortable, then, without any remorsefulness, he proceeded to do execution upon the worm. This was what he was about to do that day; but as they ought to be polite, even to worms, he addressed those before him, worms included, as ladies and gentlemen." He scattered flowers of eloquence like this over his audience both morning and evening; but I should not have troubled you with these elegant extracts if it had not been that he declared his conviction that his speeches would not only be read all over England, but also "in the United States, that bright and beautiful land of social, political and religious hope, wherein he would seek, and seeking find a happy home." I hope he may find his expectations of happiness fulfilled on your side of the Atlantic, but I warn you not to raise his anticipations too high or you may have ere long to be reckoned as belonging to the same class as the worms he left behind him in Bolton. Truly yours, S. A. S.

MANCHESTER, JAN. 25, 1877.

FROM PARIS.

THE colder weather which we have been having here for the past three or four days, has come most opportunely for Paris. Before it, we had had a dreary succession of heavy, murky days, with no sun to vivify and no wind to stir the air, and as a result, typhoid fever showed itself to a somewhat alarming extent in several portions of this much sewered but badly drained city. Fears of an epidemic were felt by many, and unusual precautions were taken to ward it off. The analysis made by the Meteorological Society, of air taken from several parts of the city, showed that germs of the disease existed in almost all. The air taken from the Chateau d'Eau and from the neighborhood of the demolitions for the new Boulevard de l'Opera, was especially full of these germs, and the soldiers barracked at the former place were ordered to other quarters. The works on the new Boulevard opened up many an old cess-pool and sewer, and filled the air with malaria. Now, however, has come this colder weather, the best preventive of such sickness.

Much interest is felt here in the new bill of M. Marvais relating to foreign physicians. The bill has passed the Senate and become a law. It prohibits all doctors who have not received the diploma of the French Ecole de Medecine from practicing in France. The bill was caused by the number of quacks who have, of late years, located themselves in the country, and the investigations incident to it, have brought to light many interesting facts. On the island of Jersey a medical "college" was founded some years ago which purported to be a branch of the famous or infamous "Pennsylvania University," and which, for the modest sum of forty pounds, fur-

nished any applicant, sending a certificate of good character, (a thing very easy to obtain) with a duly signed and attested diploma creating him an M.D. His presence was not required. The exchange of money and diploma was effected by means of the mails, and the applicant was at once a fully fledged and qualified doctor of medicine. Similar institutions exist in Germany and Belgium; but in these, the course of study and the examinations are more severe. The presence of the applicant is required that he may pass an "examination." The rigor and value of this examination is shown by the fact that the diploma is given with the understanding that its holder shall not practice in Germany or Belgium as the case may be. It is at this class of men that M. Marvais' bill is aimed, but, of course, it affects some of the better class also. That its effects may not be too severe upon these, the bill provides that all doctors already established shall be permitted to continue in practice, but that as these die or go out of the profession, their places shall be supplied by regularly constituted physicians of the French école. Very few foreign physicians will ever attempt to pass the examinations, as the French nomenclature and pharmacopœia are very complex. The foreign physicians will gradually die out, and foreigners of the next generation visiting France will find themselves compelled to employ French skill. This, of course, will be unpleasant. The barrier of a different language, coupled with the impossibility of the average Frenchman ever understanding the feelings and character of a foreigner, will necessarily weaken the mental influence which every practitioner should have over his patients and which often does more than medicine in effecting the cure.

JANUARY 17, 1877.

H. C. A.

FROM CHICAGO.

GLOBE to God! Hoar for Boutwell, Judge Davis for John A. Logan, and a prospect for a reasonable settlement of partisan difficulties! But what do ministers know about politics? When Pitt sent out a governor to one of the West Indies he gave him these orders: "Don't you do anything without a good reason; but never tell your reason." So we will chuckle over what really is good in political affairs; and have very decided reasons for the faith, or no faith, that is in us; but never, never give our reasons for it.

I have just come in from a ramble among the book-stores. The choicest place for a good literary tete-a-tete is Hadley's. Colgrove, with his shining head and smiling face, will make you feel that it is home. If you want to know just where a passage is he will turn to it and lay his finger on it; if you want posting in any direction he is the man. He will save you a month's useless reading in a year, and sell you what you need. Here you will be likely to meet Sunderland or Forbush. If not the latter, the Athenæum is just overhead, and you will enjoy a climb from the office to the class-rooms and gymnasium. Busy everywhere. O! for some Croesus to die, comfortably, and leave a fortune for the Athenæum. What a grand idea! inspired of God, via. Wendte. All liberal people like it. On the walls of the reading-room hangs the portrait of one of its best patrons, Prof. Hevens, of the Congregationalist Seminary. Powers was a warm friend; so is Swing.

By the way, Swing did a grand thing last Sunday. His sermon was fully as bold as some of Parker's. He showed the narrowness that confines inspiration to the margins of Hebrew thought. Cautious, but not to be mistaken, he is moving lightward.

If you want to know where there is some good, steady religious building going on, ask after Thompson, of Bloomington, or Miller, of Geneseo. Cooke, at Grand Haven, is up to his eyes in really thorough work, and if the people there half appreciate him they will build a new church within a year. "Hold fast is a good dog!" we used to say. But I begin to think he is the best sort of Christian. He is needed in all our churches. We have him in the Third Church; and if we don't work him to death he will carry us all to glory in spite of "blue times."

That was not meant for a joke at all; but then "it reminds me" that the great sensation of Chicago is "blue glass." General Pleasanton has written a letter to the *Tribune* reviewing his experiments on calves, vines, pigs and himself; and all Chicago is buying blue glass for every conceivable disease. White light is ostracised and henceforth the sun must shine with blue effulgence into drawing-room as well as conservatory. The exact power, or relative power of the chemical ray abstracted from the heat and light rays not one in ten thousand understands; but they, nevertheless, mean to try it. It is a scientific age, you know. Adver-

tising columns teem with "Blue Glass for Sale;" and, of course, somebody will be advantaged. Probably no scientific question is of more value than the relation of various colored lights to animal and vegetable economy. Such experiments as those of Father Secchi and others on the insane; such researches as those of Dr. Ogle, and Wallace, and Helmholtz, and Draper are to be of incalculable value, but it is to be regretted that quackery must first do incalculable damage.

Moody is gone, but the age of miracles is revived to fill the aching void. Fanaticism first, and then miracles. Dr. Mitchel electrified the people last week at one of the noon-day prayer meetings by announcing that a paralytic had been made whole in answer to prayer. Mrs. Robinson, however, on inquiry, is now confined to her bed from a sprained hip caused by a fall when returning from one of Mr. Moody's meetings. The unreasonable skeptics hardly think it fair on the old lady to cure her of paralysis caused by a fall from a street car; and then lay her out with a sprain when coming from so good a place as the Tabernacle. The question is egregiously asked why prayer does not cure *this* case. Is it a judgment on the good woman?

A royal good time at Collyer's church; all the Unitarian churches massed in a good, old-fashioned, informal sociable. I should like to steal some of Collyer's folks. They have been under his broad sunshine till they make capital reflectors. Everybody at home, and a jolly time for young and old.

POWELL.

LITERATURE.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

It is rather late in the day, we confess, but we must make some note of the monthlies which are bearing so much really valuable literature into a hundred thousand homes.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The *Atlantic*, with its new departments fully systematized, is a host in itself. A magazine which can offer Whittier and Longfellow, Holmes and Bayard Taylor, Howells and James, Stedman and Fawcett in one number, and then leave a margin for others who have something to say, needs to be read, not *noticed*. The February *Atlantic* is very good. The "Contributors' Club" affords an opportunity for bright comment on some things, where an essay might be less effective, and this second number fully sustains the promise of the first. Mr. Howells' opening, in "Out of the Question," is characteristic, and we can only hope that his *closing* will be less so, for his closing is certainly apt to be his weak point. Mr. Stedman has been wrought to a poetic height by the "News from Olympia," and his stanzas are worthy of the subject. We wish we could more fully particularize the contents of this rich number, but space will not allow, and we can only quote and endorse one verse of Dr. Holmes' "How not to Settle It:"

"I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayses
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night!
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes."

Harper's Monthly

Has a happy knack in illustrated articles, full of information, which rarely deserts it. The most attractive in the current number is by Wirt Sikes, leading us into Wales—a strangely un-hackneyed land for one so full of interest. Cardiff, Caerphilly, Merthyr Tydvil—the names themselves fill the mind with visions all the more interesting perhaps because of their vagueness. "The Land of the Incas," by A. H. Guernsey, and "Barbadoes," by A. Van Cleef, are also illustrated. The question, "And who was Blennerhassett?" is answered by J. S. C. Abbott in popular fashion—a sad story and unique in our country; the three continued stories, "Erema," "A Woman Hater" and "Garth," run on, and a new one, "Noel Brewster's Secret," is begun by C. Welsh Mason, and there is about the usual assortment of shorter articles, including the letters from Lord Macaulay, which have been attracting so much attention, and to which we referred in our last number. The Easy Chair discourses briefly concerning these letters, and more at length about Webster, the Brooklyn Theatre horror and the Johns Hopkins University. The last enterprise is full of hope to all who are interested in the cause of culture and the higher education.

Scribner's Monthly

Has fallen upon a healthful subject, of perennial interest, in

"White of Selborne," which is well illustrated. Of the other illustrated articles, "The Microscope Among the Flowers," by S. B. Herriek, is full of curious information on propagation among plants, directly and by the agency of insects. Another is on "Trout Fishing on the Rangeley Lakes," calculated to stir up a longing for the wilderness; another General McClellan's second paper on "A Winter on the Nile," in which he voyages from the first cataract to Abou Simbel. In "Home and Society" there are some valuable hints for mothers on the ever-new subject of the management and education of young children.

The Popular Science Monthly

Gives a portrait and sketch of Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., with an incomplete list of his published papers on subjects connected with his chemical investigations. The illustrated articles are upon the "Distance and Dimensions of the Sun," by Prof. C. A. Young; "Ups and Downs of the Long Island Coast," by E. Lewis, Jr., and "Compressed Air Locomotive in St. Gothard Tunnel," by C. M. Gabriel. J. Fitzgerald contributes a translation of the careful paper by A. Mézières in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, on "The Trial of Galileo," and other articles are by Alexander Bain, R. A. Proctor, C. Chamberlain, Dr. G. M. Beard, William E. Simmons and the editor.

The Catholic World

Contains a criticism of Huxley's lectures, in which the critic seems to consider he has fully demolished the Professor. His opinion is frankly stated: "To say what we think of this long argumentation, we believe that it demonstrates nothing but the immense talkative faculty of the lecturer." "The Home Life of Some Eighteenth Century Poets" is the kind of gossip about Swift, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, etc., which people always read with avidity. "A Story of the Far West" relates the redemption of a mining town, as seen from Roman Catholic ground. "Frederic Ozanam" is an elaborate biographical article concerning a professor at the Sorbonne. "Modern Melodists" treats of Schubert, and there are other parts of the number having a general interest, but for the most part the interest is restricted.

The Phrenological Journal

Opens with an article on "The Phrenological Characteristics of Lord Macaulay, as inferred from his Writings." This is followed by a "Glimpse of Rocky Mountain Scenery," poorly illustrated; an illustrated article on "American Sheep Husbandry," a portrait and sketch of "Philip Schaff, D.D.," and numerous other articles of about the usual character.

The Bankers' Magazine

Contains more than twenty articles, a number of them devoted to the statistics of 1876, others to banking and financial movements, etc. Mr. George Walker contributes a translation of an article by Emile de Laveleye, in the *Revue de Belgique*, on "Bi-Metallic Money." M. de Laveleye agrees with M. Cernuschi in favoring the double standard, but seems to go beyond him in actually feeling gratification in the thought that the establishment or continuance of the double standard is likely to favor debtors at the expense of creditors.

From the table of premiums it appears that the highest quotation of gold during 1876 was 115, March 3d; the lowest 107, December 9th.

Magazine of American History.

This magazine, as the leading article of its second number, presents an account by E. F. De Lancey, of the capture of Fort Washington, November 16, 1776, with a fac simile of an old map, showing Knyphausen's attack. Following this, we have a sketch of "Pierre Daillé, the first Huguenot Pastor of New York," by Chas. W. Baird, some interesting original documents and reprints, Notes, Queries, etc., as promised in the first number. The publishers already announce the contents of the March number, and their enterprise shows much vitality.

St. Nicholas

Brings the young folks a monthly budget which includes a letter from Thomas Hughes, entitled "Festina Lente," and the customary variety for the little ones. The Peterkins go to the Centennial and meet with their usual fate, and as usual are helped out of the scrape by the lady from Philadelphia. A new serial, "Pattikin's House," is accompanied by a sketch—not very beautiful, but very natural—"The Blackberry Party at Jahonnet's Acre." There is also a pleasant picture of Pattikin herself. Herbert P. Copeland gives some curious front views of fishes. The frontispiece represents Major André drawing his own portrait.

The Library Table

Does not claim to be a magazine, but aims at a permanency which

entitles it to consideration. The February number continues its Index to Periodical Literature and Record of New Books. At the same time the editor acknowledges that more completeness is to be desired in these, and solicits the assistance of publishers therein. The leading reviews in the current number are of Miss Preston's "Troubadours and Trouveres," by Abby Sage Richardson; "Hutton's Essays," by Julius H. Ward; Schuyler's "Turkistan," by O. B. Frothingham; "The New Poet" (the author of *Deirdré*), by Henry C. Matthews, and "The Financial Alphabet," by T. Frank Brownell. E. C. Stedman promises a Biographical and Critical paper on Longfellow for the March number.

Blackwood for January.

In a defence of Lord Beaconsfield, his policy in regard to the Eastern Question is claimed to be the safest, wisest and most efficacious, and Mr. Gladstone is taunted for his policy regarding Jefferson Davis and the insurgents of the Southern States. A description of the operations of the House of Commons is entertaining,—moreover the author affirms, as "our sincere conviction, that the House of Commons is the first assembly of gentlemen in the world."

George Sand's writings are analyzed at considerable length, and in a friendly spirit. "The Woman Hater" is developing rapidly. Two other stories are given, both well written, but rather too tragic to leave pleasant impressions. A gay little ditty in rhyme is calculated to relieve any sombre effects in them.

LITERARY NOTES.

A CURIOUS rumor appeared in the *Examiner* that Mr. Samuel Morley had bought the *Contemporary Review*, and was "looking out for an editor who believes in the Atonement." Mr. Strahan wrote at once to the *Times*, stating that Mr. Morley has not purchased the *Review*, which still remains in the same hands as hitherto. It is certain, however, that the accomplished editor, Mr. James Knowles, has seceded, and, as we announced last week, is about to establish a new monthly under the name of *The Nineteenth Century*, which, if it lasts for twenty-three years, will, no doubt, change its name to *The Twentieth Century*. It appears also from some further particulars which are given by the *Examiner*, that a joint-stock company (limited) was registered on December 14 last, "for the purpose" (as stated in its articles of association) "of purchasing the interest of the said Alexander Strahan in certain publications known as the *Contemporary Review*, *The Day of Rest*, *Good Things for the Young*, and *Peepshow*, and the name of Mr. Samuel Morley stands first on the list of directors. The names of Mr. Francis Peek, the well-known member of the London School Board, and of the Rev. Mr. Paton, of the Independent College at Nottingham, stand first among the "subscribers." It appears, therefore, to be a joint-stock company of Mr. Samuel Morley and his friends, and not Mr. Samuel Morley alone, which has bought the *Contemporary*, or rather "Mr. Strahan's interest" in it. According to the same articles of association, the *Contemporary Review* "remains in the hands" of the directors of the new company, who are empowered "to do any act or acts, thing or things, for the more effectually carrying out the objects of the said company." These changes indicate, we fear, that the *Contemporary Review* has seen its best days, and that its honorable traditions will be preserved in *The Nineteenth Century*. It is stated that the following, among others, have promised their support to *The Nineteenth Century*: Mr. Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Tyndall, the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, the Rev. Dr. Martineau, the Revs. J. Baldwin Brown and J. Guinness Rogers, Mr. Grant Duff, Sir John Lubbock, Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir George Bowyer, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. W. R. Greg, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. C. T. Newton, Mr. W. Spottiswoode, and Mr. Arthur Arnold.—*London Inquirer*.

SLOTE, WOODMAN & CO., of 121 William street, send us "Mark Twain's Scrap-Book." Why Mark should allow his name to be attached to so prosaic a thing as a scrap-book only those who have purchased his patent will be able to understand. The happy possessors of this treasure will have no further need of paste-pot or mullage-bottle, Mark having ingeniously arranged a book to the pages of which your excerpts readily adhere after the manner of postage stamps. To all keepers of scrap-books the "Mark Twain" is simply indispensable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

From G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE ENGLISH NATION. By Ella S. Arncliffe. \$1.25.
MODERN MATERIALISM IN ITS RELATIONS TO RELIGION AND THEOLOGY. By James Martin. 8vo, LL D. \$1.25.
SELECT BRITISH ESSAYISTS. Sir Roger de Coverley. With an Introductory Essay by John Habberton. \$1.

From Ginn & Heath, Boston.

A MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN LATIN. Prepared by J. H. Allen and J. B. Greenough. \$1.50.

SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON AND GOLDSMITH. For use in Schools and Classes. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Paper, 40 cents.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN ZOOLOGY. By J. Dorman Steele. Ph D., F.G.S. \$1.10.

From Palmer, Augir & Co., Chicago.

GATHERED LEAVES. By Frances A. B. Dunning.

SELECTIONS.

THE WORKING MAN'S SUNDAY.

A PLEA FOR REST, RECREATION, EDUCATION.

REST, Recreation, Education: those words mark the three parts into which the subject falls the moment that we touch it. And I will say at once, in rough, where I am coming out. I think that the present use of Sunday determined by New England law and custom, and extending far beyond New England, involves a waste of opportunity to working-men so sad and great that the makers of public opinion can hardly do a better thing for their generation than to take up earnestly the question, Cannot this waste be somehow utilized for culture? At present, New England law and custom compel Sunday rest, forbid Sunday recreation, and do nothing for Sunday education save in a single direction,—that indeed the most important. The change that will be advocated (under, let me confess, a strong sense of its difficulty and danger, yet with strong confidence that it looks in the right direction) may be summed up thus: *So far as the State deals with the matter, it should encourage Sunday rest, without directly enforcing it; should encourage Sunday recreation also, without directly aiding it; and should positively and actively promote Sunday education by opening whatever libraries, reading-rooms, art and mechanic exhibitions it may control in fit localities, and by extending the public school system so far as to include free Sunday classes and lectures on "secular" subjects.* Of course, before public opinion will authorize the State to do so much as this, private philanthropy must lead the way, and seize on this waste field of opportunity, and prove that in the vacant lot right here beside our doors there lies a gold-mine!

Now to go over the ground a little more carefully.

I. REST.

For the working man Sunday must still be, as now, a day of Rest, a pause in the busy week. The command seems written in our flesh and blood, confirmed by centuries of history, attested under many climates, races, civilizations; the command, "Six days shalt thou labor, but the seventh shall be Sabbath," *i. e.*, rest. So ancient is it that it seems to date from the creation; so imperious that it seems to have come from God; so sure that it seems to have been revealed. Strip off these symbols by which man thinks the thought, and the thought is true. No accidental choice, no chieftain's word is old, and strong, and wide of spread like this. It is from Nature—the Nature that lies in man announcing her strong law through his deep need. No beliefs in Sinai-revelation or resurrection-miracle can add to its real weight, however much those beliefs have served to make men feel its weight and yield obedience. The tired muscles *claim* Sabbath, if the week's work has been with muscles. The tired nerves *claim* Sabbath, if the week's work falls on nerves.

The Sabbath-law is growing plainer, then, than ever; the Sabbath command is growing more imperious. Rest is still the greatest gift the Sunday can bring, it is the great gift the Sunday must bring, the workingman. Any change, therefore, that would seriously endanger that, whatever good it otherways might do, would do more harm than good.

I doubt whether the Sunday law be needed as protection, and whether it is the real protection of the Sunday rest we credit it with being. I believe the institution is inherently so strong that the abolition of the law would have but little

tendency to rob the workingmen of it; and am inclined to think that the phrase used at the beginning suggests the just, safe, policy. "The State should encourage Sunday rest without directly enforcing it." As long, however, as it still persists in keeping the workshop and the saleshop closed, it should at least strike out the clause that now makes thousands of us law-breakers, forbidding "any manner of labor, business, or work, except works of necessity and charity,"—should at least strike out a clause like this, and restore to us by law that freedom which plainly harms no other. I know not whether public opinion is ripe for even so much change. I suspect it is, although since 1860 there have been five alterations in the Massachusetts Sunday law, and, in four, the change instead of dulling has sharpened its cutting-edge.

II. RECREATION.

Given the rest-day, what shall be done with it?

The difference between nerve-work and muscle-work shows at once that even Rest must have a varied usage to be rest for all the workers. What is real rest for one would be simply continued labor for another. Much more is this true of Recreation, so much greater is the difference between taste and taste. What is recreation to one taste is direst bore to another. What makes one smile makes another yawn. What takes one early out of bed of a Sunday morning keeps another late in bed. Now the State undertakes to be very maternal in this matter, and she is a mother who ignores the differences between her children. She treats us younger ones as if we all were like the good brothers two hundred years our elders. She says, "They did not, and you shall not, go to any show or entertainment, shall not take part in or be present at any sport or game or play; you shall not fish or hunt, or travel even, except from necessity or charity, upon Sunday."

The "Puritan" Sabbath and the "Continental" Sabbath are set off against each other as two great types, and each is praised, each heartily hated, by opposite parties. In both cases injustice is done both to the thing praised and to the thing condemned. New England Puritanism was much more than the ascetic monstrosity which its modern scoffers mock at. That austere moral strength of which the Puritan Sabbath was the natural seventeenth century sign—its sign and not its cause—has been the iron in the nation's blood down to the seventh generation. Would we had more of it! On the other hand the Continental Sabbath is by no means the abomination of desolation and profligacy described by those who fear it. Sunday is the home-day there as here; the general rest-day there, though not so much as here; the day of worship there as well as here, though in a less degree; and besides this, it is there far more a recreation-day than here,—and by this last difference it goes so far towards redressing the balance of comparative good between the two days there and here, that I am not at all sure, on the whole, that our American Sunday deserves the higher praise. The late Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was true Scotch Presbyterian on the subject of Sabbath observances, and his testimony is noteworthy. "We counted on one occasion in Paris thirty-three theatres and places of amusement open on the Sabbath day," he writes. Coming home, "in one hour we saw in London and Edinburgh, with all our churches and schools and piety, more drunkenness than we saw in five long months in guilty Paris." Or again: "At the Synod of the Scotch Church in 1867, the Puritan Sabbath was openly proclaimed a failure, and ample evidence was adduced in proof; one of the speakers declaring that Continental Sabbaths produced no parallel to the disgraceful behavior which marked the day in Scotland." I do not mean to correlate the two as simple cause and effect,—the Sabbath-keeping and the drunkenness,—though there is doubtless some connection of that sort between the sombre day and the number of reellers on the street. The "workingmen" will have recreation, and if the higher kinds are shut to them, there will only be the more idle men to seek the lower kinds,—the den if not the garden, the saloon if not the concert or the gallery. But however related, facts like those referred to should be remembered in comparing the two Sabbath-types.

I know by the very strength of my own preference how hard it is to wholly discharge our minds of these religious predilections. But just that we should do, if we would view the Sunday-question with perfect fairness. Even the most

Evangelical of the descendants would hardly claim to-day that the old homestead Sabbath of the fathers can be justly forced upon the vast and complex populations of strange blood and foreign customs that have been invited to the family adoption. For ourselves it may still be holy-day; when judging for others we must remember that we judge a holiday. *The State knows no holy days*,—I speak of what ought to be, not is. To the State, Sunday should be simply the people's rest, with equal right to each person of the people to use that rest as he may choose. In the eye of the law church-going should be but one among the recreations chosen. The church-goers have no more right to say to the riders and the ball-players and the show-seekers, Stop! than these latter have to say to the church-goers, Don't you do it! "On Saturday," pleads the horse-car company, "we carry you a pleasure or a rest-ride at our profit, and at our risk if we damage you; on Sunday, by Massachusetts statutes, we carry you the pleasure or the rest-ride at our profit still, and at your risk if we damage you." What right has Parson A. or Deacon B. to ordain meanness like that by refusing to order up this statute from the book? It is not a question of practical interference; for the two kinds of Sunday usage do not interfere,—if neither party claim superior rights. There is room in the city or the town for both usages, under the same forbearance that is practised and enforced on week-days, without a thought of calling it forbearance then, but simple justice. Why should week-day injustice become just on Sundays? Or why should Saturday "justice" become even "toleration" on the next day? The street is made for all the wagons; for the torch-light procession of both the parties. The Town Hall first echoes to Tilden's name and then to Hayes'. So should it be with Sunday. All ears have to bear the bells; all ears should bear the band,—or bells and band should agree on separate times and places. Let the morning park have the silence of its trees or hold the preacher's tent, if the preacher will; let the park in the afternoon have the stir of music and hold the family throngs that the music would draw there. Church-doors stand open, and those who will may enter; the concert-doors, the theatre-doors, the bath-house-doors, the gymnasium and the garden-gates, have a right to stand open that those who will may enter there. As to the *employees*, the *employees* in the one place correspond to the *employees* in the other; and the loss of their rest-day—that of the few for the sake of the many—may be similarly justified and similarly made good.—*Extract from an address by W. C. Gannett, reported in the Index.*

SCIENCE.

INSTINCT?

Extract from a public Address of the eminent Prof. Baer in St. Petersburg, and communicated by Prof. E. Desor to the Swiss journal, "Reform."

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES W. WENDTE.

In no class of animals does the power of instinct show itself so variously modified and so wonderful in its operations as in the insect world. Many excellent works have been written concerning the instincts of insects, and discriminating students of nature, like the two Hubers, have devoted their whole lives to the observation of these hidden impulses in the bee and the ant. We are not to entertain for a moment, therefore, the thought that I can here exhaust the many-sided topic. But you will allow me to attempt, with a few rapid strokes of my brush, to show how and why I hold these secret springs of action to be something originally implanted; that is, not a product of the bodily structure, but as something which stands above, and is a law unto it. I will refer only to a few of the most familiar examples.

The gnat, in the earlier stages of its development, lives only in the water, and can live only in water, since its whole organization is arranged solely for this element, and its food also is found only in the water. During its last metamorphosis, however, it acquires wings, a long proboscis, and air-tubes which open on the side of its body. It now raises itself into the air, and shuns the water, for now it would suffocate in the latter element. As soon, however, as the eggs have fully ripened in the female, she seeks the water again, in which she must meanwhile not be immersed, for

fear of losing her life. Cautiously, therefore, she seeks a leaf swimming in the stream, or a blade of grass overhanging it, in order that, resting on this, she may let her eggs fall into the water. The male feels no such impulse to seek the water. Is not the instinct here a supplemental completion of the life-process? The life process of the gnat has as its product an animal which begins its life in the water and concludes it in the air. In order that this process may be re-enacted in the newly-formed germs, the latter must be laid in water. This compulsion which controls the will of the female gnat in the decisive moment, and which we are accustomed to call instinct, may therefore well be considered as a consummation of the life-process. And so in a thousand other instances.

The butterfly makes use of its wings and its proboscis to suck honey-dew from the flowers; but when it must lay its eggs it uses the same motive power to seek out those green parts of the plant on which the caterpillar crawling from the eggs can subsist, and on these it lays its eggs. The common house-fly, a more un congenial than expensive boarder, like a dainty child, prefers the sweet dishes on our table, but when the time arrives for it to breed, it has to seek the most filthy localities, since only in these can its young brood prosper. Let us throw one more glance at the wonderful conditions of bee-life. A single individual, the so-called queen-bee, has a perfect female organization, that she may be able to deposit eggs. She lays them to the number of several hundred on a single day. The larvæ which issue from these eggs need the honey as food, and yet cannot gather it for themselves, having neither wings nor feet. The queen cannot provide for them, as she is constantly occupied with depositing eggs. To accomplish this end, there are a great number of working bees, faithful servants of the house, which is so populous as to be well compared to a state. Themselves incompetent to breed, they know no greater joy, next to their own nourishment, than to care for the coming generation. For them they build cells out of wax; for them they gather stores of honey. They feed the growing brood, and close up their cells with wax when the time of the metamorphosis of the larvæ has come. But all this self-sacrificing activity continues only as long as there is a queen-bee among them, or a young brood out of which a queen may soon be expected. If the queen-bee is taken from the hive, and there is no hope to soon see her replaced, the formation of cells and the orderly collection of honey ceases. It is indeed no longer necessary, for no more eggs are being laid.

It is true these and similar exhibitions of instinct would seem to be based on insight into the relations of nature. But it is impossible to give one's self over to the opinion that the bee possesses this insight. We find, even among animals which most resemble man, and whose brain in other respects has a structure like the human—among the ape tribe, for example—so little insight into the conditions of nature, or so little judgment, that while they will warm themselves at a fire kindled by men, they run away when it goes out, and never hit upon the idea to add new fuel to it. The apes most resembling man have therefore not even been able to make that first of discoveries which the human race had to make before all others, and which it has everywhere made. How unlikely it is that insects with a brain so slightly developed should be capable of such extended combinations! Still more, one finds by observing insects of a similar character, but with a somewhat different development, that the one kind displays the particular instinct which is necessary for the preservation of its kind, while the other, which has no need for such instinct, remains also without any apparent agitation of its thinking powers.

For these reasons instinct seems to me a fulfilment or completion of the life-process. The life-process itself we hold to be not a product of the organism, but the rhythm, or, as it were, the melody according to which the bodily organism builds itself up, and rebuilds itself. It is true, the organism must contain the means through which the various purposes of the life-process can manifest themselves. But these do not constitute the life-process itself, or it would lack the necessary unity. A piano, on which a melody has just been played, must, to be sure, contain the different strings by means of which can be made audible the various notes of the composition. For all this, however, the piano itself did not play off the tune which we heard from it; it can sound forth many other and different tunes or musical thoughts. In the organisms, however, the separate parts are built according to the type and rhythm of the life-process peculiar to them, and through their operation, so that they cannot serve any other life-process.

Hence, comparing these different life processes to musical

thoughts and themes, I shall venture to call them creative thoughts which build up their own structures. That which we call in music harmony and melody is here the type (aggregation of parts,) and the rhythm (succession of forms.)

That these creative thoughts are thus able to embody themselves through their organisms, indicates a certain degree of individuality. A higher degree is attained when they become conscious of themselves, and of an external world as distinct from themselves, and feel the possibility of making some impression on it, i. e., the will. But this will is not yet free, least of all among the lower animals. It is controlled by an irresistible power which compels it to care for the preservation of itself and its kind. It is this impelling power which we call instinct. The young fishes and amphibians are capable of seeking their own nourishment as soon as they have slipped out of the egg. The instinct of the mother only extends to placing the eggs in a spot suitable for their development. The eggs of birds need warmth in order to be hatched, and their fledglings must be fed for some time after. Nature has accordingly given to the birds these instincts of nest-building, brooding and maternal care which are needed to complete that which is wanting in the physical life-process of reproduction. The young of the mammalia are formed and brought into life by another and internal process. Hence the instincts of nest-building and brooding would be superfluous, and they are accordingly wanting in mammals. But the nourishment of the newly born is found in the breasts of the mother. In order that she might proffer this food to them the instinct of maternal love was necessary, and it is implanted there—and the more active, the more helpless the young are without the mother.

Man, as the most individual and self-determining of these developed thoughts of our earthly creation, has retained of all these animal instincts little more than that of maternal love. His will is emancipated from the "must" or necessity which controls the will of animals. On the other hand, he feels within himself an "ought," i. e., a sense of obligation, which manifests itself as "conscience," or a feeling of obligation towards others, and as "faith," or an impulsion towards the universal source of being. I commit no sacrilege if I call these pre-eminent faculties of man the highest forms of instinct. These are the sensibilities through which the human race has developed and ennobled itself. The animal instincts serve only to preserve the species, not to ennoble it. For this reason there is no progress on the part of animals.

If this train of thought is a correct one, as I believe it is, then it follows that instinct itself is an effluence from the world-all, and not a mere product of bodily relations. The insight which lies at the bottom of it, is not the insight of the animals themselves, but a constraint laid upon them by a higher discernment.

HEARTH AND HOME.

"LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW."

A GROUP IN THE EXPOSITION.

I.

DIDN'T you feel a sudden strain
Tug at your heartstrings, like a pain,
When you were standing all agaze,
One of those blissful Autumn days,
Under a sky of cloudless blue,
Soaked with the sunshine through and through,
Looking with curious eyes, perhaps,
Over that group of fur-clad Lapps?
Didn't you feel, as you turned away,
Shadows were round you all the day,
Cast by their figures everywhere,
Making you sigh: "How sad they were!"
Just as if merriment, play-time, joy
Never had come to them, girl or boy,
Living in pitiful patience so—
Poor "Little People of the Snow."

II.

WEREN'T you sorry to think how few
Pleasures they have the whole year through?
You, with your glad skies overhead;
They, with their skies of sombre lead.
You, with your forests fresh and bright;
They, with their pine paths always white.
You, with your banks that the flowers emboss,
They, with their lichens, cones and moss,

You, with your birds from all the climes;
 They, with their faint, frost-tingled chimes.*
 You, with your meadows grassy green;
 They, with their wastes of icy sheen.
 You, with your brooks of silver hum;
 They, with their streamlets frozen dumb.
 You, in your dear, sweet, warm home shut;
 They, in their huddled birch-bark hut.
 Is it so strange, then, they are sad?
 Is it a wonder that you are glad?
 Glad, even while you whisper low:
 "Poor little People of the Snow!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in the Independent.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN; OR, THE EMPEROR AND THE REPUBLICAN.

[Retold from Berthold Auerbach for THE INQUIRER.]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

CHAPTER III.

A PUPIL OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

THE Spring of 1777 had opened in all its loveliness, and its joyous bloom was shed over the earth; but more glorious still was the Spring that had opened in all those minds and hearts which were receptive of the blessed influences of freedom. All was yet so pure, so rich in promise, full of purity and hope like the Spring time of the year, and all human bosoms were expanded with the gladsome exhilaration. Every one felt as if a new Spring had dawned for humanity, and no one foreboded what storms and tempests would rage in the Summer, and how little ripe fruit would be gathered in the Autumn.

In the little village of Passy, near Paris, on the fresh May morning, a man steps from a house surrounded by a garden—it is Benjamin Franklin. The peaceful calm which was spread over the earth seemed to be expressed also in his whole being; and yet he was living here as the envoy of his native country, now struggling in a severe war. Men felt when he came among them, that here was one who had descended from the heights of thoughtful contemplation; his sublime repose refreshed their restless and contending spirits, and the admiration which he excited became veneration and homage.

In a long life full of vicissitude, Franklin had learned the difficult art of self-government and self-mastery; and thus he had become the sage, who, thrown into the midst of a stormy period of the world's history, stood immovably poised, turned the passions of men by his considerate gentleness, and met every crafty assault with wise circumspection. He had invented the lightning-rod, which renders harmless the thunderbolt from the black and threatening clouds, and now in France, when black and threatening clouds were massing together over his country, Franklin knew how to draw away the forked lightning, and turn it into a blessing for his native land.

"I have struck a lucky vein for our good cause," cried a man hurriedly entering the garden.

Franklin extended his hand and gave him a cordial welcome.

"And you do not even ask what it is?" exclaimed the man, who was very handsomely dressed, and, in every feature as well as every movement, exhibited the strongest emotion.

"I will wait and let you get breath," replied Franklin.

The mercurial Frenchman placed his delicately shaped hand on Franklin's shoulder, and looked at him with a friendly smile. He was the poet Beaumarchais, now at the

very height of his fame as the author of Figaro. But this poetic glory did not satisfy him. He labored very zealously in collecting and sending to America money and arms, shipping on a vessel, at his own expense and his own risk, war-material in the name of a Spanish merchant. After a while Beaumarchais said: "You are a diplomatist of the very highest rank."

"If I have any qualifications for a diplomatist," replied Franklin, "I do not owe them to my lofty birth. I am an old man, and my experience has taught me that prudence is as much a virtue as goodness; they belong together like the two eyes and the two hands."

"And are you not aware of your calmness and discretion?"

"I possess, perhaps, something of that quality so absolutely essential to human well being—patience. I can wait, and, so far as my limited insight extends, that appears to me the chief requisite in diplomacy. I have schooled myself in that all my life, not imagining that I should have occasion to employ it in such great public affairs. My noble friend, I need to rely calmly upon myself. He who leans on anything external—yes, even on such a noble and firm support as the grand enthusiasm of the French people—he who has his centre resting on any support outside of himself, he must fall when the external support is removed."

The lively Frenchman cooled off and informed the grey-haired old gentleman that a German General, an adjutant of King Frederic, of Prussia, "a baron," as he added with a roguish expression—for he knew that this made a deep impression upon the Americans, in spite of their Democratic equality—a baron from one of the first families wanted to enter the American army. "France," cried he, "has first sent her Lafayette, then Poland her Kosciuszko, and Germany now sends her Baron Steuben. I inform you confidentially that our minister has already had interviews with the General. Vergennes holds him in high regard, and he is now in the palace at Versailles, although it is not known. With this man, the American struggle for freedom will gain a fresh and incredible power. O friend, do you not share my joy, and will you not hasten to welcome the man in the name of your father-land?"

"I share your joy and thank you; but there is no haste, as you say that the General is under the mansard roof of Versailles. I cannot allow myself to compromise, openly or secretly—for they are the same—the ministers of the King, and oblige them to deprive me of my humble position. I have no mansard roof to my modest house, and I must decline to receive the General as my guest."

"You must decide quickly, and act at once, or your opponent will get possession of him."

"My opponent? I wish I had only one. I have legions of them."

"But this opponent is himself a legion. It is a curious thing how popular favor is divided between you and the Emperor Joseph. He is, like you, a friend of philosophy, and a friend of free thought, a clever, benevolent, open-hearted man. There could be nothing worse for our cause, than for this alliance with Austria to become a fact. It is only an alliance with dynasties; but from the exaltation of America there beam forth fresh inspiration and freedom. You gain the victory over an Emperor!"

"Not I gain it, but the united heart and soul of America and France gain the victory. I like this Emperor; he must have a stout, pure heart, King as he is, to become a clever, free and open-minded man. It must be very hard for a prince to attain this elevation. I shall not cross his path."

"But we, the friends of freedom and of your native country,

* The traveller in Lapland constantly hears a fairy-like music, made by the frost-crystals, with which the air is filled.

will cross it. It is carefully provided for at court, that the universal philanthropy of the Emperor, which he displays with such unheard of, naive simplicity, should alienate the King's heart from him."

"It is not good to abuse virtue," deprecated Franklin.

"We do not; it is the Emperor himself who abuses it. The Emperor does it all in good part, I admit. But his Majesty, Louis XVI., must be vexed when a foreign King shows him that one must be a simple, pure friend of philosophy. He who is discontented with himself sees in every good quality of another a reproach, or at least, a provocation and a vexation."

"You are a poet," interposed Franklin, "and it is a part of a poet's art to amuse himself with the play and counterplay of human motives and feelings."

Just as Beaumarchais was telling that it was said that the Emperor Joseph desired to meet Franklin, the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Franklin's colleague, Silas Deane, in company with Baron Steuben, a man advanced in the forties, tall and strongly built, with a winning exterior that commanded respect. Beaumarchais introduced him, and Franklin treated him with very great reserve, repeatedly declaring that he was not empowered to commission even such a desirable officer.

"I offer myself as a volunteer," replied Steuben. "I make no conditions. I desire neither money nor rank. I wish to serve a people engaged in such a noble struggle for its rights and for liberty. Twenty-two years' service in the King of Prussia's school ought to warrant me in making a claim to be an experienced officer. I should be glad to shed my blood to obtain the honor of having my name enrolled among the defenders of a republic such as I hope the United States of America will yet become."

A perceptible change came over Franklin's countenance. This man of the widest knowledge of men and things was puzzled. He knew Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, but the German nature he was unacquainted with. This union of burning enthusiasm with common sense deliberation; this solid force, which did not look for the fame of the battlefield, but wanted to employ itself in the laborious and unrenowned sphere of drilling and disciplining the army, this resolute surrender to the moment accompanied by a looking far beyond self and the present into the future of history, where the name only would live—this was German, and it was what he was unacquainted with.

"As you offer yourself as a volunteer," said Franklin, "I will give you a letter to General Washington; I give you my hand and bid you welcome in the name of my country."

"The republic will prove itself grateful to you," added Deane.

"As I offer myself unconditionally as a volunteer, without claiming any rank and without any expectation of compensation after the war is ended," resumed Steuben, and his sinewy form became taller and his voice more powerful, "I assure you that I take into account neither the indirect assurances of the French minister, nor Republican gratitude. The republic has not perhaps the virtue of gratitude, because it wishes to be trammelled by no services of the past, but to hold itself open as the sphere of new influences, and of freshly operating strength. I know this, and yet I am ready to serve it. I hear that the army is undisciplined and ill regulated, and the enlistments for only a short period. Here is my vocation."

The two Americans and the Frenchman looked in astonishment at the man, in whose words there was something of the unflinching, ringing tone of Frederic II.

Franklin's grandson now entered with a courier, the bearer of a letter from Paris. Franklin read it and handed it to Deane, who read it in common with Beaumarchais. The letter was from the ambassador of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and it read as follows:

"TO DR. FRANKLIN:—Abbé Niccoli begs Doctor Franklin to do him the honor to breakfast with him on Wednesday, May 28th, at nine o'clock; he shall drink a cup of good chocolate.

With great respect."

"LITTLE LUXEMBURG, May 26, 1777."

"Here is the interview at last," cried Beaumarchais.

"You will meet the Emperor Joseph at the Abbe's, and our former minister, Turgot, will also be there, in order to avoid all misconstructions in regard to this interview. He has imparted this to me."

Franklin became thoughtful, and Beaumarchais said in a low tone to Deane, but so loud that Steuben could hear: "This interview must be taken advantage of to make a public demonstration; the nobility must throng the ambassador's saloon, and the people collect in the streets and cheer Franklin alone, and thus humiliate the Emperor and make the alliance with Austria impossible."

Beaumarchais became so enthusiastic over this refined bit of strategy which was to be brought into play, that Deane had to caution him to speak lower, as Doctor Franklin would consent to nothing of the sort. Steuben was startled. An Emperor of Germany was to be maltreated in order to exalt a favorite of the people. He considered how he should thwart this attempt, and, in deep reflection, returned to Versailles.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

A WRITER in the New York *Daily Bulletin* attacks the spirit of a late meeting in this city designed to express sympathy with the oppressed and suffering Christians in Bulgaria and neighboring provinces. He calls it "a meeting to express sympathy with the attitude of Russia toward Turkey." It was no such thing. We might as well call the editor of the *Bulletin* a paid spy because he tries to give a political aspect to a meeting that was purely and wholly humane and Christian in its sympathies. The meeting was designed to give moral support to the Christians in the Turkish provinces, in their revolt against a barbarous and atrocious government, animated by the cruel and hateful spirit of the Moslem creed. If Christians are cruel and inhumane, it is in spite of their faith and against its teachings and spirit. If Moslems are cruel and inhumane, it is in accordance with their faith and in behalf of it. To resist and even destroy them, if so only they can be resisted, is the duty of all religions that believe all men entitled to freedom in religion, except only those that make the first and characteristic article of their religion war upon all who do not accept it. The Turks have made themselves *fera natura*. They are not entitled to be treated with comity in Europe any more than wild animals can claim the right to ravage peaceful sheep-folds unmolested and unresisted. It is not their religion that is attacked, but the people who make a religion of hatred and persecution. The babble about toleration as the principle of American Christianity, meaning toleration for breakers of the law of humanity and modern civilization, is simply a plea for universal license. If it is un-American to hate a fanaticism that murders its own opposers as the enemies of God, then we are ready to bear the charge. If it is unchristian to resist with physical force those who would, under the plea of religion, exterminate all who do not pray toward Mecca, we are willing to be called unchristian.

H. W. B.

THE service before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union last Sunday evening was one of great interest. Rev. Mr. Ware gave the second sermon in the course, his subject being, "Young Man's duties to Himself." The hall was filled in every part. Next Sunday evening his subject will be, "Young Man's duty to Society and the Public."

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

SIR: In your issue of the 11th inst. you very kindly noticed my attempt at acquainting the Eastern people with the wonders and beauties of our marvellous National Park on the Yellowstone, by means of a lecture illustrated with photographs projected on a screen by the calcium light and by the publication of stereoscopic views of the more striking scenery of that region. Perhaps I was not careful enough to guard my hearers against the impression, which the writer seems to have received, that there is little of interest in that extraordinary portion of our country except the phenomenal. Few, I suppose, would care to live long among spouting geysers and boiling springs, or even upon the banks of the brilliantly colored Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone; but these cover only a small part, probably not more than two or three per cent. of the surface of the Park, which embraces 3,578 square miles or 2,289,920 acres, an area almost one-half as large as the State of Massachusetts, and, of course, extensive enough to contain an immense variety of scenery. There are scores of miles of beautiful valleys traversed by rivers of the purest of water, swarming with trout, grayling and white-fish, and furnishing the finest hunting-grounds for ducks, geese, swans and other water fowl. These valleys are generally covered with fine grass, on which numerous antelopes pasture, while the greater part of the mountains which bound them is covered with forests (interspersed with those great grassy slopes which are so marked a feature of the timbered areas of the Rocky Mountains) in which those fond of rifle shooting can find elk and black-tailed deer and white-tailed deer and mountain sheep, and occasionally a band of mountain buffalo and other large game.

There are countless quiet nooks where one can camp under the fragrant pines, beside green meadows gemmed with numberless lovely wild flowers, and watered by bubbling brooks, across which the beaver still builds his cunning dam, and beneath whose banks and in whose deep pools the dainty little speckled brook-trout watches for his prey. Not only are there scores of grand mountains lifting their craggy sides and rugged summits (few of which have ever felt the tread of civilized man) far up among the clouds, but innumerable sunny glades and shady dells, charming bits of quiet, picturesque scenery, where one will see nothing of the striking, but only the gently beautiful.

I presume the headquarters for tourists, when the Park shall be made a little more accessible, will be established on the shores of the lovely Yellowstone Lake, which, lying at an altitude of 7,788 feet above the sea, or 1,500 feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, covers 300 square miles with cool, clear water, which in places is three hundred feet deep and rolls its waves, of as deep a blue as the open sea, on 175 miles of shore line, now of loveliest beauty and now of wildest grandeur.

With its opportunities for rowing and sailing and fishing and hunting, with the grandest of mountains bordering it and the purest of air ever sweeping over it, and with the inducements to open-air life offered by its surroundings, it is surely destined to become a most delightful Summer resort for those who love Nature, and who, when they wish to see her strangest and most wonderful phases, can sail or ride in a few hours to the spouting geysers, the boiling springs, the stifling solfataras, the roaring mud volcanoes, the lofty cataracts and the gorgeously colored Cañon of the Yellowstone; and when they would enjoy her quieter and more subdued aspects can find them on every hand in endless profusion. Those who travel to see the triumphs of industry and the treasures of art, to behold the ruins of ancient or the splendor of modern cities; those who wish to revive historical associations or to survey the beauty of the earth as affected by human effort and connected with human life, will, of course, go to the Old World; but there are many, and the number seems to be constantly increasing, who, for a longer or a shorter time, love yearly to leave behind them the bustle of towns and the roar of cities, the vexations of business and the conventionalities of society, and live face to face with Nature, resting in her solitudes or communing with her ceaseless health-giving activities, and to these the varied features of the Park will offer endless attractions and constant charms.

Situated between 44° and 45° N. Lat., and with its lowest valleys 8,000 feet and more above the sea, it is too cold for successful agriculture, and is unfitted for the permanent residence of man; but from about the first of August to the middle of October its climate is delightful, eminently fitting it for a Summer pleasure-ground. My photographs happen to be mostly of only its more

wild and wonderful scenes, and many are apt to get the impression that it contains little else. One may easily find a surfeit of wonders there, but he may also, if he will, live there days and weeks and see little of the striking and phenomenal portions of its scenery.

WILLIAM I. MARSHALL.

FITCHBURG, MASS., January 15, 1877.

DANIEL DERONDA AGAIN.

DEERFIELD, JAN. 25, 1877.

To The Editor of the Inquirer :

I AM greatly obliged to you for your critical notice of Daniel Deronda in last week's INQUIRER, for its courage, its discrimination and its fidelity. I have read Whipple's review, and am surprised that he fails to note, in his extravagance of laudation, some of its points that, to my mind, deserve a great deal of reprehension. The impression left by the book on my mind is a very dreary one. I see the power of genius displayed in it, the wonderfully clear conceptions of human character, the great depths through which the author leads the personages she has introduced and the elevation over which she has led them. But it is not a good book. It does not afford pleasure, though it awakens admiration. It leads one through no green fields, through no bright sunshine; the reader feels at last as if he had been drenched with the cold spray of the ocean, or had been dragged for a season helplessly through its waves. His comfort is not much increased by thinking that the waves were sparkling with the sunshine, or the land is bright on to which he is thrown at last.

The author seizes powerful hold on the interest of the reader, not with the necessity of finding out the denouement of relationship, but with the far higher interest of knowing the moral triumph or ruin which the heroine is to achieve. But how cold for many pages her character and surroundings are! Not a ray of beauty anywhere strikes the mind of the reader till he has made great advances into the body of the work. Then, and to the conclusion, the mind is filled with the deepest compassion and with great tenderness of love. But the character of Gwendolen is not pleasant to contemplate. She is not one that a mother would be glad to introduce to a family of sons and daughters, or that society in general would be glad to receive. The relation of Deronda to her excites the profoundest admiration for the author, for its purity and its justice and its assurance of a just and hallowed friendship on the part of a man towards a woman.

Yet the book is not, in my mind, a good one. What a horrible question to be put into the mouth of a young girl, the question asked by Gwendolen of her mother about the relationship of Mrs. Glasher's children to Grandcourt, and of Deronda to Sir Hugo Mallinger, and offered as a general observation by her. And what principle or sentiment can she have worthy of any one's respect to marry Grandcourt after her knowledge of his relationships? What moral sentiment is there pervading the work, and directed toward impressing the mind of the reader concerning these two relationships, while they constitute essential elements of the story? Are such relationships pleasant to talk about? Do they make the work an agreeable one for family reading? The cold indifference manifested in this subject is not to be atoned for by all the shrewd reflections in the midst of which the narrative and conversations are interspersed. And yet the book is wonderful. But so is the sirocco of the desert; only, in this instance, when the wind has breathed its last and the storm subsided and the clouds are blown away, we look up and find no Heavens overhead.

JOTTINGS.

HARLEM.—Rev. F. W. Holland preached morning and evening last Sunday at Unity Chapel. Next Sunday he will preach in the morning, and in the evening he will give a lecture on Egypt at the same place.

BOSTON.—Invalids or authors can secure the services as readers for an hour or more daily, of ladies specially adapted for such positions upon application to the Ladies' Committee, Young Men's Christian Union, Boylston street, Boston.

HORTICULTURAL HALL COURSE.—Prof. E. S. Morse lectured on Sunday before a large audience on "Evolution." The lecturer dealt with some detail upon both ancient and recent changes in the forms of organic life, illustrating his statements with blackboard drawings, and was heard with great interest.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—Rev. John Ellis writes that he and Rev. Mr. Doubit have plenty of work to do, having five churches and six Sunday schools under their charge in and about Shelbyville and Holiday, and

feel great encouragement in their work. Accessions are made from week to week in considerable numbers, and everything is done decently and in order.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Rev. S. S. Hunting is giving a course of free Sunday evening lectures in his church on "Protestant Leaders and their Works." The following are the subjects and dates: Jan. 7 and 14, "Martin Luther and the Reformation;" Jan. 28th, "John Calvin and Dogmatism;" Feb. 11, "George Fox and Quakerism;" Feb. 18, "Cromwell and his Career;" Feb. 25, John Wesley and Methodism;" March 18, "The Puritans and a Free Church;" March 25, "Channing and Unitarianism;" April 15, "Parker and the Open Door;" April 22, "The Protestant Harvest."

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The First Unitarian Society, of St. John, N. B., have extended to the Rev. John Wills, late of Dighton, Mass., a unanimous call to become the pastor of their society. Mr. Wills who has been preaching very acceptably to the society for the last eight weeks, has accepted the call, and we hope to establish in this city a strong liberal organization. This society is the only one representing the liberal faith in our Province. We want the readers of the INQUIRER to know that for this object we are making a united and strong effort. Our society was organized September 22, 1875, and a growing interest in the movement is manifested by our gradually increasing congregations.

CARLETON, St. John, Jan. 3, 1877.

G. E. BAXTER, Secretary.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—One of the many good things Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones, of All Souls Church, have done for this town is the organization of the "Mutual Improvement Club." The Gazette, of January 20th, in a notice of the Club says: "On the 28th of January last was inaugurated, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the first of the literary conversations which soon outgrew the capacity of private houses and have been held in the parlors of the church, with an attendance ranging from thirty to a hundred people. Sixteen conversations have been held and the following authors have been discussed: Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Goldsmith, Scott, Cowper, Byron, Southey and Shelley. Fifty-nine different papers, consisting of studies, criticisms, etc., have been given, which have provoked discussion, and informal conversation, at the meeting and led to a large amount of home reading. In addition to this, the club has given five public entertainments, held one general picnic, and has collected during the year \$306.20 in cash.

THE Boston papers are full of reports of the Moody meetings, which appear to be "drawing" quite as well as was expected. The movement calls forth much expression of opinion from the pulpits. Last Sunday Rev. James Freeman Clark told his people of "The Need of a Revival in Boston," and Mr. Savage gave a sermon on "Moody's Doctrine of God." At the New South Church the Rev. W. P. Tilden gave his idea of "Coming to Jesus." Dr. Bartol contrasted "The Moody Movement and the Unitarian Galileo." At the Second Church the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, D. D., preached on "Coming to Christ." Mr. Chaney told his people, at Hollis Street Church, about "The Church and How to Belong to It." At St. Paul's Church the new rector, Mr. Newton, lectured on "Wrestling

Jacob." Rev. O. T. Walker, at the Harvard Street Baptist church, gave a sermon on "Religious Enthusiasm." The Rev. George H. Vibbert, at the Somerville Universalist church, spoke of "Moody's First Sermons in Boston" in the morning, and in the evening "The Blood of Christ." At the Unitarian church, Jamaica Plain, the Rev. C. F. Dale treated of "Religious Revivals."

THE London Inquirer of January 13th has a frank letter from a correspondent on "Theodore Parker in England," which distinctly marks the progress made in the Unitarian body there, as well as here, during the last twenty years. Mr. Cobb acknowledges that then, if, as acting trustee of the Banbury chapel, he had been consulted as to Parker's occupation of the pulpit, he would decidedly have objected, and, failing his remonstrance, he would probably have absented himself in protest. Later, however, he has revised many of his opinions, and he has relinquished none more gladly than those which he held regarding Parker.

"Whose name I revere, and most of whose works I have read with delight, and I trust, with profit also. We live and learn, or at least we ought to do so; indeed, the mind of man, where it has free scope for action, is expansive, and, generally speaking, progressive; and it would be as difficult for a thoughtful man to predict what opinions he will hold ten years hence, or even much less, as it would be to predict the policy of the Disraeli ministry for three months together, or to define the course of an unknown comet."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The public mind is at its utmost tension and will be interested in nothing else than the arbitration of the presidential question. It is a good sign that both international and national arbitration are gaining favor. I think we may also be encouraged with the gain in character made by the Senate of the United States lately in its action and as well in the new members to be infused into it.

It is a matter of surprise and inquiry to many that Judge Davis should prefer the Senate to the Supreme Court. I am reminded of the estimate Chief-Justice Chase placed upon a judicial office compared with a political one, or the Chief-Justiceship with the President's place. Soon after Mr. Chase was made Chief-Justice a friend was congratulating him on his accession to that eminence, and laid considerable stress on the idea that a Chief-Justice in the United States occupied a higher position than a President, and that the former was much the more desirable place. After elaborating this opinion, as he thought to Mr. Chase's delight, the latter turned upon his friend with the brief but conclusive remark, "Presidents make Chief-Justices." This was a perfect key to Mr. Chase's mind and the subject was dropped.

THE Messrs. Reynolds & Totterdale, the great corset manufacturers at Landport, England, write: "We like the 'Domestic' sewing machine, and have ordered one hundred and fifty, with the option of three hundred and fifty, the latter being about the number we have in work." Such a testimonial from such a house is proof of the value of the "Domestic" for manufacturing purposes, for which it is as well suited as for family use.—*Adv.*

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- VIII. Channing and Unitarianism. Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.
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Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. . . 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings. . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . . 19,725 00
Total Assets. . . . \$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

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Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
January, 1877.

Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS. . . . \$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES. . . . 2,011,430 00
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,394,000 2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 236,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) . 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) . 619,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . . 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 153,416 15
REAL ESTATE. . . . 6,500 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877. . . . \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. . . . 1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

January 1st, 1877.

Capital.....\$1,000,000 00

Gross Surplus.....1,792,902 92

Gross Assets.....\$2,792,902 92

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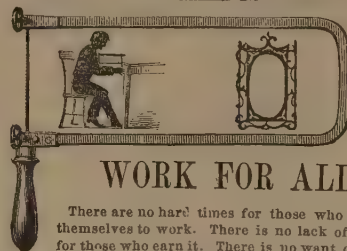
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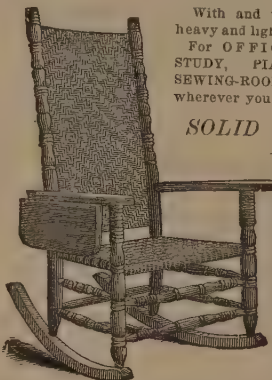
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 11.
WHOLE NO., 1581.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

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HOLLAND C. ANTHONY, Henry W. Bellows, John A. Bellows, Robert Collyer, Charles C. Shackford and Celia P. Woolley are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

OUR European advices are confused and conflicting. The indications seem to point toward a probable compromise between Turkey and Servia, but are less favorable as to the relations between Russia and Turkey. Cabinet difficulties are reported in France and England, and a general feeling of unrest pervades the whole of Europe.

THE action of Congress and the Electoral Commission is followed with interest, and general confidence that a settlement will shortly be reached which will be quietly acquiesced in by all parties. We however note considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the extreme Democratic press, and a determined effort on the part of the extreme Republican organs to spread a belief that the Democrats are not acting in good faith and are ready for any fiendish movement to make trouble. The *New York Times* is especially engaged in this work. An interesting letter from Judge Edmunds has been published in which the action of Congress in previous counts, is very clearly and succinctly stated.

It appears that the *Methodist Recorder*, *New York Independent* and other papers—all, probably, on the faith of the first named—have been circulating a report to the effect that the late Athanase Coquerel, *filis*, had, on his death-bed, recanted his heresies, and died "in the peace of the Gospel," claiming "the Lord Jesus Christ as his Redeemer and Saviour." His brother, M. Etienne Coquerel, writes to the *London Inquirer* that this story is a sheer fabrication, manufactured out of the whole cloth; that M. Athanase died as he had lived; that there had been no change at all in his mind.

We may add that it has hitherto been found impossible to induce the Evangelical organ which gave currency to this

piece of precious "good tidings" to publish any denial of the same.

It is reported that a committee of the Chamber of Commerce of this city has determined to report favorably in relation to a proposition for the sale of the dock property by the city. In view of the vast interests involved, the great need of some proper system for the utilization and conservation of this property, and the many schemes which have been proposed, some of which would involve the expenditure of enormous sums of money, this proposition is one worth considering, and worth considering carefully and at leisure. Were citizens and officials all that they should be, it would doubtless be convenient to continue the present tenure, but, under such circumstances, any tenure would be satisfactory.

The simple question seems to be, Would it be practicable, in case of a sale, to establish such rules as should effectually prevent infringement by private parties on the rights of the public? If it would, it is certainly vastly to the interest of the city that the sale should be made, and the large sum which ought to be realized applied toward the extinction of our frightful public debt.

IN connection with this subject, we cannot but deplore the tendency of the abnormal condition of our politics to draw excessive attention to Washington and away from our home concerns. Leaving aside for the moment all State interests, there is matter enough in the financial position of this city to call for the gravest consideration and the most radical measures of reform. The public debt, as we have said above, is simply frightful, and the annual expense of conducting the public business of the city is beyond belief to one who hears it stated for the first time. Mayor Ely appears to have set himself earnestly at work to ascertain what, if anything, can be done to remedy this state of things, and should have the hearty support of every citizen. That in any radical measures which he may endeavor to carry out he will have a hand-to-hand fight with the most powerful administrative machine on this continent is very evident already, and he can only succeed through the generous assistance of honest men of all parties.

THE frequent recurrence of disastrous failures, accompanied by revelations of long-continued insolvency and gross mismanagement and dishonesty on the part of managers and clerks, in banks and other financial institutions, is one of the most discouraging features of the business situation, and calculated to check any sanguine hopes of a rapid revival. The collapse of the companies engaged in mining and carrying coal is another, and interesting as an exemplification of the folly of any artificial system of interference with the natural development of production and trade, of which so-called "protection" is the most flagrant instance.

Perhaps, however, the strongest hint to keep close to shore is to be found in the fact that the real-estate bubble has been punctured, but has not yet been fully burst. The magnitude of this interest it is difficult to exaggerate, and any sudden change in it must be followed by wide-spread trouble.

Sixteen years of abnormal business relations cannot be immediately followed by perfect repose and prosperity.

The price of gold has not fallen so low during the week as during the previous one, and as we go to press is about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. lower than at our last report, being quoted at 105 $\frac{1}{4}$. Silver is also a little lower—57d. per ounce in gold, though higher prices seem to be looked for in London.

A LETTER in the *New Age*, on the "Labor Question," reminds us that we have been negligent of our duty in this matter, and because of that fact, we now feel called upon to act with all the more vigor and promptness. One peculiarly pertinent suggestion in the letter alluded to, is the following: "The moral turpitude and robbery of the masses, traceable to the rich, cannot be fixed on certain individuals to the exclusion or exoneration of the rest of their caste. All rich men are guilty as one man."

We think this kind of statement has been made frequently enough, without having yet produced the desired result. It is now the time to *do*. Let a meeting be called immediately—a mass meeting—to be held in Boston. At this meeting, let the following resolutions be voted upon and passed:

Resolved, That on and after Thursday, the first day of March, prox. human nature shall be differently organized.

Resolved, That on and after that date, nobody shall have any hard work to do, but all the hard work shall be done by somebody else.

Resolved, That thenceforward, the four-penny loaf shall be sold for one penny, and the penny shall go to the purchaser.

Resolved, That the nineteenth century is an anachronism, and shall be suspended after said first day of March.

Resolved, That paper money is exactly as good as gold and a great deal better.

Resolved, That everybody shall have as much paper money as he wants.

Resolved, That he that has no money shall not be prevented from obtaining other things by that circumstance.

Resolved, That property is robbery.

Resolved, That every one shall have whatever he desires, and nobody shall take it away from him.

We cannot believe that such action as this would fail of its proper effect.

THE misery and destitution, so wide-spread during the present season, call up anew the question of the great accumulation of population at the centres, and the wish that the superabundance might be scattered abroad through the rural districts, where it is commonly assumed that labor is needed.

Now undoubtedly it would be greatly to the interest of all, if a larger number could be induced to devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil, but there are certain difficulties in the way, which are apt to be overlooked. In the first place, most effective farm labor, like most other kinds of labor, requires some knowledge. In the second place, farm labor does not continue active throughout the season, and hunger does. In the third place, few of the extremely poor have enough means to enable them to move to a distant state with an uncertainty whether they will find remunerative employment at the end of their journey. It is easy to say, "Go West, young man," but it is not so easy to comply with the advice.

There is this, however, to be said. There are vast tracts of exceedingly valuable land in the South, and that not many hundred miles from New York, and within easy reach of a market.

If the South is ever to become civilized, it will probably be

through colonization by white citizens. Rather than to support them in idleness here, it would be wise economy and a saving of money to transport such as may have a reasonable chance of success, to the lands where they are needed; to put them in possession of the soil, to provide them with implements, to feed them until they can raise a crop. The money so employed could be gradually returned for use again in similar cases. This, we say, would be the wisest economy. Is the civilization of New York far enough advanced to recognize it and put it into practice?

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

THE imputation of partisanship on the Electoral Commission seems to us very indecent, if by partisanship is meant default of principle and voting for the *interests* or a party and not according to conviction of what is law and justice. That different men have different views of law and justice, in their application to delicate questions, is recognized in all tribunals—in juries and in courts of several judges, as well as in the world at large; and it is expected, in deciding questions submitted to them, that they will act upon their own convictions of what is the law or the equity of the case. Are they partisan in any *bad* sense, if, when selected with reference to their known views, they act in accordance with them in the judgments they pass? Are they to be assumed to have joined a party without reasons which appear to them conscientious, rational, constitutional? Why should we set up a clamor of "partisan," if men act upon their well-known convictions of policy and duty and law? And is it to be conceded that parties themselves have at bottom no ideas and principles to which honest men may attach themselves, with profound conviction of their importance, and for which they may feel bound to contend?

That there are serious differences in the construction of the Constitution, in the policy of the Government, and the interests of the country, among equally good and wise men, is certain; and we cannot see the propriety of throwing it into any man's face, that he holds one or the other only as a partisan, unless it is clearly shown that he is not acting by his own clearest light and with conscientious fidelity to his convictions of what the good of the country requires. Certainly it would be madness to pack a judicial commission selected to decide questions about which the country is nearly evenly divided, with men known in advance to be *all on one side*, honestly and by deep conviction. The Electoral Commission was wisely selected, with as even a partition between members whose sympathies were with one or the other side, as the necessity of an odd number allowed. It was not assumed that these men would act as partisans, nor have we any decent right to say that any of them have done so. On the other hand, it was not expected that they would act against their established character and views. It was assumed that they were men who respected their own opinions and convictions, and would act according to them. It was assumed that they would act with judicial impartiality, and without reference to party wishes or dictation. But certainly this does not mean that they were to concede that their own views, if they accorded with the conviction of either party, were on that account to be disowned, and a way found that should not be in accordance with any party's wishes or opinions.

A decision *must* be arrived at, which will suit one party rather than the other; but we hold it in the highest degree irrational and indecent to insinuate that this decision, whatever it is, will be a merely partisan one. It will be the de-

cision of honest and fair-minded men, acting in an independent and judicial way, but acting as men must act who have convictions and lawful biases of opinion, not in harmony with each other upon the points on which the great parties differ. If these points were *fundamental*, they would lie below the lawful action of parties, which differ not upon essentials, but only upon important questions. The questions at issue are *not* fundamental, or they would not be submitted to a commission created by agreement of parties. They are *party* questions, and they will be settled as they must be, by the convictions of the members of the Court who have been properly selected, with reference to their political views. This was known beforehand, and it is only foolish and angry people that will complain when it comes of what they must have anticipated. The real object of the Commission is to find the exact bearing of the law upon the questions at issue. If this bearing is found to be in favor of one or the other party, it will not be for party reasons, but for legal reasons, satisfactory to the majority of the Commission. We have no ground to doubt that some bearings will be found favorable to the Democratic and some to the Republican side, or that argument and investigation by experts will clear up some hitherto obscure questions. We expect a wholly fair and impartial decision, but that it will be properly influenced more or less by the foregone opinions of the judges is inevitable and proper.

PROF. HENRY B. SMITH.

THE death of this distinguished scholar and beloved man has deeply moved that somewhat narrow world of appreciating spirits in which great scholars live. His few peers know that a prince in learning has fallen, and the Presbyterian church feels herself bereaved of one of her most useful and honored leaders. The Union Theological School, to which the best part of Prof. Smith's life and labors have been devoted, is the chief mourner, as it has lost most and lost what it best understood. Probably its students of a quarter of a century past are those on whom his mental and moral image is most deeply stamped. They have been the children of his spirit, the receivers of his system of theology—unhappily existent only in those minds, or in notes that will probably never be reduced to a systematic form. This is a great misfortune to the Christian world. We should be greatly surprised if Prof. Smith's theology, systematically set forth, were not found to enlarge and elevate the whole body of Presbyterian divinity far beyond and above that known as Princeton theology. Dr. Smith was undoubtedly a sound orthodox divine, with no leanings toward the Unitarian theory of Christianity. But so is Prof. Park, and so was Schleiermacher. Yet who does not know and feel that these men stand in possible relations of harmony with Unitarian opinions, instead of being directly antagonized by them, as the old New England divinity was and the Princeton theology still is? But whatever Dr. Smith's theology was, he held it in such a catholic and inclusive way that he made warm friends of Unitarian ministers, and met them on the most affectionate and Christian grounds of social brotherhood and intellectual and spiritual communion, though not in ecclesiastical fellowship.

But, apart from all theological sympathy, Prof. Smith had such obvious claims, in his learning, his compass of mind, his fine and broad culture, his purity of heart and sweetness of disposition, that none could know him without admiration and love. His scholarship is admitted to have been extraordinarily full and thorough, his philosophic

reading and acumen great, his industry and persistence wonderful in a man so frail in body. To the solidity of the scholar and thinker, he added the charms of humor, wit and geniality. He never aged nor stiffened, but seemed almost a youth to the last, in the eagerness and teachableness of his spirit. He put on no formal authority or magisterial distance, but wore his crown of wisdom with the modesty of a subject, instead of the pride of an intellectual prince. His face, though beaked like an eagle's, was as mild as a dove's, although his eyes showed the hidden lightnings of his soaring spirit, and his brow and parted hair had, with all its beauty, a knotty vigor which his small head seemed not to suggest, but almost to forbid. He was, like Dr. Channing, a remarkable contradiction to the prevailing idea that size and weight of frame and brain are essential to force and quality of intellectual being. Where he kept his learning and his thoughts, or whence, except from a soul that was largely independent of its physical habitation, issued his vivacity of feeling and thinking, would puzzle the materialists to answer.

We feel poorer and humbler and sadder now that New York has lost such a noble, full and sweet spirit—such a ripe and generous scholar, such an unaffected saint. We could better have lost many millionaires than this one Christian scholar. But God's will is best, and so we bow our heads to His decree.

HENRY W. BELLOWES.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

I WONDER whether it is not a good thing for the minister to take stock now and then of the business God has put into his hands, so that he may be able to guess whether it is worth his while to keep on, or whether the ever-growing poverty of his balance-sheet is not a warning that if he keeps on much longer he has nothing to expect but ruin.

For it must be true that, in our business also, there is a real profit or loss, primary indeed where that of many other men is secondary. So that if David Hume was right when he said every piece of broadcloth made in England in his day was made better through the teachings of ethics in the schools, then a business like this of ours, which in its essence may be to ethics what fire is to frost, is of an importance in proportion to its potency, though for the moment we only try to look at it by the level lights of earth and time. For I take this to be past all controversy true—that wherever the Christian ministry is at all what it should be, we shall find all other things feel its power down to the clods of the valley. And while no wise man will question for a moment the worth of science, philosophy, education and that power of the press which, as we hear every little while, is to supersede the power of the pulpit, we have still to feel sure that the true minister fills a place no other man can fill, and does a work no other man can do or his power fails at the spring. It is not in the literary excellence of his sermons, or the fineness of his delivery, in the comeliness of his presence or the ability with which he can "run a church;" these things may all be good enough in their way, yet a man like Paul had probably not more than one of them. It is that influence of the preacher over his hearers and of the pastor with his people and the world about him we need to make this life tolerable, even though there were no assurance of a life to come.

Bancroft quotes from an old writing of North Carolina in the early days that when, as yet, the people spent their Sundays in hunting, horse-racing and the like, every man did what was right in his own eyes, and paid tribute neither to

God nor Cæsar. And Governor Reynolds, of our own State, chronicles a curious scene in Galena just as the minister was beginning to get the pull on his hearers—how being at an open-air meeting one Sunday, he found the preacher pleading with men for a better life in one corner of the square, and in another, within eye and ear-shot, a crowd engaged in drinking, gambling and cock fighting. I think, therefore, it is fair to say that if you should take the influence of the pulpit out of a city like Chicago, the steady, personal appeal for truth and righteousness on the barest ground you can well imagine, on the last Sunday of 1877, as many decent men and women as we had left would be looking out for another place to settle; real estate would be worth no more than prairie mud on a turnpike in April, merchandise would seek other markets and merchants, and, as in the old days, when the church issued her ban closing all the sanctuaries, the King crept on his knees to have the ban lifted, so this sovereign people would take to its knees to beg, if not for the sake of the world to come, then for the sake of this world we live in, the old lights might shine again and the old serious word be said once in seven days. If the ministry could be closed, and those who affect to believe there is no great use in it have their own way, we should find that, in a far deeper and surer way than the most of us support the Christian ministry, such a ministry supports us; and if we did nothing for the church as Christians, we should do what we were able as citizens, and never think of getting this bread of life free of cost when we were able to take our share of the common burden.

Now it is just as well that the truth should begin here, though it cannot end here. We seldom mention this power of the pulpit over the common life, because it rarely enters our minds, as the man who raises good crops of fruit and grain rarely thinks of what a sight his quarter section would be if he let it run back into the wilderness. But there are larger and finer uses than this to a true ministry or it fails of its high purpose. Old Dr. Nichols, of Portland, put his hand one day on the head of a little boy he was passing on the street, touching him tenderly for Christ's sake, and as many years after as made that boy a man of middle age, he was telling the story to me with a sweet pathos in his voice as if he was talking to me about his mother. In the early days, a young fellow came over here and went in, as young men say, for a good time. He lived to be quite an old man, empty of all grace, and then, one day, some words he had heard John Howe say before he left home came to him like the tongue we are born to, but have forgotten in a strange land; they broke the hard heart of him and he became a new man. Travelling often, as I do, in New England, I come sometimes to places where some man died years ago who had a divine word in him, and I find the people still treasuring that word and listening to it as to a far-reaching, penetrating echo. So I think of the old Scripture, "Ye shall be salted with fire," as I see how that man has invaded human souls, and held his own in them against the subtle powers of the world, the flesh and the devil. I had read Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Burns, and what I could find of Longfellow, before I was twenty-five and gladly confess to their noble influence on my life. But there is a Methodist preacher at work now in Quebec who used to preach right at my soul. Spirit to spirit, sun to seed, he caught me with a living word poured instantly out of his heart and quick with strange emotion, and smote me as I was never smitten by a book, so that, under God, I have to ascribe what little I have done as a minister to the sacred fire I caught from that man.

Here, then, is the better secret of our ministry. The true minister is true to this power. He touches the heart of the childhood, the youth and the manhood about him with the subtle, searching fire of the truth and life of God. And as our government selects and maintains men to live on forelands and reefs, and on rocks out at sea, whose business it is to trim the lamps and keep them lighted with the oil; it also sends to keep the glasses and reflectors bright and clear so that the seaman may be guided and guarded on his lonesome way. So does the true minister hold a commission from the divine government of guidance and succor to keep the lamp of truth aflame on its high place, the glasses and reflectors clear; and he must be faithful in the deepest darkness and the wildest storm. We have to do the very best we can with such oil and reflectors as heaven gives us, and see that no wreck comes through our carelessness, but by all means guide and inspire men by our sincerity even when we cannot command them by our genius.

One thing more rises out of all this. I must mention the true worth of a minister lies also in a certain comradeship and close friendship. If I live long and well with those I gather into my church, I touch all their sacred times and seasons, the summits of their joy and the deeps of their sorrow, as no other man can touch them. Just as many children as are born into my parish are born into a home I keep open for them in my heart, every babe I baptize comes to me as in some holy sense my own child, and every death smites me also with a quick sorrow.

Does a man close to my side go down in the world, I go down with him; I am troubled by his trouble, poor in his poverty or sick for his sin. I keep track, if I can, of the doubts and perplexities of those that belong to me, try to think my way through them under the thin disguise of taking a text, talk to them as if there were only two people in the church. Yet, because his troubles are not of any private interpretation, but are touching men and women far and wide, the talk I meant for one has gone right home to a hundred by the time I get through. Or if the trouble has come up in my own nature and I have had to fight my way out of it, I simply report how the land lay and the light, and call it a sermon, and lo! another man or woman comes to me and says, How could you know what I was waiting for? That sermon was meant for me. The truth is, it was not a sermon at all, but the report of a battle. "Met the enemy at such a point, found him strongly entrenched, fought so long and routed him; or, he drew off, doubt whether he is conquered, but mean to hold my ground if I can." This is about what a great many so-called sermons mean, and when we are defeated we are apt to make no report, but wait and try again. This is comradeship and friendship. We are all in the turmoil together, and have to scramble through, so as not to disgrace the flag; and the minister, under God and Christ, is captain of his company.

And the last thing in the true minister is a certain power for that reason to stand at the front. Evermore the true minister hears a cry out of heaven to push on in the line of the larger promise, and so sometimes God helps him to hang on only to the hearts of his people. But if these hold, he is all right. You never stone your prophet if he is so near to you that there is no room to "get a purchase;" you can only groan and say, Why will he persist in saying such things? He has to do it; God has spoken once, yea, twice, perhaps, before you heard him say a word. Instructions have come to him from head-quarters; he is under sealed orders, and when he breaks the seal there is the word, Fight this battle, ask no questions, stand to your guns; it is the Master's bus-

iness, see it is done. So the true minister never asks, Is this pleasant? or, will my people like it and thank me for it? but, is it true? have I caught the Master's meaning? Then there is no more to be said or done. He backs down, then, at his peril, but if he is the man I mean he never backs down, and when he dies they bury him among the kings and prophets of the race.

ROBERT COLLYER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM PARIS.

"L'AMI FRITZ."

THE play to which all Paris is going now, and the one to which he can take his wife and modest daughters without fear of their blushing, is Erekmann-Christian's "L'Ami Fritz." It stands out in startling contrast to the usual run of French plays, which depend for their interest upon some love intrigue in which the "villain" is generally successful and the injured party shows himself extremely weak and ready to smooth matters over. In this play the plot is one of the simplest, and the great success it has had and has now is due mainly to the perfect acting (that is a thing of course at the Theatre Française), and the way in which the sympathy of the audience is carried unbroken through each act.

The scene is laid in Alsace, and the time is to-day. Fritz is a jovial land-owner, rich, fond of the good things of life, and wishing all around him to have their share in them. He is a bachelor, and in the first act, at a birth-day dinner which he gives to some of his intimates, he has to listen to a flood of eloquence from the Prêtre of the village, who tries to convince him that marriage is the only fitting condition for him. Fritz answers ably, avers he will never marry, and agrees to give his best farm to the Prêtre in case he ever does. Suzil, the heroine, is also introduced in this act. She is the daughter of Fritz's chief farmer, and comes to bring a bouquet of violets.

In the second act, Fritz is at the house of Pere Christel, Suzil's father. He is found here by the Prêtre and other friends, who inform him, to his surprise, that the three days which he fixed as the duration of his visit have lengthened themselves to three weeks. The Prêtre suspects that the attraction is Suzil, and proceeds to try experiments. When he and Fritz are alone he tells him of a match he knows of for Suzil and notes the effect. His suspicions are confirmed. The other friends, who have been inspecting works on the farm, return, and Fritz beats an ignominious retreat with them during the absence of the Prêtre. Suzil is much affected by his sudden departure, and the Prêtre finds that Cupid has been at work here too.

In the third act Fritz is at home, cross, gloomy, undecided whether to boldly face the ridicule of his friends and make Suzil his wife. The Prêtre comes in and adds another thorn, by telling how nicely all things are going on regarding the match for Suzil. He leaves, and Suzil, who has been asked by Fritz's servant to look after the house during her absence, breaks in upon Fritz's melancholy fit. She comes to answer a bell which she thought she heard, and enters wiping her eyes. She tells Fritz, in answer to his inquiry as to the marriage proposed for her, that she is forced into it against her will. He urges her not to sacrifice herself, but still cannot bring himself to declare his passion. The entrance of the Prêtre with Pere Christel puts Suzil to flight. They come to ask Fritz's consent to the proposed union. He hears them at length, and refuses to grant it. He has at last made up his mind to speak, and tells Christel of his love. Christel reminds him of the difference of position between them, but finally gives his consent. Suzil is called in, and of course joyfully accepts.

Mere child's play, this plot; but when well acted and well put upon the stage, "L'Ami Fritz" is a rare treat. The right of reproducing it in England and America has recently been sold, and probably it will soon be brought out in New York. H. C. A.

LITERATURE.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW.

THE *Unitarian Review* for February contains (I.) an instructive and laborious article by Dr. A. A. Livermore on "The American Physical Man." He proves, by a large presentation

of the best statistics, that the common impression that the American is physically degenerate is a prejudice, and bears no careful examination. This impression, we may add, seems to rest more upon the less ruddy complexion of the American than upon his lack of height, bulk or endurance. The evidences of thoughtfulness and ambition in the American countenance are characteristic, and take away the burly and beefy look that mark Englishmen of a parallel class. American women certainly *look* more fragile than almost any others, but it is more their pale complexion than their want of muscular development that produces the appearance.

Article II., by Rev. J. H. Allen, on "The Old Testament and the New Criticism," is timely, and comes from one who, for twenty years, has been specially interested in Old Testament studies. It will be wise for readers of this comprehensive and careful article to compare it with one of much power and learning in the January *British Quarterly*, on "The Poetry of the Hebrews," as it gives a sketch of Old Testament criticism, since the law of literary interpretation in its universal spirit, was first applied to the Bible. The article in the *Quarterly* is masterly in almost every way—in its learning and its insight and its æsthetic quality—but it is limited by the theological prejudices of the writer, the English theologian scarcely ever becoming bold until he has wholly broken with the National church, if not with the Christian faith. Mr. Allen is able to be both bold and reverent, and he presents without disguise the last results or tendencies of criticism upon the alleged claims to supernatural inspiration, without allowing the value and sacred quality in the record to lessen in his hands. He is generous enough to defend Matthew Arnold's definition of the essence of the Hebrew testimony. The estimate which Mr. Allen puts upon Kuenen's "Religion of Israel" is somewhat higher than the *British Quarterly's*. It seems to be conceded by both that it is learned, careful and thorough, but lacks intuition and fervor. But the *British Quarterly* thinks the writer disqualified by his thorough rationalism for any successful dealing with his theme. We suspect it is not his rationalism that hurts him, but only that unspiritual and unpoetic constitution, which makes men who could not do any more justice to Homer or Milton or Wordsworth than they do to Moses and David and Isaiah such wearisome critics of any portion of the Bible. Ewald, with all his extravagancies, is worth ten thousand Keunens, Colensos and other literalists. The half dozen closing pages of Mr. Allen's article are singularly broad, sensible and helpful as a summary of the frames of feeling in which modern criticism has left reverential minds.

Article III. Dr. Clarke rebuts the attack by the *Nation* upon the presumption of clergymen mingling in the fray with scientific experts over their own questions. He shows the fallacy of the *Nation's* position, by exhibiting the falsity of its definition of science, as "a body of facts which lead people familiar with them to infer the existence of certain laws." The statement is hasty and inadequate. All real science has three steps—observation, induction, verification. The first and third steps are physical; the second, metaphysical. The first and third steps belong to experts; but the second, to all who are able to reason or to criticise an argument. Clergymen do not make themselves judges of the facts, but only of the inferences; and we think, with Dr. Clarke, that they are criticised by men in sympathy with the materialistic tendencies of modern scientists because they have already put a very serious check upon their assumptions and their haste. We should like to know why Mr. Martineau, Mr. Peeton, Dr. Hill and Mr. Bixby are not entitled to deal with the metaphysics of science. The truth is,

the experts and specialists everywhere need to have their microscopic view corrected by people who have the broader sweep of their natural eyes. The telescope and microscope hide as much as they reveal. They disclose details that hinder the vision of complete wholes. Few men are blinder to the import of nature than those who only study it as a subject of science. It is not only metaphysics, but spirituality, imaginative insight and moral feeling, that are needed to complete the testimonies of the closest observers of the physical facts in nature. Leave science to itself, and it will soon empty the world not only of God, but of the soul. It is, for the same reasons, fatal to poetry and faith, and the world would dissolve, as a world fit to live in, were these driven out. But happily there is no danger. Only the scientists just now are very angry that the man of faith will not allow all the stones to be thrown from the other side of the hedge. They will find themselves not near as victorious as they now fancy themselves before they get through with "the clergymen."

Dr. Morison gives, in the fifth article, "Italy," a very judicial and exhaustive estimate of the present condition of that country, so dear to all lovers of beauty and antiquity. We have seen no account so fair and so little affected by the feelings and prejudices and hopes of the writer. Mr. Morison does full justice to the abolition and motives and success of the reformers in politics and economics in that long oppressed and distracted country. Its resurrection is certainly the miracle of our time. The recovery of its unity, the crowning of its king at Rome, the introduction of schools and modern commerce, the conquest of liberty for all, with the protection of life and property—these are glorious attained results, and furnish cause for wonder and exultation. But Mr. Morison thinks the lack of fresh or improvable agricultural resources a very dark factor in the problem of finance. Italy has used up her land, utilized her soil to the utmost, and nothing more is to be got out of it. (We *had* supposed, however, that the Campagna might be reclaimed by science.) But, worse than this, Catholicism seems to have used up the utmost capacity for religion among Italians. They are either Roman Catholics or atheists. Religion is the Church of the Pope or it is nothing. This, alas! is the issue Rome likes to present. We doubt not that Mr. Morison's fears that existing Protestantism will find no easy and perhaps no final root in Italy, are well founded. Our hope is that Romanism will, by the same sort of throes by which she ejected Luther and his school from her own bosom, be compelled by the remnant of sincerity and piety still left in connection with larger views of life and general truth, than is compatible with her present pretensions, to give birth to a reformation—not at all on the basis of the old one—but having a much more radical and natural principle at the bottom of it, and to issue in far more important results. The Roman church was the mother of the great Reformation, and its expiring energy will yet, we trust, make it the mother of a still greater one. When was the world so ready to welcome a simple and natural theology, clothed in a richer and more symbolic worship? Is it not what is most wanted now—a cultus which shall satisfy the social and the æsthetic instincts—with a simple dogma, untroubled with scholastic metaphysics and accessible and penetrated with newly-discovered truth? Italy's religious regeneration will not, we judge, come from without, any more than her political regeneration has done. One of her sons once said to us: "A generation of atheism must stand between Italian superstitions and any chance of true religion." We hope that generation is nearly exhausted. We

have faith to believe that great religious reformers are yet possible in Italy, and we hope that St. Peter's and Maria Maggiore and St. John's may yet be the homes of a pure, simple, heart-felt worship and faith, which shall have no need to call itself Protestant, because there will be no pontifical church left to protest against. When Italy becomes the seat of a true Christianity, the great changes so long delayed in the English and Lutheran and the American churches, will follow easily. It is the shadow of Roman Catholicism that has stifled Protestantism, as a thoroughly brave and whole-souled movement. Rome may again make herself the religious head of the Christian world, when she asserts the simple faith which alone can succeed the artificial one that has lost its power most where it has been longest known and tried.

Mr. Bixby, in his acute and learned article on "Lotze," shows his fine comprehensiveness and capability of the nicest discriminations. He is broad, and he is sharp too. He has excited in us a lively curiosity to make an immediate acquaintance with his hero, who seems to be a sort of James Martineau in a German garb—more scholastic and learned, not less broad and wise, with just as high spirituality and reverence, if not quite as beautiful and elegant a style.

But we leave no room to name Dr. Bartol's striking sermon, nor the Editor's Note Book and the Foreign Periodical Literature. They are always interesting, and our readers must this time judge them for themselves, for we are out of space.

H. W. B.

OLD TALES RETOLD; from Grecian Mythology, in Talks around the Fire. By Augusta Larned. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," gave a rare charm to the old Grecian legends of gods and goddesses. They were among the best books that could be placed in the hands of young people, who were just beginning to seek the rich fields of classical lore and who needed some such direction and guidance. But their aim was rather to amuse and interest than to instruct, and Miss Larned in re-telling these "Old Tales from Grecian Mythology" has enough fresh and untried ground to fill.

We are not acquainted with any book that fills just the same place and fills it so admirably. In a series of "talks around the fire" between an aunt and her nephews and nieces the whole realm of Grecian Mythology is thoroughly gone over. The subject is so familiar that it would almost seem impossible to put much freshness into its treatment. But this very thing Miss Larned has done. She has put life into what might have been mere dead bones, dust and ashes. The secret, of course, is that she herself is enthusiastic and has caught the real spirit of that about which she is writing, has had a clear vision of the beauty and deep significance of what to common minds seems only a silly fable, or at best the crazy wanderings of a dream. Indeed, there is more than an appreciation of the æsthetic value of the Grecian myths. Miss Larned's "Talks" have a truly philosophical basis. They show clearly enough that the Greeks were not mere forgers of fables, the makers of airy conceits and fancies; but that their "mythology" was truly to them a religion, and that in the high sense in which we use the word to-day. Take for instance these few thoughtful sentences, showing how truly the author has understood or felt the importance of her theme. In the introductory "Talk" Aunt Abby says: "These mythological stories I am going to relate are some of the purest poetry. They sprang in great measure out of an intense love of beauty with an underlying truth. We ought not to regard them as mere fantastic tales, nor old and vagrant fancies, for they all have a germ of deep meaning and took hold of the religious life of the people."

Now nothing can be truer than this: Whatever these old myths seem to us, whatever they meant to the Greeks of the time of Socrates and Plato—that is, in the skeptical age—at the first, in the days of Homer and Hesiod, their "mythology" took strong hold of the religious life of the people. And all our best modern scholars are teaching us not to despise these early systems—if systems they can be called—of religious faith. Miss Larned further says: "Those gods and goddesses came out of the awe, fear, love and

reverence of souls reaching out toward something to worship." Any such outgrowth must be recognized as having the divine right to existence, however puerile it may seem to us.

In telling the stories of the different gods—Zeus, the god of the sea, the divine mother, the god of music, the divine huntress, the god of war, etc.—Miss Larned follows a very simple yet ingenious method of questions and answers which bring out all the principal points of interest and religious significance in the characters of the various gods and goddesses, and tells all the legends concerning them in a very satisfactory manner. And it is curious to see how much information is thus inwoven in a single chapter, so that if the book were actually used in schools, pupils would find enough in a few pages to make a sufficiently long "lesson."

Miss Larned seems to be familiar with the researches of modern scholars, and she contrives to present her knowledge in a very simple and attractive form. We are sure that young people—and people not so very young—will be greatly helped by her charming presentation of "Old Tales" that can hardly be told too often and which shed new grace and lustre when touched by such a dexterous hand. Moreover, a perusal of the book can hardly fail to make the fair-minded reader more just and tolerant, and truly liberal in his feeling toward a noble people, who held a faith which, however childish it may now appear to us, was to them full of dignity and sweetness and even solemn religious meaning.

THANKFUL BLOSSOM. A Romance of the Jerseys. By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A bright, fresh little story of Revolutionary days, that takes us away from Mr. Harte's favorite field—"the great, unlimited West." And we cannot help saying that we are slightly grateful for the change. It may be that we were becoming just a trifle weary of his rough, swearing miners and wicked gamblers and abandoned outcasts. They certainly did not form "the best society"—though of course we were glad to find that, under all their outward barbarism, they still retained some sparks of nobility, which came out now and then in strange gleams and flashes.

But this story of "Thankful Blossom" is in pleasant contrast to all these horrors. It is a simple tale of a pretty young girl, living in the exciting times of the American Revolution, who was not treated very well by one lover, who herself behaved very badly to a second gentleman, but who ended by adoring him and doing him a great service. Thankful is a quaint, charming, coquettish, and extremely impulsive young woman, who, for all that we can see might live now-a-days just as well as one hundred years ago. But the setting in which she is placed lends additional piquancy and grace to her dainty figure, and very pretty and bewitching it is. The other characters are not very strongly individual; but the hero is gallant and brave enough for a love story, and the fickle Captain Brewster is not badly drawn. We even have a glimpse of General Washington and his lady, who are sufficiently "historical" to satisfy our very unhistorical mind.

Here and there are graceful descriptions and some very clever passages, which show Mr. Harte has not lost his old power. For example, "There is no flattery, however outrageous, that a man will not accept from the woman who he believes loves him. He will perhaps doubt its influence in the colder judgment of mankind; but he will consider that this poor creature, at least, understands him, and in some vague way represents the eternal but unrecognized verities, and when this is voiced by lips that are young, and warm, and red it is somehow quite as convincing as the bloodless, remoter utterances of posterity."

We find it extremely difficult to criticize this story. Indeed, it is hardly a book to be criticized at all. It is a bright, cheery tale, —not over full of passion or philosophy, perhaps,—to be read at a sitting, smiled over, laughed over, or cried over, as the case may be. It "reads of itself." But, after some reflection, the reader may discover that it has required no little art to make the simple story so fresh and attractive—the heroine so natural and, in spite of her naughtiness, so charming—as has been done at the hands of Mr. Harte.

BRIEF NOTICES.

SAPPHO. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by Ellen Frothingham.

GOETHE'S WEST-EASTERLY DIVAN. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by John Weiss. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The first of these will be much the more attractive to most readers, and a very interesting little book it is, making much the same impression upon the mind as Talfourd's "Ion." The reader's sympathy is powerfully drawn toward each of the leading charac-

ters, and the divided interest continues to the end of the play. Miss Frothingham has done her work thoroughly, and we heartily commend the book to our readers.

The West-Easterly Divan was the product of the Napoleonic period, when Goethe, sick of political intrigue, and not participating strongly in the fever of the time, sought to bury himself in a phase of life and thought as far removed as possible from that by which he was surrounded. He steeped himself in the Oriental and sang as a bird in Persian groves, but a bird of a German strain. To the American reader the poems vary greatly in clearness and interest. The form is often a cramped one—at least in the English version—and sometimes seems unnecessarily to hamper the sense; then again you chance upon the sweetest and tenderest verses. In the "Book of the Singer," "Book of Ill Humor," "Book of Love," "Book of Suleika," "Book of the Cup-Bearer," "Book of Paradise," and half a dozen others, the thought runs from one end of the gamut to the other, emitting sparkles all the way.

Mr. Weiss has prefixed to his translation an historical preface, and has added to it copious notes.

POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by H. W. Longfellow. France. I., II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We have here the latest gleanings from Mr. Longfellow's Scrap-book, and feel anew our indebtedness to him for gathering so many choice poems into such dainty volumes. The selections are from widely scattered authors, American, English, French, German, etc., from the familiar and the obscure, old and new, and where translations are given we have the names of both author and translator. Not the least satisfactory are some of Miss Preston's recent translations from the *Trouvères* of Provence. The second volume includes a brief section devoted to Savoy, and mainly referring to Mont Blanc and Chamouni.

It was, certainly, a pleasant idea thus to group together the winged verses which various poets had let fly to hover over favorite spots.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From *The Spectator*. Edited by John Haberton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

Dear old Sir Roger! How far it carries us from our life of to-day, here in America, to turn over the pages of this record, and follow thee again in the even tenor of thy peaceful and decorous life!

As Mr. Haberton says, there is no doubt that the De Coverley papers have been previously collected, but we can hardly regret that the collections have disappeared since the circumstance has induced the Messrs. Putnam to place upon the market this pretty little book. And that they intrusted the preparation of it to good hands, is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Haberton here presents the essays unaltered, and merely offers a brief and pertinent introduction. May the handy volume circulate far and wide, and act as a sedative upon the excited nerves of many a one among our hurrying, over-worked, and over-anxious people, bringing visions of a life which had some virtues which the present has not, that we may well afford to recall.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York, and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co. Parts 9 and 10.

By these numbers the record is brought to 1710. In addition to the dry facts of political history Captain Kidd and the pirates are briefly alluded to, and the administrations of Governors Fletcher, Bellomont, Cornbury and Lovelace are made interesting by the relation of many incidents, while a curious romance in the life of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, founder of the Bank of England and Lord Mayor of London, is shown to have produced important results here in New York. The DePeyster, Livingston, Van Cortlandt and Philipse families, and others receive due mention. Maps of New York are inserted, also portraits and full-page court scenes. The letter-press is remarkably good. The pictorial illustrations are less meritorious.

THE DUCHESS OF ROSEMARY LANE. A Novel, by B. L. Farjeon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Farjeon is a poet, and his prose is full of that exquisite imagination which is often lacking in those poets who write in verse and rhythmical metre. Some may think that his stories lack strength and dramatic power, but the power is there, and it lies in the subtle comprehension of forces lying dormant in people of modest exterior. His keen sense of humor and pathos remind the reader of Dickens, but his characters are more life-like, and his insight more delicate and profound. The Duchess of Rosemary Lane is a poor little waif of gentle but illegitimate extraction, who, for

certain reasons, is conveyed into a poor family, who worship her for her beauty and refinement. She has no name, and they give her this aristocratic title as a sort of acknowledgment of her right to superior consideration and deference. Her protectress, Sallie, is a plain, unattractive child, full of a passion for worship which she pours upon the little Duchess, and so satisfies her own quaint, original nature. Sallie reminds us of Little Dorrit in her devotion to her charge, and really wins a stronger interest than her selfish little idol. The story is the oft repeated one of shame and suffering, with a prosperous betrayer, a broken-hearted woman, and a "lovely lad" who has a "fortunate mole" on his cheek, which is supposed to insure him wealth and happiness, but instead he breaks his mother's heart by theft and drunkenness. The story is not remarkable, but the delicate descriptions and refined coloring recall the author's best novel, Joshua Marvel, which is full of the same vivid imagination and poetical expression.

GATHERED LEAVES. Poems by Frances A. B. Dunning. Chicago: Palmer, Augir & Co. 1877.

This book is, as the title indicates, a collection of many poems which have from time to time unfolded in the author's thought, as occasion has called them forth. Unlike "gathered leaves" however, they still keep their freshness and life; and here and there a choice flower peeps through them prophetic of fruit and seed.

The poems are on various themes. Many are inspired by domestic love,—especially by maternal joy and sorrow—and the author shows a hearty sympathy with children.

She thus finely expresses the deeper truth about sorrow:

"Foolish comforters are they
Who in hopeful accents say,
Time will pass and grief will die,
Joy will conquer by and by.

"Love is love, till that be past,
Grief for love's sake too will last;
Time can wed in one the twain,
Grief alone makes loss a gain."

Many of the poems will be recognized as having already appeared in the *LIBERAL CHRISTIAN* or *Christian Register*. In all of them the moral tone is high, the sentiment true and pure.

H. M. S.

SHADOWS ON THE SNOW. By B. L. Farjeon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is another story by Farjeon, but very inferior to his best efforts. It is written carelessly, and a tinge of superstition spoils the imagery and makes it coarse and unreal. What a pity that a man of such genuine genius should write a book merely to sell. A very dingy light, we must confess, seems to be the source and cause of these somewhat colorless "Shadows on the Snow."

FROM DREAMS TO WAKING. A Novel. By Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton. Harper & Brothers. 1877.

A fair novel, but not remarkable either in description or characterization. Two women in love with a handsome scapegrace; the one a passionate, but weak and scheming Southern girl, unscrupulous and fascinating; the other, strong, high-toned, imaginative and trusting. Such elements must always excite a certain degree of interest, but there is no lasting power in the particular combinations of them in this book, and we forget the characters as we would casual acquaintances who make no strong impression upon us.

LITERARY NOTES.

Six London publishers have issued as many editions of "Helen's Babies."

"L'AMI FRITZ" is to be translated into English, and published by Scribner.

THE February number of the *Fortnightly Review* will contain articles by Mr. Lowe and Dr. Lyon Playfair.

WORCESTER'S dictionaries have changed publishers. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have purchased the plates and copyright of the entire series (seven), and they will hereafter bear their imprint.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham has been for several years engaged in the preparation of a work of research sufficiently defined by its title, "The Cradle of the Christ: a Study in Primitive Christianity." It will be issued within the month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE illustrations of Clarence Cook's papers on furniture (of which the ninth will soon appear in *Scribner*) were all executed

under Mr. Cook's personal supervision, and cost the magazine about five thousand dollars. There will be eleven or twelve papers in all.

M. RENAN is now correcting the proofs of the fifth volume of his "Origines du Christianisme," which will appear in April next. This volume, which was originally to be the last of the series, only comes down to Trajan, and will be followed by a sixth, which will come down to Marcus Aurelius. M. Renan will probably undertake, after its publication, a History of the Jewish People.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, the English political economist, has in preparation a work on protection and free trade, in which will be considered the arguments of the advocates of protection in this country and in the British colonies, and an inquiry into the causes which have prevented the realization of the predictions of the general adoption of free trade which were so constantly made at the time of the repeal of the corn laws and of the negotiation of the commercial treaty with France.

JOHN RUSKIN, it is said, has "carefully projected," amassed materials for, and in some instances begun, a history of fifteenth-century Florentine art, in six volumes; an analysis of Attic art of the fifth century B.C., in three volumes; a history of northern thirteenth-century art, in ten volumes; a life of Turner, in four volumes; a life of Scott, in seven volumes; a life of Xenophon, in ten volumes; a commentary on Hesiod, in nine volumes; and a general description of the geology and botany of the Alps, in twenty-four volumes!

THE Commissioner of Education has recently given to the public a report on the public libraries of the United States. It is a remarkable document, comprising nearly 1,200 pages, full of interesting information on the subject.

The summary is, that in the United States there are 3,682 libraries, numbering 300 volumes each and upwards. The total of volumes is 12,276,964, not including Sunday school or district school libraries. Nearly ten millions of these books are in active use annually. Over 1,500,000 pamphlets are reported in these libraries. The names of 1,600 librarians are given. The permanent fund of 1,722 libraries is \$6,000,000. The annual income of 830 is about \$1,500,000. In 1776 there were 29 libraries, with 45,623 volumes. In 1800, 49 libraries, with 80,000 volumes. 2,240 libraries have been formed since 1850. More than thirty millions of dollars have been given by individuals for libraries.

The libraries of ten large cities in the United States are compared.

The reports of the libraries in the Southern States will attract attention. The officers of Catholic libraries, in their reports exhibit an interest in the subject and marked liberality and toleration towards Protestant books. California has expended \$138,564 for libraries in the last ten years, besides individual contributions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"THE JUKES," A Study of Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity. By R. S. Dugdale.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D. \$1.50.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. Two volumes in one. \$2.50.

From Macmillan & Co.

SCIENCE LECTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. Outline of Field Geology. By Prof. Geikie. LL.D., F.R.S. Paper, 20 cents. The Absorption of Light and the Colours of Natural Bodies. By Prof. Stokes, F.R.S. Paper, 20 cents.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. Edited by George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

A RIDE TO KHIVA: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby. With maps, etc.

WEAVERS AND WETS. A Novel. By Miss Braddon. Paper, 25 cents.

ANNIE WARWICK. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. 50 cents.

From State Board of Health, Lansing, Mich.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

SELECTIONS.

THE WORKING MAN'S SUNDAY.

III. EDUCATION.

It still remains to hint what might be done with Sunday in this third aspect, as the people's education day. I speak of intellectual education. Rest, recreation, both are familiar thoughts of the day. This other is comparatively a modern

view, not yet systematically adopted by any of our States.

The broad fact to be remembered is that the day must be occupied in order to be saved. An idle Sunday is not a rest Sunday, and it is the kind of Sunday that makes the recreation dangerous. A fact almost as broad is that it is not and will not be occupied to any large extent by workmen in church going. Fill the churches full and outside there are multitudes who cannot get in, and would not if they could; and yet the day must be occupied in order to be saved. Where recreation is debarred and nothing is done for education, is it not a hard case? Where recreation is allowed, and nothing is done for education, then, as I said, the heart grows sick. In either case, remembering how much the week-day's work ministers in various ways to the good of body, mind and character, it may be seriously doubted whether the Sunday, in spite of all the churches do, is not the least inspiring day for true manhood of all the seven. If the cities could be polled of a rainy Sunday, inaction, idleness, listlessness, would be found, I fear, the actually prevailing characteristic. Not one-half the population can handle a leisure day so as not to be bored or harmed by it! And, below a certain grade of mental resource and of home-attractiveness, it is that idleness, inaction, listlessness, which leads to the low companionship, the drunkenness, the profligacy of the Sunday waste.

Summer and Winter must be here distinguished. In our Northern cities for six months of the year the day can hardly be an outdoor day. Here, then, is an empty Winter Sunday, and an average city clerk or mechanic. He is not going to church, or if he goes, that takes but a long hour. Can nothing be done to help him save his day?

There is the public library reading-room on Sundays; there it *wasn't* till three or four years ago, thanks to some of the clerks' good friends. But in Boston, after ten separate struggles during a seventeen years' campaign, it has stood open to him since Feb. 9, 1873. He has scanty time for papers or magazines through the week, and there he will find a feast of them. If you go there you will see him any Sunday afternoon or evening. According to the last report of the Boston Library, at the central reading-room it takes on the average that day four hundred and seventy-six periodicals to feed him and his fellows—the Winter average, apart from the Summer, much exceeding this—and on full Sundays the congregation overflows into the next room. "A very considerable proportion are persons who do not, or cannot, visit the library on week-days—reporters, mechanics and those who work early and late." At the Christian Union reading-room in Boston they read books as well as papers. When that institution was reorganized in 1868, without a word said to any one, it simply left the book-shelves free on Sunday, and no one said a word against the liberty. "Probably three times as many readers there as on the week-days; before the morning church and through the afternoon and evening. I would rather close it any other day than Sunday," says the President. The Milwaukee Library ventured to do the same in 1869 or 1870. In Philadelphia, also, the Mercantile Library followed suit in 1870. Before the second year was out the attendance averaged seven hundred, "nearly all young men," and it reports gradually increasing numbers ever since. The Cincinnati Public Library, opening its doors on a March Sunday of 1871, has, the past year, averaged over eleven hundred in its Sunday reading-rooms. "How many were genuine, how many are loafers in search of a warm place on Sunday, I know not," writes the friend I quote. But where might the loafers have been otherwise?

After all is done that can be done, the reading-rooms will hold but a few hundreds, or, at most, small thousands, of the idlers. Where else, then, can our clerk go on his Winter Sunday? To some museum, some art exhibition? Alas! no. That indeed would win him; but that is still among things *tabu* in New England. Moreover, the State has none to open. But private citizens have. Will they not soon be moved to organize the "Loan Collection" as the next new instrument of education in the cities—to generously resolve together that what their wealth and refinement open to themselves all months and days shall be also opened, *regularly opened, for a Winter month or two*, to those less fortunate? And opened most freely on that day when it could be used by the thousands who have no other day than Sunday on which, with fresh minds and clean clothes and the feeling

of leisure, they can use it; the day on which it would, perhaps, do as much good as during the whole week besides? Will not the directors of the Natural History collection, of the new art museums now forming, of the recurring mechanics' exhibitions, consider earnestly whether it lie not in their power and within their privilege to help the idle population to keep their Sunday better?

The lecture is a third lever of Sunday education lately taken in hand by us here in America. In Boston, for the seven or eight past winters, the Free Religious Association has arranged a course of ten or twelve Sunday afternoon lectures in Horticultural Hall. The lecturers have been Jew, Roman Catholic, Protestant of more than one denomination, Theist, Atheist,—as thinkers having equal rights. Individual freedom, with fellowship in religion, is the Association's motto. Its members have usually very definite convictions of their own, some having one kind, some another; but they are allied in their society to maintain one public platform where differences of belief shall meet on friendly terms in virtue of a common love of truth and of charity—where the differences of belief shall meet as in sects only the similarities meet. Accordingly many speakers have been sought to speak for various phases of religious thought, many more than have felt able or else willing to accept the invitation. But not religion only or morals,—social problems, history, biography, science, art, have furnished topics. The lectures are meant to be "solid"; and the audience, a thoughtful set of listeners, ranges from three or four hundred to occasionally thrice that number.

Chicago bravely led the way in a more popular movement, and has this story to tell about it: Some thirty months ago a company of young men began the work "with abundant faith and a cash capital of six dollars." They have provided three courses of lectures. Last winter's course lasted seven months, and the audience present averaged thirteen hundred and seventy-five persons; the audience *absent* being all whom the circulation of the city newspapers printing *verbatim* reports could reach. The lecture-topics embrace nearly all the great themes of thought except theology, which is let alone. And this present winter the purely popular speakers occasionally engaged hitherto have been dropped from the list.

We know in Boston how the Lowell Institute is overcrowded to hear any good narrator who goes there with a stereopticon. Let the chance be widely known, and on the winter Sunday afternoon or evening which so many people know not what to do with, at a ten cents' admission, our Music Hall would be well filled to travel with such a man through any country on the globe, or to follow him into the wonder-lands of science or along the tracks of history and biography.

More than this. No one wants the common school to go on and make a seventh day's work for children and teachers that have already been working five or six. But it would be *keeping* a rest-day in the true sense, if on Sundays—as, of late, on winter evenings—extra classes should be taught of youths whose six week-days are six long work-days: industrial classes, especially, in which practical training should be given to beginners who often have to leave the school so early for the work-shop and the warehouse. It is no new thought. Abroad it is a common practice. Norway and Sweden, Prussia, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg, and some few towns in France, all have such Sunday-schools for apprentices and journeymen and factory-hands; classes where those who have only half learned what the regular school gave, may clinch that little, and where those who wish to carry their scanty education farther may do so. For these latter, besides the common studies, the science that comes into his handicraft is practically taught the young mechanic; book-keeping and the languages are taught the clerk. And almost invariably such schools are drawing-schools. From eight to eleven o'clock in the morning, or perhaps from two to five o'clock in the afternoon, they meet. "Industrial Schools of Improvement" they are called in Wurtemberg, where seventy out of a hundred apprentices receive instruction in them. Why should not something of that kind be done here? Why on Sunday should not an empty school-hall hold the voluntary singing-class and drawing-class? Or the teacher guiding older listeners than children through the elements of science,

political economy, the laws of health, the lessons of history? There might be occasion for Sunday-school teachers of this kind to volunteer and give their hour or two, as others do in the Sunday-school of the usual kind. Or the support of such a Sunday teacher would worthily be grafted on the churches as part of their mission-work.

And now to end. I have spoken of three uses of the Sunday,—Rest, Recreation, Education. Let the “working-man” cleave to the first as he values the other two. It is their indispensable condition. But let not society by its customs or its laws hinder him from giving noble meanings to these other two. Even were the Bible-stories true, the best memorial of a creation-day would still be to use it for wise re-creation; the best memorial of a Redeemer’s resurrection-day would be to make it minister to true redemption for our fellows and ourselves. It is for a greatened, not a lessened, Sunday reverence that I plead. Because the single systematic improvement of the day does not avail for all, shall we oppose, or rather favor, an ampler system of improvement? Who abolishes the Sunday? No class of earnest citizens so much as they who try to limit it to but one use, worship. Why? Because, so doing, they tend to abolish even that use. Who save the Sunday even for worship? They who would open it to many uses, but who spur themselves and others to make, among the many, the higher uses win the day. To do that is to save the Sunday to the “working-man,” and put more sun into it that it may bless him through and through.—*Extracts from an address by W. C. Gannett, reported in the Index.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

A LESSON.

I HEARD a pouting little maid,
In childhood’s dewy morn,
Lamenting that the rose was stemmed
Upon a cruel thorn.

I saw a sweet-faced mother,
In life’s hushed evening hour,
Smile, grateful that the thorns were crowned
With such a glorious flower.

New York Tribune.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN; OR, THE EMPEROR AND THE REPUBLICAN.

[Retold from Berthold Auerbach for THE INQUIRER.]

BY G. C. SHACKFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER AND SISTER ON THE THRONE.

The gardens of Versailles were bathed in the peaceful, tender moonlight, the fountains plashed, the nightingale sang. General Steuben paced the ornamented walks, hoping to be able to speak to the Emperor or to one of his suite. But he met no one, for that evening a grand banquet was given at the palace. While strolling in the more retired paths, remote from the ringing laughter and music, all at once he heard a man’s voice saying in German: “You have at least gained this by your journey, dear Colloredo; you have studied the French musketry practice, but I, I go home poor; and the Emperor carries back nothing but the knowledge of some free thinkers, of a few deaf and dumb institutions, foundling hospitals and trash of that sort.”

“If the Emperor would accompany his sister, Marie Antoinette, to the hunt to-morrow he might yet gain something; but he must needs see this sly revolutionist, Franklin.”

At these words Steuben stepped up to the men and said: “Count Colloredo! we have stood as enemies on the field of battle, but now in a foreign land we are Germans. I have to give to you, to the Emperor, a warning.”

“With whom have I the honor?” inquired Colloredo.

“My name is of no consequence in this matter. I am

not permitted to mention it, out of regard to my friends with whom I here live. All I have to say is, that the Emperor should not be at the Abbe Niccoli’s breakfast to-morrow, where he expects to meet the American Franklin.”

“Why not?”

“There are some intrigues on foot—their contrivers I must not name. There are men to whom Joseph’s popularity with the French people is offensive. The plan is to put the Emperor in the shade, if not to humiliate him.

“Unknown friend,” said Colloredo, “we believe you and we will warn the Emperor. But will you not give us your name? I pledge you my honor to impart it only to the Emperor. He will show himself grateful to his secret friend.”

“I only fulfil my duty, as a German, to our Emperor. The mention of my name would compromise my friends. Give me your hand, Count. I bid farewell now to my fatherland.”

Joseph, who had remained at the palace after the night of the banquet, was the next morning walking in the garden with his sister, Marie Antoinette. The Court had gone to the hunt, of which Louis XVI. was passionately fond.

“You are frightfully painted,” said the Emperor in good-humored familiarity.

“And you would like to wash off the paint from all Paris,” replied the Queen. “You take particular delight in seeing the world in undress.”

The Emperor kept silence. After awhile he began in a gentle tone: “I am soon to leave you. I have declined to go to the hunt, in order to pass this morning hour in a brotherly way with you. I have had no success in my measures of State policy with the king. He is thoroughly well meaning, but timorous, and lets himself be compelled by circumstances, rather than to decide for himself.”

“I understand nothing of government and political matters. The king and I, when we heard of the death of Louis XV., fell on our knees and prayed, ‘O God, protect us, we are still too young to reign!’”

The Emperor looked with emotion at his sister’s countenance; her eyes glistened, her innocent nature was revealed, and Joseph appealed now directly to her heart to lay aside that proud confidence in virtue, which led her, conscious of the purity of her own motives, to expose herself to misconception.

The delicate mouth of the queen at first expressed displeasure and defiance, but she soon resumed her smile. “Joseph,” said she jestingly, “you came here with your glue-pot to stick the alliance more firmly together. And what do you do? You try to show us that all our household furniture is mere useless lumber; you come into a foreign land and want to have the people talk in your own language.”

“Him whom I would have for my friend I try to bring over to my views,” replied Joseph; “otherwise I should be dishonorable, and our relation would have no permanence.”

“I know you mean well; but you might take your antipodes for a pattern.”

“My antipodes? Who is that?”

“The Solon of Passy; he is one of the most significant, and at the same time one of the most agreeable of men. He says that no man can get clear of death and blame, and therefore no man should wilfully bring them on himself. This Franklin wishes to win us over and—come here, Diana,” interrupted she suddenly, as she spoke to a grey-hound.

“Do you see, brother, if you want to win one you must

whistle to him and stroke him, not scold and chase him away."

"Are you, too, a worshipper of this Dr. Franklin?"

"By no means! His virtue is too rough for me. Plain forms of address, a republican frock, a grey-haired man with silver locks, holding a curly-headed grandchild by the hand—this pleases the French. But this giddiness, this enthusiasm for liberty, is only a fashion, which will soon be of yesterday. Instead of whist it is all the mode to play Boston now, in honor of the Bostonians, because Boston was the first place to revolutionize. And this Franklin understands very well how to coquet with that simplicity of his."

Joseph endeavored to make it out to her that she was also charmed with the man, and that she now was trying to excite a laugh by her railery.

"And now," said Marie Antoinette of a sudden, "I beg you, dear brother—I know that you wish to see Franklin to-day—I beg you not to do it. There's some plan against you."

Joseph looked up astonished, for this was the second time to-day that he had been warned in regard to compromising his dignity. But he was not willing to give up his intention. His sister entreated to devote the morning to her. Seven years before, on the 30th of May, when she and the dauphin made their first entrance together into Paris, one hundred persons had been killed, and nearly a thousand seriously hurt, in the crowd assembled in the Place Louis XV. to witness the fireworks. "This 30th of May is always a terror to me; I never can shake off the feeling that it will bring to me some frightful disaster," said the Queen sadly. And it was as she had foreboded, for in fifteen years from this day, her innocent life was sacrificed on that same square where the accident had happened. The Emperor, seeing his sister so affected, dismissed the carriage and remained with her.

The hour struck nine at the ambassador's, where statesmen, noblemen and philosophers were assembled, but the Emperor did not come. It struck ten, and still he had not arrived; it struck eleven, and they waited in vain. The populace in the streets became impatient; they sang ribald songs concerning the Court; there was a universal restlessness, as when they are deprived of some expected spectacle. The carriages at last drove away and the populace scattered.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

NARCISSUS.

Long, long ago, when the world was quite a young world, and much more simple in its ways than to-day, people believed in a great many things that we are much too wise and clever to have any faith in now. For even a little child, who loves to hear fairy tales read by the nursery fire, knows that the Enchanted Princess and the White Cat, dear little Cinderella and her kind godmother, and little brave Jack with his beanstalk, have all vanished from the world and only live now in story-books and on the lips of mothers and nurses.

But in these funny old times of which I am going to tell you, even the big people believed that a great many races of strange and beautiful creatures lived in this world beside them, and helped to take care of it, and sometimes to make it a better place. Among these creatures were many beautiful maidens who were called nymphs, and who, like our friends the fairy folk, lived in the woods and glens and forests and in the mountains. The work given them to do

(for they were not idle) was to see that the brooks and rivers flowed clear and bright, that the flowers in the valleys grew and the trees blossomed, and that the herds and flocks were kept from harm. For in that old time the springs and fountains, rivers, mountains and trees, and everything that we are now taught to call the works of nature, were worshipped as living beings, who gave life and health and blessing to all around them, and this beautiful thought has been wrought into many delightful stories which people love to read now, and carved into statues and painted into pictures which many travel a long, long way to see.

Now in a part of the world where the sun always shone, and the days passed by like a bright summer holiday, there lived and grew a beautiful youth who was called Narcissus. All his days were passed in the woods and valleys and under the bright open sky, and he knew where the birds built their nests and reared their little ones, where the shy little wood-flowers hid their cups under the fallen leaves, and where the enshrined tufts of moss were greenest and roundest. For playmates he had all those beautiful nymphs we have been hearing about, and when he grew weary of wandering in the forest glades, and making garlands of wild flowers, he could lie down beside some cool rippling stream, or play with the sparkling diamond sprays of a fountain. Everybody liked to be with Narcissus, because he was very beautiful to look upon, so tall and straight and fair; but he had one very sad fault, which to any one who knew him well and looked closely at him, threw an ugly shadow, like a veil, over his beauty. Narcissus cared for no one except himself.

All the keen pleasure of giving back love and affection was denied to him; and, as it always brings a warmer glow to our hearts to give out than to take in, you may be sure that even Narcissus would have had a happier life if he had had a friend to care for and to love.

Among his playmates, the one who loved him the most was a nymph called Echo. Now we know what a very silly and foolish maiden Echo is, and how she cannot speak at all till some one else speaks, and even then can only repeat what others have said, whether it is wise or foolish. But I must tell you that this was not always the case. Echo was once a lively and gay nymph, who spoke so much and so fast that if she had lived in our day I think we should have called her a chatterbox. And this same gift of speech which she might have used to some good end, led her once into the great sin of deception, and as a punishment, the gods, who ruled the world in those days, decreed that never more should Echo utter words of her own framing. So, partly because of this sad disgrace, and partly because Narcissus would show her no love or kindness, poor Echo pined and faded away till nothing of her was left but the voice which children yet love to rouse among the rocks with gay repetitions of their own names. Even in those days, you see, though people had not the bright hope that we have to help them to do right, they yet knew very well that wrong-doing is always followed by punishment. And because of this sad fault of hers, poor Echo could never again speak anything true, or pure, or kind out of her own heart, but always only imitate the thoughts and wishes and words of other people.

And something very sad happened to Narcissus too, because of this ugly black spot in his heart, for he lived on from day to day in a dream of loveliness which he thought was made for himself alone, and took all the wonders of the woodland, the warmth of the sunshine, and the gladness of health and life as so many tributes to his youth

and his beauty, and not as delights given him to share with others.

It came to pass that one day, wearied with sport, he left his playmates and wandered alone in a shady glade of the forest. And so, with lingering, enjoying footsteps he came at length to a corner where the shade fell cool and deep, and the flowers grew into perfect life and beauty, fed by a fountain which stood in their midst. It lay like a clear, shining mirror, set in a border of greenest moss. Stooping down by its rim to drink of its pure waters, Narcissus, gazing into the cool depths, saw, gazing back at him, a face of wonderful beauty.

Was it the Naiad of the spring who had come thus to greet him? Ah no! It would have been better far for the youth if it had been so, for then by the power of giving love he would have escaped from the prison in which this wicked self had shut up his heart. This vision of beauty which entranced him so was only the reflection of his own face, which smiled as he smiled, and gave back all his fleeting expressions. Could anything have been sadder than this? For so dear to him was this new pleasure, that day by day he returned to the fountain and fed himself afresh with gazing.

By-and-by his playmates found out this haunt of his; but in vain did they try to entice him away with lures of some freshly-discovered flower, some newly-invented sports. Narcissus had become servant to the hardest of all masters, and the chains which bound him to his own companionship were too hard for him to break. Morning succeeding morning found him ever by the mossy well, vainly trying to reach this mocking vision, which seemed to rise towards him as he stooped, but always eluded his grasp.

And so, caring for nothing else but this hopeless pursuit, and growing daily sadder and more weary, trying always, and failing always, the face in the fountain began to grow wan and thin too, and gave him back no more smiles or bright glances. So there came a day at length when the youth who had so long haunted this quiet spot was seen no more. The face had vanished from the fountain, and its depths reflected only the reeds and grasses and the green canopy overhead. And his playmates coming once more to entreat him to join them, found his place empty, and, though they searched the woods and called for him long and loudly, there was no answer save the plaintive voice of Echo, who gave back the accents of his name. Coming back to the hill with sorrowful hearts, one of them saw on the spot where he had been used to kneel, a cluster of tall and fragrant blossoms, newly sprung up, and then they knew that their old companion was gone from them for ever, and that this fragile flower was all that was left to them—a tender memory, always springing fresh and lovely by the crystal fountain.

Some of you who live in great cities where poor flowers cannot breathe and grow, like, I know, to rise up early in the morning and go to one of the great markets where there are for sale large baskets full of sweet-smelling blossoms, with the dew which fell on them in some country garden, lingering on their petals still.

In the spring-time, just when the violets are almost over, you will see great golden and white bunches of daffodils, and when you give your pence in exchange for one of these, and take it home to make your room gay and sweet, perhaps you will remember the lesson taught by this tender old fable, and think of the youth who gave his name to the flowers.

For, I fear, the spirit of Narcissus still lingers in this

world, and that there are yet boys and girls too, who fall in love with their own image, and who make every person and thing around them only a mirror in which to reflect themselves. There is no more hopeless love than this; it hems us in and shuts us out from all truth and beauty and goodness, and slowly but surely cuts the very life out of us. Keep the mirror of your heart pure and shining and bright with other reflections than your own; if you make it as a picture-gallery wherein to store the clear and living faces of your friends, you will find in your fountain depths of joy which poor Narcissus never knew.—G. Keith Johnstone, in "Good Things."

Cold wind, Cold wind,
You may whistle shrilly;
Snug in bed this Christmas eve,
Lies our little Willy.

Round moon, round moon,
O'er the snow you glisten;
You may hear our Willy laugh
If you will but listen.

—Selected.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CHICAGO.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, in a recent visit to this city, read her essay on "Paternity" before the Chicago Woman's Club. This subject has as yet received but little attention, most of the time and argument having been generously bestowed on the other side. Mrs. Howe began by alluding with grave sarcasm to Napoleon's sagacious remark: "France needs mothers." The arrogant folly of this bit of Cesarism is none the less apparent because of the corrupt social state of the time in which it was spoken. That the man who had done the most to bereave mothers should so pompously decree that France needed mothers, was a true Napoleonic hit. In spite of their dissoluteness and shallowness, mothers loved their children then, as they always had before, and as they will ever continue to love them. "There is no missing link in motherhood," said the speaker. Woman for the most part fulfils her share of this relation, both on the practical and ideal side, but "paternity as well as maternity has its ideal aspect," and this men have been slow to learn; it is a new truth which women are to teach them. Men have been very free to urge the necessity to society of an enlightened motherhood, and cannot take it amiss, if in looking at the number of homes where the "mother is vigilant, wise and tender," we raise the question whether the one thing lacking be not fatherhood. "The birth of the child surprises both parents with the revelation of an unselfish affection," and in each alike the light of this revelation should illumine the path of duty.

Mrs. Howe thought that Jesus did not assume that women only need instruction in this matter, and that the cares and responsibilities of parentage fall chiefly upon her. It is undoubtedly true, as she said, that he had many things to say to men about virtue and faithfulness; but when she proceeded with the assertion that "it was by upholding the ideal of fatherhood, that Jesus expected to revolutionize the world," one cannot but wonder how she makes out her case. The words of Jesus are continually being given new and strange significations. The world is fond of reflecting back the lustre of its new discoveries in thought and finding their source and secret spring in some one of the parable-like sentences. Biblical critics are pretty well agreed that it is hard to determine just what he did say. It is still more difficult to determine what he meant. Nothing is easier, as Lewes has somewhere said, than to read new meanings into old words.

The essayist concluded by saying that as society developed, the "dignity of human relations becomes more evident," and that an excellent final test to the professors of our colleges, when every year they send out their crowd of "youthful omniscience," might be put in the words, "show us the father." The greater portion of the paper was taken up with a consideration of the difference in moral standards between the sexes. This subject affords food for much unpleasant thinking; but it is one which above all others requires careful, honest, unabashed investigation, and that by re-

fined and cultivated woman, before permanent cure of the evils of society can be wrought. In the discussion which followed some of us rated the men in fine style. Women like to revenge themselves by an occasional public scold, for the private petting and humoring they are expected to practice at home. But you will be glad to learn, Mr. Editor, that others took your part, and with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks proclaimed your merits and descanted on your virtues, until the rest of us hung our diminished heads and were more than ever disgusted with men for giving us occasion to make them a topic of discussion at all. Woman is always a good partisan, especially on the side where her heart is engaged. If she is not too much of a lover to make a good missionary, she is, at least, too little of a friend. She needs to add wisdom to her zeal, and to be able to inflict a pain which shall hurt, not herself, but one she loves better.

Your special correspondent, Rev. E. P. Powell, will not, it is to be feared, tell you much concerning his own work here. It is a good work, well begun, and promising, after slow and steady effort, a splendid fulfilment, of which I shall speak more in detail at another time. Just now I wish to call attention to a list of books prepared by him for the "ethical culture of the young." Printed copies of the list are to be scattered through the pews, for the assistance of parents in the selection of books for their children. The list is arranged under separate heads; as Poetry, Essays, Science, etc. In the remarks heading the list, Mr. Powell says, that though "intended to cover the needs of those between twelve and twenty, most persons of advanced age will not find a more grateful assortment." All the selections are, to use a society phrase, first class, but of these there is a *creme de la creme*, a shorter list for those who do not care to purchase the complete catalogue. Among these A No. 1. authors we find such names as Hertz, author of "King Rene's Daughter," Longfellow and Whittier in poetry; in science, Faraday, Mace, and Nordhoff; in fiction, Auerbach, Reuter, Mrs. Charles, and MacDonald; while history and biography are represented by the "Life of Audubon," Irving's "Washington," "Life of Stephenson," Sparks' biographies, etc. I have, of course, been able to select but few names and shall have to leave much to the reader's imagination.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Powell took for his topic, small sins—"Dust-sins" he called them, which settle down on us from nobody knows where. The discourse was delivered in the speaker's usual terse, and epigrammatic style, to which you listen with finger-ends that tingle to jot down some of the close-cropped sentences. One of the small sins is waste. Mr. Powell deplores the loss of time occasioned by the "tramps in rags and the tramps in silks," who haunt our doors. A slight degree of irritability is a safeguard which we are sometimes justified in using against such intruders. Alas! a slight degree may fall short of your need, for while you are considering how slight it ought to be, your food and clothing have disappeared through the back door, and your time and courtesy flown out at the front, and you are left bare and comfortable. "I must be conservative of that which makes me ablest, preservative of that which makes me noblest and purest," was one of the thoughts given. Another, in connection with the petty vice of fault-finding, was put in the form of a question: "What shall we do with the faults of people after we have found them?" We must be careful that "our dispositions do not become curdled," and not think ourselves defrauded because we do not find a real companion in every new acquaintance. Speaking of the rarity of close human companionship, he said: "To whom can you tell your best thought; to whom would you dare tell your worst?" In the evening, at vesper service, Mr. Powell dwelt on moral courage and thoroughness as two of the gifts which Paul must have had in mind when he bade us seek the best things. The dread of the average mind for scientific pursuits came from the accuracy required, and not the depth of the studies themselves. Religious culture also requires persistency and effort and completeness of purpose. "A careless soul cannot approximate the genius of a true religious life." Mr. Powell always takes hopeful views of the situation, and thinks "life is a capital affair." This reminds me of a bit of magazine poetry, with which I will close:

"Only to live. There nothing is more sweet.
Only to live. There nothing is more bitter.
Only to live, when flowers are at the feet
And overhead the happy swallows twitter.
Only to live. There nothing is more sweet.
Only to live, when flies the angry sleet,
And the head bows above a dead love's litter.
Only to live. There nothing is more bitter."

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

NEW CHURCH IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1877.

To The Editor of The Inquirer:

You will be glad to know that this movement seems completely successful. No effort whatever had been made to force or crowd an audience. The preliminary arrangements were wholly private. A single announcement in the papers that a new church was proposed completely filled the large and beautiful Union Hall. After the service a sufficient number of persons subscribed as members of the new society to leave no doubt of its going forward with as much spirit as it began with.

It was particularly interesting to note the character of the assembly. While it represented persons of all ages and classes, there was still a large majority of young men, and a large majority of young men is on the list of members already obtained. It was noticeable, also, that the new church took up its singing and responses with promptness and enthusiasm such as one does not always see in old societies, seventy or eighty persons remaining to practice singing, in preparation for next Sunday. Families as well as individuals are represented in the membership, and the admirable arrangements for the Sunday school and Bible classes warrant the expectation of successful work there.

The truth is that this enterprise would have succeeded, had it been anybody's special concern to start it, two or three years ago. The number of persons is very large, who, with every wish to join their brethren in worship, cannot or will not invest money in pews. Probably the line of pew-buyers is nearly marked by the line of house-buyers, and just those people who hire houses or apartments on short rents, that they may be at liberty to move within six months to Yokohama or to Omaha, are the people who wish to take their seats and privileges in church on a like tenure. Such people, however, are not easily satisfied, by the proposals of the older churches, that they shall hire pews till some one wants to buy them, with no share in the government of the congregation, and liable to be moved out at a week's notice. Women, perhaps, take such a fate more kindly than men, being a little used to it, but they do not like it, and men like it less.

That there is work for a new church to do in Boston is clear on all sides. That there is a constituency, not already united in our churches, is as certain. Every religious movement here shows that Boston is at heart liberal, under whatever name men be marshalled. A distinctive liberal church movement appeals, therefore, to the common feeling of the whole city. It flies the local colors and has no occasion to apologize for its symbols.

It is an interesting fact that the two largest churches in the city—Dr. Lorimer's and Mr. Murray's—are organized on the business principle of quarterly rents for seats. I suppose their annual receipts to be larger than those of any other churches.

Respectfully yours,

F. I.

JOTTINGS.

BROOKLYN.—We have received the tenth annual report of the Brooklyn Union for Christian Work, from which it appears that this admirably managed institution still grows in favor and efficiency. It is established upon a most catholic and unsectarian basis, and is becoming more and more an agency for the supply of both the mental and physical wants of its beneficiaries. During the month just passed it has been largely engaged in caring for the sufferers by the Brooklyn Theatre disaster, and its work in that direction has been prosecuted with great care. Busy people who have money to spare for the destitute will be likely to do much more good by making an almoner of such an organization as this, than by responding to the indiscriminate personal calls which are made upon them.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD. MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION AND GARDEN PARTY.—On Washington's Birth Day the annual entertainment given by St. John's Guild, in aid of the destitute poor, promises to be a scene of unusual attraction to the lovers of the beautiful. There will be a grand floral display and garden party. Nilsson Hall will be used for this part of the entertainment, and will be fitted up in arbors, named for fourteen different nations, filled with plants and flowers and presided over by distinguished ladies. Many of these are natives of the countries represented and will be attired in costumes of their native land. The Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, and many Russian officers are also expected. The Bernstein orchestra and Grafulla and Downing's bands will enliven the evening with their music. We hope there will be a large and increased interest in the work of this Guild by all who can aid the suffering poor.

CALVIN used to play bowls on Sunday, and once John Knox joined him in a game. There were but few Sabbatarians then.

A WEALTHY Copenhagen brewer, J. C. Jacobsen, has given the sum of a million of crowns for the promotion of mathematics, natural science, the science of language, history and philosophy.

THE Boston Journal says that the Directors of the Boston Art Museum have unanimously voted to open their beautiful rooms free to the public on Sunday afternoons, from March 1st to November 1st, from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M.

A NEW Unitarian church was started on Sunday in Union Hall, Boylston St. This movement is apparently in the interest of those who cannot afford high priced services. Rev. E. E. Hale preached the opening sermon, which was, of course, suggestive and characteristic.

IN the Horticultural Hall Course, Rev. J. W. Chadwick delivered a carefully prepared lecture upon "Emanuel Swedenborg." Mr. Chadwick has given much study and thought to the preparation of this lecture, which was originally written for delivery in his church in Brooklyn.

BOSTON.—Rev. J. F. W. Ware gave the third in the course of sermons to young people last Sunday evening to a very large and attentive audience. His subject was, "Young Man's Duty to Society and the Public." The sermon was eloquent and forcible, abounding in wise counsel to the young.

NEWPORT.—The ladies of Rev. Mr. Kimball's church are felicitating themselves upon the procurement of a new organ, for which they have labored long and faithfully. May it ever breathe forth the sweetest music, charm away sorrow, and open up new visions into the super-sensual.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH.—Dr. Bellows will preach in Washington next Sunday, his pulpit being supplied in the morning by Rev. George Merriam, formerly one of the editors of the *Christian Union*, and in the evening by Mr. John Fretwell, Jr., who will read his lecture on "Servetus."

THE Moody and Sankey meetings continue very successful, and continue to call for much comment from the pulpits. On Sunday Rev. M. J. Savage discoursed on "Mr. Moody's Man, or his Doctrine of Human Nature," before a very large audience, and was clear and incisive, not in denunciation of Mr. Moody or of his honesty of intention, but of the basis upon which he builds, and the whole superstructure which he raises upon it.

THE Unitarian Sunday School Association of London has just published the fifth volume of the Bible for young people, containing a Historical sketch of Jesus and the Apostolic Age; the Birth and Youth of Jesus; His Galilean ministry and the Journey to Jerusalem. This is a translation by Rev. Philip Henry Wicksteed of a Dutch work by Docters Oort and

Hooykaas, and will be found more useful to Sunday school teachers and students than to the very young.

THE following are the sizes of the largest churches in Europe: St. Peter's, at Rome, will hold 54,000 people; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, at London, 35,600; St. Petronio, at Bologna, 24,400; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John's, Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 12,400; St. Dominic's, at Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's at Bologna, 11,400; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's, at Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

On the 18th of August, 1618, the prosperous village of Plurs, in the Grisons canton of Switzerland, was buried by a land-slide. Nine hundred persons lost their lives by the casualty, and the village with its two hundred dwellings, its churches with their art treasures, and its shops with their valuable contents of gold, copper and lava wares, for which it was famous, has remained buried to the present day. A jointstock company has been formed with a capital of ten thousand francs (two thousand dollars) to disinter the buried village, and the undertaking is expected to be a highly remunerative one. The site of the village is now occupied by vineyards.

THE recent cyclone in Bengal, which has destroyed nearly a quarter of a million of people, was caused by opposing winds of great force, which raised the whole body of water some thirty feet above its ordinary height, which swept up the River Hooghly unopposed. A writer says: "The total area of the inundated districts is about 4,000 square miles, or more than half as large as Wales; and out of a grand population of 1,062,000 people, 215,000 are estimated to have perished. When, in the fifteenth century, the sea broke in at Dort, in Holland, and drowned 72 villages, 100,000 persons lost their lives; and about a hundred years later (A.D. 1530), four times that number are said to have been drowned, owing to a general inundation by the failure of the Dutch dykes. The Bengal catastrophe is therefore, bad as it is, not the very worst that has happened.

Advertisement.

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The Inquirer.

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AT THE

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1876—77.

LECTURES:

VI. Murray and Universalism.

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, Half-Past Seven.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

The Address of Rev. John F.

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U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. . . 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings. . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . . 19,725 00

\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS. . . . \$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 286,072 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$709,373) 72,397 65
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . . 6,500 19
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 153,116 06
REAL ESTATE. . . . 6,500 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877. . . . \$242,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. . . . 1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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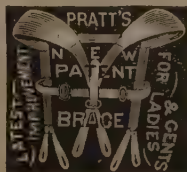
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VII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM, by Ray Palmer, is an analysis of the critical powers of Lowell, with comments on the province and duties of criticism.

The Review also contains a sonnet, "Two Past Ages," by Charles (Tennyson) Turner of England; Mr. Hamerton's letter on *Art in Europe*; the usual scientific notes and comments on public events.

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HENRY W. BELLOW, John W. Chadwick, F. W. Clarke, Octavius B. Frothingham, William H. Savage, and Charles C. Shackford, are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

SALEM, Massachusetts, papers, also private letters from that city, give accounts of the very remarkable experiments of Professor A. Graham Bell during a lecture upon the telephone, in the Essex Institute course. A wire of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company was used as the means of communication, and we are informed that singing, speaking, sneezing, and various sounds, musical or otherwise, emanating from the Boston office, were distinctly heard, and quite intelligible, in all parts of the Salem lecture-room. Not only were the words intelligible, but it was possible to recognize the tones of the individual voice. Much curiosity will be felt in watching the development and application of this invention.

ONE of the easiest and most effective ways of doing a service to those who need it is that opened to all who pass through our ferry houses and depots, by the device of boxes to receive papers, magazines, etc., for distribution in the hospitals. These periodicals, after having been looked over by their purchasers, are frequently nothing more than a nuisance and a burden. They have no room for them in their pockets; they dislike to make a litter by throwing them away. Just at this moment appears the convenient box, and, like the late lamented Mrs. John Spratt, is ready to accept with great thankfulness precisely that of which they want to rid themselves. The Committee of the State Charities Aid Association, through its Chairman, Ellen Shaw Barlow, reports on the great service already rendered through this channel, asks for a continuance of the assistance so given, and requests that books and magazines may be sent to 52 East 20th St., New York.

A CORRESPONDENT makes, in another column, a rather broader application of the doctrine of non-interference in education

than we are prepared for. We have not space this week to do more than make one or two suggestions. In the first place, the providing of educational facilities for all by the State, in one aspect, is similar to the providing of improved highways, the bridging of streams, the building of sewers, by the same power. Certain additions are made to the gifts of Nature, and they become the common property of mankind. They are like the difference of opportunity offered to the heir of the ages and to his ancestor, a part of the accumulated results of civilization. Conceding that civilization is not a mistake, care must be taken not to restrain it within narrow limits without due consideration.

With regard to *special aid*, a nice discrimination should be made between the results of the aid itself and the results of an injudicious mode of application, or selection of beneficiaries. We would not hastily say *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

SILVER has again sold down to 56½d., contrary to expectation in London, and is becoming so delightfully uncertain as to fire the hearts of the most desponding bi-metallists. It is really charming, now that greenbacks are reasonably steady, to know that there is one commodity which may possibly be made a legal tender, that is sufficiently variable to prevent life from becoming wholly dull and monotonous. To think of being placed in such a position as every day to know just what you could and what you could not afford to do, instead of having a pleasing uncertainty each morning as to whether you ought to walk or ride to your business! Let us ward off this stagnation by all means in our power.

Gold, or rather greenbacks, fluctuate very little, the latest quotation of gold being about 105½. Call loans command from 2½ to 3½ per cent. Failures continue to be reported from time to time, and a slight tendency is manifesting itself to postpone the date of the "good time coming."

THE *New Age* says: "We think that the religious and moral inquiry should be, how to enthrone justice and humanity in society, so that the causes of poverty might be removed." To this we say amen! most heartily. When it adds: "A social state in which there would be no poor and hungry multitudes, is not an idle dream," we feel that it has gone a little beyond our depth. We have a lively hope that such a social state is not an idle dream, but we do not feel so well informed as to probabilities as to be able to speak with quite such confidence.

In relation to this great question, as to so many others, there are two substantial points upon which to lay hold. The first is, that, so far as we can judge, the ideal set before us is one the attainment of which is worth every effort. The other, that all real progress is in the nature of evolution; that the present and future cannot be divorced wholly from the past, but must be rooted in it and flower from it; that cataclysms are disastrous; and that the safest future course is that into which we are led by following in orderly sequence that which has been shown in the past to be the line of progress. Whether by taking this course we shall be enabled to reach the ideal which we had previously realized in thought we can never know in advance. The universe has great possibilities, and we look forward with the utmost faith in a glorious future; how or in what special way it will

show its ripened fruit we shall only see hereafter. Of this only can we be sure, that the thing for us to do is the thing which comes first to our hand in the divine order of evolution.

A REPORT having been published in the Paris newspapers that money had been collected to defray the expenses of a monument to M. Michelet, which would soon be erected, Madame Michelet writes to the *Temps* denying the statement and adding: "The new part of the Pere la Chaise has no water, and, as a result, neither shrubs nor flowers thrive in it. I have petitioned for, and received, permission to erect fountains in this part of the cemetery. The city of Paris has consented to lay the pipes through the grounds, and I shall have the fountains erected, and set aside a sum sufficient to keep them for all future time in repair. A simple fountain of living water will mark the place where my husband rests, nourishing the plants and slaking the thirst of the little birds."

It is probably too much to hope that any of those who are so apt to indulge in costly marble and granite memorials to such of their deceased friends as have never earned any other, will see the beauty of Madame Michelet's thought, and act accordingly. Nevertheless we gladly make record of it here and hope that it may reach some who will profit by it. Those who are familiar with the beautiful gift-book called "The Bird," which was issued a few years ago with M. Michelet's name upon the title page, will see a peculiar appropriateness in the memorial chosen by his widow.

THE Louisiana case having been decided by the joint Commission, some of the more reckless Democrats made an effort to induce their party associates to join in a movement to repudiate the whole scheme, in which, happily for the peace of the country, they were immediately squelched by the more moderate members of the party.

The counting bill having been adopted in deference to the wishes of those of both parties who desired the most equitable settlement which could be reached, irrespective and without knowledge of which candidate it would favor, any such act as that proposed would meet with the most positive reprobation of the country at large, from whomsoever it should come, Democrat or Republican. We had ourselves thought it not unlikely that the vote of Louisiana would be thrown out. We should have accepted such a decision as quietly as that which has been given, and this simply on the ground that we had agreed to abide by the result.

Were we to consider the *justice* of the case, we think, in a party sense, there is little choice. The action of the Returning Board was certainly a marvel in its way, but the following comparison, from the Chicago *Tribune*, of the majorities in 1874 and 1876 in certain of the parishes thrown out, is equally significant:

Parish.	1874.		1876.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
	maj.	maj.	maj.	maj.
East Baton Rouge.....	990	615
East Feliciana.....	841	1,738
West Feliciana.....	859	570
Moorehouse.....	363	595
Ouachita.....	928	1,072
Total majority.....	3,981	4,588

"Here was a Republican majority of nearly 4,000 utterly wiped out, and a Confederate majority of 4,588 substituted therefor, making a change in the result of 8,569. The Tilden majority in the whole State is claimed to be 6,549."

THE "Contributors' Club," in the March *Atlantic*, opens with a few paragraphs directed against Prof. Seelye's bill to release foreign books from duty. We confess to a little sur-

prise at finding such a plea in such a place. A caution against hasty and ill-considered legislation, against any great and sudden change, would have seemed in order, but this contribution as it comes to us is simply a new application of the old protective argument, which is already worn threadbare. If you remove the duty, American publishers cannot compete with English publishers; American authors cannot hope for recognition from English publishers; American booksellers will sell only foreign books or books of local interest; the cause of learning in America will be seriously damaged.

This is a most distressing outlook, to be sure; is there any reason in it? That our position is an awkward one, not only in relation to the manufacturing of books, but to the manufacturing of a very large number of other things, goes without saying. When one has for many years persistently violated all the laws of health, it is not the easiest thing in the world to begin to live a natural and healthful life. We can imagine that great discomfort and perhaps something worse may be the result of a sudden cessation of a daily fuddle, but we do not see in that a sufficient reason for the continuance of the habit.

That even under a system which provides for a gradual approach toward free trade in books, the number of American book-writers might be considerably reduced, is probable; but is this so terrible a thing? Is it not assuming a little too much to claim that the effect of opening a free market to literature, with—be it remembered—proper protection to the *rights of the author*, (thus putting at the disposal of all students the best of literary material at the lowest price which the market will warrant) would be a serious blow to the cause of learning?

REV. MR. COOK.

WE see with pleasure some of the reports of Rev. Mr. Cook's lectures on Mondays, at Boston, and especially enjoy and value his good-natured attacks upon the opinions of Unitarians. They seem both able and instructive, and merit the attention of the Unitarian public in that vicinity, who have, not without reason, long been accustomed to hear and receive the indirect criticism of their Orthodox neighbors with apathy or a feeling that it hardly needed reply. Composed mostly of worn-out or merely traditional weapons—thrown first by strong men in earnest, forty years ago—these blunted arrows, shot from relaxed bows, have not drawn their fire, and have hardly, indeed, been supposed to be thrown by orthodox Christians for their sake, but rather for the confirmation of those of their own way of thinking who stood by. But Mr. Cook means business. He boldly and directly assails the Unitarian front, and challenges reply. Nobody can fitly say that he is not, in his pretensions, up with the times, does not know what he is talking about, or is ignorant of the views of Unitarians, or holds his orthodoxy in a dead, traditional way. He is himself, apparently, a free man, who has his own ideas, and is not afraid to admit the changes and improvement in the statements of the so-called orthodox faith. We think he is not a critic to be pooh-poohed or treated disdainfully, or assumed to have nothing new and important to say for Unitarians. Accordingly, the orthodox public will have a right to think the Unitarians unable or unwilling to cope with him, if his reasoning and criticism are not fairly answered. If he really throws any new light upon matters or finds any important crevices in the Unitarian armor, or exhibits any new or forgotten strength in the Trinitarian hypothesis—all this

should be acknowledged. If he merely vapors or blunders or misrepresents, or speaks under misapprehension or prejudice, or with imperfect scholarship, or bad philosophy, or false notions of Scriptural authority, let this be shown plainly.

We are not ready to express any opinion on this subject. The foe is not on our ground. We have had no personal opportunity of hearing Mr. Cook, and have read only enough of his lectures to feel confident that he is worth attention. Unitarians have been in the habit of complaining that their position was misapprehended or their views misrepresented or their arguments slurred over. They have often expressed the opinion that the lull of theological controversy was very unfavorable to their progress, and that nothing was more to be desired than a serious reopening of the issues between themselves and orthodoxy. They have now an opportunity of meeting a foeman worthy of their steel, and it will not redound to their credit if they fail in alacrity in taking up the gauntlet. It has been complained that orthodoxy had adopted towards them the policy of silence. That policy is now abandoned. It becomes them to recognize the fact, and show that their past assertions were in full earnest. Perhaps they will find it wise to transfer their criticisms of Mr. Moody to Mr. Cook. Mr. Moody's *theology*, it is generally conceded, is not worth much attention from scholars, however much he and his methods of influence may deserve careful study. But Mr. Cook's is a different sort of case. He claims to be fresh from the most learned seats of theology, philosophy and culture, and he puts his intellectual resources into a form very effective and even popular, and makes quite abstruse topics interesting and intelligible to average hearers. Let those who find an easy and unresisting victim in Mr. Moody turn their attention to a less inoffensive and more dangerous sort of game.

We have a bare suspicion that, with all Mr. Cook's knowledge and ability, he is unconsciously supporting himself and his orthodoxy mainly upon the prepossessions and prejudices of his hearers; that his arguments and criticism hold good only for persons tethered to the average orthodoxy (and that a mild and inoffensive form of orthodoxy) of the more intelligent New England "evangelicals;" that his arguments would fail, if presented to any jury sworn to no prepossessions or commitment to foregone conclusions. But then it would doubtless be the judgment of orthodox people that this or the suspicion of one speaking only from opposite prejudices, just as undeserving of attention as orthodox prejudices. Therefore we say, let the Boston Unitarians meet their critic fairly, and let us have the strongest statement which can be presented on either side, from which we may draw our inferences.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH THOUGHT.

FOURTH NOTICE.—THE LATER THEOLOGY: PALEY: THE INFIDELS.

I RELUCTANTLY pass over the admirable chapters upon Butler, Hume and Warburton because, important as they are, I distrust my ability to convey within the limits of an article an adequate idea of the nice distinctions involved in them. I prefer to send the reader to the book for Mr. Stephen's own luminous expositions. Butler, as I have said before, is his great hero. As against the Deists the force of his "Analogy" is undeniable. He did not, as they, blink the obvious facts of human misery. He has been compared to Pascal. Both were sensible, "as the noblest minds are alone sensible," of the sad discords of the universe. But, unlike Pascal, Butler refused to commit intellectual suicide.

He allows the feebleness of reason, but though not confident, he never quite despairs. Whatever fails, a man must try to do his duty—this is the last result of all his cogitations. "We can but honor him as an honest and brave man; honest enough to admit the existence of doubts and brave enough not to be paralyzed by their existence." Mr. Stephen finds in Hume the most powerful assailant of the pretentious dogmatism of his time, and its timid avoidance of ultimate difficulties. His famous argument against miracles he considers unimpeachable. Not so his absolute skepticism, nor his historical method. It may be doubted whether Warburton has ever received so full a measure of justice as in these pages. He figures here as a theological braggart and bully of intolerable conceit and coarseness.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century English theology could boast of only one brilliant writer, "and Paley's theology escaped from decay, if indeed it escapes, only because it is frozen. His writing is as clear and cold as ice." One reason for this dearth of theologians was the transference of interest from the theological to the political sphere. The development of rationalism within the church blunted the edge of skeptical opposition. Hume could advise free-thinking young men to take orders! In France the status was entirely different. Unaffected by the skeptical tendencies of the age, the church to Voltaire was necessarily "The Infamous." The logical development of the deistic controversy was another reason for the dearth of the theologians. The attempt to form a "religion of nature" independent of Christianity had culminated with Tindal in 1730. After that the historical question became more prominent. But historical inquiry was exceedingly meagre and barren. It lacked all realization of the theory of evolution, upon which all sound historical inquiry must, as we now perceive, repose. In 1752 Hume deserted metaphysics for history, but his history of England is but a graceful summary of superficial knowledge. His imagination lagged behind his reason, so that he could not appreciate the character of any extinct social phase. The growth of physical science was another cause of theological inertia. The popular theological writers of the time were men of the Beattie and Soame Jenyns stamp, called "the common sense school," but their common sense consisted almost entirely in ignoring all fundamental questions and, indeed, all questions of any depth at all. Their panacea was a general winking at disagreeable facts and arguments. As always happens, such a method was a premium upon lawless fancy in the place of sound reasoning. Hence, the Hutchinsonians, a sect of which the leading spirits were a set of young Oxonians. Their leading characteristics were an extreme dislike of rationalism, a fanatical respect for the letter of the Bible and an attempt to enlist the rising powers of scientific enquiry upon the side of orthodoxy. They were much given to forming 'diligent collections of fossil bodies,' in order to prove the flood. The doctrine of the Trinity was proved by various fanciful analogies, some of them on a level with the poet Tupper's "Northern ocean and the rock and the whale which sporteth about it;" which person of the Trinity is "very like a whale," not being specified. With one of these Hutchinsonians apparently originated the witty, inimical suggestion, directed at the skeptics, to omit the "not" from the Commandments and put it in the Creed.

Cambridge divinity students of twenty years ago and less will remember that Hugh Farmer's "Dissertation on Miracles" was in considerable repute with their professors. It was his endeavor to supply some test by which real miracles could be distinguished from counterfeits. Only God, he

argued, could work miracles, no intermediate beings. But if only God can work them there is no limit to their evidential value. Another dissertation on the miracles by George Campbell was also a famous book in our divinity school days. It was long considered the ablest reply to Hume, and in his case Hume for once replied to an opponent. Substantially Campbell contended that, in estimating the probable truth of any statement, the contents of the statement are not to be considered, only the character of the witnesses and the contradictory evidence, if there be any. Thus by magnifying the value of testimony he hoped to substantiate the Bible miracles. His argument was really an anticipation of Mozley's Bampton lectures which Mr. Tyndall has so thoroughly demolished. He reduced the world to a mere jumble of incoherent phenomena, in which any event is as likely to happen as any other, and abolished the laws of nature in order to prove that they may be transgressed. Shells dry from the bowels of the earth are with Campbell, as with the Hutchinsonians, a sufficient argument for the flood.

Strangely enough the doctrines of race-development and progress, destined to play such an important part in nineteenth century speculations, had for their earliest advocate, Bishop Law, a man whose childlike acceptance of the Scripture narrative permitted him to argue that Adam might have proved to his descendants that he was the first man from the absence of the usual sign of an umbilical cord. Law was a leader of that Cambridge school of which Paley was the most distinguished representative. Paley does not even mention the old ontological argument which earlier in the century was so much admired. The God of Paley was half way between the savage's and the philosopher's. The former infers God from the interruptions of order; the latter from the order itself. Paley's God is the contriver, sufficiently human to interfere, and yet sufficiently divine to interfere upon fixed principles. "God has been civilized like man; He has become scientific and ingenious; He is superior to Watt or Priestly in devising mechanical and chemical contrivances, and is, therefore, made in the image of that generation of which Watt and Priestley were conspicuous lights." "Had there been a competitive examination for the construction of the best form of reptile the almighty artisan would have had every chance of carrying off the prize." But ingenuity implies limitation. Moreover his argument is strongest when the limitations are most narrow. Thus he finds more proof of God in animal instincts than in human reason; in mechanical contrivances than in chemical operations. He made no allowance for the transmission of hereditary influences. His argument abounds in those fallacies which result from considering the individual apart from the race. His deity is a part, almost a material part, of the universe. His sincerity has been doubted. Mr. Stephen, while regarding him as essentially an advocate, is the more disposed to allow his sincerity because his theory involved so slight a strain on his imagination. To be a Christian one must admit that certain things happened a long time ago, but the origin neither of the universe nor of Christianity has anything to do with present duties and events.

One section of Mr. Stephen's chapter on "The Later Theology" of the eighteenth century is devoted to the Unitarians. Henry Taylor's "Ben Mordecai" was a crude attempt to reduce Christianity within the limits of the conceivable, if not within the limits of the credible. Richard Price, more famous in another connection, much admired by the late Dr. Convers Francis, is not so much admired by Mr. Stephen. He was a "survival" of Clarke and Wol-

laston. A more sympathetic, and I can but think more just, estimate of Price will be found in Rev. J. J. Tayler's "Retrospect of the Religious Life of England," an admirable book and far too little known. His (Stephen's) estimate of Priestley is condensed into the following passage, with more of truth than flattery: "A Christian and a materialist, keenly sympathizing with the French Revolution, and yet holding to the remnant of the doctrines to which it was vitally opposed; a political ally and a religious opponent of the spirit which spoke through Tom Paine; abandoning the mysterious and yet retaining the supernatural elements of Christianity; rapidly glancing at the surface of opinion, and incapable of appreciating its deeper tendencies, he flashes out at times some quick and instructive estimate of one side of the disputed argument, only to relapse at the next moment into crude dogmas and obsolete superstitions." Nevertheless, this man represented, and in a remarkable degree, the tendency to supplement scientific for metaphysical methods. The historical method of inquiry had in him one of its earliest defenders. Nevertheless the discoverer of oxygen calmly accepts as historical the legend of the Fall. He and Gilbert Wakefield illustrate that peculiar form of semi-rationalism, which was combined with English radicalism. In France Priestley would have found atheism a more natural ally than Christianity for his materialism. In England the mildness of orthodoxy disarmed its natural opponents. But ere the century closed, it was to encounter two of widely different character and very differently armed—Edward Gibbon and Thomas Paine, the first a staunch political conservative, the second a red-hot revolutionist. I shall consider these in my next notice.

J. W. C.

APROPOS OF DR. ARNOLD.*

THE re-issue, in one handsome volume, of Dean Stanley's admirable biography of Dr. Arnold, revives the memory of the feelings awakened by the book when it first appeared in 1844, thirty-three years ago. At that time the Broad Church movement was attracting notice and exciting interest among the friends of liberal opinions here as well as in England. There was promise of a fine outgrowth of intelligence within the Established church, an expression of rational ideas on matters of doctrinal belief, united with burning enthusiasm in the cause of humanity, that must, it was thought, soon transform the ecclesiastical institution into an organized power for the dissemination of truth and the maintenance of equity. The disposition to enlarge the interpretations of dogma, and bring it into conformity with the beliefs of reason, clear and strong in the best minds, encouraged the most glowing anticipations of enlightenment; and the disposition to make questions of theological opinion secondary to questions of spiritual faith and character was a still more hopeful sign for the religious future. It really looked as if the immense resources of the English church were about to be used for the benefit of mankind. Dr. Arnold was one of the recognized leaders of the Broad Church movement, and drew to himself the admiring regards of the most earnest spirits. He was, indeed, as this biography reveals him to us, a very noble man—a man noble in his generation, noble for all generations, intrinsically and essentially noble; a man of the finest quality in mind and heart—intellectual, brave, enthusiastic, humane, high-souled, captivating in his open sincerity, commanding from his force of consecration. Everything about him added

*The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

interest to the position he took as a teacher of youth and a fashioner of moral opinion. An air of manliness breathed around him that was exhilarating to inhale. His scholars revered him, his friends loved him, his generation honored him. His fearless independence of opinion made him for a time distrusted, but the dread and suspicion wore away, and when he died, at the early age of forty-seven, he was mourned as a man whose place cannot be made good.

The Broad Church movement that he so bravely forwarded has not justified the expectations of its apostles. Arnold is dead; Robertson is dead; Maurice is dead; Kingsley is dead. Arnold's biographer, the elaborate Dean of Westminster, shows himself the dignified friend of liberal scholarship; Robertson's biographer, Stopford Brooke, preaches an amiable gospel to a small congregation of pseudo liberals in London; and Haweis, dissatisfied, apparently, with the success of his predecessors in putting significance into the articles, is trying the experiment of straining significance out of them and testing the capacity of empty bags to stand upright; Matthew Arnold, the son of the great doctor, clings to the church as the asylum of elegant culture. The soul of the movement is gone. The creeds and ritual have recovered their waning influence; the prayer-book is idolized as much as ever; Athanasius still rolls his sentences over the heads of the congregations; the Establishment, temporarily disturbed by the spasm of enthusiasm which was interested in the welfare of human beings, is about its old business of saving souls from a mythological hell.

What a difference attitude makes in the estimation of men! Judged by his attitude, Arnold was great; judged by his actual quality, he was wholesome and good, but with qualifications that, at this distance of time, are visible to the naked eye. It was his onward, eager, searching, daring look that made him in appearance so splendid. His face was set forward, as if he anticipated new and better things. This always gives the noble aspect. The backward look shadows the countenance. The dignitaries who recently, at the consecration of the new Trinity church edifice in Boston, invited the liberal clergy to partake of the sacrament, did what was for them a generous thing: they were liberal and magnanimous; they forgot for the moment their ecclesiasticism, the stringency of their dogma, the exclusiveness of their institution, the anathema of their creed. They believed for the moment that there was more truth than was contained in the letter of their articles, more sanctity than was represented by the priestly vestments. Their eye had caught the vision of a broad church, whose enclosing walls embraced believers of every name. But what shall we think of the "liberals" who accepted the invitation? Were they looking forward? Were their faces bathed in light? Were they straining the line of their traditions? Were they extending the circuit of their sheep-fold? Two men may stand upon the same square yard of ground, side by side, but if they are moving in opposite directions, their momentary propinquity tells for nothing. The Romanist who is marching *out* is more liberal than the Rationalist who is marching *in*.

Arnold's attitude toward the ecclesiasticism and dogmatism of his time was superb; but as we review his actual opinions they are seen to betray the narrowness and austerity of the churchman. To the parents of a Unitarian scholar at Rugby he wrote: "My difficulty with your son is not one which I feel as a churchman, but as a Christian, and goes only on this simple principle, that I feel bound to teach the essentials of Christianity to all those committed to my care,

and with these the tenets of the Unitarians alone, among all Dissenters in the Kingdom, are, in my judgment, irreconcilable." Many of his letters are unspeakably sad, with a kind of hopelessness of human nature that was evidently born of his theological creed. Some of his reflections on young men, the stubbornness of sin in their hearts, the mass of depravity that lay at the bottom of their nature, are very melancholy. Though his labors were rewarded with unexampled success; though his services were everywhere acknowledged and his practical wisdom cordially admitted, he was tormented by misgivings lest the deep-seated disease of sin should not be reached: "This," he wrote, "is my principle, that moral studies not based on Christianity must be unchristian, and therefore are such as I can take no part in." "Have you heard," he writes to J. T. Coleridge, "anything more about ———'s Roman History? I am really anxious to know what sort of a man he is, and whether he will write like a Christian or no; if he will I have not a wish to interfere with him; if not, I would labor very hard indeed to anticipate him and prevent an additional disgrace from being heaped upon the historical part of our literature." The melancholy consequence of regarding the New Testament as a collection of inspired writings, and the imagery of the Apocalypse as prophetic, appears in this passage that occurs in a letter to W. W. Hull, Esq., written in 1831: "My sense of the evil of the times and to what prospects I am bringing up my children is overwhelmingly bitter. All in the moral and physical world appears so exactly to announce the coming of the 'great day of the Lord,' i. e., a period of fearful visitation, to terminate the existing state of things, whether to terminate the whole existence of the human race, neither man nor angel knows,—that no entireness of private happiness can possibly close my eyes against a sense of it." The year 1831 was a dark time; it was the year of the angry discussions on the Reform Bill; the air was full of forebodings of riot; the atmosphere was tainted with cholera; Edward Irving was reproducing the phenomena of the Gift Tongues, and setting all London by the ears. It was a year when stout hearts quailed and weak ones despaired, but only the superstitious anticipated the end of the world.

In re-reading this life of a great and good man, the shady side of his experience presents itself, and the blackness of the shadow is due to his religion. Naturally he was eager, joyous, full of purpose and energy. He was one to appreciate life's beauty without neglecting life's work. His religion haunted him, suggested unwholesome thoughts and prescribed constant and painful repression. He would have done his work better and enjoyed his lot more if his nature had had feer play. Thirty years ago this was not so apparent as it is now. Our views of the popular religion have undergone great changes in a generation. Then it seemed as if Thomas Arnold's religion was an inspirer and an emancipator; now it is evident that it was a restraint and a thrall. Then it looked as if he owed to it enthusiasm for humanity and his zeal for progress; now it is plain that his enthusiasm for humanity and his zeal for progress broke forth in spite of it and would have achieved more without it.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.—At London and Bremen the longest day has sixteen hours. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, Germany, and Danzig, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven hours. At St. Petersburg, in Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one and a half hours and the shortest two and a half hours. At Wardnuys, Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 24 without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

LITERATURE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

Professor Perry's "Elements of Political Economy," published eleven years ago, has passed through so many editions already, that he will be warranted in anticipating an immediate and generous acceptance of this smaller work, which is not in any sense an abridgment of the former, but rather an elementary treatise on certain fundamental truths of the science. There are here six chapters, entitled respectively: Value, Production, Commerce, Money, Credit, Taxation. The writer's intention has been to lay a sure foundation, and to state nothing which will have to be unlearned in the progress of study, and we think he has been largely successful. Of course his statements will not be satisfactory to all parties. There are farmers who are sure the world does not go round, else the rails would all fly out of the fences,—there are people who doubt the theory of gravitation; there are others—educated persons—who believe that a being whom they call good, has first made, and then relentlessly condemned to everlasting horrors, the great majority of the inhabitants of the earth, and that the same great being will give up doing what He intended, if they only ask Him to do so; there are men of full age and able to read and write, who think they can make money and bring in the millennium with a government printing machine. There are vagaries of all kinds. But there are also some things upon which the thinking men of the world are substantially agreed; those things at the foundation of the Science of Political Economy, Prof. Perry has attempted to state in such a way that any intelligent boy or girl of fourteen can understand them, and in his chapters on "Commerce" and "Money" with especial success. We wish every boy and girl in the land could be induced to read them.

A PRINCESS OF THULE. By William Black. Library Ed. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black. 8vo., paper, 75 cts.

Harper & Brothers have issued a neat edition in cloth of "The Princess of Thule," certainly one of the very best novels which have been offered to this generation. The story, simple enough, is yet of absorbing interest; it carries the reader among the most picturesque scenes, and the descriptions are by a master hand, which in its own field has rarely if ever been surpassed. Great skill is shown in the treatment of the subject. Through the earlier and apparently brighter part of the book, the reader is conscious of a brooding dread, and it is not until the storm actually breaks, that the clouds lift a little and give place to the sensation of hope. Then, too, the close is natural, bright and happy. As we turn over the pages, the story comes back to us in all its force and freshness, the joys and sorrows of the fictitious characters pull away at our heart strings; we are sure that they are living, and whether they are or not, we know that here is a novel the writing of which made the world of more worth.

Into "Madcap Violet" the author has woven the same freshness and grandeur of highland scenery that makes "The Princess of Thule" so attractive. The reader is taken to Mull, Morven, Ardnamurchan, and Skye through storm and calm, sunshine and moonlight, in congenial company. And Peter, the Scotch gunner, tells some stories which are "ferry good answers to make to the Englishman, whateffer." But the novel, as a whole, seems too sad. There is enough that goes wrong during its progress to warrant at least a

happy ending, and the ending is singularly and unnecessarily painful. It may be said, of course, that it is not unlike life, but we have always to remember in art what art requires.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE ART OF PROJECTING. By Prof. E. A. Dolbear, of Tufts College. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

Within the past twenty years the methods of illustrating scientific lectures have been completely revolutionized. Formerly no experiments could be shown to an audience except those which were capable of performance upon a very large scale. This involved the use of large and costly apparatus, such as few institutions were able to command. Now, through the instrumentality of improved forms of the magic lantern, aided by the electric, oxy-hydrogen and magnesium lights, even the most delicate experiments can be shown with perfect ease to thousands of spectators at once. Instead of using vessels six feet high, the chemical lecturer now produces his reaction in a small test tube, and projects its image upon a screen. In a similar way and with equal beauty, the phenomena of heat, electricity, magnetism, light and sound may be publicly demonstrated. Prof. Dolbear's little book is a perfect boon to the practical teacher of science; for, as its name indicates, it contains full instructions for the projection with the lantern of all kinds of experiments, diagrams and pictures. Such a book has long been needed and is now for the first time written. It also contains much information with regard to extemporizing apparatus, and gives directions by means of which a teacher may improvise instruments such as would otherwise be too expensive for ordinary schools to procure. To teachers in general this work will be indispensable.

F. W. C.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Harper & Brothers. 1877.

Miss Braddon, as usual, spoils the real power in the first half of this novel, by making the second part sensational and unreal. We really lost sight of Miss Braddon in the quite natural and unstrained description of Joshua Haggard and his family. Only his name and temperament warned of something tragic in store for us, until the beautiful woman, who is the cause of the fall of this man seemingly strong in intellect and conscience, makes his acquaintance in such a singular and unconventional fashion. That Cynthia, the poor circus rider, should, with all her untrained grace of mind and body, show such strength of character when tested is at least very surprising, and that Joshua Haggard, the heroic preacher, with his stoical habits and stern notions, should become degraded, through passion, into a murderer, rather upsets our ideas of the effect of education and discipline. Therefore, the book is unhealthy, because while not untrue to nature, it describes those morbid phases of it which excite the interest in an unnatural way, and blunt the moral perceptions through bewilderment and sympathy. Why should Miss Braddon make so much trouble hinge upon a weak young fellow, whose charm is his culture and superficial breeding? Still this book is an improvement upon most of Miss Braddon's novels, the elements are more simple, the murder less complicated and cold blooded, while most of the characters are strong and strive for the self-control which, as a rule, is absent in the deliberate wickedness of most of her heroes and heroines. Her power is undoubted, but we wish she would show her mastery of the bright and sunny side of life, and give us a feeling of warmth and happiness, by allowing bright skies and the radiant sun to dissipate the gloomy clouds and ever approaching storms of thunder and lightning. We are afraid she could not deal with the comic side of life, that humorous relief to all the dark tragedy and passion of human nature. We need all the comedy we can find to balance the fierce but latent tragedy in every soul and life.

THE MARCH MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC contains poems by H. H., Longfellow, Charles H. Noyes and A. R. Grote. "The American" still remains in a state of suspense, but has obtained possession of a document of such importance to the Bellegarde family that a final settlement of some kind cannot long be delayed. E. S. Nadal writes of "Newspaper Literary Criticism," with knowledge and intelligently. E. P. Whipple furnishes an essay on "Dickens' Hard Times." Constance Fenimore Woolson, who can write stories, furnishes the first article in the number, entitled "Rodman the Keeper."

The Contributors' Club is chatty; and H. B. K., who published two or three interesting papers about three years ago, gives her final experiences of Canada backwoods life—a significant article.

HARPER's leading article is by S. G. W. Benjamin on "Contemporary Art in France," and gives portraits of Gérôme, Meissonier, Taine, Bonnat, Doré, Cabanel, Millet, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Breton and Carpeaux, and prints of a number of familiar paintings. The other principal illustrated articles are "The Prussian Wends and their Home," by Herbert Tuttle, and "A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Isles," by Dr. A. L. Gihon. There are poems by "Ellis Gray," Anna C. Brackett, Carl Spencer, Philip Burke Marston, C. P. Cranch, Barry Cornwall and Mary N. Prescott; serials by Charles Read (probably), R. D. Blackmore, and Julian Hawthorne; short stories by Rose Terry Cooke, E. E. Hale and Elizabeth A. Smith; an illustrated synopsis of Wallace's book on the Distribution of Animals, by S. S. Conant; an illustrated description of some scientific experiments by Dr. Draper, and other articles. The Easy Chair discusses "The Tomb of Agamemnon," "Forefathers' Day," "Rascals and Detectives," "Commodore Vanderbilt," etc.

SCRIBNER's treats, in characteristic fashion, of Beds, Tables, Stools and Candlesticks." Sophie B. Herrick furnishes a nicely illustrated article on "The Pitcher Plant"—a fascinating family; "The New York Aquarium" is described, with accompanying illustrations grotesque and otherwise, by W. S. Ward; Gen. McClellan returns to Cairo; the second part of Saxe Holm's story, "Farmer Bassett's Romance," appears; "Princeton College," which has lately had a fair share of attention from the papers, is served up with cuts, including portraits of Dr. McCosh, Guyot and others; Gen. Dix calls attention to the merits of Claudian," with a brief translation; and the usual variety fills up the remainder of the number.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY gives a portrait and sketch of "Thomas Edward," a poor Scotch naturalist; a translation from Flammarion entitled "How the Earth was Regarded in Old Times," with curious illustrations; and articles by Prof. Osborne Reynolds, Prof. Huxley, Edmund Neisan, A. R. Grote and others.

ST. NICHOLAS and WIDE AWAKE, with their bright white, red and black covers, look so attractive, and really are so entertaining, that we are almost inclined to wish we were young enough to lie down on the floor and give ourselves up to them until the sun peeps out. But handsome as these are, we are sure their readers cannot get more pleasure out of them than we did from our old friend, *Parley's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. CHAS. A. CUTTER, of the Boston Athenæum, will hereafter take entire charge of the department of library bibliography in *The Library Journal*, and Mr. James A. Whitney, assistant superintendent of the Boston Public Library, of the department of "Anonyms and Pseudonyms."

THREE of Harvard's Professors are lecturing in Baltimore—James Russell Lowell, Francis J. Child, and Charles E. Norton. During February, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, Professors Lowell and Child will deliver daily lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. Professor Lowell will talk about Dante and the literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Professor Child's subject is Chaucer. Professor Norton's lectures on Mediæval Architecture are delivered at the Peabody Institute.

THOSE who have read Auerbach's "Village Stories" will remember the simple and quiet life depicted of the Black Forest as it was when the book was written, over a quarter of a century ago. The many changes necessarily taking place since that time have introduced new life and activity into the place, largely changing the character of the scene. To show this, Heff Auerbach has lately written the sequels to those earlier stories, and these have been published in Germany, under the title of "After Thirty Years." At the author's suggestion, however, the American publishers (Henry Holt & Co.) have decided to issue each sequel bound with its original tale, so as to contrast the two most strongly. The first of these appears under the title, "The Convicts and their Children."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

From Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

SIDONIE. A Novel. Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Mary Neal Sherwood.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN. By John Tulloch, D.D. \$1.50.

FRIEND FRITZ. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. \$1.25.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

WIDE AWAKE.

HARPER.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

CATHOLIC WORLD.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

ART NOTES.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

A SECOND visit confirms the impression that, while there were a few pictures in last year's exhibition better than anything now on the walls, the average of this year's work shows improvement both in aim and in result. To be sure, there is plenty of crudity in color, indecision in drawing and commonplace in subject; but this must be true of any exhibition which deals fairly with the contributions of young artists, with whom the will is better than the deed, and who must creep before they can soar. But there is a good deal that is excellent, and more that is obviously trying to be so. It should be remembered that an exhibition of water-colors and one of oil-paintings are not on equal footing in regard to lay criticism, because to the unskilled eye the defects of an indifferent oil-painting are not so obvious and obtrusive as those of a poor water-color. This is partly due to the fact that it is easy to get strength in oil, and hard to avoid weakness in water-color; and we are more tolerant of what is bad and strong than we are of what is bad and weak.

J. Hopkinson Smith challenges attention because, although one of the new men and an amateur, he has furnished more pictures than any other artist. He has been prolific during the past year; yet he has improved. His color has lost much of its former harshness and his handling is freer. His most ambitious effort is in the North room; his finest, in the corridor. The former is a wood interior, strong, effective and somewhat sketchy; the best point being the rich foreground of logs and forest debris. The latter represents a deserted mill with its surroundings; the quiet and loneliness of such a place are well expressed. He contributes several sketches, in all of which, as well as in his more finished pieces, we note a tendency to what is known as "scene-painting," a style that is almost certainly the consequence of rapid execution.

A contrast to this dashy, *ad captandum* work of Smith in body-color is the careful work of Smillie, in transparent medium, shown in several first-rate studies, the smaller being the best. But the range and capability of transparent color in landscape is best seen in Van Elten's pictures. These are crisp, tender and full of light; strong, but not forced; without violent color-effects, and having such quality that when one looks at them he thinks more of Nature than of the artist. All his pictures are fine; his "Chickens" is, perhaps, the best of all, while the landscape in the corridor and the small landscape in the West room are very beautiful. It is worth while to compare the *staccato* of this transparent work with the *slur*, proper to oil, of the body-color of Colman or Bellows.

Everybody looks for the pictures of Richards, Colman, Tiffany, Bellows and R. S. Gifford; and having found them, admires, and with reason—for are not these painters born, not made? These furnish their complement this year.

Richards' sketch in the North room, being a sketch, is broad and free; the drawing is good of course, but the color, particularly in the sky, is not agreeable. The "Old Fort" is of his best, and that is as good as needs be. It is hard to say which is the most beautiful, the hill-slope, the sea, or the sky.

Of Colman's pictures, Durham Cathedral and Lincoln are the largest and most striking. Both are very strong, very full of light and atmosphere and rich in color, though the color of the towers seems somewhat too cold and slaty. If fault must be found it would be because the careful drawing of the towers has not been carried down into the masses of foliage, which are a little manneresque. Perhaps "subordination" accounts for it.

Tiffany's "Palace of the Pasha" does not compare favorably with his best work in the last exhibition. The coloring belongs to decorative rather than to pictorial art. There is too little relief in the picture, the perspective planes not being well made out, while the foreground is weak and the figures are without form and void of meaning.

Bellows always pleases. His color is good, with a touch of what is known as "sweetness," especially in his water-color. But his drawing, from the water-color standpoint, cannot be called good. Sheets of color serve to suggest masses that should be expressed by relief and gradation. But he is a master in composition, and never fails to make any subject interesting; the commonest wayside bit being a sufficient inspiration. "Coaching in New England" is a good example of his skill in grouping figures. Another road-scene, by Robbins, hangs close by, and serves as a foil for Bellows' work. It is an attempt at a topographical rendering of some of Nature's facts about elm trees, so that it is imitative and nothing more.

Magrath seems to be doing too much, or rather too many things, so that we feel that in some of his pictures the execution is not as complete as the artist could have made it. Compare the drawing of the feet in the "Fisherman's Daughter" with that of the sitting figure in the "Crochet Workers"; one is fine, almost perfect; the other is very bad, yet it is the easier task. Execution that leaves out some of the limbs to which the human frame is entitled is too concise. Still, Magrath's pictures are above the average in respect to both subject and technique; while some, as for instance, the "Fisherman's Daughter," are good enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

Of course everybody will look for Killingworth Johnson's "Reverie," and everybody ought to be delighted with it. A girl with a face pure and charming, but not beautiful, stands before an open fire, looking down into its depths. The coloring is not brilliant, but delicate and very harmonious. There is perfect finish in the modelling of the face; the pose is graceful, and the whole is beautiful. His "Brush-Burners" is not so successful. The color hardly suits the subject, being too tender, and the whole treatment lacks the robust quality which belongs to an out-door subject. The listless enjoyment of doing nothing but watching is finely expressed in the figures—in the expression of feeling of any kind the artist is very strong—but the forms are not distinct enough, blending too much with the general tone of the picture; while the distant hay-ricks are more carefully worked out than the incidents of the foreground.

Winslow Homer is as usual slight, dashy and quaint; provoking us because he does not go seriously to work with intention to do as much as we feel that he can do. He is poetic, but he gives us only preludes and episodes. "The

Blackboard" represents a very matter-of-fact young lady with an emphatic apron standing before a school blackboard with pointer in hand. It is but a trifle compared with "the District School Teacher" exhibited several years ago. The "Backgammon Board" is an admirably executed piece of Japanese work.

There is more that is good by Perry, Bricher, Shurtleff, Miss Bridges, Nicoll and Wyant, and the visitor will find a few good foreign pictures of which the most noteworthy are by Vibert, Meissonnier and Villegas.

SELECTIONS.

SEEK NOT AFAR.

SEEK not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, children's faces sweet,
In stars and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see,
It is a flower that blooms beside thy door.
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt need to wonder where joy's home may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.
The simple duty that first waits thy hand
Is God's voice speaking a divine command.
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings or some bush aflame
Men look for God and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands revealed;
And stars and grass and flowers spell out His name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams above the clouds for dying eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies.
Earth's deeds well done glow into heavenly light.

—REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

NOVALIS calls character the educated will. It makes the multitude of propensities, so apt to become a mob, rather like the members of an orchestra.—C. A. BARTOL.

BETTER to be a liar's dog, and hold
My master honest, than believe that lying
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot
Move one without the other. —Tennyson's Harold.

It is with books as with men, the good they do cannot be adduced as proofs that they are faultless.—MADAME SWETCHINE.

THIS thought I give you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap.
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
—MRS. JULIA R. C. DORR.

WHAT we wish for in our highest moment is true all the time. What we see in flashes is true all the time—life through, eternity, through. If there is any certitude, that is certitude for all time and place. It is a certitude that when I lie dying I want that for a pillow, and want to know that I have similarity with God, so as to love what He loves and hate what He hates.—JOSEPH COOK.

THE word of God is not bound to any church or to any creed; it goes outside of all churches and all creeds. It does not run on any railroad track of our making, but is like the wind, which blows where it will, circling the round world evermore. The same cool breeze which fans the hot cheeks of the girls on the plains of Hindostan, sweeps on across the Indian ocean, gathering moisture as it goes, and pours it down in rain on the parched regions of Central Africa. So God sends His prophets and teachers of truth to every race, to help them according to their separate needs; sends some knowledge of Himself, some intuitions of duty, some hopes of immortality to all the children of men.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

WE have surely fallen on a time of feebleness and unrest. We have the critic everywhere; the lover nowhere. Nothing so cheap as the intelligence which suffices to contradict and the conscious-

ness which prompts to object; but the heart-wisdom that can light us on our way, by the lustre of sweet and earnest affection, the holy zeal that can melt our doubts away, and make our duty a march of common joy instead of a skirmish of individual scruples, are little less than obsolete.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

WE do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—MARTINEAU.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Springfield *Republican* says Mr. Haberton, author of "Helen's Babies," has become one of the night editors of the *Herald*, and adds: "It may interest our readers to know that he offered that work in MS. to three book publishers, who refused it, one of them pronouncing it immoral. All he asked for it was \$100. He was discouraged, when Loring, the Boston publisher, took it on shares, and at the last accounts over 100,000 copies had been sold, with the steady cry of 'more.' He is a genial man, of thirty-five, with black hair and moustache, bright blue eyes, a nervous sanguine temperament, studious in habit, a large reader, with keen observation and unmistakable though unobtrusive humor. He has the making of a great novelist in him if he does not get spoiled before he is finished, as too many of our promises are. 'Helen's Babies' is a real book. 'Budge' and 'Toddie' and 'Frank' are his own boys, and perfect harum-scarums. He has written 'Barton's Experiment,' which is spoken well of, and another story of real power, though crude in some of its details, which he doesn't publicly recognize, but takes a quiet satisfaction in reading the newspaper notices of.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ONCE.

Cool, salt air and the white waves breaking
Restless, eager, along the strand;
An evening sky and a sunset glory
Fading over the sea and land;

We two sitting alone together
Side by side in the waning light;
Before us the throbbing waste of waters,
Behind us the sand-heaps drifted white.

Ships were sailing into the distance,
Down to the lands where the sun had gone;
The rough fresh wind blew o'er our faces,
And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

Is it a dream that I remember—
Some ghost of a love that will come no more;
We two sitting alone together,
Hand in hand, on the ocean shore?
—Mary Anige De Vere, in *Evening Post*.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN; OR, THE EMPEROR AND THE REPUBLICAN.

[Retold from Berthold Auerbach for THE INQUIRER.]

BY G. C. SHACKFORD.

CHAPTER V.

A HEARTY RECOGNITION.

GEN. STEUBEN and Franklin conversed together in the latter's study. The two men seemed now for the first time to have become really acquainted with each other, to have reached a mutual good understanding. Franklin expressed openly his satisfaction that a man like Steuben should so magnanimously devote himself to the cause of American freedom. They were in lively conversation together, when an adjutant of the Emperor Joseph was announced. Steuben rose, Franklin handed him the letter to Washington and bade him affectionately farewell. Steuben met the adjutant at the door, and as he looked into the mild blue eyes of the visitor a thrill of joy made his heart beat more quickly. He bowed respectfully.

"I thought you were alone, Doctor. Who was that man

who has just gone out?" inquired the adjutant in rather a decided tone as he closed the door.

Franklin looked at him in surprise and then smiled to himself.

"A man of your own calling," replied he, "a soldier, who has won his laurels in fighting against your army, a Baron Steuben from Germany."

"I have heard the name before. And does he want now to go to America?"

"A direct question like that calls for a direct answer. He does; and he has been recommended to me as a man of great organizing ability; and that is just what we need most. We have found out that a quick blow may be struck by volunteer soldiers, but that something else is needed to carry on a war. There must be inflexible discipline in an army, unconditional obedience, when an army is to be fought, under the leadership of one head."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Then you acknowledge the necessity of a monarchical power in war at least?"

"Certainly; but war is with us only a temporary matter."

"But you grant that a monarchical constitution may protect and greatly advance the eternal rights of man?"

"Certainly, if virtue and respect for law are inherited with the crown." There was a pause; the young officer and the grey-haired philosopher looked at each other inquisitively, but yet with a confidential greeting; they had so suddenly plunged into the midst of the deepest questions of political life that they were obliged to collect themselves and to determine their bearings.

Franklin bore in silence the inquiring look of the young man, and composedly waited for him to resume the conversation.

"It is Joseph's wish," began the young man, "to become acquainted with the noblest leaders of the new time and to be taught by them. And so he desires to express his regret at not having been able to be present at the Abbe Niccoli's. Joseph hoped to be the gainer from your wisdom, but too many unexpected obstacles intervened."

"I know, or rather I have reason to believe, that Joseph is not like many of his station."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have never yet spoken to a royal personage, but they tell me that princes are actuated merely by curiosity, allow themselves to be advised by every one, and yet are not willing to take any one's advice; that they like to hear every one, but are always thinking to themselves: 'Who knows what selfish views you have under these enthusiastic words?' The main point in the education of princes, as I hear, is to teach them to mistrust everybody."

"Do you look upon men as good," asked the adjutant.

"Do you look upon yourself as good?" was Franklin's question in reply.

"Why do you ask me that?" was returned.

"Because a man looks upon others as he does upon himself."

"I do not look upon myself as good, but I should like to be."

"That is best. To keep one's heart pure, to have one's understanding clear, this is man's duty, and creates the good."

"You have had the good fortune to become acquainted with men individually; you can shape your own destiny in the world, and approach all men as a friend; you are to be envied!"

"And I would say, on the other hand, that it is a great

good fortune to be endowed from birth with the power of doing good to thousands of people."

"It would be splendid," cried the young man, "if the jewels in the crown reflected the thankful looks of those to whom one has been able to be a friend, a helper, a saviour!"

Franklin arose at these words enthusiastically uttered, but immediately sat down again.

"May I request one favor of you," continued the young man, suddenly adopting a different tone. "I should like to learn from your own self what course of life has made you the wise man universally honored. Will you relate to me briefly the history of your life?"

"I am an old man and somewhat loquacious, especially when I begin to speak of myself; then, too, things which seem important to one man are insignificant to another. I have, however, written out my biography for my son, which you may read. You might have been my son, as far as age is concerned."

The young man grasped the aged man's hand and pressed it.

Franklin rose, took down a small book and handed it to the young man with the words: "I am glad to place these pages in your hands. It is all put down here so quietly, and yet it has cost much labor and suffering. I should be glad if I have made the way shorter and easier to others. One thing I have discovered, and have found confirmed by all my experience, that there is no one art of virtue. Virtue is neither a natural gift nor to be attained by praying for it alone, although both may help in acquiring it. It must be unceasingly sought for by being upright with one's own conscience, and dealing honestly with one's self; and if one does not attain everything, does not overcome all faults, yet he learns to be content with what he can accomplish."

A fresh visitor was announced; the young man rose, seized Franklin's hand with both his and said: "I must not be insincere with you. I tell you then—pardon the awkward mask—that I am myself the Emperor Joseph."

"I knew so," replied Franklin quietly; "but it does my heart good to have you acknowledge it openly. I bid the Emperor welcome to my modest cottage."

"And you speak to me no differently from what you did before?"

"I have said to the Emperor what I would say to every one of my brethren, and—"

"Yes, we are brethren," cried Joseph, "although different churches and different lands call us their sons."

"We are brethren of the Old Testament," replied Franklin smiling. "My brother Joseph has become a king, and Benjamin, although not indeed the younger brother, has remained a plain citizen."

"We are godfathers also of the same child," responded Joseph, relating what had happened at the post-house.

Franklin smiled in a friendly way, and the Emperor went on: "It is horrible that there are churches which separate brother from brother; we both stand as one before God. Do you know who are the greatest doers of evil to humanity?"

"Whom do you consider such?"

"Those who would separate men through religion, which should be the means of uniting them in one. The priests ought to make men happy, to call forth joy and love, and they are filled with the spirit of persecution, are hostile to those of a different faith and darken the mind."

"Well," replied the grey-haired man, "just because the calling of the priest is the highest and the holiest, it becomes so fatal when it is perverted. There is no means of destroy-

ing the ecclesiastical power, but there is a way to overcome and turn it to our advantage."

"And what is that?"

"To base religion upon reason, the laws of the State upon moral forces and not upon might alone. Freedom, honor, human love, every virtue must find its home in the State, in social life. Then will the whole of existence be full of light; then will every day be holy; truth, faith and righteousness will prevail in the walk and conversation and every act. No man will rule over another; the law will rule, and in the law moral power—that pure divine spark within, which warms our heart and illumines our understanding, becoming a burning flame."

"O truly! That is the kingdom of heaven which we are to establish on the earth," cried Joseph laying both hands on the shoulders of the old man, and gazing into his radiant countenance. "We will labor and not be weary in laboring to realize it; each one at his post. Farewell, brother Benjamin."

"Farewell, brother Joseph," responded the grey-haired man, and they embraced and kissed each other.

Franklin died full of years, and the freedom of his country was established. Joseph sank into an early grave, and his noblest deeds seemed fruitless; but to-day Austria is seeking more and more to base the state upon the freedom of the citizen.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"TOO KNOWING FOR FAITH."

To the Editor of *The Inquirer* :

I clip the following from the *Providence Journal*:—

"We are in that deplorable condition of mind where we have just knowledge enough to doubt the first chapter of Genesis, and not faith sufficient to believe in the Sermon on the Mount. Before long we shall become so scientific and well-informed, that when a person dies there will be no funeral services. Some one will read comforting passages from the transactions of the American Scientific Association, and the mourners will go about with small hammers in their hands, chipping the rocks and assuaging their anguish by proving the antiquity of creation. Front seats at the scientific lectures will be reserved for the widow and the fatherless, and instead of looking up to heaven for our consolation, we shall bore down a few feet deeper in the earth for our interesting facts. We have traded off all simple religious faiths for a few meagre scientific facts, but there may come that day—when we think of bestowing our patronage on some undertaker—that we shall wish to trade back again, and in something of a hurry.

"We recently saw a man who believed that the whale swallowed Jonah, and we were glad to see him, and to cling to this rare specimen of all faith and no intelligence. He was a much happier-looking man than any of the advanced thinkers of the age, that we have had the pleasure of seeing. Macaulay says that George Fox, although he possessed an intellect too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam, was still able to convert men of ability, like Barclay and Penn, simply because Fox believed what he did believe. In close quarters, the man who really believes anything is more than a match for a man who entertains an intelligent doubt on all subjects. Shut Moody and Sankey into a room with Francis Abbott and John Weiss for a week, and at the end of that time you will find Abbott and Weiss on their knees reading that excellent little tract called 'What shall I do to be saved?' with tears streaming down their cheeks, and all because Moody and Sankey are just ignorant enough to believe something, while Abbott and Weiss are so precious knowing that they are not sure that they know anything. In spiritual matters we want a man at the helm who has entire confidence in himself, if he really does not know as much as we do. What the world has gained in one direction in the last fifty years, it has lost in another. If we could retain the faith of our forefathers, with our present worldly comforts, how happy we should be. We live in better houses, we walk on better sidewalks, and we drink better

water than did our ancestors; but we have not their reverence for sacred things, nor their belief in things eternal. They never saw the railroad, nor the telegraph, nor the last work of Professor Tyndal; but they all believed in the day of judgment, and they all loved the sound of the church-going bell. They lived in contentment and died in peace, and they were more solicitous to know the final destiny of their own souls than the 'Origin of their Species.' We, their unhappy children, have relinquished the faith that cheers, without attaining to that knowledge that illumines, losing all our piety in our vain efforts to become profound."

It used to be said that "Ignorance is the mother of Devotion;" but piety has of late years been disinclined to confess to such a lineage. The *Providence Journal*, however, insists upon the reality of this discarded relationship. "We recently," it says, "saw a man who believed that the whale swallowed Jonah, and we were glad to see him, and to cling to this rare specimen of all faith and no intelligence. He was a much happier man than any of the advanced thinkers of the age, that we have had the pleasure of seeing." It then proceeds to enlarge upon the advantages resulting from being sufficiently ignorant to keep an undoubting confidence in things incredible to a man of thought and study. Moody and Sankey are cited, as the illustrations of the good results of abstaining from inquiry into the realities of things. These are the leaders the world needs, not because they know what is before or behind, but because they are sufficiently ignorant of the responsibilities of leadership, to be perfectly ready to assume them. "In spiritual matters," says this new prophet, "we want a man at the helm who has entire confidence in himself, if he really does not know as much as we do."

Now one or two remarks seem to be in order on this subject. It is evident that our common school system is gradually making piety, of a high grade, impossible among the people. A reform is imperatively demanded. Action should be taken before it is too late. The evil might, perhaps, be averted in this way. Let there be a stated visitation of the schools, by a judicious committee of citizens, selected for gravity of behavior and constitutional respect for the world "as it was;" and let it be the care of this body to make diligent inquiry into the mental condition of the rising generation. So often as they discover, in any case, a depraved tendency to question any statement in the book of Jonah, let them instantly remove the incipient "advanced thinker" from the baleful influence of the spelling-book and multiplication table, and put him on a diet of *Providence Journal* and Mr. Moody's sermons, until any unsafe developments of intelligence shall be extinguished. He may then be used, during his minority, as a warning to the school whose good name he has compromised, by his pernicious skepticism, and finally sent to Washington to a place in the patent office, where he may be soundly cured of any lingering hankering for novelties.

If this course of frequent examination of schools and severe treatment for nascent unbelief shall prove inadequate, then, by all means, let the schools be closed at once; otherwise, we shall soon see the last of human happiness on earth. Mankind will gradually cast aside its faith in Jonah and the whale, and "the human face divine" will lose its moon like and guileless peace. Children will grow up "advanced thinkers," they will "peak and pine," until six or seven of them will have to combine their corporeal resources, in order to become the owners of one poor shadow. The boys will be as thin as the wise and sinful John Weiss, and the girls will fade into the ghostly proportions of Mrs. Livermore.

But even this is by no means the worst of it. We could abide the prospect of a posterity whose bodies should attenuate as their minds should enlarge; we can even conceive some advantages resulting from such leanness, when by-and-by the world shall have become somewhat crowded; but who will take charge of that future hive, crammed with mischievous knowledge, and swarming with philosophers? Who will guide it safely into the unknown, when it has lost from its helm the confident ignorance that has always been so ready to direct when wise men have doubted? The present leaders of church and state cannot abide forever. What will happen when our schools have left us none but "advanced thinkers," who, without a particle of faith in the book of Jonah, shall resort for guidance to the ascertained facts?

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

W. H. SAVAGE.

SIR W. LAWSON says it is reported "that Mr. Bass loses £10,000 in one brewing when there is a thunderstorm coming on,"

ELEEMOSYNARY EDUCATION.

To The Editor of the Inquirer :

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Cambridge, objects to the education of theological students as a matter of charity or benevolence, on what seem good grounds. These he states better than we could; and, indeed, it is a serious question whether this sort of dependence does not weaken or take away a man's self-respect. And also whether not too many, but rather the wrong men, are educated for the ministry. Some of our best and most useful men are those who have made their way, not with the help of friends or societies, but who have fought their way through, and have gained courage and hardihood in the process.

However, the experiment is being wrought out, and opinion or remonstrance will probably have little weight. There is another question which seems to have a relation to this. Do we not begin this process much earlier, and is not all our education too much "eleemosynary?" Our primary schools not only, but all common schools, our high schools, and normal schools and even colleges, are made, one after another, free, and the community is taxed to educate children, many of whose parents are perfectly able to pay for their instruction as they do for the other necessities—food, clothing and shelter, and the State is no more bound to furnish it. Others who cannot afford the same, are educated above their condition, or made dependent and useless by the "little learning" which is "a dangerous thing."

It is not wise training which makes men or women feel that the State owes them anything except protection. It is not wise training which makes men or women dependent or which takes away their self-reliance.

Common schools may furnish the mere elements of education—reading, writing and perhaps arithmetic; but when we go beyond this, we trench upon private rights.

There are too the same objections to "School and State" that there are to "Church and State," and this we know would not be tolerated. They manage these things in Germany, but that is a paternal government. So they do in Japan; but there they make distinctions of rank. Imagine us doing that in this country!

No; the President is right about eleemosynary education, but he will come nearer to the truth if he will lay his foundations broader and deeper and begin at the beginning of this spirit of dependence which begets helplessness. You can't make a paternal government of a democracy.

X.

AT THE THEATRE FRANCAISE.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

WE have at last had a Moliere evening at the theatre, and not a Sunday evening either. Last Monday was the birthday of the favorite French play-writer and actor, and we had the satisfaction of seeing two of his best pieces acted in the wonderfully perfect manner known only to French actors. Their acting delights me, and the minor parts astonish me by being as perfect as the chief.

After the plays a ceremony in honor of Moliere was performed, and all the actors and actresses of the Française, forty-four in number, marched on the stage and were received with immense applause. They all bowed gracefully to us, and then turned and placed laurel wreaths upon the pedestal of Moliere's statue. It was a wonderful company of superior looking men and handsome and fascinating looking women. My Yankee head was quite turned by the sight. American theatres will be nowhere in my opinion when I return to the home of the free.

Z.

PARIS, January 29.

FROM CINCINNATI.

I FEEL moved to write you of our great enjoyment and hoped-for success in Mr. Wendte's ministry among us. He is doing us all good, inspiring us with his spirit of cheer, and hope, and enthusiasm for the good, the true, and "whatsoever things are lovely." He has accomplished the miraculous work of uniting the two societies,—Radical and Conservative,—and is remarkably adapted to this peculiar community, so largely composed of the Radical German element. He also satisfies the Conservatives by his beautiful devotional spirit and faith in man's spiritual nature. Mr. Wendte seems to be the "man sent of God" to bring us out of our difficul-

ties. I believe it only rests with ourselves to build up a great and powerful liberal Unitarian church in this great city. The opportunity is a grand one to do a great work for God.

We have a new Board of Trustees, having taken Robert Collyer's advice, and placed some young men upon it, to infuse fresh enthusiasm and fresh ways of doing the needed work. We hope to sell both of the dingy old church buildings we now possess and get a new church started toward completion by the end of the year, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

We have a Benevolent Society which is well attended every week, and our Sunday school numbers more scholars than for several years. We have found great benefit in adopting the new singing book, arranged by Mr. Wendte and H. S. Perkins,—"The Sunny Side." The music is very bright and joyous, and well adapted to children's voices. Liberals owe Messrs. Wendte and Perkins a vote of thanks for this valuable book. It brings sunshine into the school. We have arrived at that millennial stage when we have a surplus of teachers in the Sunday school. We have several teachers of experience, culture and maturity of thought, and we find the children get valuable instruction thereby.

We have had some nice festivals during the winter; a beautiful religious service for the children at Christmas, with songs and hymns and readings from the Bible. We had also a Christmas Tree and a Mother Goose Party,—Mr. Wm. Bellows appearing as that famous matron, to the delight of all the grown people, and entrancing bewilderment of the children.

We have a young people's social organization called the "Unity Club," which bids fair to rank among the institutions of the city. It has already a membership of three hundred people. Professor Clark, of the Cincinnati University, is the able president of it. There are several departments comprised in its work; Culture, Amusement and Helpfulness, with committees to organize plans of usefulness and entertainment. Once a month there are refreshments, coffee, cake and sandwiches provided by the ladies of the church. I need not say that these meetings are crowded.

The "Club" invited Prof. Edward S. Morse to give a course of lectures on Zoology, Mr. Whelpley, of the firm of Robert Clark & Co., booksellers, uniting with us in making them a success. Prof. Morse delivered four lectures, to large and cultivated audiences, in one of the prominent halls of the city.

Then we had a very interesting lecture-talk, by Prof. Stone, of the Cincinnati Observatory, on Astronomy. There have been other entertainments during the winter; Prof. Smith, of the Hughes High School, read a paper on "Daniel Deronda"; we have had music, tableaux, and readings by Mr. Wendte and others.

But the masterpiece of the "Committee on Amusement" was the Dickens party. It was given in the vestry of the church, where we have a stage with scenery, footlights and accessories. There were some forty of Dickens' noted characters, in appropriate costumes, who passed across the stage in turn, Pickwick being the central figure, seated in an arm chair. Finally all the characters were grouped together in one farewell tableau and the evening's entertainment was ended. The performance was conducted by the efficient Chairman of the Amusement Committee, Mr. W. H. Bellows.

Last Sunday Mr. Wendte gave us an excellent sermon on "The Royal Road to Happiness." He said happiness required three things; labor or work for the hands, something to love to keep the heart fresh and young, and something to hope for,—a belief in the immortal life.

In the evening we had a beautiful Vesper Service, with selections from the "Minor Poetic Voices of the Time," and music by the fine quartette choir. Mr. Wendte read several exquisite poems by W. C. Gannett, F. E. Abbot, Samuel Longfellow, J. W. Chadwick, and Charles G. Ames. They were all remarkable for religious aspiration and trust in God's Providence and a fine devotional spirit. These poems were prefaced with a little account of each author's life.

H. H.

DR. GEORGE M. BEARD writes in the *Independent* that probably the majority of the authorities whom the Rev. Joseph Cook quotes would, if they attended the lectures, be astonished at the use made of their researches. "Scientific experts, accustomed to sail slowly and cautiously along the shore, constantly throwing the lead and taking the bearings, and rarely or never venturing to go off soundings, tremble at the temerity of one who, despite the perils of fog and storm, puts boldly out to sea, steers by dead reckoning, and is rarely or never on soundings."

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

[From the Morning Star.]

BECOMING ALARMED. Who would believe it! Some of our orthodox religious papers are beginning to be afraid that the evangelistic movement, as represented by Moody and Sankey, is going to be like opening "the caves of the winds," will let in "almost any enthusiasm and all the women in creation." So we may infer that the *Messenger*, from which we quote, believes that "enthusiasts" and "all the women in creation" dwell in the cave of the winds.

[From the Boston Journal.]

Gov. HAYES stands pledged to reform; he was nominated on that express understanding at Cincinnati; he confirmed the obligation in his acceptance letter, in which, for the purpose of giving the people the best assurance of his aims and of qualifying himself for the work, he declared he would not be a candidate for re-election; and now the whole country expects him to be true to his word, and, what is quite as important, expects the Republican party to enable him to carry out a reform policy.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE three most conspicuous representative reform Republicans are Carl Schurz, Secretary Bristow and George W. Curtis. The hope has been felt and expressed by many of the best supporters of Gov. Hayes that at least one, if not two of these gentlemen, will be found in his cabinet. Thousands of hesitating voters may be said to have supported Hayes with the distinct belief that he would do this. But it is significant that all the more intelligent speculations on the subject now leave them out altogether. There seems to be a common acceptance of Senator Morton's positive assurance, early in the winter, that he had fixed the Hayes administration against these men. We are not willing to believe that these indications are to be realized in their entirety.

[From the Nation.]

WE must again remind our readers that the Commission was not formed to do absolute justice, but to find the simplest and wisest way out of a position of great difficulty and danger.

[From the New York Tribune.]

It is still the opinion of some hapless friends or conscienceless managers of New Jersey Central that they suffer because "newspapers made a violent attack" upon the stock. These people, notwithstanding some instructive experience, fail to comprehend the duties and functions of a newspaper, and the limitations of its power, even as they failed to comprehend the duties, functions and limitations of the railway director. It is the business of a newspaper to print news. It is the business of a railway director to render a truthful and clear account to stockholders of the manner in which their property has been managed. If he fails to render such an account, it becomes news of the highest interest, incomparably the more important to stock and bondholders because the management has tried to conceal it. Hence it is the business of a newspaper, whenever it can, to place before stockholders the very facts which the management tries to conceal.

[From the Boston Herald, Feb. 15.]

WHILE the newspaper scribes were busy at work yesterday noon, and just after Mr. Moody had declared that there was no business in the world so important as that of saving souls, an elderly man, with tears in his eyes, leaned over the enclosure and laid the following note on the *Herald* table:

"Reporter—I came from Philadelphia, and was the bearer of a message to Mr. Moody, which contained the following request for prayer, which I handed in, but which has been ignored by the evangelists:

"The earnest prayers of Mr. Moody and his 'praying-band' are requested for a woman in Philadelphia, made insane by her participation in his meetings there."

"The husband of this woman is an honest, hard-working, industrious and frugal man, and the father of two children. Since this affliction has come upon him he feels almost like cursing God and Moody for thus devastating his once happy home and rendering his children motherless. Cannot something be done through prayer to help this unhappy husband? By what right do they refuse to pray for this unfortunate mother?"

E. S. S."

The note was endorsed by others in the audience probably acquainted with the case.

[From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.]

THE system of "strikes" in labor is not a growth indigenous to American soil. It belongs to monarchical or despotic countries,

rather than to a country where the dignity of labor and the manliness of the laborer are respected. In a society which interferes with everything, and in effect fixes the price of labor, converting men who work into machines, it is possible that there may be cases of oppression for which there is no relief except in the stoppage of the human machinery. But here, where industry is diversified, and where skilled labor obtains a better reward than elsewhere upon earth, there is no call for combinations in the interest of labor. Each man who has the qualities of skill and of faithfulness for what he undertakes may feel safe that there is for him a fair opening for employment, and a fair return awaiting his efforts. He need ask no combination to interfere between him and his employer. Such a combination may be of advantage to the incompetent workman; it is of no benefit to anybody else. It undertakes to establish a dead level of compensation, in which talent and industry are at a disadvantage. There are no premiums in it for merit; there is no incitement to extra endeavor; it recognizes the two classes of employer and employed, but it ignores the fact that there are many in the one class that may, and will, if events are left to their natural ordering, pass into the other. It is unjust to ambition, while it fosters mediocrity or incapacity.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

MR. JENNINGS, writing from London to the *New York World*, is quite sure that the supremacy in cotton manufacture is passing permanently from England to America. The opinion is a trifle premature, to say the least, in view of the fact that the exportation of cotton goods from England was the largest ever reached, in 1876, being 3,668 million yards against an export of 96 million yards from the United States, or forty-fold. In fact, the whole American exportation was not equal to the increase of the English exportation of 1876 over that of 1875. It is true that the exportation of England to the United States is not more than one-fourth what it was a few years ago, and that quite a trade in American goods is done at Manchester, but the principal effort of American competition, so far, is to compel the English manufacturers to make more honest goods, by substituting cotton for clay filling. The English consumption of raw cotton is double the American, and rising, annually, and the English are distributing their goods with great persistence, especially in South America, where they hope to make good their losses in the United States.

JOTTINGS.

SUBSCRIBERS who are in arrears will greatly oblige us by making prompt remittance.

In 1876 there were 47,393,000 acres of land under cultivation in the United Kingdom.

REV. GEO. S. MERRIAM delivered an interesting discourse at All Souls' Church on "All Things are Yours."

REV. W. R. ALGER spoke at the Church of the Messiah upon a pleasant topic: "The Attributes and Fruits of Human Kindness."

THE disused burial-grounds of Old St. Pancras and St. George's-in-the-East have been laid out as gardens for the use and recreation of the public forever.

PROF. FELIX ADLER, before the "Society of Ethical Culture," delivered another lecture on the "Origin of Religion." His special theme was the Hebrew religion, and he had a large audience.

IT is rumored that a grand tournament will take place during the coming season, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. The Princess is expected to take the part of Queen of Beauty.

THERE have been graduated from Williams College 31 representatives to Congress, 5 United States senators, 8 governors, 16 judges of the supreme Court, 32 presidents of colleges and 760 clergymen.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has purchased Cooper's Garden Chapel, Shoreditch, recently in the occupation of the Primitive Methodists, for £2,000, in order to establish a science institute for the district.

NEW ORLEANS.—REV. J. HAZARD HARTZELL seems to be commending himself in his new field. He has just completed a course of lectures upon prominent historical characters, ending with one upon Socrates.

THE death of an orange tree at Versailles, which was in its 455th year, is announced. It was known by the name of Grand Bourbon. In the year 1421 the Queen of Navarre gave her gardener the seed at Pampe-luna.

AN iron mountain, rivaling its Missouri namesake, has been discovered sixty miles north of Duluth, Minn. It is eight miles long, one and half miles wide, and one thousand two hundred feet above the level of Lake Superior.

THE Queen's oldest grandson, Prince Frederick William Albert Victor,

son of the Prince Imperial of Germany and the Princess Royal of England, has just completed his eighteenth year, and, according to the laws of Prussia, attains his majority.

PORTLAND, OREGON.—THE Rev. E. I. Galvin is filling the pulpit of T. I. Eliot, in Portland, during absence of the latter in Europe. He has also been making a tour of the Sound, preaching at the various ports on the way, thus doing good missionary work.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK preached in his church in the morning on "The Province of Religion," and in the evening the subject of his Vesper Talk was "The Poetry of Emerson." Mr. Chadwick's papers upon the poets have been very interesting, which in fact goes without saying.

LECTURING on ants, Sir John Lubbock observed that these interesting insects might be fairly considered as forming a race of beings second only in intelligence to ourselves. Indeed, the analogy between our own social and economical relations and those of ants was in many cases surprisingly close.

OWING to the action of the waves, the great pyramidal rock overhanging the shore of Lake Superior, a few miles east of Silver Lake, and known as McDonald's Peak, has fallen. The peak was a column of granite, measuring at its base 100 feet in circumference, and rising to the height of 280 feet.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—GOV. Rice and Hon. John D. Long gave fine addresses last Sunday evening to a crowded audience, the occasion being a special service commemorative of the birthday of George Washington. Singing and other exercises were conducted by the President, W. H. Baldwin.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—THE *Spectroscope*—the name at least, has met with a revival, and No. 1 has just appeared here under the auspices of the Davenport Eclectic Club. It is largely occupied by a New Year's sermon by Rev. S. S. Hunting. Of the first number 3,000 copies have been printed; of the next it is proposed to issue 8,000.

ITALY has declared its seventeen Universities open to women. A like action has been taken by Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A ministerial order has been issued in Holland opening every University and gymnasium to women. France has opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM's discourse at Masonic Temple on Sunday morning was upon the "Responsible Authors of Unbelief," not unbelief in certain doctrines of the church, but that unbelief which enervates all moral earnestness and undermines the foundations of character. He found the responsibility in the system which primarily assumes that the whole aim and purpose of life is to save the soul hereafter.

REV. JOHN WEISS, in a discourse before a large congregation at the Parker Memorial, took for his subject "The Theory of Revivals." He considered the present age one of sensations and frauds, and classed the present revival at the Tabernacle in the latter category. Moody and Sankey were welcomed by the sentimental and ignorant, who were ever-ready for sensations, and not by the people of culture, whom they never would reach.

IT is said that a powerful yet cheap disinfectant may be made by dissolving a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, and two drachms of common salt in a bucket of water. When both are dissolved pour the two mixtures together, and when the sediment has settled there will be a pail full of clear fluid, which is a saturated solution of the chloride of lead. A cloth saturated with the liquid and hung up in a room will at once sweeten a fetid atmosphere.

SALEM, MASS.—REV. FIELDER ISRAEL has accepted the unanimous call to become pastor at the First (Unitarian) church and will be installed at an early day. Mr. Israel studied at Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and has been settled in Baltimore, Md.; Wilmington, Del.; Taunton, Mass.; and again at Wilmington, Del., having accepted a call to return. He has made a most favorable impression, both in and out of the pulpit, during the few weeks he has been in Salem.

THE ladies of the Barton Square Society, Salem, Mass., arranged for a sale of useful articles in the Vestry on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21 and 22, including the usual attractions of fish pond, pound table, ice cream, etc.

BOSTON.—REV. A. J. PATTERSON, in the Roxbury Universalist church, reviewed a recent lecture by Rev. Mr. Cook on "Eternal Sin and Suffering." Boston seems to have a fair prospect of lively times in polemics.

AT Horticultural Hall, before the Free Religious Association, Rev. Francis Tiffany delivered the first of a series of four lectures upon "The Development of Religious Thought in our country during the past century." Mr. Tiffany's theme was "Jonathan Edwards," of whom, and of whose theological system, he gave a careful sketch.

THE friends of the Old South Church are taking active measures toward giving entertainments in the various cities and towns of the State in aid of the fund required for its purchase and preservation.

THERE is on the Dorsetshire coast of England a shale deposit which is of undoubted animal origin, and is supposed to consist of blubber, fish and other forms of marine animal life. It is found to yield an excellent carbon, which has precisely the same properties and action for all sanitary purposes as animal charcoal that costs from \$70 to \$90 per ton, while it can be produced for one-fourth the price. As a test of its clar-

fyng powers, a mixture was made of sewage water with a compound of ink dye-stuffs in solution, forming a liquid more intractable than would ever be met with in actual drainage operations. This was run through a layer of the "sanitary carbon," and the water came from it perfectly clear, with no perceptible odor. As the deposit is of immense extent, the discovery is likely to prove of great sanitary value.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.—The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that the French Minister of Public Works has authorized an expenditure of \$400,000 upon the restoration of Rheims cathedral. The present building was begun in 1212, upon the site of the old cathedral, built in the ninth century, which had been destroyed by fire the year before, the architect being Robert de Coucy. The roof of the new cathedral was burned in 1421, and though it was replaced by another roof shortly afterward, the building has since been mutilated in several parts, and it will be no easy matter to restore it to its primitive splendor. The restoration of the wood-work and carving of the interior will cost a large

sum. The organ placed in the cathedral in 1481 is still in excellent state of preservation. The cathedral possesses, next to Paris, the richest collection of gold and silver ornaments in France.

An adventurer in France has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He had got some 15,000 francs from a priest to bring out a novel invention, which, he said, would make the abbé famous throughout the country. The invention consisted in the creation of what he styled Sinai-altars. A small casket of incense was to be hidden under the altar, and at the most solemn moment of the service the priest was to touch a spring, and the next second a mystic cloud of odorific fumes would rise around him and veil him, for a few minutes, from the sight of the congregation. The brilliant idea flattered the religious fervor of the priest, who advanced the money, and was to have a share in the success of the patent. But the scamp had spent all the money on other smoke than that intended for the altar. The priest felt himself befooled and robbed while on the way to befooling others. So, in this vexed mood, he has had the fellow punished.

The Inquirer.

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1876—77.

LECTURES:

VI. Murray and Universalism.

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

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Cash on hand and in Bank . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Coll. Good Stocks Collateral, 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00
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Cash Capital . . . \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends . . . 243,402 24
Net Surplus . . . 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
CASH IN BANKS . . . \$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,453 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 286,602 80
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 155,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,631 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 . . . 72,397 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS, . . . 153,416 05
REAL ESTATE . . . 6,830 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.
CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 . . . \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID, . . . 1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
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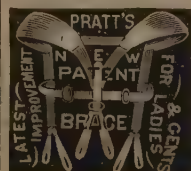
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Gross Surplus . . . 1,792,902 92
Gross Assets . . . \$2,792,902 92

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II.—THEORY AND PRACTICE IN ARCHITECTURE, by James C. Bayles of the Iron Age, discusses the means known to architectural science for producing safety in public buildings, including the methods of preventing and extinguishing fires; also, the difficulties in the way of putting in practice architectural theories.

III.—GERMAN COMIC PAPERS, by Julius Duboc, of Dresden, describes the comic journals published in the German language in Europe, and their effect upon German social and political affairs.

IV.—TWO NORSE SAGAS, by Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen of Cornell University, is a review of the Norse stories recently translated by Professor Anderson, and serves to illustrate the Saga Civilization by them revived.

V.—RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, by Van Buren Denslow, LL.D., of Union Law College, Chicago.

VI.—THE UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA, by Carl M. Thorden of Sweden, presents an account of the location, origin and academic constitution of this great University, with observations on the government and life of the students. This University celebrates its fourth centenary during the present year, and great preparations are being made for the event.

VII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM, by Ray Palmer, is an analysis of the critical powers of Lowell, with comments on the province and duties of criticism.

The Review also contains a sonnet, "Two Past Ages," by Charles (Tennyson) Turner of England; Mr. Hamerton's letter on *Art in Europe*; the usual scientific notes and comments on public events.

During 1877 the Review will devote space to European matters so far as they are likely to be interesting to Americans. It will introduce the most popular foreign authors to compete for favor with the best American writers. It will aim to be able, strong and practical in the character and style of its presentations. It is safe to say that no other magazine in the world can supply its place in the libraries of Americans who love to consider the progress of events throughout the world, and to know their bearing upon the interests of the United States.

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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 13. }
WHOLE NO., 1583. }

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
{ 10 CENTS A COPY.

STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, *President.*

For the Year ending December 31, 1876.

ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

No.	ANN. PAY'TS.	No.	ANN. PAY'TS.
In force, Jan. 1st, 1876.....	55 \$27,965 72	In force, Jan. 1st, 1877.....	53 \$26,098 88
Add Premium Annuities.....	6,480 79	Add Premium Annuities.....	6,393 46
Issued.....	5 1,581 36	Terminated.....	8 3,333 53
	60 \$35,827 87		60 \$35,827 57

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

No.	AMOUNT.	No.	AMOUNT.
In force, Jan 1st, 1876.....	92,393 \$305,067 221	In force, Jan. 1st, 1877.....	92,125 \$301,278 037
New Risks.....	9,344 32,127 693	Terminated.....	9,612 35,968 7
	101,737 \$337,184 914		101,737 \$337,184 914

NOTE.—The amount of terminated Policies is larger than usual. The increase was, in a great measure, caused by the purchase of unmatured Endowments, either paid up or due in less than five years, which were discounted at seven per cent.

Dr.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$75,414,923 42	By paid Death and Endowment Claims.....	\$4,480,488 52
" Premiums received.....	15,136,703 36	" " Annuities.....	24,611 49
" Interests and Rents.....	4,878,260 34	" " Dividends.....	3,701,700 34
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions.....	6,319,793 21
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future).....	676,967 49
		" " Contingent Guarantees account.....	56,160 85
		" " Expenses and Taxes.....	64,302 35
		" " Balance to New Account.....	79,526,800 87
	\$95,429,887 12		\$95,429,887 12

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.

To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$77,502,062 00	By Mortgage on Real Estate.....	\$60,856,200 13
" Claims by Death, not yet due.....	610,750 00	" " United States and State Bonds, &c.....	12,675,569 33
" Premiums paid in advance.....	24,372 43	" " Real Estate.....	4,246,245 40
" Contingent Guarantee Fund.....	654,812 59	" " Cash in banks and trust companies at interest.....	2,183,001 73
" Surplus for Division.....	3,568,161 57	" " Interest accrued.....	1,322,294 15
		" " Premiums deferred quarterly and semi-annual.....	925,332 99
		" " Premiums in transit, principally for December.....	157,195 10
		" " Balances due by agents.....	18,349 70
	\$82,360,188 59		\$82,360,188 59

Premiums deferred and in transit in the foregoing Balance Sheet, have been subjected to a deduction of twenty five per cent. by the Insurance Department, for the estimated cost of collecting the same. See Official report below.

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent. Interest be used, the Surplus is \$10,262,870.44.

From the Surplus for Division, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1877.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same correct.
January 17, 1877.

WM. J. EASTON, Auditor.

NOTE.—By act of the Trustees, the membership of this Company is limited to one hundred thousand insured lives.

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G. S. WINSTON, M. D., W. R. GILLETTE, M. D., Medical Examiners.

[Continued on next Page.]

To the Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York :

The undersigned, the Annual Committee appointed pursuant to the By-Laws of the Company, on the 20th day of December, 1876, to examine at the close of each fiscal year the accounts and assets of the Company.

Respectfully Report, That they have carefully examined all the assets, investments, and securities of the Company, and find—

That it had on the 1st day of January, 1877, stocks in the form of Bonds of the United States, and of New York and other cities, amounting in par value to \$12,063,530, and in market value to \$12,573,569.33, and that this latter sum is immediately convertible and available in cash. That of these securities \$7,473,550 are in United States registered bonds, and \$4,590,000 chiefly in city bonds. They are all specified in the accompanying schedule, are all genuine, and, in the opinion of the Committee, are all judicious and perfectly secure investments.

The Committee further report,

That on January 1, 1877, the company had invested in Bond and Mortgage upon real estate in fee, which was appraised at the time of each investment to be worth, at least twice the amount loaned, the sum of \$60,856,200.18.

The Committee have examined each Bond and Mortgage, and find the same correct, as stated on the books of the Company. The Committee find that the interest on these bonds has been paid with great punctuality, and that the arrears of interest for the last six months are only a very small percentage on the amount due.

In addition to the security of the land covered by the Mortgages, the Company holds insurance on the buildings thereon, as collateral, in solvent and responsible Fire Insurance Companies, amounting to the sum of \$31,000,000.

The Committee further report,

That the Company now owns property formerly pledged to it in Bonds and Mortgages to the extent of \$335,893.97, that this is the total amount of all property purchased by it since its organization on Foreclosures, and held by it at the close of the last fiscal year ; and the Committee believe that this property will be sold without incurring any considerable deficit. This sum bears a small ratio to the total amount of the Company's assets, being about one (.01015) per cent. thereof.

In addition to this Real Estate, the Company owns, for the transaction of its business in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, valuable real estate costing the sum of \$3,440,451.43. The building in New York pays 8 per cent. on its cost, charging a fair rent for the part occupied by the Company. That in Boston is incomplete, and in Philadelphia has recently been finished.

The Committee have ascertained that the cash on hand on the 1st day of January, 1877, was \$2,183,001.73. This sum, added to the securities immediately convertible into cash, makes a total of cash assets equal to \$14,558,571.06 immediately available.

We have ascertained that the expenses of the Company for acquiring its business are nearly a quarter of one (.2333) per cent. upon the sum insured ; and the expense of conducting the business, which includes expenses of every kind, except claims by death, which includes expenses of every kind, except claims by death, is less than one-quarter of one per cent. on the same (.2191), which, in all, is less than one-half of one per cent. upon the sum insured (.4524), and is six and seven-tenths (.6701) per cent. upon the income of the year.

While the Committee were making investigation, the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, with his Deputy, Assistants, and Experts, was also engaged in examining the affairs of the Company, as required by law. He is still at work, examining not only into the liabilities of the Company, but likewise into the mathematical principles upon which its business is conducted and its liabilities are determined. This examination will be thorough and exhaustive, and its results presented in a report which will be published in due time, and to which the Committee refer,

AP of which is respectfully submitted.

Dated, January 17, 1877.

(Signed)

HENRY E. DAVIES,
GEO. S. COE,
SAMUEL M. CORNELL,
WM. H. POPHAM,
H. C. YON POST,
GEO. H. ANDREWS.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

The Report of the Examination by the Insurance Department.

ALBANY, February 2d. 1877.

To the Editors of the Evening Journal.

GENTLEMEN—Having caused a thorough personal examination to be made of the condition and affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York during the month of January, by Hon. John A. McCall, Jr., Deputy Superintendent, in which examination the acting Superintendent has also personally participated, I deem it for the public interests that the result of said investigation should be published.

I therefore enclose the same for publication,

Yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

ALBANY, February 1st, 1877.

Hon. WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent New York Insurance Department:

In accordance with instructions received from you under appointment No. 563. I report the completion of the examination into the affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Made at a time when the annual investigation by the Trustees—as called for by the Company's charter—was in progress, the work was considerably facilitated by each department representative acting with one of the said Trustees, thus giving a double force with a check that was invaluable as to the correctness of the labor performed.

The valuations of the Policies in force have been made in the department under the supervision of Mr. D. H. Keefe, our Actuary, and have occupied his attention, with that of the rest of our actuarial force not engaged in New York.

The investments of the Company, with other admissible assets, make a total of \$82,076,706.87.

That the Company has been successfully managed is everywhere conceded; and it is very necessary that the custodians of this sacred trust fund should be men eminently competent to guard zealously the moneys that in the future afford the protection guaranteed by contracts with the holders of ninety-two thousand one hundred and twenty-five policies.

The Company does not need any other endorsement by the Department than is shown in the assets and liabilities enumerated below, exhibiting a surplus, as regards policy-holders, of \$10,262,879.44.

A schedule giving in detail the information necessary for valuations of property, verification of title, &c., of each of the seven thousand one hundred and fifty-six (7,156) mortgages, has been compiled, and with a list of uncollected and deferred premiums is now on file in the Department.

The following was the condition of the Company on December 31st, 1876:

ASSETS.

Real Estate.....			\$4,246,245.41
Bonds and Mortgages.....			60,856,200.18
Stocks and Bonds.....	Par Value.	Market Value.	
U. S. Bonds, registered.....	\$7,473,550	\$7,907,340.62	
New York City Bonds, registered.....	2,405,000	2,412,587.50	
Boston Water Bonds, registered.....	500,000	556,250.00	
Providence, R. I., Bonds, registered.....	500,000	537,500.00	
Cherry Valley Town Bonds.....	50.00	50.000.00	
City of Yonkers Bonds.....	118,000	128,250.00	
Buffalo City Bonds.....	140,500	145,417.50	
Elmira City Bonds.....	56,000	87,435.00	
Missouri State Bonds.....	215,000	225,025.00	
San Francisco Bonds.....	590,000	637,628.71	
Union Co., N. J., Bonds.....	14,000	14,735.00	
Plainfield, N. J., Bonds.....	1,500	1,500.00	
	\$12,063,550	\$12,673,569.33	
Cash in banks and trust companies.....			\$12,673,569.33
Interest due and accrued.....			2,183,001.73
Net uncollected and deferred premiums.....			1,322,284.16
			786,396.07
Total admitted assets.....			\$82,076,706.87

LIABILITIES.

Net value of outstanding policies and additions.....	\$71,031,205.00
Unpaid losses not yet due (including resisted claims).....	758,250.00
Premiums paid in advance.....	24,372.43
Total Liabilities.....	\$71,813,827.43
Surplus as regards policy holders.....	10,262,879.44
Aggregate.....	\$82,076,706.87

All of which is respectfully submitted

JOHN A. McCALL, JR., Deputy Superintendent.

The Superintendent in person was present during the examination of the United States securities, bonds and mortgages and other stocks and bonds, owned by the Company, and took part in said examination. He desires to join with his Deputy in assuring the public that the system of management and accuracy of detail, as well as the checks and individual responsibilities imposed on each person, who has anything to do with the loaning or investing the funds of the Company, command his most hearty approval. The President and all other officers of the Company were most prompt and courteous in affording every information: while so perfect is the organization of each department that any special item required was at once furnished, with all its necessary and satisfactory vouchers. This will account for the fact that a corporation of such vast magnitude and importance could be fully and satisfactorily examined in a few weeks, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have required as many months,

WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

The Inquirer.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1877.

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HENRY W. BELLOWS, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Fish, John Fretwell, Jr., William C. Gannett, John C. Kimball, William Potts, Edward P. Powell and S. Alfred Steinthal are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fatuous plotting of the hotheads of the House of Representatives, the mercantile and financial public refuses to become excited or particularly anxious as to the political future. Gold has again fallen below 105, having sold as low as 104 $\frac{3}{4}$. Notwithstanding that hitherto Congress has been too busy to give any proper attention to the various funding projects which have been brought before it, it is greatly to be hoped that some measure looking in that direction will be passed before adjournment, but there seems really no prospect of it, and we shall probably have to depend for this Summer upon such general power as may have been reposed in the Secretary of the Treasury under laws already in existence. The circumstances of the time are so exceptionally favorable to the marketing of a long bond bearing a low rate of interest, that any failure to act would seem simply in keeping with that form of insanity under which the filibusters have been acting. Silver is quoted at 56 to 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and is therefore becoming too staid and monotonous. A movement of less than a ha'penny or a penny an ounce per day rather palls on the appetite. Money on call is quoted at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and prime mercantile paper at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent,—rates which do not indicate any great commercial activity.

RETRENCHMENT being the word of the hour, the "city fathers" at last resort to an ingenious and efficient system of cutting down the salaries of the hard-working, much-enduring school-teachers. It has not been hitherto supposed that public educators were as a rule greatly overpaid. On the contrary, they usually worked hard on small salaries. But the old idea that people who only toil with their brains do not deserve so much recompense as those who labor with their hands is continually witnessing a survival, and so long as false ideas on this subject obtain, there is little hope that school-teachers will receive absolute justice. The unfortunate result of improper retrenchment in this direction is inevitable. Men and women of the best minds and the finest culture will no longer take up teaching as a profession.

They must do something which will "make a living," and if salaries are still further cut down there will certainly be an exodus from the profession, greatly to the injury of the cause of sound learning in our country. For surely, as a people, we are not blind to the fact that the key to our individual and national success is education. And if, instead of raising the standard of our popular culture, it is to be essentially lowered by a "penny wise, pound foolish" policy, what unfortunate results may not be speedily anticipated in the working and effects of our whole educational system?

THOSE interested in the "Labor Question"—and who is not?—will be glad to know that the Crispins, whose actions in the past have been so deleterious to themselves and to the community at large, are reorganizing on a much improved basis. The order is confined almost exclusively to the shoe *bottomers*, the *cutters* generally working by the day, and the *stitchers* being generally women. The principal point of superiority in the present, as compared with the old organization, consists in a Board of Arbitration composed of delegates from the various branches, whose duty it is to inform themselves of the causes of any difficulties which may arise, and to settle them if possible without resorting to a strike. "The present order deprecates strikes, except as a very last resort, and, in order that strikes may be discouraged as effectually as possible, it makes no provision for rendering assistance to strikers." In Lynn the order is rapidly becoming popular and now has nearly three thousand members. During the last year its Board of Arbitration has settled about ninety labor troubles in that city, and all, apparently, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

We hail this movement, not as something valuable as a finality, but as a vast improvement upon the one which preceded it, and as showing good ground for hope of still further progress in the knowledge of the laws of progress and what they require.

SOME weeks ago our Chicago correspondent made some allusions to a Moody and Sankey miracle which had recently been performed in that city, allusions which appeared to grate upon the sensibilities of some of our worthy contemporaries. It now appears that the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, who stood sponsor to the story, has found it necessary to say that at the least "the case has become involved in uncertainty, and my reference to it as illustrating any aspect of prayer whatever must be withdrawn."

We can readily understand how anxious the Rev. Arthur Mitchell and his ilk must be to prove either that we have learned nothing about the laws of nature, or that the laws of nature are a variable quantity and easily overthrown, but it would certainly seem that their hold upon the credulosity of the community at large is hardly strong enough for them to afford the risk of failures of this character. We do not know how amenable they may be to the influences which affect the minds of the unregenerate, who think it a strong point in the character of a god that he is without variableness or shadow of turning, but if they are susceptible in any great degree, we shall not be likely to hear of another miracle until it has been pretty conclusively shown that no witnesses are likely to turn up immediately with troublesome evidence.

THERE is some natural curiosity to see what the Ladies' Art Association, in this city, may have accomplished in certain new directions. The exhibition at Leavitt's Gallery is accordingly interesting, but also somewhat disappointing.

It has too much the manner of a challenge to masculine humanity. "See; this is what we women have wrought!" and it must be confessed that the result is not wholly satisfactory. The pictures do not really give a fair representation of what women artists have accomplished. Every year, at the Academy of Design, works in water colors and in oils are displayed from feminine hands that are more admirable in design and execution than any here exhibited. Among the best are the pictures of Miss Oakey and Mrs. Comans, but the former is by no means represented by her best work. The really interesting features of the exhibition are the paintings on china and the pottery. Very small are the collections, but they show that some genuine progress has been made in these directions. Some of the tiles are very pretty in their delicacy of tone and coloring, and "the household decoration by women artists and artisans," though not specially elaborate, shows that a new department of work is being opened. In fact, why should not our homes be made *beautiful* as well as comfortable? That is a question which is beginning to assert itself with an agreeable prominence. Why should not we have remembrances of the antique forms upon mantel and table, tastefully decorated by woman's hands? "Household Art" has hitherto been rather a vague term, but it is to receive a new meaning and significance, when women learn that their hours of elegant idleness can be profitably filled by some such useful and agreeable occupation as that suggested by this Ladies' Art Association. It can hardly be doubted that this present exhibition will be succeeded by others still more successful. Enough has been done to suggest better work in the future.

THE COUNT.

THE dilatory and filibustering spirit and method of the extremists in the House may, under the circumstances of the case, be charitably pardoned if it cannot be approved. It must be conceded that the Democrats have a great deal to irritate them. They are about to lose the election, which they and many others thought they had won, and they are losing it by a process of law, which they know they cannot annul, and in the application of a scheme which they themselves, evidently with other hopes, carefully devised. Their disappointment is keen and almost maddening. It is to be conceded, too, that some of them honestly believe that the principles upon which the two Houses have agreed to rest the decision of the case are in themselves threatening to the future of the country. Certainly to be compelled by the policy of present safety to the country and the urgent necessity of a legal election to assume that known frauds are not to be investigated and that spurious and illegal votes in many of the States are to be accepted under the doctrine of State rights and inability to go behind legalized though illegal returns, is a very mortifying, lame and impotent conclusion, concerning which any amount of indignation and eloquent protest is in order. We should be sorry to see the wrath and remonstrance less active than it is.

But it must not be forgotten that this painful necessity has been forced upon the country by circumstances equally discreditable to both parties, and that, in choosing between anarchy and a policy of smothering evidence and limiting inquiry, the Houses of Congress and the Electoral Commission have chosen conscientiously the lesser evil. It must be plain to the blindest that no limits could have been put to inquiry more extended than those adopted by the commission without an entire defeat of the express object of its creation. It is not to be assumed that any of the commission think

lightly of the frauds in Louisiana, Florida or South Carolina, or that the Republican party in its better portion enjoys the notion of having a President of its own elected by the votes of States so unrepresentative in their present political disorder. But no plan better than this could be devised under the circumstances. To avoid the danger of a disputed succession or break-down in the electoral system, or another virulent canvass in the disheartened business condition of the country, was deemed by the wisest men of both parties an absolute necessity of patriotism. It was agreed that the forms of law should be invoked to extricate us from a difficulty which did not admit of settlement by the equities of the case. On which side, the Republican or the Democratic, most fraud, intimidation and rotten machinery had been used, could not be determined. Candid men probably think that intimidation did as much to corrupt the election as fraud and cooked-up returns. An investigation into the precise merits of the case would, it is conceded, have taken a year's time. It was not for this the electoral commission was created, but for the very purpose of avoiding this delay, and it seems now the height of injustice to charge the commission, composed of as pure men as the country possesses, with partisanship and treachery and folly in having adopted the only course open to them, if a president was to be elected before the fourth of March. Not a day could be spared, even upon the plan they adopted, and a single extension of the limits of inquiry would have hopelessly defeated the result aimed at.

As we go to press it is not yet certain that the count will be completed, for the factious portion of the House, though diminishing, grows more desperate all the time. But it is encouraging to see that a respectable number of Democrats are still true to the spirit of the agreement they made with the Republicans and are ready to abide the result. We are inclined to believe that the excitement is very much confined to Congress, and that the people of the United States are not only very anxious for a settlement of the election, but very calm in their acquiescence in Mr. Hayes' election. There is no question that his self-control, propriety and wisdom during the campaign and since have won a general respect and produced a feeling of confidence that the administration will be safe in his hands. We have never hesitated to express our disappointment—Republican, as we are—that the Democrats did not carry the election, because we thought the Republicans had been too long in power to be faithful to their original principles and would be purified by going out. But the leaders of the Democrats in the House have not shown wisdom and self-control enough to make us very confident that they could carry on the Government prudently. Gov. Tilden's special pleading about his non-acquaintance with doubtful or fraudulent courses, carried on by his nephew and secretary in his own house; Mr. David Dudley Field's Tombs-lawyer-like proceedings as fugleman of the party; and Mr. Hewitt's virulent attack on the honor of the man perhaps best known in Congress for the purity and high-mindedness of his character and public record—Mr. Hoar—are too poor samples of party policy to base any substantial hopes of reform upon. We shall accept the Republican President, if we are to have him, with a feeling that it is, perhaps better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. We can only earnestly and devoutly pray that if Gov. Hayes is to be President he will be the President of the whole country, and have no favors for corrupt Republicans, and no truckling to party organization, where it is notoriously evil and base. He is in a position to make great reforms possible in his own party and in the country.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

In the absence of a higher motive, it would have been a stroke of shrewd policy in this gentleman to take Theodore Parker and his Absolute Religion as the text for several of his Boston lectures; for that name alone, when up for review and criticism, would insure a large audience to any able and competent orthodox lecturer. Many of Mr. Parker's enemies would flock together to see him annihilated, especially by the "elephantine tread" of the above-named and just now distinguished talker, and many of his friends, from the curiosity of seeing whether there would be fair dealing or not—a justice and liberality hardly to be anticipated from a representative of the old though waning theology.

And whoever has heard and read Mr. Cook, with a familiar acquaintance with Mr. Parker, must now be entirely satisfied that it was not uncharitable to anticipate unfair dealing with him and his writings—sectarian flings rather than manly criticism. As for reviewing Mr. Parker in any "scholarly" sense—and Mr. Cook evidently prides himself on being a *great* scholar—he has hardly attempted it, having generally merely named him, near the beginning of his lecture, and now and then garbled a sentence from his writings—the loosest he could find, perhaps—with an apparent view of deepening the old sectarian prejudices against him and creating new ones in the minds of the generation that knew not the Music Hall "heresiarch." See, for instance, his caricature of Mr. Parker's view of "sin."

In a letter to James Freeman Clarke—one of his last—Mr. P. said of sin: "It is a theological word, and is commonly pronounced *ngsin-n-n-n*! But I think the thing which ministers mean by *ngsin-n-n-n* has no existence." And he illustrates his meaning by the well-known fact that a great many pseudo pietists condemn themselves, especially in religious meetings, as the greatest of sinners, who deserve only eternal damnation, but who will nevertheless often most angrily deny that they are sinners in any practical sense, when their admission of sinfulness is accepted, and they are even truly charged with being unjust, selfish or mean in life and action—even as I myself have known one of this class of whining, canting pietists to whitewash stale eggs and sell them to the buyer for new-laid ones!—a woman who said she did not dare to enter a certain "heretical" church lest the Lord should destroy it and her in His wrathful judgment! It was that kind of "*ngsin-n-n-n*" that Mr. Parker was particularly speaking of—the abstract, theological kind confessed in the church, and magnified to "infinity," because "committed against Infinite Majesty," whilst such concrete sins as hypocrisy, lying, theft and other vices were often practiced as being very venial at least.

But on so slight a ground Mr. Cook raises no little dust about Mr. Parker's position, and represents him as hardly believing in sin, even truly defined, at all; though in the same letter he had said: "I have some sermons of sin and of sins which I may live long enough to prepare for printing, but also may not;" and any one who ever listened to Mr. Parker's earnest, eloquent enforcement of the "Higher Law," and his fearful rebukes of the transgressors of it, especially in high life and official stations, must think Mr. Cook an exceedingly hypercritical and shallow critic, of Mr. Parker's view of sin at least. James Freeman Clarke might have been correct in his criticism, from his point of view, but Mr. Cook was manifestly narrow and unjust. When Mr. Parker wrote his letter there were a great many whining "sinners" in Boston, both church members and minis-

ters, but who, nevertheless, called their support of slavery and the infamous Fugitive Slave Law righteousness—men and women who thought it an awful sin to dance or take a walk for pleasure on Sunday, but no sin at all to buy and sell babies or to return fugitive slaves—even evangelical ministers, like Anthony Burns—to their bondage. It is the "*ngsin-n-n-n*" of such superstitious persons that Mr. Parker spoke lightly of, some of whom were praying in Park Street church, that "the Lord would empty his pews and fill theirs," or "put a hook in his jaws and take him home"—wherever that might be; and some of them boasted and rejoiced that, when he died, their prayers were answered! What was their daily confession of sin, if not shallow superstition?—afraid to dance, and thus to violate some merely ecclesiastical law, but not afraid at all to trample God's image in the dust, if only "set in ebony," in defiance of His eternal law, which Parker preached with an eloquence that few men ever equalled, and in a profoundly reverential and awakening spirit that Mr. Cook certainly does not approach in his lectures.

But though we thus criticise Mr. Cook, for professing to review Mr. Parker from a "scholarly" point of view, and yet doing no such thing, but simply selecting some of his side views and incidental expressions—his weakest points, perhaps, rather than his more distinguishing views of God, Man, Duty and Destiny—and expending his logical and theological strength in refutation of them, we nevertheless respect him as a man of much ability, learning, earnestness and power of statement, and are very glad that he has given himself so devotedly to the work of stirring up the Bostonians, and the whole country, perhaps, to thought and the study of the greatest of all subjects, the subject of religion, and of science and philosophy as related to religion. He is doing a good work, though a superficial one—superficial because he is yet only a man, and probably not nearly so great a man as his thousands of admirers think him; not so great, possibly, as he thinks himself. We doubt if he is giving full satisfaction to any thoughtful, calm, earnest seekers after truth, who are prone to "prove all things, and to hold fast [only] that which is good;" but he must be, on the whole, an intellectually and religiously healthful, as he certainly is a quickening power, in the community; and we hope his "lectureship" will be a permanent one, especially if he can broaden out into true catholicity, and do full and exact justice to the representative men of the systems he passes in review; and though his criticisms of some of Parker's views are one-sided and not such as he would be likely to make if Mr. Parker were living, we are glad to be able to do him the justice to say that his occasional eulogy of the man, especially as a brave and heroic philanthropist and reformer, were most honorable to him. Should he come to New York it would be well if Dr. Bellows would follow him in review, as I also wish that James Freeman Clarke, or some other competent man, would in Boston. He is a *live* man, and prepares the people to hear the truth, and this is certainly a great merit, for which we give him our hearty God-speed—especially as we have so many comparatively dead men all about us, both in pulpits and pews. Would that we had another Parker, with a matured wisdom, now that slavery and its supporters are gone, to grapple with other giant evils and crimes, and to lead all liberals in the way of a positive, earnest, practical, yet broad, truly catholic religion!

W. H. F.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, lectured last Monday evening in this city, at Steinway Hall. His subject was, "Clear Grit." Mr. Collyer has not been heard before in this vicinity for some time.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

In my last I believe I wrote to you about our church dissensions, and of the bitter tone which the ritualistic tendencies of some of the clergy was introducing into the fold of the Established Church. I doubted very much, however, whether any self-sacrificing spirit would be displayed by either High or Low churchmen strong enough to induce any of either party to resign the social prestige given by membership in the Establishment, in order to have the privilege of conducting worship in full accordance with conscience. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, has gone to prison, but I have not heard as yet of any secession of ritualists. Mr. Knox Little, of St. Albans, in this city, has been what is called "The Missioner" in the Manchester Cathedral; and though in the newspapers the Evangelicals threatened all manner of unspeakable things, if he should really be allowed to preach, yet I cannot hear of any resignations among the Low churchmen of our city. Indeed, the Mission has been a great success, and I believe has been of real spiritual value to many. The church has indeed been active during the last ten days. Two or three services have been held daily in every parish. Special services have been arranged for men and women separately. Clergymen from all parts of England known to have peculiarly popular gifts, have been brought down among us; one indefatigable bishop has been speaking to special meetings of cabmen, of men employed in some of our large works, to the folks engaged in the various theatres, to the medical students—in fact, to any congregation that could be collected to hear him, and he is so popular that everybody is happy to be addressed by him. Zealous ladies have visited every single house in the city, leaving tracts, and urging people to come and hear "the Missioners." The stately, cold respectability of the Episcopallians seems to have melted with unwonted fervor. The Cathedral itself has re-echoed to "Hold the Fort" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Rubrics have given way for a time to revivalist enthusiasm, although the tradition of the respectability of the church has prevented our witnessing the extremes of a Moody and Sankey excitement. A great amount of sound teaching has been given, combined with some foolish suggestions. But it is a good thing to see almost the least impassioned of our religious bodies alive to the importance of awakening men and women to the fact that the spiritual world is just as real as the material, and that the soul's life is as important as that of the body. As it is, I am sure there are more people thinking and speaking of religious matters in Manchester to-day than at any previous time, and no one will deny that this is so far to be rejoiced in. We have now to see what the result will be. I hope it may equal the hopes of the earnest people who have been working with praiseworthy zeal and devotion. I shall look at the results of our next Sunday's work in Manchester as something of a test. It will be what we call Hospital Sunday, when in nearly every church and chapel collections are made for our Medical Charities. Surely the first fruits of a revival of religion ought to be an increase of charity, and no charity has higher claims upon human sympathy than that which brings relief to our suffering brethren in the hours of sickness. Last year our Sunday collections for this purpose amounted to £5,495 11s. 10d., and our Saturday contribution raised in the workshops, warehouses, etc., to £2,250 19s. 11d. I shall be curious to see whether we shall exceed these amounts this year. I hope we may, for the hospitals all need increased funds.

We are all looking forward to very animated debates in Parliament on the Eastern Question, especially in the House of Commons. The overwhelming Conservative majority almost crushed the courage out of the Liberal members, and enabled the government to pass their measures without meeting any very determined antagonism from the gentlemen who sit upon the front opposition bench, and who irritated their Radical supporters below the gangway by their calm readiness to give way to the reactionary policy of Lord Beaconsfield. But the Eastern Question has roused the nation, and the Liberals are no longer afraid of the sound of their own voices, so that we may hope for some stirring debates, though the division lists will still give the Minksters strong majorities. There are, however, signs that the tide is setting again in a liberal direction. The elections are going against the government, and there is a more hopeful tone among those who guide the political movements of the opposition. Times, too, have been bad for a considerable period. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will have no surplus to show, if he does not have to speak of a deficit.

If he has to increase taxation while wages are going down and commercial men are losing money he will aid the return of the Liberals to power. The mismanagement of the navy is a source of constant complaint, and our people are more touchy about their naval supremacy than about any other branch of the public service. While one of the great complaints against the Liberals—that they did not uphold our prestige in foreign courts—will be turned disastrously on the Tories, now that the complete failure of the Constantinople Conference is recognized, and the advocates of a "spirited foreign policy" are unable to do more than look for apologies for their miserable fiasco. It is not possible that things will go on much longer as they are. Most likely there will be changes in the Cabinet, and discontent in consequence among those who lose office and among those who are ambitious and are not called in, and perhaps in another twelvemonth the overpowering majority of eighty will have become so disorganized that we shall have another general election and a transformation scene. Unless the Conservatives change their tactics, they will not leave a very proud record of the achievements of the Beaconsfield government. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which give no control over the Canal and pay no dividend; the assumption of the imperial title by the Queen, which has given the security of the throne a shake such as it had not known for generations at home, and has irritated the Princess of India; an education act which has embittered the feeling of the Nonconformist against the church, and has annoyed such eminently conservative bodies as the Poor-law guardians all the country over—these are the chief achievements as yet of the present administration. I hardly think that they have secured for themselves a very high place in the nation's gratitude. But I forget that they have given us half an hour's grace in the closing our public houses, and thirsty souls and publicans are proportionately grateful. I wonder whether at the next general election we shall hear the same grand cry as we did in 1874—The national Church and the national Beverage! The young Queen and the old Constitution was nothing in comparison! S. A. S.

MANCHESTER, Feb. 7, 1877.

FROM CHICAGO.

ABSOLUTELY the only thing stirring in Chicago is the baby show. Our miracle collapsed. Half a dozen more will cure the people of credulity more effectually than a thousand sermons. Dr. Ryder, heretofore counted Orthodox, has come out for common sense. There is quite a meteoric trail of "Revival Efforts" left by Moody; but it gets to be wearisome listening to the petitions for "sixteen wives and nine husbands," "twelve sons and twenty-eight daughters." There is a yearning to have the meetings opened with a list of answered prayers. If there is special virtue in this compound petition, it ought to be easily known and reported. Unfortunately, the only answers so far have been so troublesome to confirm, that it is generally agreed to suppress them in future.

Kohler, of Sinai Synagogue, will hardly get careful students to agree with a late sermon, in which he asserts that the Sermon on the Mount is a compilation from the Talmudic traditions made some two hundred years A. D. Rabbi Sonneschein, of St. Louis, more fully meets the Christian sunshine of the day, in speaking warmly of the fraternity between "Reformed Jews and Reformed Christians;" the harmony between Moses and Jesus.

The *Advance* makes a wry face because Hale and Savage do not endorse the Moody movement. Of course this was to be expected of Savage, "whose late tendencies have been noted with great grief by his old friends." But, Hale! why should he not see here the realized Harry Wadsworth, and the beginning of the end? But what if Harry should begin by consigning his author to perdition?

Talmage's last gem is in his sermon to physicians: "On the other side of the river of death some of his old patients will come out to welcome him; and the Old Physician of Heaven, with locks as white as snow, will come out and say, 'Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me.'"

Our Monday's meeting has at last settled quietly into an institution. Yesterday we were with Forbush. Herford was with us, looking a little worn, but amiably determined to defend anthropomorphic ideas of Deity.

Judge Booth dropped in last evening. He proposes soon to discuss "The Death of Jesus." The article will be as thorough and radical as his recent lecture on "The Resurrection." Chicago is indebted to him for pioneer work in radical thought, more than to

any other citizen. He is President of the Philosophical Society, and an active member of the Third Church.

A note comes in from Hosmer, our Western St. John, as good and true a man as we have in the State. The next Illinois Fraternity gathering will be at Shelbyville with Douthitt, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of April. Jones was in the other day, shaking himself, and everybody about him, with an attack of Cymri. I found him in the corner of my study, where he had the breath nearly out of my body, before I could shout lumbago. He is preparing the schedule for the May meeting of the Western Association at Toledo. Cooke has received a unanimous call at Grand Haven.

Snyder's parish paper comes in sparkling as usual. It has a capital article from Learned, in reference to Sunday-school work; and one from Dr. Eliot, fresh and earnest, as he always is and was. The difficulties in our way as liberals are no greater than those before the other churches, only we must come down to the wall building. And it is a grand sign that everywhere there are special efforts of our best men to systematize and render thorough the training and educating work of the churches. The young are cared for as the peculiar object of organization. Learned, Ames, Jones, Hosmer, and at least half a dozen more, are contributing their best efforts toward Sunday-school lessons and helps. We of the Third Church publish our own lessons each month. We shall put them into a volume at the end of the year. Here is the problem: Can churches live and grow that do not compromise with that which is either ethically or historically false?

POWELL.

LITERATURE.

HANNAH STEVENSON'S SKETCH OF THEODORE PARKER.

"THAT gem of his, 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people, (the idea condensed gradually into that form), sparkled in his earlier and later speeches, and sank into the comprehension of his hearers through much reiteration." There was a woman friend who lived in Theodore Parker's home, and with whom he used to talk over the idea and shape it and re-shape it, until, between them, it crystallized into that form. And in many other ideas besides the one that grew so famous when lifted into Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, this woman had a shaping part. It is she who has written the little sketch of Mr. Parker's life that is prefixed to the new edition of his "Discourse of Religion." Her point is not to show the preacher, the reformer, the interpreter of Transcendentalism, the philanthropist before the public, but the *man* back of the preacher and the platform-worker—the man living out his religion in his study and his parlor, at the dinner-table, with his callers and his correspondents and his friends. The church thought him iconoclast; "good society" thought him a disturber of the public peace; Unitarians thought him a robber in their sheep-fold, "climbing up some other way." What was he in his home?

Miss Stevenson tells us. In some fifty pages only—just a quick outline drawn from a most loving memory. And to one who has read the last of the two "Lives" of Parker already published, there is little new in what she tells. The reason is that the writer of that Life was more than welcome to fill his buckets at her well. For instance, the vivid picture of the callers who used to invade the study and devour the student's time, seems familiar. She has simply used parts of her own manuscript then placed so gladly at Mr. Frothingham's disposal. But throughout her little story the face and voice of Theodore Parker seem strangely near from the feeling the reader gets that the writer was a part of almost every incident alluded to. She has met those very visitors on the stair-case and tried to head them off; those letters from the German scholars, from that colonel just going into battle, that misspelt scrawl from the unlettered seeker after God, were handed across the table for her to read; she

used to see his hand fondle that old Latin dictionary bought with the huckle-berry money, first-born and best-beloved of all the mighty library; used to watch the blue eyes fill with tears at "almost any mention of a mother's love," and greet the early violets he brought back from each spring-time pilgrimage to his own mother's grave; she sat down one of the listeners in the library to hear him read Daniel Webster's Seventh of March speech in the morning paper, and saw him lift the great bust from its place of honor, and, with groans and tears, put it outside the library door as something dead, to be mournfully hid away forever. We wish the sketch were twice as long. As it is, before all other sketches that we remember, it is the one to place in the hands of the person who asks you "What sort of a man, any way, was this infidel they talk about?" and will not stay for a long answer to the question. Were it of twice the length, it would be long enough to hold an outline of his thought as a reformer in religion, and of his anti-slavery work; and that would make it nearly the picture that is wanted for general circulation. If this same sketch were to be republished in connection with the long letter written by the sick man himself to his friends from Santa Cruz, and called "Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister," the two so joined would serve the purpose well.

What could better word Parker's spirit, Parker's aim as a preacher, and Parker's trust in God than these three extracts from his letters? This is the spirit of his consecration before going forth to preach: "I deem it writ down in my duty to preach the gospel, come of it what will. * * * I know that one who keeps God's 'law of the Spirit of Life,' and puts forth his might manfully in obedience thereto, be his might never so little, has for his friend and ally and co-worker the entire almightiness and perfect virtue of God, as much as he who obeys the laws of matter brings the whole weight of the earth to bear upon his wheel or lever. Therefore I shall go on. Consequences I have nothing to do with, they belong to God. He will take care of all consequences. To me belongs only duty. Come what will come, I shall do it."

Thus, later, he described his aim: "To separate theology from religion, then to apply good sense to theology, to separate mythology from that, and so get a theology resting on facts of necessity, facts of consciousness, facts of observation, facts of demonstration."

And with these words at the end the workman drops his tools: "True, it is not pleasant to leave the plough broken in the furrow just begun, while the seed corn smiles in the open sack, and the whole field promises such liberal return." "If I do not recover, I shall pass off joyfully, with an entire trust in that Infinite Love which cares more for me than I care for myself."

As printed now, Miss Stevenson's sketch serves as preface to the book wherein the young preacher first tried to plot out his system of divinity. He had been preaching less than six years, when the book appeared, was not quite thirty-two years old. Not many country parsons at thirty-two could put such method into their fire, or such fire into their method. As New England had only begun to study its German then, to New England ears the doctrine sounded new. The learned foot-notes themselves tried to indicate the opposite. But heretical—that was sure! It was a commentary at large upon Emerson's famous Divinity School Address. It was Acts and Epistles to that Gospel—the same emphases both negative and positive, but enlarged, explained, developed into a philosophy of religion and a criticism of prevailing philosophies. Hardly more than main points and

leading lines are touched, however. For here are five or six books in one, a treatise on the religious element in human nature; another on the historical development of that element through Fetichism, Polytheism, Pantheism, Monotheism; one on Theology proper and Inspiration; another on Christ; another on the Bible; another on the Christian Church in its several great parties; and in each the contrast between the two schemes, religion supernatural, based on "revelation," and religion natural or absolute, based on "intuition," is drawn firmly along what are still the main points and leading lines. What more could be expected in such space? It is a manual, a compendium, not thorough work; a strong book written with a fore-feeling of evolution and the comparative method, but before that idea and that method had taken full possession of the field. Of course, in many respects it is not the last word uttered. But it has in it helping-power for many persons yet,—the help which the bold image-breaker gives and the far greater help which constructive hands and a face aglow with faith and a voice ringing with its inspiration can give to those who timidly are groping out of smaller into larger thought.

In a certain special sense also, it is still a book of note. In both England and America it has been made a kind of Rubicon by Unitarians. To publish Parker's "Discourse," or to sell it, has marked the line where Unitarianism ended and another kingdom began, a kingdom of Theism, or something worse, on which Unitarians as an official body did not care to enter. In England they have lately gotten enough faith in themselves to cross the stream. In New England the Rubicon still ripples at their feet. No wonder, perhaps, with hearts still here on which the old strife that took place on its banks a generation since has left its scars. It was too much to expect that the Boston Unitarian Association would care to publish the book. But now that it is republished by others, the Association owes it to itself to openly take back its long denial, let the personal animosity a generation old go by, and consent that Mr. Parker's book should lie upon its counters amid the little group which friends have learnt to look there for. Is it not yet time for an act of peace and recognition? That the book has blemishes and violences few friends will deny. That it would be as truly representative of what has moulded Unitarian thought and feeling to the form they have to-day, as any book that lies or can lie on those counters—save only Dr. Channing's works—can as little be denied.

It may not be generally known that besides this "Discourse of Religion," now republished by the Putnams of New York (182 Fifth avenue), eight or nine other volumes of Parker's writings are still for sale. James Campbell, (18 Tremont street, Boston), can furnish the "Prayers" and the volume of selections from unpublished sermons, called "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Mind," perhaps the most interesting of all his works. And Horace B. Fuller, 340 Washington street, Boston, has the volume "Theism, Atheism and the Popular Theology," five volumes of "Speeches," one of "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings," and the one called "Historic Americans." The "Ten Sermons" was never stereotyped and is out of print. W. C. G.

ART NOTES.

ART is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but has laws of its own.—GOETHE.

THERE is a beautiful painting at Knoedler's by Palmaroli, representing a girl looking over a portfolio of pictures. It belongs to the school of color, and, at the same time, to that

of common sense, which is not true of a Boldini, in the same room. Visitors will also note a beautiful female figure by Piot and a fine moonlight scene by O. Achenbach.

ONE of F. A. Bridgman's best works—perhaps his best—has been on exhibition for a few days at Shak's gallery in Brooklyn. The subject is, "Prayer in the Mosque." Grouping, drawing and the color are all excellent.

MANY amateurs, moved by the published studies of Allonge, are trying charcoal drawing, and—are failing. Charcoal is a medium only for broad effects and sketches, and sketching is at the end, not at the beginning, of lessons in drawing.

IN the Black and White room at the Academy there is a drawing by F. A. Kaulbach in India ink, which shows how much a trained artist can tell with a few strokes. The "Consuelo," by Eastman Johnson, on the other hand, proves that finish in detail and gradation does not prevent harmony and breadth.

A COROT by any other name would not sell for so much, unless it were better than the one sold at Kurtz's the other evening.

THE exhibition of the Ladies' Art Association is now open at Leavitt's Art Gallery, 817 Broadway.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THREE CENTURIES OF UNITARIANISM IN TRANSYLVANIA AND HUNGARY.

A Lecture delivered at Philadelphia, June 6, 1876, by John Fretwell, Jr.

IN studying that magnificent show of the results of the Industry of all Nations, now collected amid the sylvan beauties of your magnificent Fairmount Park, too soon, alas! to be dispersed, and comparing this with my recollections of four months spent in 1873, at a similar international gathering on the banks of the Danube, one characteristic difference is always present to my mind. That was the festival of memory, this of hope. There I went down the old historic Danube, whose every height was crowned with castle or church, or monastery, petrified records of the distant past; every islet in the stream was brightened by the halo of some sweet story of human love, or saddened by the records of human crime and error. How different here! The records of the past that we see here are not the monuments of our forefathers; but like the block of white pine in your Canadian Exhibit, reminders of what God has done for you, His favored people, in the slow, silent and persistent working of His natural laws; everything speaks to me of hope and encouragement.

And as in the material world, so it is in the spiritual. Long before I came to America I read the address of your Council to the Churches, full of the hope that our Unitarianism would really be the *Restitutio Christianismi* of America, the purest inspiration of your western march of empire. But this very hope has its reverse side. It tempts us too readily to discount the future, and forget the lessons of the past, and, wherever I go among preachers or people, I find as a chief weakness, the neglect of that history which records for us past institutions and past experiences. So this evening, while your western men talk to you of future hopes, I would lead your thoughts back to the lands of memory, to Hungary and Transylvania, which, long shut out from intercourse with the western world, are now, partly inspired by your call starting forward on a new career. For these older coun-

tries are indeed taking a new departure, roused by the trumpet call of freedom from Philadelphia, in 1776, and, as you have made a western road to Asia, they are advancing eastward to meet you. The iron road is being laid along the track of the old Crusaders, through the passes of the Carpathians, and across Turkey and the Dardanelles, to the Holy Land. The palace of Zenobia, at Palmyra, the ruined cities of Bashan, and the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec, will furnish lordly stations for the railroad. And the track once travelled by Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, is now being explored by English engineers to discover the best eastern route to India. So, to-night, let me take back your thoughts to the distant past, and sketch the history of one of the first countries on this eastern route.

On the extreme verge of western civilization, a bulwark against northern barbarism and Turkish hate, stands Transylvania, a natural fortress in the Carpathian Mountains, a country which has played no small part in ancient history. In olden times it was inhabited by the Dacians, who in their forays penetrated plundering into Greece, and even now the peasant at times turns up with his ploughshare coins bearing the impress of Alexander the Great. Then the eagles of Rome, the mistress of the world, crossed the Ister, and the legions of Trajan, led by Octavianus, marched up the Valley of the Hatzeg, winning foot by foot the land from its Dacian inhabitants, until, at last, their king, Decebalus, was finally conquered at Patavissa, the modern Klausenburg. During the one hundred and fifty years of Roman sway, the language too received a Roman stamp; mines were explored, roads made, towns and temples erected, and everywhere monuments, inscriptions, weapons, gems and household implements, bear record to the permanent results of the Roman occupation. The Quartz hills of Abrudbanya were the El Dorado of the Romans. Men went there in those early days as they now go to California and Colorado, and there is no more striking monument in the world to the power of the Romans, to what may be achieved by the uninterrupted, persevering toil of thousands of men working on and on unrelentingly for a century than the rocks of the Csetatye Mare. Millions of tons of stone have been taken to obtain the gold which is sometimes found pure in leaves, sometimes like a tuft of yellow hair, fine as the down of a thistle. In the passages and caverns the traces of fire are still evident. As the stone is hard as iron, the labor of those days was immense. Powder not having been invented, large fires were made against the rock till it became brittle and could be more easily worked with the pick. As I stood last year in one of these long deserted workings, I heard the sound of hammers above, and presently two men emerged from a gallery; they were seeking for gold where, 1,700 years before, the Roman soldier had been engaged in the same occupation.

But at last, threatened by neighboring barbarians, the conquerors of the world withdrew, and then came that great migration of nations which was cotemporary with the breaking up of the Roman Empire. In the year 270 the Goths made themselves masters of Dacia; a hundred years later they were driven westward by the Huns, who, once dwelling (600 B. C.) on the confines of China, had gradually crossed the steppes of Asia, the lowlands of Bessarabia, till at last like a swarm of locusts they ravaged all Europe. In 434, under Attila, the King Etzel of the Niebelungenlied, the "Scourge of God" of the Romans, their power reached its zenith, and on the Campus Catalaunicus, the battle-field of Chalons, they met the combined forces of the Romans and Ostragoths under Ætius and Theodoric, and then came that terrible combat, the Hunnenschlacht, which Kaulbach has painted. Six hun-

dred thousand warriors are said to have been slain in this combat, which decided the fate of Europe. The Huns rushed back in mad flight to their Asiatic cradle-lands; but two small parties got separated from the main army, and lost their way. One of these strayed northward, and settled along the shores of the Baltic, and from them the Fins of to-day are descended. The other, going from the Hungarian plains up the valley of the Maros, settled in that part of Transylvania which is now called Szekelyfold (the Szekler land), and from them are descended those Szeklers, among whom are to be found the sixty thousand Unitarian churches of to-day.

After the Huns came the Lombards, and then the Avars, who also extended their forays into France, but (A. D. 803) were driven back by Charlemagne. About this time some weak attempts were made by monks from Britain and from Italy, to introduce Christianity, but ignorant of the language, relying more upon ceremonies than upon schools and regular teaching, they did not make much progress. And these few traces were quickly wiped out by a new irruption of Turanians. These were the Magyars, who originally settled on both sides of the Ural Mountains, between the Volga and the Irtisch, and had no home but the ever changing bivouac fires of their tribe, no order but that of their clan, no protection but their sword and the fleetness of their horses. Urged by the Greek emperor, they conquered the Bulgarians in Macedonia, and then marched into Hungary. There they found out the Szeklers and other records of their ancestors, the Huns, and increased in power, until under Arpad, they made themselves the terror of the surrounding nations. The "God of the Magyars" in those times was Mars, the god of battles, and under their Duke Zoltan, between the years 907-947, we find them plundering in Bavaria and Saxony, Switzerland and Alsace. But Henry the Fowler drove them back, at Merseberg, leaving 34,000 of their warriors dead on the battle-field. Then the Emperor Otto vanquished them on the Lechfeld, hung their leaders, and after the baptism of blood persuaded them to turn from the worship of Mars and Rasdi to that of the living God. In the year 972, Bishop Bruno came to Hungary, and soon after Duke Geyza was baptized. With the introduction of Christianity ceased the migration of nations. Geyza married a Christian princess, and when their son Stephen married the daughter of the German Emperor, he set to work to convert his people in all earnest.

When this princess came into the country, she brought in her train a large number of her countrymen. Some were knights from Bohemia and Bavaria, from Suabia, Franconia and Saxony. Others were tradesmen and mechanics, who settled down quietly in the whole country, managed the forests, and worked the mines. I suppose some of my hearers have read Robert Browning's legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, telling how the city of Hamelin in Brunswick was so infested with rats that the people were eaten out of house and granary. There came one day a piper to their town, and offered to deliver them from the rats, if the Burgo-master would give him a thousand florins. The bargain was made; the piper played upon his pipe, and enticed the rats out of every hole and corner, out of granary, garret and sewer, till in long rows they followed him to the river and were drowned. And when the last rat was exterminated the piper demanded his reward. But the mayor, now that he was free from the rats, refused to fulfil his part of the agreement. So the piper, said by the legend to have been the Prince of Darkness, who, like many other princes, occasionally travelled *incognito*, again took up his pipe and played upon it, and there followed him this time, not the vermin, but the little children. Playing in the streets, they stopped and

listened ; the very babies toddled out of their cradles, and the young men and maidens were so fascinated by the music of his pipe, that one and all turned aside from their play, and their cradle and their love-making, and followed the piper, who led them, not to the river, but to a cave in Mount Koppenberg, whose portals opened wide to receive them, but when the last child had entered, closed forever upon these people, who had so foolishly tried to cheat the devil of his due. The legend goes on to say :

"That in Transylvania there's a tribe,
Of alien people, who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison,
Into which they were trepanned,
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town, in Brunswick land,
But how, or why, they don't understand."

When I visited Transylvania last year, thinking of Robert Browning's lines, I sought for their origin, and after long search found it in an old Latin chronicle in the library of the Calvinist College at Szekely Udvahely.

Probably the fact that among the first German settlers were the miners of Thoroczko, whose underground labor associated them with subterraneous passages in the mountains, may have suggested this feature of the legend. These miners, almost exclusively Unitarians, and speaking the Magyar tongue, are descended from German miners of the Hartz ; and if you want to see in real life how the Germans of Lower Saxony lived seven hundred years ago, you may see it this day in the German towns of Transylvania. In the 11th and 12th centuries the freeholders of Germany were gradually becoming serfs, under the heavy yoke of the church and the nobles, but they could not forget their old freedom and strove to rid themselves of their fetters. In 1135, the sea flooded a great part of Flanders, Brabant and Zealand ; and the population, thus deprived of all shelter and property, being renowned for their courage and industry, received invitations on all sides to settle in other countries. Some settled in the flat country formerly possessed by the Obotrites in Lower Saxony and in Thuringia ; others came to England to defend our frontiers against Scotch and Welsh ; others again went to Hungary to defend its borders against the Cumanes and the Petschenegi. Then, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, came the Crusaders. While some went by sea, others travelled through Transylvania and the passes of the Carpathians, on their way to the Holy Land. Many loitered on their way, or returning, spread a report that Hungary was a land of wonders, where German settlers were freemen and no longer bound beneath the iron rule of their knights and bishops. It was a land of promise for thousands, and the name of Hungary had for these impoverished and oppressed dwellers in Western Europe, the magic which that of America now possesses. Down to the present hour the song of these emigrants of the twelfth century, may be heard in the hay fields of Brabant as the peasants sing :

"Haer bostland willen wy reiden,
Haer bostland willen wy mee :
Al over die groene heiden,
Frisch over die heiden,
Daer ist een beetere stee."

"To the Eastland we will ride,
To the Eastland will we go :
All over the green heaths,
Fresh over the heaths,
There is a better home."

Even in these days, when the Englishman listens to the harvester songs in the Zype, at the southern foot of the Car-

pathian Hills, or in the land under the Forest, one of the Saxon Districts of Transylvania, he seems to hear the language of old Anglo-Saxon documents, and the student from the Moselle (Germany) and the Aluta (Transylvania) when they meet at the German Universities, find that the popular dialects of their distant countries have a wonderful similarity.

The settlers found a complete wilderness ; as far as the eye could reach the land was covered by an impenetrable forest, and nowhere a trace of human work, except here and there a mound raised over some hero of old, or the ruins of old fortresses on some steep mountain side. But the sinewy arms of the pioneers soon changed the desert into a fruitful land ; swamps were drained, woods cleared, the rapid devastating torrents made to irrigate the fields which they had formerly inundated, and to turn the mills. On the sun-kissed Southern slopes of the Carpathian, the vine-stocks brought from German homes on the Rhine were planted, and from the bowels of the mountains were extracted rich stores of ore and salt. Soon villages and fortified towns arose and the flood of German immigration set more and more toward the East. They called the land Siebenburgen, from the seven fortified cities which they founded. The wonderful prosperity of these colonies has the same foundations as that of the Anglo-Saxon colonies in America, not only the courage and industry of the immigrants, but also their love of order, and even in the twelfth century, three hundred years before Luther's time, they were half Protestants. Just as the English when they came to Massachusetts introduced Constitutional freedom and common law, so the Flandrenses, Saxones and Teutonici took with them to the East their municipal statutes, especially those of Nuremberg and Magdeburg, and paid tithes only to their own elected ministers. They gave none either to Bishop or Pope ; thus in the midst of Catholicism, reviving the primitive Christian principle of Congregational government. Their ministers were wealthy enough to send their children to the German universities, and education among the colonists was soon in advance of that in the mother-country.

In 1211 King Andrew II. invited the Teutonic knights into the Burzenland, a fertile plain north of Kronstadt. This order drew colonists from Thuringia, where its grand master, Herrman von Salzer, was born, and extended their possessions to the Danube and the Dniester, trying at the same time to make themselves independent of the Hungarian crown and to turn all the peasants into serfs, as their companions had succeeded in doing in Germany. But neither king nor subject would suffer such oppression in Transylvania, and so in 1226 the knights were obliged to leave the country, leaving traces of their occupation in the names of some of the cities. So, for instance, Szekely Kerest Ur, where the Unitarian college is now situated, is the place of the Knights of Christ in the Szeklerland. In 1222, only seven years after King John of England had been forced by the barons at Runnymede to grant the Magna Charta to the people of England, King Andrew gave the Transylvanians their "Aurea Bulla," or Golden Bull, the charter of their rights, almost as liberal as that of Great Britain.

Not only did the Germans clothe the hillslopes with wine and the valleys with corn, but they also introduced many branches of manufacturing industry, and their wares were in demand in Constantinople, on the one side, in Buda and Pesth, on the other. The rich productions of India and the Levant were brought to them in exchange and so caravans passed up from the Danube lands through the passes of the Carpathians and through the valleys of the westward flowing

Maros and Koros, bearing Oriental products to northern markets, and bringing so much wealth into the country that their chief city, Klausenburg was known in Magyar song and story as Kincses Koloszar—the wealthy Klausenburg. Yet King Andrew's reign was one unbroken chain of misery, distress and difficulty for him and his people, and soon after his death, on the 12th of March, 1241, the wild hordes of the Mongols to the number of half a million broke into Hungary. When they forsook it they left it like one great graveyard. To the end of the century, when the last king of the line of Arpad, Robert III., was poisoned by his Italian servant, the land was subject to frequent incursions from these terrible marauders. The Germans did what they could to protect themselves. The whole Saxonland is full of strongholds erected by these industrious peasants and mechanics, not as elsewhere, for the haunt of robber-knights, but to protect the fruits of their own industry. Where they could not fortify their whole towns, the church at least was protected by a strong wall. These fortress-churches and peasants' castles form the characteristic feature of the country. Hither, when the Mongolian hordes brought fire and sword into the country, the inhabitants brought their treasures, their wives and their children for protection and defence against the enemy.

(To be Concluded.)

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

MOTTOES OF THE LONDON GUILDS.

[M. D. Conway, in Cincinnati Commercial.]

OF the livery companies in the city of London, twenty-one have no motto at all, and nineteen either "Trust in God" or "Hope in God." Some of the mottoes of the rest are as follows: The armorers have "Make all sure;" advice not always followed at Woolwich, for the glorious 80-ton gun has a serious crack in it. The butchers' motto is "Omnia subjecti sub pedibus—oves et boves." This is meant for "Thou hast put all things under his feet—all sheep and oxen," but may also remind us that some of the meat recently foisted on the London market had better be under our feet than in our stomachs. The clock-makers have "Tempus rerum imperator," "Time, the governor of all things." The distillers, "Drop as rain, distil as dew," mountain dew being the variety meant. The founders, "God, the only Founder." The fruiterers, "Arbor vitæ Christus; fructus per fidem gustamus," "Christ is the Tree of Life; we eat the fruit by faith." The glaziers, "Da nobis lucem, Domine,"—a prayer which has been very natural any time since the beginning of November, "Give us light, O Lord." The haberdashers, "Serve and obey." The smiths, "By hammer and hand, all arts do stand." The saddlers, "Hold fast, sit sure." The salters, "Sal sapit omnia," "Salt seasons all things." The tallow chandlers, "Quæ arguantur a lumine manifestantur;" "All things which are discovered are made manifest by the light." The weavers, "Weave truth with trust." The wire-drawers, "Amicitiam trahit amor;" "Love draws friendship." The heraldic devices of the livery companies are somewhat less of the platitude class, for they are inherited from barbaric ages, when symbolism was real; but they are interminably repeated in various combinations:—boars and dragons, dragons and boars; lions and unicorns, unicorns and lions.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

[Anna C. Brackett.]

To learn how to utilize opposition is the key to success; nay, it is success. We do it in mechanics over and over again. We drop the keystone into our arch, and thereby force even the power of gravitation, which threatened to pull it down, to sustain it. By ingenious contrivances we force the same power of gravitation, in the current of a river, to drag, vertically, upward tons of heavy merchandise. But we are not so ready to make use of opposing forces in mental processes, or in our daily life and work. When some one opposes us, we set ourselves against him, forgetting that we are thereby only shutting ourselves in by an additional barrier. For every opponent is a limitation, and the man who continually makes enemies finds himself in isolation through his process of exclusion.

He puts the world outside of him, and then complains that he is alone.

UNCLE REMUS'S REVIVAL HYMN.

[The Atlanta Constitution.]

Oh! Whar shall we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' uv de trumpits an' de bangin' uv de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be cotched out late,
An' fine no latch to de goldin' gate?
No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer!
The sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns uv de earf is a stannin' all aroun',
Who's a-gwine ter be choosen fer ter war de glory crown?
Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol'
An' answer to dere name at the callin' uv de roll?
You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose an' a bummin'—
De wheels uv distrustshun is a-hummin'—
Oh, come along, sinner, ef you comin'.

De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de Paradise win' blow fur an' blow strong;
An' Aberham's buzzum is saf an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!
No use to be stoppin' an' a-lookin',
Ef you fool wid Satan you'll git took in;
You'll hang on de edge an' git shook in,
Ef you keep on a-stoppin' an' a-lookin'.

De time is right now an' dis here's de place—
Let de salvashun sun shine squar' in yo' face.
Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight soon and fight late,
An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin' gate,
No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer—
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.

A SCENE IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

[Rev. M. J. Savage, in the Boston Commonwealth.]

THERE was one other thing at Tremont Temple the other day that I cannot pass by; a thing astounding; a thing that I would not have dared to believe could have occurred in the city of Boston in this nineteenth century. If I must believe in the everlasting torture and suffering of millions of human beings, then I will believe it with my head bowed down, and with eyes streaming with tears. I will take it under the pressure of such an argument as does not admit of a question; I will take it because I cannot see any escape; but I will not exult in it. What was it that occurred in the Temple, in the course of this lecture of which I have been speaking? When Mr. Cook reached the peroration and climax of his linked logic, that, if it was true, bound, without any possibility of escape, millions and millions of souls in the slavery of Satan, in chains and torture for unending ages—when he had reached that climax, what was the effect upon the audience? Here were the assembled ministers of Boston, tender-hearted as we know them to be, so that they would weep over an accident to a little boy; the assembled ministers of the suburbs; the assembled learning of the churches of Boston. What did they do? When, I say, Mr. Cook, by his logic, from his standpoint, had cut off all possibility of escape from endless perdition, then the whole audience broke out in applause! I know only one thing in history or literature that approaches it. I took up my copy of "Paradise Lost," yesterday, and turned to the tenth book, and there I read how Satan returned from his successful expedition to Eden, where he had secured the fall of man, and built a highway for Sin and Death to come and devastate the earth—the fair, last work of the eternal God. He came back from this successful adventure, and gathered his followers in the great hall of Pandemonium, and there recounted his strategy and its success.

At the close he stood waiting the "high applause" of his assembled followers, and they began to applaud; but the judgment that sits on high, according to the imagination of the poet, could not brook such blasphemy, and the plaudits springing from their throats, by the judgment of the just Almighty, were turned into

"A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn!"

But the orthodoxy of Boston succeeds where Pandemonium failed!

REV. F. W. HOLLAND, recently of Newburgh, N. Y., should be addressed at Cambridge, Mass., he having declined the unanimous call to the pulpit of Unity Chapel, Harlem.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

Oh, God, I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient. —*Tennyson's Harold.*

WHAT is the world but an abstract impossibility? Yet, said Galileo, it moves, though nobody can explain the first push; and the creatures theology calls worms soar and sing as imps and embryos of seraphs.—*DR. BARTOL.*

MAN is himself only when the conscious will and purpose of his life is in harmony with what his reason demands. The unity of will and reason makes the perfect man.—*JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.*

THE truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him; but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LIBERALS WHO STAYED TO "COMMUNION"
AT TRINITY CHURCH.

To O. B. Frothingham:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I find in the last number of *THE INQUIRER* an article of yours containing the following paragraph:

"The dignitaries who recently, at the consecration of the new Trinity church edifice in Boston, invited the liberal clergy to partake of the sacrament, did what was for them a generous thing: they were liberal and magnanimous; they forgot for the moment their ecclesiasticism, the stringency of their dogma, the exclusiveness of their institution, the anathema of their creed. They believed for the moment that there was more truth than was contained in the letter of their articles, more sanctity than was represented by the priestly vestments. Their eye had caught the vision of a broad church, whose enclosing walls embraced believers of every name. But what shall we think of the 'liberals' who accepted the invitation? Were they looking forward? Were their faces bathed in light? Were they straining the line of their traditions? Were they extending the circuit of their sheep-fold? Two men may stand upon the same square yard of ground, side by side, but if they are moving in opposite directions, their momentary propinquity tells for nothing. The Romanist who is marching out is more liberal than the Rationalist who is marching in."

As I was one of the "liberals" who accepted the personal invitation of Phillips Brooks to stay to the Communion, I will venture to ask the following question: Would it, in your opinion, have been more in accordance with Liberal Christianity when invited to an act of Christian communion to have refused?

You may believe this symbol of bread and wine a superstition. If so, you would have done right to refuse; but to me one advantage of this symbol is that it embodies its meaning, not in words, but in the natural language of mankind, and so takes us away from the region of creeds. Bread and wine belong to the creed of nature, not to the formulas of man. They stand among all races as the natural signs of strength and joy. Every one can put into this act of communion his own interpretation, and make it stand for Christ's life and death in any way that he believes most true.

I do not then consider that the brethren who, with myself, gladly stood for a moment in communion with Phillips Brooks and his friends on this occasion sacrificed any principle in so doing. My face was toward the light, for it saw in this act of my friend a faint gleam of the rosy dawn of universal brotherhood which is to come. I was looking forward to a better day, of which this was one prophecy. The circuit of my own fold was enlarged in that moment, for I felt inwardly at one with all Liberal Christians outside of so-called Liberal Christianity. Phillips Brooks and I were moving in the same direction, for we were both moving toward a ground of higher union—the union of spirit, in which all differences of the letter disappear.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Boston, Feb. 24, 1877.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE'S CRITICISM OF MR. MOODY'S
THEOLOGY.

It was my good fortune to spend last Sunday in Boston as a "hearer of the word," and not, for that day, a preacher of it. Never having heard Bro. Savage, readily decided to attend the

morning services at Unity Church, more especially as he was advertised to speak on "Mr. Moody's Man; or, his Doctrine of Human Nature," his subject the previous Sunday being "Mr. Moody's God."

When I arrived at the church I found the large auditorium completely filled with a very intelligent-looking congregation, while many were obliged to stand during the services, unable to find seats. I should judge that at least 1,000 people must have been present on this occasion. After the usual preliminary services, which were simple, devout and impressive, the desk was moved back a few feet and Mr. Savage came to the front of the platform and delivered an able and logical discourse on the topic he had chosen, and without the aid of either manuscript or "notes." I was told by one of his parishioners that he preaches extemporaneously about one half the time.

He impressed me last Sunday as being a "man in earnest," who thoroughly believes in the doctrine he preaches, and is not afraid to attack popular errors, and to give a reason for the faith that is in him. He disclaimed, at the outset of his discourse, any desire to belittle Mr. Moody's work—it was his pernicious theology that he combated, as he had a perfect right to do, and not Mr. Moody himself that he opposed. He believed the evangelists to be earnest, sincere men, but he did not believe that a revival of the old theology was either necessary or to be encouraged. He therefore proceeded to deal some very telling blows at the whole Orthodox doctrine as preached by Mr. Moody, including the "fall," the "atonement," "substituted righteousness," "election," "endless hell," etc.

He said if he believed as some Unitarian ministers seem to concerning Moody he would not occupy his pulpit another Sunday; for if Mr. Moody is right in his doctrines, the Unitarian church has no right to exist—they were a crime and stood in the way of the world's salvation. He took the strong ground that man, instead of being born totally depraved, was by nature and instinct a religious being, always groping after and seeking to find God; that man has never been lost, and that what we call evil is no distinct entity, but the misuse of some passion or appetite in itself good. He said that if the doctrine of endless punishment be true, then instead of our asking pardon and seeking salvation, God ought to ask pardon of us.

I do not attempt to give any extended report of his manly and logical discourse, but only reproduce a few sentences to show the drift and character of his arguments.

The entire sermon was taken down phonographically by Mr. Yerrington for the *Commonwealth* and appeared in Saturday's issue of week before last. I could not help thinking, as I sat listening to Mr. Savage last Sunday morning, what a grand opportunity was presented to the Unitarian ministers of Boston, and in fact of all New England, during the present popular awakening to religious subjects, caused by the Moody and Sankey meetings, of calling the attention of thinking men and women to those practical and common sense views of religion which they as a body entertain. Timidity at this time on their part, a hesitancy to meet the questions of the hour manfully and squarely, a half-and-half endorsement of Mr. Moody's plan of "converting sinners," will prove disastrous to their prosperity as a church, and to the cause of pure and undefiled religion. Of course Unitarians are glad to recognize all the good he may do incidentally (or any one else), but they cannot honorably and consistently endorse a movement, the chief object of which is to frighten men and women into the belief that God is naturally their enemy, and will torture them through eternal ages unless they profess to pass through a hocus pocus of religious excitement and declare themselves converted.

It is perhaps fortunate that the Unitarian and Universalist ministers of Boston have not been specially invited by Mr. Moody to take active part in his Tabernacle meetings, for there are indications that some would have unwisely accepted such an invitation, and so compromised themselves and the cause they represent.

Mr. Savage has taken a manly stand and occupies no equivocal position. He in getting the ear of the public, for the people like to see the pulpit brave, and especially at a time when it requires courage to stem the popular current and oppose the popular prejudice. I heard Bro. S. called our "Elijah" last Monday at our Ministerial Union. Whether that title fitly designates him or not I do not know. I am sure he deserves appreciation, and his own people enthusiastically accord it to him. May all ministers be as true to their opportunities and principles and the world will be the better for it!

FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

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THE POPULAR RELIGIOUS TEACHING AND METHODS.

A BRIEF CHAPTER OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, BY A FRIENDLY OBSERVER.

It is said that devotional meetings are the foundation of the church, the stepping-stones to the spiritual life. Let us take a peep into some of them.

A Methodist gentleman once said to me, "Class-meetings are the true secret of our power; but since the attendance upon these meetings is no longer considered a test of membership, there is a very material change in them."

I am inclined to think there is, at least, more honesty.

Said a lady, "I think I love God and 'His people,' but I am in perfect agony in a prayer at class-meeting, till my testimony is given and done with."

Such suffering may be pleasing to men, but is it to God?

There are men and women to whom is given the gift to edify, and there are women and men, also, too sensitive to discuss many themes even in the immediate circle of friends, particularly religion, which has, alas! been an exclusive subject, kept wrapped up like a fruit cake, and dealt out sparingly on certain occasions.

A company of young ladies, in one of our seminaries, remarked that they would like to attend prayer-meetings if they were not expected to say anything, or better, if they knew what to say. A friend in the senior class, desirous that they should do so, wrote their bits of testimony (tell it not in Gath), varied to suit the different natures, (it is to be hoped that her powers of discernment were very great), and they committed them to memory!

I asked a friend once who appealed to me, why she did not dare to be singular, and be silent. She replied that they would have no faith in her piety, and even then she must needs confess herself to be "the chiefest of sinners," which she could not believe.

When Mr. Earle, the revivalist, was here he repeatedly told us that, although his daily life was given for the saving of souls, although he knew no will but God's, yet he knew he only merited perdition.

Did that man believe it? Would he have stood there with serene face, if some one else had stepped up and told him the same thing?

A little miss, returning from a prayer-meeting one day, going to her mother she exclaimed: "When I go to meeting I always tell how bad I have been." "Do you always think you've been bad?" asked the mother. "No; but then I always say so, and there's Mamie Jones, who says she 'has perfect peace with God,' and I know she has told two lies this very week." Can any one blame the children?

In one of our prominent Methodist churches the prayer-meeting convened with the new pastor. After each had spoken his word, told how bad he had been, how many crooked paths he had made, how sad he was because when he fain would do good evil was present with him, etc., the minister arose and said: "Well, if you are all as bad and low-spirited as you say you are, I have indeed come to a hard place."

Is the church, then, so formidable? Is she only a huge maelstrom into which so many are drawn, and cannot or dare not try to get out?

Not long ago I asked a neighbor if she would like to attend a Unitarian prayer-meeting in the evening. "Why, I didn't know that Unitarians had such meetings," she replied. "Did you suppose they could not praise God, if they did not believe in eternal punishment?" I asked. She laughed, and frankly said she didn't know what they had prayer-meetings for, and said she would go if I would allow her to go purely out of curiosity. This was all I expected, and we went together.

Mr. Collyer came right down to the heart of things, as he always does when we sit face to face in these meetings; gave us the history of the sweet, cultured Sarah Flower Adams, till we all felt that we had taken her to our arms. My friend made no sign, but when we came away she said, "I didn't know I had any feeling before. I attend devotional meetings habitually, but this is the first service that has touched my heart for years. How can I ever go back to those gloomy meetings, where I thought I was happy? I shall surely come again, and bring my children."

I believe a sweeter spirit is pervading some of these meetings in the churches, but is it proselyting, if, when we know of the greener pastures, we lead a child therein?

N. H. B.

CHICAGO, February 23d.

JOTTINGS.

REV. JOHN R. EFFINGER leaves St. Paul, Minn., this week. Parishes desiring his services should address him at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

SALEM.—The Rev. Fielder Israel will be installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church on Thursday of next week, at 3:15 P. M. About fifty churches will be represented, dating from 1629 to 1413, a majority of them founded in the seventeenth century.

THE Essex Conference of Liberal Christian churches will hold a meeting in this city, at the Barton Square Church, on Wednesday, March 14. Dr. Bellows, of New York, will preach the sermon.

THE seventieth birthday of the poet Longfellow passed without any special public observance, but not the less will all those who love him rejoice that he is still in the land of the living and that he can yet receive the thankful tributes of the countless numbers who have been so helped and cheered by his song. Old wine is usually considered the best, and some of Mr. Longfellow's latest poems have been the richest and deepest.

WHAT shall he do with it,—his time and lost occupation?—is a question which seems to be agitating the minds of some of President Grant's friends. One idea, ventilated in a Washington special to the *Tribune*, is to make him the President of some New York bank. This, it is urged, "would give him an assured income with an occupation sufficiently dignified and agreeable, while it would gratify his family feelings by fixing his future residence near that of his sons."

It is not often that we are treated to a full legal exhibition of the domestic grievances of a wealthy family. It is accordingly to be supposed that many people will follow with interest the development of the contest among the heirs of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. Everything now looks as if the will would be hotly fought over, though there are not wanting strange surmises as to the matter and mysterious rumors as to the way in which the whole difficulty might be hushed up. At all events, it may become clear to some average, every-day people that great wealth has its drawbacks—as well as trifling advantages.

THE New York Methodists found themselves recently in some very hot water, having invited a certain Miss Oliver to preach for them. At last a vision of St. Paul rose before their horrified eyes, and one, Dr. Buckley, declared that it was "most tolerable and not to be endured" that a woman should speak in public, and that though the mother of our Lord herself were on earth he should be opposed to her preaching in that place. This may be called giving a pretty strong Roland for the Methodist minister's Oliver, but even Dr. Buckley will probably find that he will have a hard time to prevent the women from "speaking their minds" when they happen to have a good strong word to say.

THE former editor of the New York *Times*, Mr. Jennings, an Englishman, who is now the London correspondent of the *World*, writing to that paper, recently, says: I never saw so much drunkenness in any other country during all my wanderings, and they have been many. I know very well that strong drink is consumed pretty freely in the United States, but in ten years there I did not see so many drunken men and women about the streets, as I have seen in three months here. In some towns every other shop seems to be a public house. In London, the gin palaces would afford a brilliant light at night without the street lamps. The poorer the neighborhood, the more numerous they are.

THE Winter is over—at least the calendar says so, and almanacs never lie. It has not been so cold a Winter, on the whole, as had been anticipated and dreaded, though early December gave us some bitter days. February beguiled us into dreams of "Spring, beautiful Spring"—but, with the tempestuous month of March before us, we are quite prepared even yet to expect a bad "spell of weather." One pleasant feature of the Winter has been the comparative healthfulness. To be sure diphtheria and pneumonia have had numberless victims, but there has been no real epidemic of any contagious disease—no small-pox scare. The doctors have been heard to complain of the situation, but no other profession has specially suffered on this account.

Boston had a very fair edition of liberal theology presented for its edification last Sunday. It would certainly seem as if even Mr. Moody himself could not make very good headway against such a strong blast of rational thought. Mr. John Weiss spoke at Parker Memorial Hall; Rev. Minot J. Savage discussed "The True Salvation;" Dr. Bartol touched a suggestive theme in "The Rational and Revival Style of Personal Religion;" Mr. Chaney took up the work of Whitfield; Mr. Tilden asked and answered the question, "Is Nature a Revivalist?" Rev. James Freeman Clarke chose for his subject, "Saved by Grace." Rev. William Everett preached before the new Unitarian society in Christian Union Hall. It is not difficult to see, in the themes thus discussed by the Boston clergymen, a strong reflection of the great interest felt in the work of the evangelists now with them.

MARRIED.

MORISON—ABBOT.—In Portland, Me., February 21, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., assisted by Rev. J. H. Morison, D. D., Rev. Robert S. Morison and Miss Anne J. Abbot, both of Meadville, Pa.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, in the Park Bank Building, 214 Broadway, New York.

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1876-77.

LECTURES:

VI. Murray and Universalism.

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.

VII. Thomas Paine; His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, Half-Past Seven.

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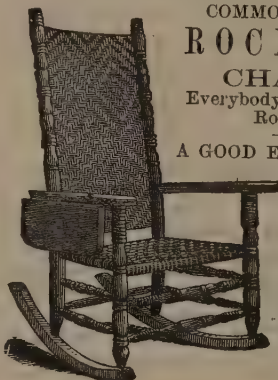
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Net Assets, Dec. 31st, 1875.....\$5,681,120 42

RECEIPTS IN 1876.

Premiums.....\$1,056,468 71
Interest and Rents.....360,303 35—1,418,762 06
Total.....\$7,099,832 48

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims.....\$338,507 43
Matured Endowments.....38,297 00
Surplus returned to Policy-holders
in Dividends.....245,639 78
Surrendered and cancelled policies.....226,251 43
Total Payments to Policy-
Holders.....\$848,685 64
Commissions and Salaries.....151,452 37
Other Expenses.....38,872 85
Taxes, Licenses and other State
Fees.....10,246 83
Reinsurance.....5,244 78
Profit and Loss.....2,000 00
\$17,491 61
Total disbursements.....\$1,056,612 47
Net Assets Dec. 31st, 1876.....\$6,043,370 01

NET ASSETS.

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....\$3,895,632 24
Loans secured by collateral.....219,498 51
United States Securities.....207,204 45
Railroad Stocks and Bonds.....294,585 61
National Bank Stocks.....63,355 82
State and City Bonds.....76,467 00
Real Estate.....291,760 20
Premium Notes on Policies in force \$897,141 35
Less Notes given on account of Re-
insurance.....2,593 10—894,545 25
Office Furniture.....6,617 45
Bills Receivable (secured).....7,779 64
Cash on hand and in Bank.....95,890 84
\$6,043,370 01

ADDITIONAL ASSETS.

Interest Accrued.....\$219,663 17
Premiums in course of collection
(less cost of collection).....65,879 76
Deferred Quarterly and Semi-An-
nual Premiums (less cost of
collection).....99,212 38
Balances due from Agents.....10,042 10
\$304,797 41
Deduct depreciation in value of
Stocks and Bonds.....16,390 38—\$378,407 03
Gross Assets, Dec. 31st, 1876.....\$6,421,777 04

LIABILITIES.

Reserve by Massachusetts standard, being
present value of liabilities under all policies \$5,600,262 00
Death Claims not adjusted and not due.....173,500 00
Unpaid dividends.....21,359 58
Premiums paid in advance.....1,721 15
\$5,796,722 73
Surplus Dec. 31st, 1876.....\$625,054 31
Surplus by New York Standard
about.....\$1,045,000 00
No. of Policies in force December 31st,
1876.....14,458
Amount insured thereby.....\$33,803,463 00

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Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank.....\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value.....303,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral.....13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings.....56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Premiums.....2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection.....8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value.....19,725 00
\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
January, 1877.

Cash Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends.....243,402 24
Net Surplus.....1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEARING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,453 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 286,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS 153,416 65
REAL ESTATE 8,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877.....\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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THE NEW JERSEY MUTUAL

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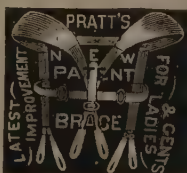
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Capital.....\$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus.....1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.....\$2,792,902 92

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THE INQUIRER.

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Last week by inadvertence the name of "John C. Kimball" appeared among contributors in place of "Frank E. Kittredge." Mr. Fretwell desires us to state that the eleventh line of the second column on the 221st page, should be read "sixty thousand Unitarians," instead of "sixty thousand Unitarian churches."

THE death on Tuesday last, of Chief Justice Moses, with the consequent demand for the appointment of a successor, produces a curious complication of the South Carolina position, the unravelling of which it is difficult to foresee.

THE demand for an investigation into the business management of St. John's Guild should be met in the fullest manner. No trifling with the contributing public on the part of the officers of any charitable organization, can be permitted for a moment.

GOLD has advanced a little within a day or two, probably on account of the postponement of Sherman's Funding Bill, the last quotation being about 105. Silver has been reasonably steady during the week. Money on call is rather higher and hopeful views are expressed by many business men, but the indications are as yet vague.

WE wish those who so vociferously claim that seven members of the Commission voted in a certain way on purely judicial grounds, and eight members voted in another way for purely partisan reasons, could for a moment have a view of themselves from outside. If they did not die with inextinguishable laughter, it would be because they have no sense of humor.

IN sending in his list of Cabinet nominations the President has shown the firmness for which his best friends gave him credit during the canvass. The names of Messrs. EVARTS, SHERMAN, McCRARY, THOMPSON, SCHURZ, KEY, and DEVENS, having been selected, he proposes that the Senate shall confirm or reject the appointments. It is evident from numerous Washington despatches that the conflict with "the machine" has begun. The struggle now will test the question whether reform under Republican auspices, is possible, and we believe

the President will conquer. The conservative and really valuable opinion of the country is overwhelmingly in his favor. The pitiful position held by the "Senatorial group," is one which they were bound to occupy sooner or later, and every well-wisher of his country will pray for their discomfiture.

AMONG the numerous demands which will be made upon the new administration, is the presentation and enforcement of some comprehensive, consistent and effective plan for the government and civilization of the Indian tribes. We have—Heaven knows!—plenty of blots on our escutcheon, and of these the infamous management of our Indian relations is far from the least. That the Indians are savages is unquestionable; that we have ingeniously and for a series of years, contrived to make them the prey of the offscourings of civilization and to drive them from bad to worse, is just as sure. That our neighbors in Canada find that to be perfectly easy which our authorities hold to be impossible is well known, but we have been accustomed for so long a time to cry out that we could not compete with our neighbors unless we were propped up in some way, that we cannot feel sure that we can be shamed into decent management.

WE should feel a little more confidence in the early adoption of a proper system, did we not remember the great roar of execrations which were hurled at the Sioux a year or so ago for doing to General Custer and his party precisely what General Custer and his party were endeavoring to do to them, and recall the further fact that the arms with which the Sioux fought were placed in their hands by the whites, who then drove their savage neighbors into hostilities by the most flagrant violation of solemn treaties.

IT is a satisfaction to find that the following preposterous and blasphemous resolutions were passed by a minority only of the Ohio House of Representatives, which was not even a quorum of the House, at an irregular meeting, and in treacherous disregard of a promise of the faction that animated them, not to take advantage of the absence of members and pass any resolutions of the kind:

"WHEREAS, By fraud, perjury and the most despicable practices known even to pickpockets, R. B. Hayes has secured 185 electoral votes, thereby becoming the ruler of a disgraced nation; therefore Resolved, That we are sorry for it because it destroys our faith in the mercy, justice and beneficent goodness of Almighty God, whom we have been taught to believe was the defender and protector of right in this, that He has allowed villainy and moral perjury to triumph over truth, honesty and virtue."

THE indecency of the preamble is gross beyond example, but is less noticeable than the blasphemy of the resolution. The fool who offered them seems not to have had the remotest idea of the idiocy of his own language. What a concession to the Republican party is this, that they have actually got the Almighty on their side and responsible for their success! If God were clearly on the Republican side, one would suppose that must be the right side. But that God's honor and faithfulness are involved in the turns and twists, or the victories and defeats of political parties, is a sort of nonsense which only persons wholly ignorant of religion and wholly thoughtless of the nature of Providence, ever allow themselves to aver. We are not permitted to put off

upon Almighty God the natural consequences of our own plans and efforts.

The man who can say that his faith in God's mercy, justice and beneficent goodness is *destroyed* by the results of an election can never have had any well founded faith in God. If faith in God is dependent upon the uniform success of virtue and the uniform defeat of vice, in the earthly happiness of the worthy and the earthly misery of the unworthy, it has a very precarious foundation. It is assailed by the general experience of society.

It is melancholy to think that one thoughtless booby can by mere recklessness of language, involve in the charge of blasphemy, so many careless but angry companions of his superficial petulancy, and so hand over a State Legislature to the scorn and laughter of all serious minds in the country.

An esteemed subscriber sends us a letter criticizing the position which we assumed last week regarding "The Count." Our space is too limited to allow us to enter into any lengthy debate on this subject, especially as we have hitherto from week to week expressed ourselves freely and as explicitly as possible: a few words must therefore suffice. In the first place, then, every one who is not a sheer partisan with judgment so clouded as to be worthless as a guide, must admit that the vote had been so vitiated by fraud or violence, on the part of both Democrats and Republicans, as to leave a doubt as to what was the actual will of the people, at the time of the Presidential election. In the second place, there were but two ways to extricate ourselves from this predicament, the way of force and the way of peace. To the fools who advocated force, we have nothing to say. In the third place a method of arbitration was adopted, in which both parties united. We regret to say for the honor of those with whom we have individually been associated, that the Republicans did not support the scheme as unanimously as the Democrats. Nevertheless, it was accepted by both, as we believe, in good faith. In the fourth place, no engagement was made in advance that the Commission should go into a general examination of the returns. It is simple folly to suppose that the Electoral bill could ever have been passed with such an understanding. This was indeed the principal point to be submitted to the Commission. Our correspondent, in common with many of his fellow partisans, in his zeal for a decision satisfactory to him in this emergency, seems to have wholly forgotten that there is such a document as the Constitution of the United States, and also that the United States Government is one of somewhat limited powers. From the time of the adoption of the Constitution down to the late contest, the Democratic party has stood firmly for States' rights, and, excepting that they once attempted to carry their doctrine to such an extreme as to make the general Government a practical nullity, in which effort they were happily and conclusively defeated, the Democrats have undoubtedly been right. That all at once they should have been willing to throw overboard their cardinal principle, and wholly centralize the Government at Washington for the purpose of gaining a temporary advantage, is a modern marvel, but happily they have been defeated in this also.

The question whether there was a constitutional right to go behind the returns having been submitted to the Commission, was decided in the negative. This decision may have been right, or it may have been wrong; it was, at least, the decision of the tribunal to which we had determined to leave the question, and we accept it as final, just as we should have accepted any other decision. We take it to be now the law of the land, and are perfectly free to say that those, who hav-

ing agreed to abide by a peaceful arbitration of the questions at issue, now feel disposed to dance around in a tantrum and break things, simply because the decision does not square with their preconceived hopes, are guilty of the most ineffable folly. As to the question between Mr. Hoar and Mr. Hewitt, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Hewitt has in no way substantiated his reckless charge against Mr. Hoar, and the latter being a man of full age with a reasonable share of common sense, it is hardly fair to assume outright that he made a promise which he was wholly incompetent to make, and which the whole tenor of the Electoral bill itself and of the discussion at the time of its adoption, must show simultaneously to be utterly worthless.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

The peaceful inauguration of President Hayes has taken place, and the nation breathes again in quiet satisfaction that a dreaded crisis has brought forth no revolutionary fruits. Both parties have behaved as well as could be expected. The irresponsible and futile malecontents of one wing have played off their antics to amuse the more vulgar and ignorant portion of their own party, and satisfy them that a vigorous resistance was made to a conclusion they well knew could not be escaped. If these fanatics or impostors had not known that the more sensible and patriotic portion of their own party were resolute and strong enough to keep order and maintain the contract on which the solution of the Presidential question depended, they would not have dared to enact the farce they performed in the House, with such frantic folly. Never was there a more transparent attempt than theirs to play upon the lowest passions of the lowest layers of the people! Perhaps the fustian and spangles of one of the New York City newspapers may equal it, with its sham mourning and its clownish capers, but from that precious sheet nobody expects anything except vulgarity and self-seeking.

The whole force of the Democratic address consists in its assumption that the object of the Electoral Commission was one which every candid man knows to have been an impossibility—the exhaustive examination of the local returns of the disputed States.

As to the Democracy, acting in their own character through their strongest men, nothing could be more creditable than the record they have made, and are still making. It is thoroughly sensible, natural and patriotic. We can only hope that the Republicans, who have the best and the worst portion of the people in their ranks—the best, for intelligence, patriotism and superiority to party—the worst, because a long lease of power has united to them the self-seeking, the panderers to place, and the conspirators in fraud—we can only hope that their use of their new opportunity may be governed by the inspiration of the upper end, and not the fermentation of the rotten end of their party.

President Hayes shows by his inaugural address that his purposes are nobly national and patriotic. His Cabinet, as reported is composed of honest, intelligent and high-toned men. We have to regret that the new Secretary of the Treasury is not a man of more accepted positiveness and scientific rigor in his financial views. We need a teacher, and not merely an echo in that Department. It is, under present circumstances, the most difficult and important station in the Cabinet, and the one demanding the most vigor and positiveness of conviction. For the real difference in the country as to finance, is really only one of ignorance and

prejudice and personal interest misunderstood, on one side, and knowledge, absolute science and interest well understood, on the other. There is no room for compromise. What is wanted is *courage* to maintain the scientific and accepted truth in the management of the currency. We fear Mr. Sherman has not this force of will, and this clearness and positiveness of conviction. But he is upright, practiced and industrious, and should be given a fair chance.

The outgoings of the President in respect to Civil Service are perfectly satisfactory, and the selection of Carl Schurz as one of his constitutional advisers gives to them especial point. No such brave words have recently been uttered as those of the inaugural, denying the rights of Congressmen to control appointments. This is the precise sore that needs caustic. President Hayes has touched it squarely. Let him keep his hand just there until he burns out the cancer that for a long period has been eating into the national life. Courage to deal with this mortal sickness is courage for everything. If the President has nerve to carry out his purpose, he will be the greatest of benefactors. Even the Southern question is secondary to the civil service question. It is largely because the South has had reason to distrust the government appointments in its own and all other portions of the country, that it has been in a state of semi-rebellion. Let it know that no officers are appointed for their own sake, but all for the public good, and it will at once become as peaceable as any other section could be with *its internal difficulties to manage*. Those internal difficulties the late administration has increased by its military and Federal intermeddlings. It seems probable that the South is about to be called upon to settle its local troubles by its own methods, provided they do not grossly violate the fundamental provisions of the Constitution. The general Government has not made the observances of this law any more certain by its interposition.

We cannot expect a perfect obedience; the difficulties are too great. But we certainly can have the statesmanship not to interfere to correct errors and departures from law when we know that federal interposition will *aggravate* the evils we abhor. Such has been the effect thus far. It is proposed now to see what will come by favoring the policy of throwing the Southern States upon their own sense of their own local interests and their own power of self-government. We do not expect the same order, the same equality, the same peace which we have in States that are not torn with a conflict of races—but we expect something better than we have had since the war, and something that will steadily improve. It is only unreasoning people who think that all the forms of Republican government can be minutely exemplified in communities like Louisiana and South Carolina in their present circumstances. It is better to bear with them and trust them and encourage them to rely upon local self-government than to seize every occasion to vindicate the theory of the National Government at the expense of self-respect and State responsibility. This we hope and believe is President Hayes' policy. Let it be tried at least for a year. It cannot kill more negroes than the old policy has done! And we think it may promote the peace and happiness of the whole people.

THE *Academy* describes an enormous collection of imperial coins recently unearthed near Verona, and announces the extraordinary discovery of a colossal terra cotta vase under a Roman pavement near the Church of San Francesco, Bologna. This vase contained at least a ton and a half of bronzes, hatchets, daggers, swords, scythes, bits, saws, razors and shapeless pieces.

THE VICE OF TOLERATION.

We are living in a period of religious upheaval and theological displacement. The old lines of a uniform belief no longer lie straight and even before us, but the rock of our faith has been upturned by a mighty convulsion, and we are left to pick our way as best we can among the scattered debris of old and mutilated systems. Just how much of the old is worth preserving, either for its inherent value, or the charm of association which still clings to it, must be determined by each man for himself. Some curiosity seekers will spend half their days in picking up white and glittering pebbles, to which sunshine and the wash of the waves have given the appearance of precious gems. Others, who understand nature better, know that she does not strew her treasures about with so lavish a hand, but hides them away in secret nooks and crannies, which we must patiently search out, if we would possess the rich treasures within.

It is in the world of religion, as in that of external nature. The best thought is not found among the loosely strewn remnants of ancient creeds, and to be had for the taking. The glow of high aspiration and noble resolve can never come from fumbling among dead men's bones. There is no more ignoble waste of time than that spent in assorting our old rubbish; when we ponder gravely whether this worn-out garment may not still be made to serve some purpose, or whether that bit of broken china be not still too good to throw away.

To have to pass through life weighed down beneath the burden of rags of other people's making, is a melancholy fate, fitly equalled by that of making one's life work consist in one long endeavor to match one's opinions with others directly opposed to them.

In reading Mr. Frothingham's review of the biography of Dr. Arnold, published in a recent number of the *INQUIRER*, I was glad that in speaking of the "difference attitude makes in the estimation of men," he thought fit to allude to the action of some of the Boston Unitarian clergy, in accepting an invitation to partake of the sacrament in Trinity Church. Here the grace and dignity of attitude were not on the side of the liberals. As Mr. Frothingham said, it was not they who were then "looking forward," and whose "faces were bathed in light;" for, he proceeds, "two men may stand upon the same square yard of ground side by side, but if they are moving in opposite directions their momentary propinquity tells for nothing." The *Index* noticed this new departure of the reverend gentlemen with two or three sharply-worded items, the stinging sarcasm of which must have tingled rather unpleasantly about the ears of those to whom it was directed. Truly there be Unitarians, and Unitarians. There are those who apparently deem it no inconsistency to take part in church ceremonies which violate in spirit and letter every distinctive principle of their own creed; while others in the same city, like Mr. Savage, put a widely different interpretation on this same creed, by making one of the duties which it inculcates consist in a vigorous and well-sustained onslaught on Orthodoxy. James Freeman Clarke has expressed sympathy with the Tabernacle movement, and has thus led some of us to ask whether the author of "Ten Great Religions" has not become the exponent of at least two opposing systems of doctrine. I like better the kind of Unitarianism I find in an extract from a sermon on "Cheating the Devil," by a New York clergyman, whose style has been described as that of "hurling things right at you." Here are some of the hard truths he flings this time. "The prevalent idea of Christianity is that an elaborate trick is

played on the Devil in the interests of its believers; that one may sell himself to the Devil, and take pay in the pleasures and prizes of the world, and when sick of the bargain escape from its obligations by repentance—buy the Devil's goods on a long credit, without paying a penny for them, and then take the benefit of the theological bankrupt act, and leave him to whistle for his recompense. The idea that a man can cheat and lie, until all virtue is squeezed out of his soul like the juice from a pressed orange, and then shuffle off all the effects by some process of spiritual legerdemain, and come out heroic, happy and holy, is an insult to intelligence." It is such straightforward talk as this that puts bone and sinew into liberalism, and prevents it from degenerating into a mere "mush of concession."

The question is simply this, whether, looking at it from the side of expediency alone, liberals can afford in these days of stormy discussion over the objects of religion to make of their principles nothing but fine sentiments. To-day, when theological demagogues have the floor, have rationalists performed their full duty, when through intellectual curiosity they have gone to listen once or twice, and come away to utter no more effective protest than is conveyed in a lifted eyebrow, or a shrug of the shoulders? Orthodoxy is making desperate effort to gain control of the strongholds of power, the State, the school and the home. We are confidently assured she can never accomplish this, because such an usurpation would be in direct conflict with the "spirit of the age," the "progress of the time," etc., as though this spirit and progress were not entirely dependent on the combined action of individuals; as though when a man shook off the shackles of mental superstition, he at the same time freed himself from moral obligation; and as if in becoming a liberal he ceased to be a responsible being.

There is no harm in concession provided the thing conceded be harmless. Amiability is a rather pleasing defect on the whole, except when there is cause for righteous indignation. The gushing sort of toleration which would mix and mingle its opinions with those of everybody else, is like the soft-hearted charity which gives to every beggar that asks, and in the end has only impoverished itself without enriching another. The wisest benevolence is that which says, "Thus far and no further," to all intruders, whether they come asking alms, or propagating opinions.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

MY DEAR INQUIRER:

Since my last chat with you the weather has been simply delightful. I think it was Emerson who said it was fortunate for New England that the Pilgrims happened to land here first, for otherwise the country would never have been inhabited. But now, in spite of Emerson and Mark Twain, one can hardly see why this might not have been the original seat of the "Earthly Paradise."

Well, the Salvation Auctioneers have been the town sensation for a month. Mr. Moody came with the firm assurance—from the Lord—that he was to do a greater work in Boston than anywhere else. And the Rev. Joseph Cook expected to see the "haughty intellect of Boston" on its knees. But the haughty intellect has not yet seen fit to bow before the Tabernacle idol.

Our friend, John Weiss, spoke on the subject at the Parker Memorial the other Sunday. He said—"for substance of doctrine," which is Orthodox accuracy, "people have raised the question as to whether the revivalists had not insulted the intelligence of Boston. I think not. The intelligence of Boston has not been addressed as yet." That may be the reason the "haughty intellect" doesn't

bow. The intellect hasn't been spoken to. Brains being, according to Moody, the special invention and pitfall of Satan, he has very prudently kept them at a distance.

It is hardly time to talk of success or failure. It is reported that Mr. Moody thinks a good beginning has been made, and that they are now ready to get down to solid work. But the financial outlook is not specially encouraging so far. Of the estimated total cost, \$75,000, only about \$30,000 has been raised. The attendance is chiefly church members and curiosity seekers—people who always go to see the latest show. It is perfectly safe to say that Boston—what New York or Chicago people mean when they use that word—has not yet been touched in the slightest degree. Mr. Hale told me the other day that he could not see that the revival had even crossed his track anywhere. It had not touched the range of thought in which he worked. I do not know of a single person of liberal tendencies or free thought on whom it has produced any effect, other than repugnance or disgust. No wonder Mr. Moody thinks "Doubt is the most damning of all sins;" for he cannot reach any intelligent thinker with his—"the only"—salvation.

And yet, nowhere has he been met, at the outset, with less of opposition. Nearly all the Unitarians met him with at least a qualified welcome. They hoped he might do good. They put the best possible construction on his utterances. They applauded his earnestness; and gave him credit for sincerity and good intentions. They have carried it so far, and have seemed so anxious to be on good terms with the evangelicals that—to me at least—it has almost savored of a lack of proper denominational self-respect. I hardly wonder that the "Elephantine Lectureship" thinks Unitarianism "played out;" and that "there is no scholarly skepticism in Boston."

Apropos of the Unitarian attitude, I feel like saying, friendliness and generosity are good things; but when white and black seek to be reconciled by trying to think there isn't much difference between them, it may show good will, but it shows still more plainly a lack of eye-sight or clear thought. By too much friendship for Mr. Moody's work, Unitarianism is in danger of confessing that it ought not to exist.

The daily papers are fairly saturated and dripping with piety. If the revival is to be encouraged, it is because it represents the truth. If it represents the truth the editors ought to embrace and practice it. If not, they ought not to patronize and help it on. Such, at least, is the way the logic looks to those who haven't anything to make or lose by it. But piety always looks more attractive when "there is money in it." Nearly every paper is patronizing the Tabernacle; and yet hardly a single one of the editors personally believes in Moody's salvation, or has the least idea of accepting it. Such righteousness has a most suspicious flavor of greenbacks.

At the recent dedication of the new Trinity Church—Phillips Brooks'—four or five Unitarian ministers partook of the elements at the communion. This was liberalism or inconsistency, according to the way in which you look at it.

Mr. Cook still flourishes at the Temple. One thing is noteworthy concerning the impression he has made here this winter. The points he has put with most force are just those that are not peculiar to Orthodoxy. When he has tried to uphold some special dogma it has resulted in his making himself ridiculous; as when he defended the virgin-birth of Jesus by comparing him to a drone bee. In this case, if he proved anything he took away the supernaturalism of Jesus, and so knocked away his own foundations. His great arguments for Theism and against Materialism were borrowed; and coupled with abuse of their authors. I soberly think it may be said of his course of lectures—leaving out the rhetoric—that "what is true in them is not new; and what is new is not true." But the Orthodox are so glad at last to get a scientific (?) defender, that they throw up their hats in ecstasy; and even applauded his proof of everlasting damnation.

The 28th Society at last has called a successor for Theodore Parker in the Rev. J. L. Dudley, of Detroit. From a conversation with him yesterday, I am inclined to think he will accept. I certainly hope so, for he is of the kind that there is no danger of having too many of anywhere. He is broad, clear, free. He has at least four sides to him; and a window opening out to each quarter of heaven. Most people have only one window, and that looks only into their own front yard; and sometimes the only view is up some narrow alley.

The other churches and ministers are pursuing the even tenor of

their way. The air about your correspondent is exceedingly sunny, and he has at least as many friends and as much success as he deserves.

SILVUS.

FEBRUARY 27TH.

LITERATURE.

OUR PLANET.*

PROF. W. D. GUNNING is a lecturer on popular science, well known in the West. In the volume whose title is given below we probably have a condensation of several courses of his lectures. The scope of the work includes Geology, Paleontology and Ethnology; it is a history of the earth considered as an organism, and of life upon the earth viewed as an organic whole. To set forth so many and so difficult matters as these few words imply in a book of three hundred and fifty pages is no trifling task. The author has certainly succumbed to some of the temptations of such a subject; many of its difficulties are almost insuperable, and any attainable success is at best comparative. But Prof. Gunning has made a very readable book. It is one which, to many minds, will be far more entertaining than the last good novel. The volume is attractively gotten up, and recommends itself to the eye by its bright binding, its clear type and its numerous good outline drawings in white on a black background, which are from the hand of Mrs. Gunning. We have, however, noticed some typographical errors, which a more careful proof-reading should have prevented, and which are likely to be of special injury to a book bearing on its back "Science for the People."

For Prof. Gunning's work is one for the unscientific many, not for the scientifically-trained few. In its defects and in its excellences alike it would offer a good text for a sermon from a priest of science upon the Popularization of Scientific Knowledge. We want time and inclination here to enlarge upon the theme. But a few suggestions we cannot avoid making. Prof. Gunning has himself, he says, "no sympathy with much that is called 'popular science.' To read from pages addressed to the memory only, that the sun is so many miles from the earth; is so many miles in diameter, and is 'enveloped in whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,' may help the mind to astronomical facts and set it aglow with wonder, but it does not teach it astronomy." So far as our author condemns the barren detail of names and facts in science we sympathize with him; but assuredly we were not aware that "popular science," as it is called, has any dangerous tendency in this direction. Text-books for schools and colleges may, many of them, be bare and unphilosophical, but the conscious object of the greater portion of the popular scientific books of the day is to "set the mind aglow with wonder," while the true nature and methods of proper science are woefully misrepresented. Such works as Figuier's, to go no farther for example, so far from teaching the multitude what science is, are mainly useful to show what science is *not*. For science never arose from wonder alone, however little man may ever be able to cease wondering in this wondrous universe; and the amazement with which a large knowledge of nature must possess the modern mind is not superficial but deep. It is a marvelling at the constant forces working miracles every day about us. It is a rooted astonishment at the minuteness and the majesty of the Divine Legislation of the Universe. No disposition of the mind could be farther from the proper wonder and awed curiosity of the acute scientific intellect than the young-lady-

like and patronizing admiration and ejaculation which Figuier and his kind seek to excite. To exclaim over isolated facts of nature, "awful," "lovely," "wonderful," "sublime," is a sign not of the mature and trained, but of the lax and callous mind.

Prof. Gunning has entirely escaped the dry detailing of facts without connection. We could wish that he were more free from appeals to the imagination of his readers. Not that he is for a moment to be classed with the writers to whom we have alluded. His personal acquaintance with the sciences which he treats is evidently large, and, so far as our reading makes us a judge, exact. He has embodied in his work the results of some of the latest labors of Cope, Marsh, Leidy, Tyndall and Bastian. His method is logical; his mind is philosophical, and not every man of note in the world of scientific investigation can claim such a character. He knows and emphasizes the value of laws and principles. "Facts," he says, "do not enlarge the mind unless they are fertilized by principles. Our aim in the preparation of this volume has been to conduct the reader through methods to results. His mind, it is hoped, will traverse the methods and make them its own." Prof. Gunning has to some extent succeeded, if we are to understand his aim to be the distinct statement of certain facts and of the inferences from those facts. He has, in several parts of the book, thus formally separated his premises and his conclusions. Besides this, he has well brought out the importance of the principle of "uniformity," of which Lyell made use in Geology, and which lies at the foundation of Darwinism. But, beyond this, we see very little in the "Life History of our Planet," to justify its author's claim. High as we are disposed to set it in the list of entertaining and instructive books for the people, we think it quite impossible to derive from the book a real knowledge of scientific methods.

Professor Gunning traverses, to use a favorite word of his, a great territory; he has not at times so far escaped a fragmentary and inconsecutive treatment as he might have done with more care of his style. And it is quite difficult enough a task here to give *facts in order*, without entering largely into the processes of reasoning by which their order has been established. The logical aim of the author evidently becomes more and more subordinate as he advances. He proceeds from the history of the rock strata to the history of vegetable and animal species, and is consequently on hotly-disputed ground in the latter portion of his work. But he does not show us by example, in dealing with the question of the origin of man, the true character of rigid scientific method. He gives us the results to which his reading and investigation have brought his own mind, and he sets forth many of the facts which go to justify his conclusions. Prof. Gunning is a thorough-going disciple of the Philosophy of Evolution, and we do not quarrel with his position; but we do not, for ourselves, find in his book a sufficient statement of the strong points of the Anti-Darwinians. We do not find all the explanations of which even the portion of the facts of the case which he gives is susceptible, examined and weighed.

We grant that the author would be quite unable to do this satisfactorily within his limits of space. But his language leads us to expect it. To appreciate the severe process of exact scientific reasoning, we must learn why every other possible explanation of a chain of facts is set aside, and one only is allowed to stand. The reader of this book will not, then, learn from it the rules of inductive logic. Prof. Jevons' little "Science Primer of Logic" is a better guide for him than any work dealing with the facts and results of science. Let him beware of thinking he gets a sufficient conception of sci-

*Life History of Our Planet. By William D. Gunning. Chicago: W. B. Keane, Cooke & Co., 1876.

tific processes from Professor Gunning, however much in harmony with those processes his statements of results may be. But he may, in our judgment, place great confidence in the trustworthiness of the author's facts, and in the logical value of his conclusions.

The subject of the book is well stated—"How were things created? How did plants, and animals and man come to be? It is a problem with which the religious sentiment has nothing to do, and for whose solution the only requirement is a knowledge of facts and mental integrity in the use of them." The author's general position is thus put at an early stage of the discussion of the Mammals: "We have shown that this animal (the horse) was in process of creation through hundreds of thousands of years. When you press me with difficulties, and say that, although my theory holds good as to the horse, because I have not demonstrated it so clearly as to the ox, therefore it fails, and all other animals have come by miraculous and instantaneous creation, I must say to you: 'The difficulties you urge may be real and in the present state of science I may not be able to meet them; nevertheless, evolution is true and its application universal.'"

The facts of the earth's history, in rock and plant and animal, are set forth by Prof. Gunning from this standpoint. Students of this subject will find little, if anything, that is new to them; but we believe that the readers for whom the work is meant will derive much pleasure and profit from it. The story of the earth is always fascinating; and to those who have read it in standard works this treatment of it from a disciple of Darwin should be a welcome provocation to go over the ground again. We are much mistaken if the readers of such works as Principal Dawson's "Story of the Earth and Man," would not especially be profited by this "Life History of Our Planet." Indeed, we should advise the general reader to take them up together. But, agreeing as we do with Prof. Gunning, and not with Principal Dawson, we still feel moved to defend our author against himself in one important respect. In scientific treatises, addressed to students, no demands for excellence in style can rightly go beyond simplicity and clearness. Indeed, literary merit in the exposition of scientific discoveries is so rare among experts that it is a cause of suspicion to some extent. But in works on science intended for the people, the style in which the matter is put becomes of high consequence. All friends of science, all friends of popular enlightenment, must desire that the great facts and laws in which our knowledge of nature consists should be presented in a way to attract and fix the interest of a popular audience. The writers should seek all becoming ornament for the solid lesson they have to teach. But in simple fact we see that most writers of "Popular Science" over-embellish their matter, and thus give quite wrong impressions of the relative weight of scientific facts and laws.

The temptation to *fine writing* is very great. Prof. Gunning is evidently a man of reading and considerable cultivation. His mind is fresh, feeling and enthusiastic. His style shows him a lover of the poets. The motto from Tennyson on the title-page of "Our Planet," is very felicitous; and the quotations from Whittier, Wordsworth and Shakspere are always apt and pleasing. His treatment of Milton's account of the creation of animal species is very good. There is a verve and a buoyancy in his style quite rare in books of this degree of scientific merit. But it is always to be remembered that much of the ground gone over by our author is "debatable land," and, strong evolutionist as he is, he should be especially careful of his words. His opponents will be quick to reproach even his soundest reasoning if it is clothed in a dress too poetical or imaginative. The animation of Prof.

Gunning's style lays him open too often to such attacks. In the interest, then, of his own views, which we cordially receive, and to smooth the way for their more general acceptance, we think it to be regretted that he has not guarded his expressions more carefully, and been more cautious of overstepping the line between proper prose and poetry. "Wrathfully sweep the storms over sea and land," is not so bad in itself, but the enemy would on account of it, infer more of imagination in the *argument* than he would fairly be justified in doing. The passage at the close of the third chapter, concerning the "Sons of the Sun," inclines to bombast. The prophecy of the Mammal in the seventh chapter is much too fanciful and difficult. It is a vicious rhetoric which speaks of *Creation*, instead of Nature, weaving "the life that robes the earth to-day," or "travelling" along a certain path, and which so often personifies the elements and even the rocks. The designation of the drawing under the preface, "On the Way to a Bird," marks a frequent fault of the author, a straining after effect, which leads to over-statement of his case, and is of all vices most contrary to the modesty and caution of the ideal man of science. In a very few places we have noticed a lack of precision and necessary completeness of statement. On the fifteenth page some minerals are simply named, and their composition unnoticed; on the sixty-first page the author speaks of "an axis of drum-shaped bones—the segments *hol-low* at both ends," where a more precise word is needed. The explanation of Figure 8 seems not quite plain. The calculation on the ninety-first page, "ninety thousand feet—more than nineteen miles," can hardly be correct. On the one hundred and ninetyeth page "eastward" is twice used for "westward," while at the foot of the two hundred and forty-second page "fibula" is used for "tibia." The misery of the operatives of Massachusetts is decidedly exaggerated in a passage in the last chapter, and, finally the mock-modesty and scientific looseness, of writing "limbs" for "legs," on the two hundred and ninety-seventh page, and elsewhere, are evident. These are small points. In most essential matters Prof. Gunning's book is admirably fitted to do its work of telling the story of the earth according to the views of most of the younger scientific men of the day. The reader will find many of the strongest arguments for Darwin here put briefly and forcibly. As a general popular view of the development of the world and of man, we know no work superior to it, and but one or two which we should compare with it. To all but professed students of science, who do not need it, we can heartily recommend its perusal. Students of theology and preachers of religion may learn from it how much of hope and cheer for man lies in a philosophy which some foolishly call blank and discouraging. Prof. Gunning closes in a fit strain, "We are re-creating ourselves. We have worked the downward slant out of the bodily eye, and we are still working it out of the spiritual eye. We are still in the making. Behind us, unnumbered ages of preparation, within us unspeakable potencies, before us—

"The highest mounted mind
Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summits overhead."

N. P. G.

BRIEF NOTICES.

FRIEND FRITZ: A Tale of the Banks of the Lauter. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

The Erckmann-Chatrian novels are all characterized by a freshness and simplicity which is very agreeable, and something more—very charming. The scenes are laid for the most part in Alsace-Lorraine or the vicinity, and, though the feelings of the joint au-

thors are strongly Gallic, the life and incidents depicted by them seem to the foreign reader as strongly Teutonic. Rhine wine and beer play a large part in many cases, indeed their prominence distinguishes these stories so greatly from any life with which most of us are acquainted, that we have to predicate a new set of conditions for respectability, before we can become greatly interested in the characters who are introduced to us. This once done, however, we find it is the same old human nature that we have to deal with, the same joys and sorrows, and these are drawn with no unskillful hand.

"Friend Fritz" is not an exception among these bright tales, though we think it is not nearly so interesting as some others of the series. We are here really out of France, and the thread of the story only incidentally reveals the political attitude of the authors. It is practically a comedy, the salient points of which were told by our Paris correspondent in a letter which we published two or three weeks ago, describing the play which is founded upon the original work. We have not compared Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s translation with the original, but in the English version it runs smoothly.

The latter fourth of this neat volume contains "The College Life of Maître Nablot," which is a severe criticism of the local French college of forty years ago, in narrative form, rather than a story.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN ZOOLOGY. By J. Dorman Steele, Ph.D., F.G.S. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1877.

Mr. Steele, in the series of which this is the seventh or eighth, seems to be travelling over a field of dangerous breadth for thorough work; but, so far as we have been able to judge from a cursory examination, this work is calculated to give a clear general idea of the leading relationships in the animal kingdom, with sufficient specific information to be of value in itself and to lead many students to make a closer and more systematic study of an exceedingly interesting branch of natural history. The general plan of classification is explained, typical specimens are described, with details of resemblances and peculiarities in structure, and the value of the book is greatly increased by very numerous illustrations, averaging, indeed, more than two to each page.

There are many busy people, who never expect to be able to learn many of the details of natural science, and for such as well as for most boys and girls, a work of this kind cannot fail to have interest. But we have only to imagine it put into the hands of a bright country boy, who has had little opportunity to browse among books, to appreciate it as placed "where it will do the most good."

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. Edited with occasional Notes, by George Otto Trevelyan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

In this handsome octavo volume, uniform with the "Life" recently published, Mr. Trevelyan has collected specimens from Macaulay's writings, in the following classes: "Historical Scenes," "Historical Portraits," "Historical Sketches," "Literary Criticism," "Poetry," and "Miscellaneous" fragments. It would be absurd for us to attempt an elaborate criticism of the eminent historian's style, the character of which is well known to every reader. All that is required of us is to say that the selections appear to have been made with good judgment; that they are so made that the fragments suffer as little as may be from the fact that they are excerpts and not generally essays complete in themselves; and that those who cannot supply themselves with the author's volumes as written, will not be led astray if they are led to purchase this compilation.

Mr. Trevelyan's notes are very brief, and are generally introduced to explain allusions which might not be clear to readers unfamiliar with the originals from which these extracts have been made.

WOOD'S ILLUSTRATED PLANT RECORD, AND GUIDE TO ANALYSIS. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1877.

However nearly some of us may agree with Geo. Dawson in saying that we love flowers, but hate Botany, there are very few of us who would not be likely to love flowers more did they know accurately something more about them, and fewer still who would not be benefited by some attention given to their careful study. Recent investigations have added so greatly to the scientific knowledge of plants in some departments, that Botany has all the freshness of a newly developed science. And though the application of the dissecting knife and classification alone would leave the field comparatively untouched, yet one who is led so far can scarcely avoid going farther into the vital relations of plant life. Therefore we gladly welcome such facilities as are offered in the little book before us, for commencing

personal investigations and for making the first steps in study systematic and profitable. It is,—in compact and handy shape,—the skeleton for a record of such facts of structure and habit as any one may learn regarding the plants which come under his observation, so arranged that the results may easily be collated; and is preceded by what appears a full and instructive illustrated glossary of the terms and characteristics most important in determining the position in the vegetable republic of any plant under examination.

To learn the interest in this study, it is not necessary to make an arduous business of it, and we think that even he or she whose leisure is most restricted may find it worth while now, at the opening of the season, to be provided with this aid to the pleasant employment of hours of recreation, and that having begun with it they will be induced to go farther without faring worse.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE ENGLISH NATION; or, The Beginnings of English History. By Ella S. Armitage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

Mrs. Armitage has laid the English-speaking people under an obligation by preparing this handy little volume. She appears to have thoroughly studied her subject, and, relying upon the best authorities, to have put into compact shape the results of recent historical research from the earliest records down to the twelfth century. And she has done this with as little interruption as possible from barren dates, contenting herself for the most part with an orderly statement of the development of the nation and the character of the people's life, giving events in their regular sequence, and placing the most important dates in a brief table at the end of each chapter.

The last ten years have been fruitful of valuable works upon English history, but this is none the less welcome on that account. The Messrs. Putnam's reprint, though in rather small type, is as neat and tasteful a little volume as we have seen in many a day, the whole work being comprised in about two hundred and fifty 16mo pages.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

- From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
THE GREAT MATCH, AND OTHER MATCHES. No Name Series.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
THE APOLOGIES OF JUSTIN MARTIR. With an Introduction and Notes, by Basil L. Gilder sleeve, Ph.D., LL.D. Cloth, \$1.75.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY. A Novel. By the Author of "Ready Money Mortiboy." Paper, 75 cents.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATIVE SURGERY AND SURGICAL PATHOLOGY. By J. M. Carnochan, M.D. Parts I. and II. Paper, \$1.
From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by Maria Weston Chapman. Two vols. Cloth, \$6.
RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA. By Henry Wilson. Vol. III. Cloth.
From Ginn & Heath, New York.
ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. For the Use of Schools. By William D. Whitney. Cloth, 94 cents.
From the Authors' Publishing Co., New York.
CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION AND EXPERIENCE. By Rev. William I. Gill. Cloth, \$1.
From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
WOOD'S ILLUSTRATED PLANT RECORD, AND GUIDE TO ANALYSIS. Cloth, 90 cents.
From the Free Religious Association, Boston.
HOW SHALL WE KEEP SUNDAY? Paper, 10 cents.

PERIODICALS.

- From the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.
WESTMINSTER REVIEW. JANUARY.
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. JANUARY.
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. FEBRUARY.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

EVERY man is immortal until his work is done.

WHERE there is much light the shadow is deep.—GOETHE.

CHARACTER is essentially the power of resisting temptation.—FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

WHAT martial music is to marching men, should song be to humanity.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

WHOSOEVER acquired knowledge, and did not practice it, resembled him who ploughed, but did not sow.—SAADI.

HE that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

WE should all keep a seat for ourselves in the parliament of pul.

lic opinion; a single vote may turn the scale some day.—EDWARD GARRETT.

THERE shall be less distress
Than heretofore,
When men make poetry less,
And live it more.
—Burr G. Hosmer.

ON parents' knees a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep,
Thou then mayest smile, while all around thee weep.
—Ali 'len Ahmed (Arabian.)

As an oft-told tale ceases at last to evoke our laughter or tears, so God changes the duties of society, that each age and each heart may be waked up by a new inspiration, and find the air full of hitherto unheard music. When the trumpet of war ceases, the trumpet of literature, or education, or character, should sound to new armies, a new march. The two vast streams, love to God and love to man, flow forever onward and carry toward heaven every heart that casts itself into their wave, but, like the stream that once flowed through Eden, they divide as they run and form new channels continually, so that by banks where once ran a rivulet, there now rolls a majestic flood.—PROF. DAVID SWING.

HORTICULTURAL HALL LECTURES.

Rev. Francis Tiffany on "Jonathan Edwards," reported in the Boston Globe.

ALTHOUGH we may think that the world has outgrown the old system of thought, of which Jonathan Edwards was king, it still lives and shows its strength in every new revival.

In considering the career of Edwards the lecturer cautioned his hearers against supposing that his system was a mere collection of abstractions spun from the finest conceits of the brain. The system had an emotional side, and without this emotion it could never have gained such power. Augustine, Pascal, Calvin and Edwards each made their system a matter of profound feeling. The young theologian was born in Windsor, Connecticut, Oct. 5, 1703. His father was the minister of the church there, and very naturally the lad fell under the influence of the prevailing system of religious thought. At ten years of age he wrote essays on profound metaphysical subjects, and thus early began to consider the great theological problems of his time. He could not accept the justness of the dogma that God elects whom he will save and chooses others to be eternally lost until he entered Yale, when thirteen years old. Here, all at once, a new light broke upon him. While walking one night and looking up to the stars, a sense of the profound majesty and greatness of the Creator of the universe came over him. From that moment his soul was possessed with a spirit of ecstatic devotion towards his God.

Leaving college, at the age of eighteen, he studied for the ministry, and early in life married a young girl for whom he always felt a most tender love. Called to his first charge at Northampton, at the age of twenty-three, young Edwards entered as no novice upon his pastoral work. His fame as a theologian was not small. With a perfect devotion he devoted his ministerial life toward unfolding the infinite purposes of God towards men. Thirteen hours a day he gave to most persistent brain study. His arguments on "God's sovereignty," at first without apparent effect on his congregation, soon came so fast and close that the barriers of coldness and opposition were broken down. In his parish began the "great awakening" which spread all over New England, and sent its waves of influence even to the shores of Scotland and England. The child of ten years and the reprobate of eighty bowed before him. The inevitable reaction from all such overstraining followed. Irregularities were observed among his parishioners, and Edwards read the names of the

offenders from the pulpit, though some of them were sons of prominent members of his church. With his intense adoration for holiness as embodied in an all-sovereign God, there came its antipodal, absolute, hatred for sin. The highest heights of holiness implied to him the existence of the lowest depths of sin. Edwards, in his own confession, seemed to see his former self so terribly sinful as to cause his wonder that a holy God should suffer him to exist. That God, as absolutely sovereign, should rule the universe so that sin should be ever punished seemed to him a fundamental truth of religion.

Mr. Tiffany traced the history of the disagreement between Edwards and his Northampton church. Twenty years after his first settlement the church had grown cold, and the inflexible rectitude of Edwards could no longer be endured. Indeed, the presence of such a commanding intellect was oppressive to the souls of the common people with whom he had to do. And so Edwards was dismissed—poor and hardly knowing where to turn for bread—from Northampton, and went to the frontier parish of Stockbridge. Years after, a lawyer who was prominent in this hasty action published a confession in a Boston journal; others had repented long before. The settlers were widely scattered, but in this obscure missionary district Edwards was left free for contemplation. Here, quite removed from the world, he found time to devote himself to his work—those great works on the "freedom of the will," or God's plan in creating the world, the "end of creation," and on "true virtue." They are marvels of closest reasoning, in which every objection is met in turn and in turn overthrown. Deserts in the physical world, deserts in the mental and moral world—these were brought as proofs of his system. Yet, with all his hate for sin, Edwards, like Francis of Assisi, loved his ideal of God with a most ecstatic adoration. "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" was his test of perfect adoration for a Being whose sovereignty he worshipped as all holy. As we think of the vast machine with which Edwards made God rule the universe we may shrink at the thought of allowing ourselves to be crushed for the Divine glory. But Edwards' devotion was like that of Spinoza, who thought that to love God it is not necessary that He should love us in return.

A few months before the death of Edwards he was requested to assume the office of President at Princeton College, N. J. He humbly urged his unfitness for such a responsible position, but at length accepted. He was inoculated for small-pox and died a month after his installation, at the age of fifty-four. He was a brave and comprehensive thinker, combining faith with reason. He remorselessly applied pure abstractions, and his denunciations appalled his hearers. His system was vitiated by the constant monotony of a self-asserting God. Though the sun might be for a time forgotten, His influence would transform the lake into a sea of gold and transfigure the mountains with rosy light. After this would come the startling thought that the sun behind the clouds had wrought it all.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—An iron cylinder ninety-five feet long by fifteen feet in diameter is to be constructed around this obelisk, at Alexandria, in water-tight compartments. It is afterward to be rolled into the sea until it floats, and loaded with ballast to keep it steady. Having then been provided with keel and rudder, light spar deck, mast and lug sails, etc., it is expected to be ready to sail to any port in any weather. During the Summer it will be taken in this shape to London, where, having been placed upon the Thames Embankment, it will be raised to the proper position on its intended site by hydraulic power. It is thought that the whole cost of the transfer and erection will be \$30,000, as against \$400,000 expended on the obelisk at Paris.

HEARTH AND HOME.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]
FARTHER ON THE WAY.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

- "You must be very old," I said
One day to Gaffer Gray.
"Not old, my friend," was his reply,
"But far upon the way."
- "We all are only trav'ling home,
Some with a step more strong;
But I am growing weary, for
The journey has been long."
- "They tell me I am going down,
As sinks the sun at even;
But every step is upward now,
And takes me nearer Heaven."
- "Many who numbered fewer years
Have passed me on the road,
And finishing their journey here,
Have reached their blessed abode."
- "And gentle ones there are, I know,
Who long have gone before;
With greetings kind, to welcome me,
They're waiting at the door."
- "Though time may change the outward form,
It cannot blast or blight
The trusting soul, and but bestows
A purer, clearer light."
- "No! though I feel my hold on earth
Grow feebler every day,
It is not that I'm older, but
I'm farther on the way."

THREE CENTURIES OF UNITARIANISM IN TRANSYLVANIA AND HUNGARY.

▲ Lecture delivered at Philadelphia, June 6, 1876, by John Fretwell, Jr.

(Concluded.)

In 1453, Mahomet II. took Constantinople and put an end to the Greek Empire, and the Hungarians under John Hunyady did good service by keeping the Turks out of Germany. Matthew Corvinus, the son of John Hunyady, was the wisest and greatest of the Hungarian kings, and now came really the golden age of Transylvania. Meanwhile a great revolution was taking place in Western Europe. The thunder of Luther's mighty voice shook the rotten edifice of the Papacy to its very foundations, and cleared the moral atmosphere in which men breathed and lived. Even those lands over which it did not pass felt its purifying influence from afar, and sweeping at first in low murmurs only, across the plains, the reverberations grew stronger in the Carpathian hills, till the Transylvanians hearing them above the din of battle with the Turks, looked up and listened. The Lutheran doctrines were received with more quick response in Hungary than in any other country in the world. The Germans accepted mostly the Augsburg confession, the Magyars inclined to the teachings of Zwingli and Calvin, but they did not stop even here. Under John Zapolya's widow, Isabella, the three nations inhabiting Transylvania, the Germans, Szeklers and Magyars, made a league of union, placing the boy John Sigismund upon the throne.

Isabella was a princess of Poland, and had brought with her from her father's court an Italian physician, Georgio Blandrata of Saluzzo, one of the companions of Socinus. In the year 1553, Blandrata had left Italy in company with one of his fellow Anti-Trinitarians, Alciati, and taken refuge in Switzerland in the very year in which Servetus was burnt.

He visited Poland in 1555, but returning to Italy, he was arrested by the Inquisition and imprisoned at Pavia. He escaped and found refuge in Geneva. Here Calvin caused him to be arrested, and would probably have doomed him to the fate of Servetus had not Blandrata signed the Confession of Geneva. But mistrusting Calvin, he went, in 1558, to Poland, and two years later we find the Italian physician acting as Superintendent of the Calvinist church in Little Poland. He was an Anti-Trinitarian at heart, and by his courtly manners succeeded in gaining great influence over Prince Radzivil. Sent by the prince to the Synod of Pinczon, in 1563, he induced even the Orthodox Trinitarians, to pass a resolution that "All researches about the Trinity, Mediation, Incarnation, were to be abandoned; all expressions unknown to the primitive church were prohibited. The ministers were to preach the pure words of the gospel, unadulterated by any human explanations. The decisions of councils held after the Apostolic times were declared not binding." (Socinus the elder, Lelius, visited Poland in 1551 and in 1558.) At this very synod a letter from Calvin was read exhorting the ministers to beware of Blandrata. But both he and Socinus had learned caution by the fate of Servetus. Servetus was at once theologian and philosopher, and, more warmly attached to Jesus than any of his cotemporaries, he exposed himself more to persecution by his very truthfulness. He gave his thoughts always their natural expression unchecked by any idea of expediency. But others warned by his fate were careful to use only the language of Scripture, and so afforded their adversaries no means of attacking them. In 1563, Blandrata accompanied the Polish princess Isabella to Transylvania, and being a man of uncommon penetration and address he converted not only the prince, but the chief nobles of the country to his views.

A far nobler and purer apostle of Christianity in Transylvania was Francis David, a Transylvanian German, and rector of the High School at Klausenburg, and tutor to the young prince. One day when the market-place was crowded by people earnestly engaged in discussing the theological questions which then troubled men's minds, David, mounting a stone at the corner of the place, addressed the people with such persuasiveness in favor of the doctrines which he himself had embraced, that in a very short time all the Hungarian population became Unitarian, and in the year 1568, the name Unitarian was adopted as that of one of the four established churches of Transylvania. For ten years Blandrata and David worked steadily together for the restoration of primitive Christianity, but in 1578 David's researches in the Bible led him to believe that to address worship to Jesus was to disobey him, and was as little authorized by the Scriptures as the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the saints. He excited the enmity not only of Blandrata, but of Socinus, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1579. Some say that Blandrata's enmity was caused, not by theological differences, but by that spirit of revenge which is, in Europe, so emphatically regarded as the besetting sin of Italians, that it is called *peccatum italicum*. Blandrata soon after returned to Poland, and having amassed much wealth was strangled for its sake by his nephew. David's name is still held in profound veneration by the Transylvanians and he is regarded as the real founder of the Unitarian faith there.

The very early organization of the Unitarian church in Transylvania had an important influence on its ecclesiastical form. It has maintained many usages which are strange to us, whose churches have grown out of Presbyterianism or Congregationalism. It is governed by a consistory; its chief pastor is a bishop. David himself was called *Episcopus Uni-*

tariorum in Hungaria; but the bishop is simply the Superintendent of the early church, and in every respect different from the bishop of the Anglican or Roman Catholic Church. So long as Transylvania was independent the fortunes of Unitarianism prospered; it had 408 different churches and eleven high schools. But the princes soon became involved in intrigues with the courts of Paris and Vienna, and to serve the purposes of their policy, prince and nobles changed their confession and became now Catholic, now Calvinist, just as it suited their interests. If anything could reconcile us to the miserable state of the country at that time, it is the wonderful religious freedom enjoyed there during Turkish rule, so that one sees good ground for the statement made some years ago in Parliament by an English bishop, that if he had but the alternative of choice between residence in Turkey and Austria he would as a Protestant choose the first. The Jesuits had been introduced into Transylvania by Bishop Draskowitch, but had stirred up strife to such a degree that after a unanimous request of the States at the Diet, the king banished them in 1588. Soon after, the house of Hapsburg carried war into the country; the general, Basta, burned the Protestant clergy on a pile constructed of their own books, nay, in his barbarity, he even flayed some of them alive; and with the aid of a fanatical priesthood he brought Transylvania to such a terrible famine that even human corpses were not safe before the gnawing hunger. Can we wonder that the Calvinist prince of Transylvania, Stephen Bocskai, called in the aid of the Mohammedans to defend Hungary against men who blasphemed the name of the Christian's God by associating it with such villainies? And can we wonder that the Turk despised the Christians who forgot the common danger in sectarian animosities? Agreements were made again and again between the Protestant princes of Transylvania and the Catholic rulers of Austria, only to be broken by the latter, until it became a proverb in Hungary, "*Ne hiđ neki mert Papista,*"—"Trust him not, he is a Papist."

During all the years which followed under the reigns of the native princes, Bocskai, Sigismund, Rakoczis, Bathoris Bethlen and the Apaffis, the Calvinists, Unitarians, Catholics and Lutherans lived in peace side by side. But when, in 1690, Apaffy died, the land became an apanage of the Austrian crown, and though the Emperor Leopold by a solemn decree had sworn never to issue an edict by which the Protestants should be disturbed or hampered in the enjoyment of their religious rights and liberties, he was induced by the Jesuits to break his oath. This roused the Protestants to new rebellion under Rakoczy, and at the Diet of Onod (1707) Hungary was declared a republic, the four churches had equal rights restored to them, and the Jesuits were again banished. The war between Rakoczy and the Austrian Emperor Joseph I. was at last concluded by the peace of Szathmar (1711), in which England and Holland united in guaranteeing the liberties promised by Austria. But the Jesuits would not allow their prince, Charles VI., to keep faith with the Protestants. In the teeth of the Diploma of Leopold, the cathedral of Klausenburg which had since David's famous sermon, in 1568, belonged to the Unitarians, was forcibly taken from them in 1716 and given to the Catholics. Throughout all Transylvania the Unitarians were forcibly expelled from their churches. The land and houses with which the schools were endowed, not only by native princes, but also by charitable Unitarians were taken away; their printing press was closed, the publication of their books forbidden, and they were excluded from all share in government offices. The Jesuits were again introduced, and settled in Klausenburg, Udvarhely, Alba Carolina, Herrmannstadt and Kron-

stadt, and so again it was proved that Christian liberty was safer under the rule of the Turk than under that of Austria.

If I were to recount to you the suffering endured by the Protestants under the reign of Charles the Sixth's daughter, Maria Theresa, the bare recital would fill volumes. When she made her son Joseph II. her partner in the government, this enlightened prince obtained through his Minister Kaunitz, a copy of a letter in Madrid, showing that the secrets imparted by Maria Theresa to her Father Confessor had been betrayed to the Queen's enemies.

Through all this persecution the little band of Unitarians in the Szekerland remain firm. Of them an old Hungarian chronicler had written that they were more severe in their morals than other Hungarians; and a Roman Catholic priest, writing to Vienna, was honest enough to confess that they possessed great economic virtues, were diligent, moral, orderly men, exemplary in the performance of their duties to the State. He however asked for their repression because their good lives were a recommendation of their detestable doctrines and a standing reproach to the impure lives of the Catholic priesthood. And he was wise in his generation. Men of pure heart and noble lives, energetic, united, seeking freedom less for its own sake than for the sake of doing God's work, they were sure to conquer the black brigade of the Pope in the long run. When Maria Theresa died and left her son, Joseph II., sole ruler in Hungary, he restored to the Protestants their rights, and although their property was still withheld from them, the self-denial and the generosity of some of their wealthier members, especially of Ladislaus Suki and of Paul Augustinovic, enabled them to rebuild their schools and churches.

It was not until 1821 that the Unitarians of England had any direct communication with their Eastern brethren, who then had one hundred and twenty churches, each with its pastor and schoolmaster, administered by a consistory of which half the members were laymen, with a bishop and seven arch-deacons. In 1831 one of their number, Alexander Farkas visited Boston and sent an account of the Unitarian churches of Massachusetts to those of Transylvania. Then came the years 1844-45, when the German Catholics and the Unitarian members of the Protestant church endeavored to institute a national German church with such apparent success at first that they were congratulated by the Unitarians of England. The waves of this movement touched also Hungary, but were lost in the din of the revolution, when for a moment it seemed that Hungary had cast off at once the yoke of the Jesuit and the Hapsburg ruler. But it was not to be. The Bund held the country for a year. The brutal hordes of Russia were called in by cowardly Austria; the savage Vlachs, who in eighteen centuries have hardly advanced beyond the savagery in which the legions of Aurelian had left them, like bloodhounds, burned and sacked and murdered right and left. The terrible story is well told by Charles Brace in his account of his visit to Hungary in 1851, when the whole country lay exhausted and weakened under the brutal heel of the conqueror. The Protestant churches on the plains were all closed; the Hungarians said there could be no God if such injustice were permitted.

But not so among the Unitarian churches of the Szekerland. Morning after morning, not on Sundays only, as in our fashionable churches of the West, but every day in the year for the last three hundred years, the service of prayer and praise had been carried on; and in these dark times, too, the grey-haired Szekler yeoman, worn out by grief for the loss of his patriot boys, who lay dead it may be under the sod of Vilajos or were pining on the banks of the Thames and the Missis-

issippi, could still pray: "Though Abraham turneth away his face from us and Israel acknowledge us not, Thou, Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; that is Thy name from everlasting." While all the Protestant churches were objects of suspicion, these few Unitarian churches were especially feared as the altars at whose never-dying flame might be kindled and rekindled the sacred torch of liberty, no matter how often it might be quenched. In 1857 an attempt was made by the Austrian government to suppress their schools altogether by taking advantage of the great poverty of the Unitarians. The Szeklers made enormous sacrifices to save their schools, but could not obtain the required sum, till an Englishman, Mr. Paget, in 1857 made an appeal to London and Boston for it. Your financial crisis made American contributions impossible; the English raised enough to save the school, and in the nineteen years which have elapsed since then, some of the most promising students of that school have completed their studies at our expense in London. These people have since been visited by Rev. John James Tayler, of London, in 1868, by C. H. A. Dall, in the same year and by Morison, Steinthal and Hale. Last year they were represented by delegates at our jubilee in London, and I am glad to see among my audience to-night one Hungarian gentleman who was present at the International Unitarian Conference at Buda Pesth in 1873.

But the question may be put to me: What are these Unitarians now? Has their spiritual energy been petrified during their three hundred years of resistance to oppression, as in some other Protestant churches that we know, into mere ecclesiasticism; or is it still a vital inspiration in the nation's growth? Are these preachers merely representatives of some dead issue of a Socinian or anti-Trinitarian creed, or are they in vital relation with the living issues of to-day? I went to Hungary with these questions on my mind. That they merely call themselves *Unitarians* is no great matter, for I have seen some churches that for the honor of our name I would gladly see blotted out; but I found them to be for Hungary all that the Unitarian churches of Massachusetts have been for the last fifty years. A brave, thoughtful, energetic, temperate set of men, still worthy of the praise which the old Hungarian chronicler gave to their Szekler forefathers, that the Szeklers are stricter in their morals than other Hungarians; or the Catholic priest to the Unitarians of the Seventeenth Century, they send from their humble cottages in the mountain-land, and from their simple schools, men well qualified to lead their nation onward in its new career.

A Hungarian novelist, Moritz Jokai, who, when his works are translated into English, will be regarded as one of the greatest modern novelists, not only for his artistic power, but also for the direct influence of his writings on the thought and life of his people, gives in his latest novel, "There is a God; or, the People who Love but Once," a strong testimony to the influence of their simple and earnest faith on the Transylvanian Unitarians of to-day.

And they do not, though an organized church, stand in any sectarian isolation from the other churches. They exercise a direct influence upon Lutheran, Calvinist and Catholic, and it is through them that one of the leading Calvinistic professors has introduced the works of James Freeman Clarke even into his churches, thus not keeping up sectarian animosities, but reviving that spirit of the Master which appears in countless philanthropic enterprises, in deeds of love and in all charitable associations and institutions.

Since Mr. Hale's visit to Hungary we have resolved on supporting two professors at their admirable college in Klausenburg. We need only \$1,250 each year for this purpose,

and I would appeal to the charity of American Unitarians to raise this small sum. Now while America is bearing aloft the banner of a nobler humanity on the western way to the far East, the iron road built along the line of march of the old Crusaders has made these Eastern Unitarians also pioneers of Western thought on the way to their cradle lands in Asia, and I would ask you to help in hastening the coming of that day which will come

"When years have past,
When the truth grows clear at last,
When from vast cathedral pile,
When from far off coral isle,
Rises one united prayer,
Ringing through the ringing air;
And that prayer the same the one
To the Father through the Son."

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OPEN REPLY TO DR. CLARKE.

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:—I reply to your letter, not because we do not understand one another, but because if I do not some will say that no reply was possible, and others that no reply was called for; partisans on one side choosing to regard my reference to your action in accepting Mr. Brooks' invitation as an indecent and cowardly attack; partisans on the other side choosing to consider your reply as a disingenuous evasion. It is unnecessary for me to disclaim any shadow of intention to impute to you an insincere motive or deed, to class you among trimmers, or to associate you with men who allow themselves to be placed by circumstances in a false position. The mental and moral integrity of James Freeman Clarke no reasonable being, friendly or otherwise, ever called in question. The *situation* was the only feature of the transaction that interested me, and in respect to that alone our opinions differ. Your letter tells me only what I knew before, in so far as it assures me that you acted in a generous spirit and in what to you was a broad sympathy of faith; but at the same time it furnishes firmer grounds than I had before as a basis for my own judgment.

Mr. Phillips Brooks is an Episcopal minister, manly, single-minded, honest and earnest. What he does is done with clear conviction. His prayer-book requires him to say to those approaching the altar of Communion: "Judge therefore yourselves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord; repent ye truly for your sins past; have a lively and steadfast faith in Christ our Saviour; amend your lives, and be in perfect charity with all men: so shall ye be meet partakers of these holy Mysteries. And above all things ye must give most humble and hearty thanks to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, for the redemption of the world by the death and passion of our Saviour Christ, both God and man; who did humble himself even to the death upon the cross, for us miserable sinners, who lay in darkness and the shadow of death; that he might make us the children of God, and exalt us to everlasting life." The people, through the priest, afterwards say this "prayer": "Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his body, and our souls washed through his most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in him and he in us." Then the priest says the "Prayer of Consecration," wherein occur these words: "Who made there (by his one oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." "And we earn-

estly desire thy Fatherly goodness, mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; most humbly beseeching Thee to grant that by the merits and death of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we, and all thy whole church, may obtain the remission of our sins and all other benefits of his passion." We will not quote further.

Now, that Mr. Brooks attaches definite and serious meaning to this language, and honestly believes the doctrine it conveys, is not to be questioned. As little is it to be questioned that he would ask nobody to join him in the sacramental act whom he did not suppose to be in essential concurrence in mind and feeling with him. I presume he did not invite Mr. M. J. Savage; he would not have invited Theodore Parker had he been living, or W. R. Alger had he been preaching in Boston, or John Weiss or Samuel Longfellow had they been settled ministers in his neighborhood. He displayed his liberality in disregarding the theological infirmity of those who questioned the doctrines of trinity, fall, deity of Christ, vicarious atonement, everlasting perdition to the unbelievers, but who did in some real sense hold to Christ as Redeemer and Saviour; and such, therefore, he generously bade to the spiritual feast. But would he have accepted an invitation from one of these gentlemen had they bidden him to their communion-table? Would he have gratefully responded to Mr. Clarke's invitation, especially if he knew, as we all know now, that in Mr. Clarke's apprehension, "bread and wine belong to the creed of nature," and "stand among all races as the natural signs of strength and joy?" I was born and reared a Unitarian; my father was a Unitarian minister in good standing; I was myself the pastor for several years of a Unitarian society of the old-fashioned, conservative kind. But there was never a time when it would have been possible for me to honestly partake of the Communion in a Trinitarian church of any denomination. The spirit of the Unitarianism in which I was nurtured was averse to it; the tendency of Unitarianism of all schools was pointing in the opposite direction, towards a simple reasonableness in thought and observance; the disposition to take plain, clear views of all matters pertaining to belief and practice was characteristic of both laity and clergy; there was even an anxiety to avoid complications with the theories and usages of the elder church. When, therefore, representatives of Unitarianism, the conspicuous representatives of it, acknowledged Christian fellowship with Episcopal clergy, on a very conspicuous occasion, and in a very conspicuous manner, my conclusion was that they were not pursuing the line of their tradition, but were relapsing, going back to the point which their precursors had abandoned. It was impossible to think that they acted inconsiderately or disingenuously, from policy or from sentimental good feeling. They were all clear-sighted, thoughtful, independent men, who acted as they did in full conviction that so to act was their duty. The spiritual validity of their conduct, otherwise, it is not my province to pronounce upon.

Whether the importance of preserving a temper of good will, charity, "brotherly kindness," sympathy, "unity of spirit," is so great as to call for or to warrant the species of fellowship illustrated at the consecration of Trinity Church is open to question. We have been so long accustomed to strange procedure on the part of the friends of "Christian unity" that this particular example of promiscuous intercourse does not surprise us; nor would it provoke comment did it happen under less signal circumstances. For my part, I am quite content and indeed entirely well pleased that

people should go where they belong, and am satisfied quietly to note the classification. I am however unwilling that the classification should pass unnoticed, or that the extension of the Episcopal communion should be regarded as a triumph of the genius of free religion.

Heartily yours,

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

REV. DR. BARTOL— WEST CHURCH CELEBRATION

WE were not among the favored ones who attended the morning service at the West Church last Sunday. But with a multitude of others who could not be there our heart was in sympathy with the happy occasion. We were not surprised to learn that notwithstanding the rain the church was filled as it had not been for years, and that the service was just what everybody knew it would be who knew him who completed on that day the fortieth year of his ministry. Forty years! how long to look forward to, how short to look back upon. There are many among us who have been in the ministry as long. One need not be very old to have accomplished that; but a forty years' ministry over one parish, that is rare.

Still rarer in quality than in quantity has the West Church ministry been. Sturdily refusing to be catalogued in any denominational year-book, or to be called by any party name, it has stood alone, and yet, not alone; for its independence of sect was not for isolation, but for a wider fellowship. It has welcomed to its pulpit such men as Bushnell, on the one hand, and Frothingham on the other, believing that Orthodox truth and Radical truth are just as good as Unitarian truth, and that all together are but a very small fragment of the eternal truth of God.

Unwilling that the anniversary should pass without a taste of its flavor, we stole away from our Sunday school in the afternoon and went up to the Communion service we knew was to be held. As we walked quietly in, the venerable old church, whose windows were made, not to exclude the light of heaven, but to let it in, smiled a sunny, cordial welcome. The sweet peace of the morning service still rested on walls and ceiling, on pulpit and pews, as the calm joy a mother feels in having her children gathered around her rests on her face after they are gone. The floral decorations were rich and tasteful. The dates "Thirty-seven" and "Seventy-seven," on the front of the pulpit, suggested the years which had passed since the now gray-haired man seated among the flowers, his white locks and serene face, so still, seeming a part of the decorations, came to give himself to the service of this ancient church of God. The organ struck a chord which seemed a part of the sunshine and the smile. We felt the sweet peace flowing into our soul. The place was full of it. There were not many present. We wondered there were so few. But we were glad to be there. It was a mount of vision. We thought of those who had come and gone between these two dates on the pulpit, some in childhood, others in their prime, others still in serene and good old age. We thought of the noble young men who went from this church to the great battle for freedom and came not back with the returning remnant of the regiment, but by the celestial route, transfigured and glorified. Were they all there—all the risen children of the church—at the morning service, taking no space, but giving a heavenly flavor to the celebration! And did they still linger round the table when their souls had been fed with living bread? We had never seen Dr. Lowell, and we wondered if it were he we saw in that empty chair, just where he sat, beside his young colleague, forty years before. Just then the organ ceased and the voice which has led the prayers of the church for all these years came out from the flowers saying, "Let us pray." The prayer was brief, very brief—a prayer not to be reported or ever forgotten. It was a breathing of the soul for the breath of God, and the answer came at once, not in a rushing wind, but in a fresh breath of spiritual life. Who will tell us why some most proper prayers, most properly expressed, do not move us at all, save to weariness, while others seem to unlock the very gates of heaven with the first word and let a flood of light and warmth into our souls?

The hymn which followed the prayer was so in harmony with it that it seemed a continuation of it:

"The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make."

* * * * *

"One family, we dwell in Him
One church above, beneath."

How rich with the treasures of faith the dear old hymn of Wesley seemed. When the last sound of voice and organ had ceased the pastor made an address. No, not an address. It was not a bit of an address. It was as far from that as possible. It was a continuation of the hymn—a solo, on the same pitch of faith. Making no allusion to the hymn, he went on to tell how the golden thread of its thought, “one family,” “one church,” “one communion,” “on earth and above,” was woven into the texture of our natures; how we all, at times, hold communion with an invisible company, welcoming to our fellowship of thought and affection our invisible loved ones who have gone on before, none the less, but all the more real, because seen, not with the outward and perishing, but with the inward and imperishable, vision. As he went on the audience increased. The shadows revealed to our inward sense at the beginning took on more distinctness, and we could understand what he meant when he said, “People speak to me sometimes of our *thin* church. I never preach to a *thin* church.” Only a little was said of Jesus. There was no attempt to show him, but only to show the reality of that spiritual way by which he and all glorified ones might come and show themselves to believing and receptive souls. And yet, somehow, the little that was said of the Master gave him his own place at the head of the table, among the upper chamber invisible guests.

Another hymn followed, “written for the occasion,” though the author knew it not, and the last words of the benediction were said. We say, the last words, for the whole service was a benediction, from beginning to end.

As we went away, with a full heart, we could but think that however full of blessing the morning service had been, the best wine had been kept for the close of the feast. We never know what the stone jars of our common life hold until they are touched by a Christ-like faith in the Invisible and Eternal.

And this is the man for whose Christian faith some have greatly feared. But the fear is subsiding. Still nobody knows where he belongs. Now he presides at a radical club or reads an essay before the Free Religious Association. Again you see him on the platform of the Tabernacle, where he would gladly speak if allowed. As that is wisely or shrewdly denied him, we next see him closeted with Mr. Moody, anxious to learn by a private interview with the revival prophet, what vision he may have had of the Eternal, closing his conference with an invitation to the Boston Association of Ministers, which we think Mr. Moody would have accepted had he known how much that highly-respectable body needs reviving. Wherever ideas are afloat, there you find him, no matter how rough the sea, out in his single scull picking them up, to work into some staunch building if sound, and to expose and throw away if rotten. Though a double and twisted idealist, believing that no one should venture to call himself a philosopher who hasn't doubted the existence of matter, he gives himself with enthusiasm to “Object Teaching” in his Sunday school, and to industrial schools for poor boys, where they may learn the art of shaping this phantom men call matter into various forms of beauty and use. Everywhere he is true to himself, and his last best thought, whether in dropping his radical salt into the theologico-scientific Monday noon dish, served by the popular Cook, at Tremont Temple, so spoiling his broth; or by his criticism of recent critics of Jesus, showing how signally, to his thought, they have failed in truly measuring that divinely-illuminated and God-inspired man of Nazareth.

So he walks, whither he will like the old Hebrew singer who said, “I will walk at liberty because I keep thy precepts.” There is no danger of liberty on that base.

Long may the honored minister of the West Church—never more truly or more widely honored than now—continue to “walk large” among us, helping us all to a yet richer experience of the “glorious liberty of the children of God.”

W. F. T.

BOSTON, March 5, 1877.

BOSTON LIBERAL MINISTERS AND MR. MOODY.

To The Editor of The Inquirer:

I READ with satisfaction the pleasant account in your last paper of my neighbor, Mr. Savage, and his preaching.

But one or two statements in the letter seem to deserve a word of comment. Mr. Savage is represented as saying (and as your correspondent has seen the phonographic report of the sermon in the *Commonwealth*, we may consider the statement to be correct) that, “if he believed as some Unitarian ministers seem to concern-

ing Moody he would not occupy his pulpit another Sunday; for, if Mr. Moody is right in his doctrine, the Unitarian church has no right to exist.”

What Unitarian ministers are here referred to as believing theologically with Mr. Moody, I do not know. I am not myself acquainted with any such ministers, and cannot believe that there are any such, in Boston or elsewhere. Mr. Savage's criticism of Orthodoxy, with which he has been so long and so intimately acquainted, is no doubt entitled to much consideration. When he has had a longer acquaintance with the Unitarians his censure of them will be more valuable.

Mr. Savage is a recent convert from one system of theology to another; and we all know that new converts lay great stress on doctrinal differences. A new theological broom not only sweeps clean, but is very fond of sweeping. Some of us do not believe so much in the value of controversy, and do not engage in it, because we have other work to do, which seems to us to be more important. But it is a frequent experience that those who go great lengths in new directions imagine that those who do not accompany them in these excursions are restrained by cowardice rather than conviction.

Is it not just possible that some of us may believe Mr. Moody to be right in a part of his belief and wrong in another part? And if he lays most stress and expends most time on the part in which we think him right and very seldom alludes to the other, ought we not to feel sympathy with him? Since he has been in Boston he has devoted himself mostly to proving that all men have power to obey God and do right; and that, as soon as they are willing to do so God is ready to receive them. He has laid more stress on righteousness than religion, on love than on belief. No doubt he holds to a very old-fashioned Orthodox creed, but then his preaching goes, unconsciously to himself, quite astray from it. There is no Calvinism in nine-tenths of his sermons. I have, in fact, just received a printed circular from an Orthodox minister of the old school, who thinks Mr. Moody's revival preaching very dangerous and injurious to Christianity. But it is not because (as Mr. Savage thinks) Mr. Moody is too orthodox, but because he is not orthodox at all. This writer says that Moody is a heretic, and has wholly deserted the old Calvinistic ground which Nettleton and Beecher occupied, and that therefore this movement will bring only disaster and ruin to the churches which engage in it.

Your correspondent charges the Unitarian ministers of Boston with “timidity” and not “meeting the questions of the hour manfully and squarely,” etc. What opportunities he may have had for forming these opinions I am not informed. So far as I know, most of the Unitarian ministers of Boston have spoken as squarely and plainly about this revival as Mr. Savage has, though they have not all believed it as evil an influence as he supposes it to be. I send you my own sermon on the subject, preached February 4th, in which I have marked passages, some of which I should like to have you print in case you have room for them.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

BOSTON, March 3d, 1877.

[We regret that the demand upon our space is so great as to make it impossible for us to print this week the extracts enclosed by Dr. Clarke. We will endeavor to do so in an early number.—ED. INQUIRER.]

JOTTINGS.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON says: “I think the [table] rappings a new test, like blue litmus or other chemical absorbents, to try catechisms with. It detects organic skepticism in the very heads of the Church.”

A VERY pleasant feature of Cambridge life this winter must have been the subscription concerts at Sander's Theatre. We notice that the last concert of the series was by the Thomas Orchestra and Mr. W. H. Sherwood. Mr. John K. Paine's Symphony was performed.

LAPEER, MICH.—The Universalists and other liberal Christians will hold a conference meeting at the Church of Our Saviour, Lapeer, Mich., commencing Tuesday evening, March 20, and continuing over Thursday evening. Strangers will please come directly to the church on their arrival.

B. Y. M. CHRISTIAN UNION.—The next in the course of sermons to young people will be given by the Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D.; subject, “Heart Religion.” Rev. J. F. W. Ware preached to a large audience last Sunday evening. His subject was “Bowing to Rimmon;” text, 2d Kings c. 5, v. 18.

AMONG the sculptures found at Olympia is the bust of a draped female figure, the head resting on the left hand, and the left elbow on the right hand, which is folded across the bosom. Three fragments—a veiled female head, a warrior's head, and a flying woman with exquisite drapery, are supposed to be from the chisel of Alcamenes, the pupil of Phidias.

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 304,232 50
Loans on Coll. Good Stocks Collateral. 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings. . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's. . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS. . . . \$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,413 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 236,802 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 155,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. 72,307 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . 153,116 05
REAL ESTATE. . . . 6,830 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . 8,330 25

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877. . . . \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. . . . 1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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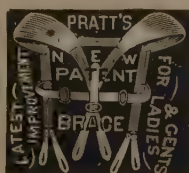
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Gross Surplus. 1,792,902 92
Gross Assets. \$2,792,902 92

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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 15.
WHOLE NO., 1585.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1877.

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Do his dependants feel proud of the man whom the Duke of Pennsylvania has chosen to succeed him?

PROBABLY one of the most astonished men in these latter days, is to be found in the person of the valiant young Senator from Maine.

SAMUEL BOWLES, of the *Springfield Republican*, seems to feel happy all over, but he will be unable to attain to the state of ecstasy earned by George William Curtis, God bless him!

THE inhabitants of Washington, permanent and temporary, in or out of Congress, seem to be scarcely able to tell whether they are upon head or heels. The idea that the Government is to be conducted upon purely honest, straightforward business principles, that principle not party is to be the test of policy, that efficiency is to be a qualification for office, and that a good officer will not be cashiered simply because somebody wants to succeed him, is something for which the capitol does not seem to have been prepared.

THE Commission appointed by Governor Tilden to devise a scheme for the better government of municipalities, has reported one which if adopted promises to do much toward placing city government upon a proper basis. It is intended, very properly, to be established by constitutional amendment, and such amendment cannot be made complete we believe except by adoption by the people and passage at two sessions of the Legislature. Meanwhile, the *Hon.* John Morrisey has brought in a new charter for New York, which embodies a number of the reforms proposed in the report of the Commission. It would be an exceptionally statesman-like act for this Legislature to amend the bill so as to bring it into accord with the terms of the constitutional amendment, and then pass it, thus bringing the City administration at once into substantial agreement with that which is proposed for the future.

THE effect upon the price of gold of the postponement of all action upon funding measures by Congress was very

slight, the total rise having been about one per cent. The price has again receded to 104½ a 104¾. It is practically within the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to make a long stride in the direction of specie payments, and if so minded he can do this with greater ease in the absence than during the sitting of Congress. And that Secretary Sherman is so minded, we have no doubt. In the matter of finance during the past five years he has shown a teachableness in striking contrast to the disposition of some of his fellow members, and even upon the subject of a double standard, we hope to find that he has learned something before he is called upon for any overt act.

To the true currency patriot, silver is again becoming interesting, the price having suddenly fallen to 55d. in gold. Business men will not need a cold shower bath in the morning when they have sufficiently loaded themselves with such a "standard" as this.

ECCELESIASTICAL financiering is getting to have a somewhat unsavory reputation which is anything but calculated to strengthen the legitimate operations of ecclesiastical workers. The last case in point is that of the Church of the Puritans in Brooklyn, where the society erected a large structure, loading it with a debt of \$90,000, and after using it until the price of real estate had fallen, quietly disband and leave the creditors of the enterprise to get back their money, or not, as best they can. In this a Congregational Council supports them, and the *Christian Union* asks, "Is there anything questionable in this course?" replying to itself, "Surely not. The debts were incurred on the credit of the church, and all the church has it gives up; what can it do more?" The question and answer form a curious commentary upon the state of financial ethics in good religious circles.

Is there any prospect of these good people learning that when one spends more money than he has, he is not relieved from responsibility simply because he acts jointly with two or three of his friends, instead of "going it alone?"

IN reply to an editorial note in a recent number of the *INQUIRER* the *New Age* says: "Is the evolution of a perfect, or more perfect, social condition, a process that goes on entirely independently of human agency? We ask this question, not only in quest of a clearer conception of the *INQUIRER*'s meaning, but because of the position assumed by so many on social questions. Is it said that the wrongs of labor ought to be redressed: the answer is, "All this must be left to evolution; and the hand you look to see uplifted is folded, and the lips from which you crave an inspiring word are closed."

We are fully aware that convenient terms are frequently used to fill a place left vacant by want of thought, or to conceal a disposition to shrink from action. Feeling, however, some interest in the subject touched upon, and a strong sympathy with the *New Age* in its desire for "a new age," we do not wish to evade putting ourselves upon record, and we will respond as frankly as possible.

We do not think then that evolution in human society does go on "entirely independently of human agency." Believing heartily in the statement that "God helps those who help themselves," we claim that so far as we can see hu-

man agency is the principal factor in human development.

How far human progress may be due to a primary impulse we do not know, and do not see that we are called upon to know. We do see certain things, and among them for instance, that a community is prosperous and happy if its members are prosperous and happy; that a nation is honorable if its people are virtuous; that if the drift of public sentiment is in favor of honesty, justice and fair dealing, society will move towards the light.

We see, moreover, that ideas control events, and if our studies have not deceived us, we see that the development of ideas and especially of the ideas which underlie and determine social structure, is slow and by small degrees. If history shows us anything surely, it is that the ideas which produce great changes are themselves very gradually built up and elaborated, and that each degree is usually *discounted* as it were, by the idea permeating the civilized world, and entering vitally into its constitution, so preparing it for the steps which are to follow.

That this implies the fullest expression of his thought by every thinker, is a matter of course, otherwise the full voice of humanity would not be heard. But that there are thoughts of more and thoughts of less value the *New Age* will acknowledge as readily as we.

THE *New Age* asks these further questions: "Are cataclysms always and altogether disastrous, either in geological or human history? Is truth rooted in falsehood, and does it flower from it? Did freedom flower from slavery; or did it displace it by a cataclysm?" We feel strongly inclined to reply in the affirmative to both of its leading questions. We can see no reason for doubting that cataclysms are always and altogether disastrous *in se*. And by this our contemporaries will hardly claim that we imply that everything which follows a cataclysm is bad, or that things are always worse after than before one. We simply mean that the same results attained by regular and orderly progression (as they usually—if not always—can be) are attained at less cost and more healthfully, than when reached by violent means.

And the illustration which the *Age* places ready at our hand, is the strongest confirmation of this view. We suppose that no one, with the history of the United States for the last sixteen years fresh in his memory, with its bloody gulfs, its devastated fields, its loosened sense of financial honor, its lowered standard of private obligation and its rank growth of official corruption, will be likely to think that the method by which freedom supplanted slavery was a good thing in itself, however sure it may be that the cost was not too great, if it was the least which might be paid. That these evils might all have been avoided and freedom reached as surely by a peaceful road, many will claim.

Whether a certain method was *necessary*, we can often only tell after the fact; of this we are fully convinced, that the cataclysm is not in itself a good thing; that it is in itself a bad thing, and that the true business of reformers (and this brings us out where we started) is to so study the history of the past and the constitution of the present, and so adapt their improvements to the organism as now existing, as to assist in the development of society upon the true lines of growth, so letting the new feel strengthened through the roots of the old, and so guaranteeing it against the need or probability of cataclysms.

That in a certain proper sense, truth is rooted in falsehood, and *does* flower from it, is undeniable. Not that truth rests upon falsehood as a foundation stone, but that really, branch-

ing out from the error and misconception that preceded it, it ordinarily reaches men through a process of growth; the finer juices drawn from a rank and unhealthy soil, being by a slow process of elimination and concentration gradually transformed indeed into that perfect flower which we call truth.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM BEGUN.

PRESIDENT HAYES may already be said to have won three substantial victories. The first in his inaugural address, which echoing bravely the lofty sentiments of his letter of acceptance, convinced the country that he is a man in earnest, whose words before the battle will not belie him in the hour of conflict. His second victory was in the selection of a Cabinet so fairly representative of the better political sentiment of the country in all parties that the selfish place-hunters in Congress were forced to yield to the pressure of public opinion demanding its immediate confirmation. The President's third and most important victory is in the practical illustration and enforcement of his ideas of civil service reform, which so many people have been pronouncing impracticable, but which he is already quietly and with remarkable tact converting into fact.

Let nobody be so hopeful as to predict uninterrupted smooth sailing for the President through this stormy and treacherous sea. The voyage is sure to be both long and tempestuous, with many vexations, disappointments and delays. But the President sets out with an admirable chart, with an experienced and harmonious "ship's company," and no croaker can at present safely predict serious disaster, much less complete failure. Nothing in the President is more striking or more admirable than his elegant and winsome way of saying No. Both Republicans and Democrats have all along been prophesying that this was the one thing that he could not do. It is already very plain that their wish was the only legitimate parent of this thought, and that it did not come from any want of back-bone in the object of their criticism. Mr. Hayes not only spends a large part of his time in politely refusing the requests of would-be servants of their country, but he possesses that marvellous and invaluable tact which knows how to make friends even in denying. The modest applicant for an important foreign mission retires from the presidential presence fully persuaded that raising cabbages in New Hampshire is *his* special mission, and the only one by which he can contribute much to Civil Service Reform. He straightway telegraphs to his friends, denying that he ever applied for the English or Russian mission, assuring them that he could not be induced to accept even the Presidency itself; that he heartily approves the President's Northern, Eastern, Western and Southern policy, whatever it may be, and wishes his friends, when a good opportunity offers, to buy for him seven more mules—to market his cabbages with.

A notorious general who a few days ago saw "four against us" in the cabinet, was on Tuesday last unable to discover anything against him anywhere. The unsuccessful nominee at Cincinnati favors new elections in Louisiana and South Carolina, to settle the disputed questions in those States; but he is highly indignant at the reporters who represented him as setting himself in opposition to the President last week. Didn't he play the agreeable at Mrs. Hayes' first reception last Saturday? Didn't he dine on Sunday with Secretaries Evarts and Schurz? How absurd then to thus misrepresent him!

These are simply two or three somewhat conspicuous instances among a hundred which may be more or less di-

rectly traced to the President's graceful and accomplished manner of saying No. This is the great secret of all successful diplomacy. It makes so little noise in working its wonders of reform. An angry No, a too decided No, an unreasonable No, worst of all an *ungracious* No, has rent governments in twain, made bitter enemies of dearest friends, robbed denial of all its virtue. But a gracious, timely, reasonable No, which looks and sounds precisely like itself, only rendered more attractive by some of the borrowed charms of Yes,—this is the No which is already enlisted and hard at work, rendering more civil service than the most complaisant official Yes of the corrupt era of patronage and spoils.

RATIONALISM AND CHRISTIAN UNION.

We hear from various sources that the discussion in our columns concerning the Liberals who stayed to Communion at Trinity Chapel has excited considerable interest. It will at least we trust, help to clear the somewhat hazy atmosphere which surrounds questions of this sort. Non-discussion is good, certainly better than most discussion; but persisted in too long, it is evil, and not good. It only thickens the fog which obscures the truth, while good-natured discussion tends to dispel, if it does not scatter it completely. The discussion in our columns on this topic has been not only good-natured, but luminous. It has shown clearly how the same thing looks when regarded from different points of view by different people. It has reminded our readers that if they recognize their personal obligation to work for the two great causes of Reason in Religion and Religion in Reason, they must not allow themselves to become so exclusively interested in the claims and interests of either as to forget or ignore the claims and interests of the other.

Two great movements, the one centripetal, the other centrifugal, may always be detected in the world of religion as elsewhere. The centripetal or "Christian Union," movement, so-called, has been specially noticeable during the last quarter century and has never been more rapid than it is to-day. Under its influence the lines which have separated religious sects are becoming obscured; and if as a natural consequence, the quiet forgetting and leaving alone of the old creeds is making a muddle of the old theology, there is evident on the other hand a new interest and activity in behalf of what rationalists have always regarded as most vital in religion—the actual religious life of mankind.

The centrifugal, or Reason-in-Religion movement has, perhaps, in the quiet way which is natural to it, been even more active the world over during the last twenty-five years than the Union movement, but its influence, if more searching and widespread, is for this very reason far less easily measured or appreciated.

Men and women of catholic and sympathetic minds, lovers of their race, understand and appreciate more or less well the necessity and importance of both these great movements, and so far as in them lies, are anxious to do all they can to further them both.

But practically, unless we abstain from organized work, we are all obliged to take sides with one party or another; and so to become identified in popular estimation with some one school of thought or system of opinions. For example, the Rationalist in Religion may sympathize warmly with ideas and feelings current among those not of his stripe of faith, though inconsistent with their avowed opinions or creeds. The question is, Is it in the interest of

truth, for the sake of a little extension of formal fellowship to become a party to the ignoring of the plain and natural meaning of carefully written professions of faith, thus helping to make little of the obligation of fidelity to solemn statements of belief? We cannot believe that it is, and while it might not be easy to estimate the amount of harm done by individual violations of this principle, it seems to us clear that the aim of the Rationalist—we use the word in its general and not in its technical or historical sense—should be in every way and at all times to quicken rather than to make little of the popular sense of the claims of reason in religious creeds and forms of worship.

DUTY AND JOY.

ONE must do right in every circumstance however dark. Duty may seem barren but it is duty still and must be done, for nothing is more imperative.

But along with undeviating morality can there not be enthusiasm? In almost all cases is not duty one with joy? And should not this harmony be recognized? Mere morality is infinitely better than mere enthusiasm; but cannot moral purposes be so infused with feeling as to become vaster religious powers? And is not this something for which we should devoutly labor?

We can conceive the whole world doing right simply from a sense of duty, constantly acting in the dry light of reason and choosing the best. But is this the ideal world?—a world where along with right doing there shall be Art and Literature and Music, a manifold and richly flowing life?

To do one's duty exultingly, with bounding heart, with faith in God and man, with an onward and upward look,—is not this the kingdom of heaven for which Jesus toiled? Is not this the *beauty* of holiness, the *joy* of the Lord, the *light* of His countenance? While mere feeling should not be the law of one's life, while the judgment should sit serene, cannot the heart be still aglow, and help make duty attractive in that one does it for very gladness?

Is not the rationalist apt sometimes to overlook the divine quality of enthusiasm? To treat it as mere weakness, while it is essentially the power of God, an incoming and inspiration from the very heart of things, not to intrude upon the domain of the moral judgment, but to strengthen, refresh and illuminate its action? Out of the heart of man are the issues of life; with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; his hopes, his aspirations, his yearnings, his affections, do help him to a noble living. One must work in faith, with sun and sky, the smile of God and the breath of His Spirit. He must choose duty of course before happiness; but the fact is that duty and happiness are one, and we should make the most of this harmony and reveal its beautiful gospel.

It is thought that the conceptions of liberalism, while they tend to a finer morality, cannot produce so vast an enthusiasm as the old Orthodox conceptions. Why not? The conceptions of an ever-growing humanity; of a universal and inbreathing spirit; of the oneness of all life, so that the noblest is in the least; of continuous creation and revelation,—do not these surpass in splendor and delight the old Orthodox conception of heaven and hell and Christ? Do they not move upon the feeling? Do they not make poems and pictures and statues and joy and heroism? Surely the world is not advancing into a cold intellectual life! There is no discord between heart and brain; knowledge and faith are not at sword's point. Along with a finer morality there can be a sweeter enthusiasm, with keener perceptions a more radiant imagination, with sounder judgment a more flowing

energy. Law is grander than miracle, and its majestic revealings touch the heart with fire. Larger beliefs involve nobler impulses; the more light, the more heat; the more we comprehend, the more we apprehend, and faith cannot cease its flight. Science is not a hedging, but an opening. It does not merely accumulate, it imagines. Are not men enthusiastic even in the study of a beetle's wing? Why should they not be so in the formation of character? Is moral truth any less brilliant than intellectual? Does it not have new horizons and expanses?

So the world will advance, not only to nobler moralities and more liberal conceptions, but to larger enthusiasms impetuositous, joys, faiths. The flame upon the altar will not go out. The priestly hand and sceptre may depart; but the worship, the love, the aspiration, will flow on; for with new insights, the mystery of the universe will be more inspiring. With stricter reasoning, there will be sublimer thought; with better logic, more fruitful affections.

S. P. PUTNAM.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]
MORNING REVEALINGS.

BY W. H. SAVAGE.

By night the winter came out of the North,
And went through the silent land—
 All wrapped in shroud
 Of the dun gray cloud,
 Over forest and fell,
 Over field and hill,
(The wind was asleep and his step was still);—
Went he like a sower, and scattered forth
The snow from his spectral hand.

 It fell like a dream
 Over meadow and stream;—
Along the ways of the woodland glen,
Above the homes of sleeping men,
By the gray rocks of the ocean shore
Where mystery sleepeth evermore;
On the broad highway, on the foot-path small,
Fell the eddying whiteness enwrapping all.

Then the sun looked over the white world's rim,
And peered through the aisles of the woodlands dim;
 The forest and fell,
 The field and the hill,
The broad highway and the footpath small.—
The sun looked forth and beheld them all.

Then every deed of the vanished night
Lay plain to the eye of the risen Light;
Its story writ in the the tell-tale snow—
The hill-side fox that had prowled below,
The hungry wolf that had torn his prey,
The strange, wild creatures that fear the day,
The skulking thief with his booty fled,
Pale murder chased by fear of the dead,
The homeless turned from the rich man's door,
The mercy that sought out the suffering poor,
Each left his track where his foot did fall:
The Night remembered and told it all.

So, sooner or later, each hidden deed,
Wrought in a darkness where none can read,
But leaving its track on the ways of Time,
Shall stand confessed; for a light sublime
Will arise at last, when the night is done,
And Truth will shine as another sun:
For the elements all are in league with Right,
And they guard her cause with a tireless might;
"The earth is the Lord's," and whatever befall,
Will see, will remember, will publish all.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

REV. DR. PARBOTT, formerly settled over an Orthodox Congregational church in Marshall, Mich., is at present supplying the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Jackson.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

How true is it that nothing happens except the impossible. If any one had ventured to say that for months our government had been writing despatches and conducting its negotiations with foreign powers in the manner which the Blue Book presented to Parliament proves they have been doing, the world would have said it was impossible. And yet we now find out that the Tory newspapers have all along been deceived as to the government proceedings, and that we have been warning Turkey not to rely upon any assistance from England should a war break out between her and Russia. Yet all the time the members of the Cabinet (and especially the Prime Minister) have in their public speeches been denouncing Mr. Gladstone and his friends for advocating this policy, and with a recklessness which seems almost criminal, have been weakening their own diplomatic efforts, as Turks and Russians, Servians and Montenegrins have never known whether they should trust to the written or to the spoken words. I suppose this is what we are to understand by "a spirited foreign policy," the absence of which when the liberals were in power has been so often deplored by conservative orators. No man has lost so much ground in the country by this conduct as Lord Beaconsfield, whose inconsiderate talk has been most noticeable. His celebrated Mansion-House speech, full of threatening against Russia, spoken with full knowledge of the peaceful and conciliatory language used only a few days previously by the Czar, has been excused by its being an "after-dinner speech," a phrase I suppose hardly understood in your Maine-Law country; but I am curious to see how his blundering utterances in the House of Lords will be apologized for by his supporters. A few nights ago he tried to apologize for the ignorance of the British government in regard to the Bulgarian atrocities by saying that when they drafted the Berlin Note Russia and Austria were in equal ignorance. He has been compelled to own in his place in the House that this apology will not hold water, as it was drafted several days before the outrages took place. He also tried to throw the blame of the government's being ill informed upon the liberal government, because it had done away with consular agencies in the localities where the outrages took place. He has been forced to confess that the consuls were withdrawn by a vote of the House of Commons, and not as the suggestion of the government, and even when thus making confessions of having spoken without sufficient information had, on being pressed, to own that he could not name a place from which a consul had actually been withdrawn! I wonder how long the Conservatives will allow themselves to be led by a man with so loose a sense of the responsibility of his position. The country is beginning to show its dissatisfaction with the present rule, and the bye-elections which are taking place show that the so-called Conservative reaction has spent its force and that the liberals are coming to the front again. Of course it takes a long time by accidental vacancies to destroy a majority of 80. But there are signs that the opposition is feeling more courage; men are not afraid as they seemed a session or two ago to hear the sound of their own voices, and the world is already calculating how long the present ministry can last, and speculating who will lead the next government.

The programme of the government, as laid before Parliament, is very weak; with the exception of the Prisons Bill and the Bill for reforming the universities, no proposals have been made which are likely to cause much debate, and even these will be more debated in committee where the details are discussed, than in the House where matters of principle are decided. The Prisons Bill meets with no small opposition, even in conservative circles, as it diminishes the power and influence of the magistrates, taking their authority for the central government, which desires to have uniformity of discipline and increased economy in the management of gaols. It has thrown out a bait to the country gentlemen to give up their authority by offering to pay the expenses of prison management out of the national funds instead of leaving them as a burden upon the local rates. But there are still some sturdy antagonists of centralization, who are not to be won over, and we shall no doubt see many a battle in committees before the bill becomes law. That it will do so ultimately is hardly to be doubted when the great government majority is remembered.

If the government has been very modest in its legislative products, there is no fear but that the Houses of Parliament will have plenty of work on hand. Private members have been even more active than usual, and all manner of measures of reform will have

to be discussed. The question of extending household suffrage to the counties will cause a most valuable debate. It seems strange that a person living in the country should be deprived of a vote because he does not live in a £12 house, while if he lives in a borough, no question is asked about the value of his house. It requires a Tory mind to defend such a proposition; but the fact that under the present arrangement the counties are uniformly represented by Tories is an unanswerable argument to them.

The Drink question comes up before the House in more than half a dozen forms. There are bills for closing public houses on Sunday in Ireland (this bill has been read a second time by consent of the government); a similar measure is to be proposed for England. Mr. Cowan is to propose that licenses are to be granted by specially elected boards, instead of as at present by irresponsible magistrates appointed by the Crown. Mr. Chamberlain has a resolution on the books empowering municipalities to buy up all licenses and carry on the trade by the town councils somewhat according to the Swedish plan adopted in Gothenburg. A similar proposal is to be made for Scotland. In addition to a few others, which simply advocate reforms in licenses, Sir Wilfred Lawson brings on his bill again to give localities the power to prohibit the public sale of drink by a two-thirds majority of the rate-payers of any district. The poor drink-sellers will have an unpleasant time of it, for though they have so many friends that most likely none of these bills will become law this session, yet these annual assaults are anything but agreeable, and there is a growing feeling in the country that something must be done before long to stay the awful intemperance under which we suffer. We are annually spending more than one hundred and forty million pounds sterling upon drink, with results that can neither be described nor imagined. The last few years have seen an awakening among the churches on this question of a very striking nature. The teetotalers a few years ago could count teetotal clergyman upon two hands, while now their number is legion; and the Archbishop of Canterbury has been compelled by his clergy to get a committee of the House of Lords to investigate the subject. It will be interesting to see what new light the wisdom of the peers will obtain for us on this vexed question.

Our Manchester mission is over, and the general feeling in the city is, that it has done real and good service. The "missionaries," to use the ugly word which has been employed of late, have as a general rule been earnest religious men who have not troubled themselves much about doctrinal or ritualistic questions, but have preached with spiritual power, that it is needful for men to remember that this life is not given merely as an opportunity of making money, but that it should be specially devoted to the cultivation of the higher and enduring faculties of the soul. The Cathedral has been especially crowded by men of every class to hear Mr. Knox Little dwell on the importance of remembering that the soul is more precious than all the world's wealth, and that it lives by purity and love. The Evangelicals who protested against his appointment have nothing to say against his mission work, and thoughtful men of every kind of creed are loud in their recognitions of the good work he has done. I can only hear of one or two cases where auricular confession has been advocated, and the offensive prominence given to "the blood" by Messrs. Moody and Sankey when they were among us, has been conspicuously absent. Our good Bishop has reason to be pleased with the results of his work. He himself was indefatigable as ever in his exertions. He visited the theatres and spoke to actors and all engaged with manly straightforwardness, recognizing that the stage might be made a powerful agency for good, and encouraging his hearers to strive to make their profession a benefit to their fellow creatures. He visited the large factories and workshops, and everywhere spoke with equal good sense and liberality. He has a wonderful influence for good amongst us, and I think I am justified in saying that even amongst Non-Conformists there is not a more popular man than the Bishop of Manchester. The Church needs such men to keep it really alive. There are amongst its clergy so many whose folly is drawing down upon it contempt and scorn, that its disruption almost seems a matter of comparatively short time. Mr. Tooth has been set free from his imprisonment, but he cannot re-enter his old church; the law has shown itself to be his master, and we are now told that a strong society of men sympathizing with him has been established to promote a separation of Church and State. I suppose he and his friends wish to take with them into their separation, the ninety million pounds at which the Church property is estimated. They are modest enough in their demands forsooth, but I fancy the nation will have a word or two to say before they are permitted to

turn national property to the uses of their Anglican sectarianism. There are a few more church scandals cropping up amongst us again, in the way of selling livings. I suppose you have no such things as advowsons, and next presentations to speculate in, on your side of the ocean. The Manchester *Examiner* and *Times* has been rousing the ire of the dealers in the cure of souls, by describing some bargains, which are to be had just now, and a neighboring rector has got himself into a difficulty, by denying the accuracy of the newspaper's statements, while the editor has documentary evidence to prove the correctness of his assertions. It will be amusing to see how he will wriggle out of his present unfortunate position, as it seems he has put forward as an attraction of his parish, that the wealthy Manchester merchants who reside in it are very hospitable. I wonder whether they thought their good dinners would be quoted in an ecclesiastical price current, to raise the cost of the living to a purchaser.

Our Unitarian world is busy lecturing just now. No doubt you see the *Inquirer* and the *Herald*, most likely the *Christian Life* also, and notice how all we ministers are hard at work in different ways proclaiming what we believe to be the truth. It is interesting work, but our brethren in the North of Ireland have more excitement in their labors. The strong Protestantism of Orange Ulster is up in arms against the Unitarian Propaganda, and not content with sermons two hours in length, in reply, with newspaper abuse and personal interruptions and denunciation, is having recourse to burning Cayenne pepper in the lecture rooms, in throwing volleys of peas, and in such manifestations of physical force that our brethren, the Revs. W. S. Smith, D. Matt and Professor Orr, have to be protected by *posses* of police, who escort them from the lecture rooms. There is indeed still a chance of our increasing the roll of the martyrs. It is a grandly Irish manner of upholding the Protestant right of private judgment. Londonderry has especially done itself great credit, by its special gift of religious rowdiness. Mobbing a Unitarian preacher is a conclusive argument in favor of the Trinity. It certainly is one which our friends cannot use in reply. I shall not however be surprised to hear that some sensible people will be led by these proceedings to look into the Unitarian controversy for themselves; and when sensible people begin to inquire, I do not think we need fear the result.

Yours, faithfully,

S. ALFRED STEINTHAL.

MANCHESTER, February 23d, 1877.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE two wings of the Episcopal church are flapping at each other lustily, and between the two, the body or the prayer-book is likely to suffer. One party charges that the party of the other part is likely to make future revisions of the book. But the party of the second part assures the world that up to the hundred and seventy-seventh centennial and beyond it shall continue to pray the same prayers, and that no possible changes are conceivable during generations to come for evermore. But in turn it charges that the first party is rapidly drifting in doctrine. The reformed wing is completely reformed. It is, in fact, all right, and now looks over to the other wing and ruffles its quills with disapproval. It cites Bishop McLaren, who has recently said that the church has sloughed off Calvinism and now considers baptismal regeneration as one of her brightest jewels. It cites the fact that of the eighteen regular Protestant Episcopal churches of Chicago only Trinity now remains evangelical, the rest having become ritualistic.

The *Advance*, in an admirable article, bemoans the revival of Second Adventism by Mr. Moody's special followers. It is a fact that Mr. Moody himself expects a second coming of Jesus in the flesh; his church here is in the hands of a Second Adventist; so also are several of the special efforts left in his wake. Supernaturalism, bloody sacrifices, substituted righteousness, then miracles, then the Lord in the clouds, and a grand theocracy over all the earth. Mr. Moody has this lesson to learn, that the intense study of a single book may render a man incapable of understanding that book. Mr. Moody studies only the Bible, until he literalizes its images and orientalisms, and meanwhile knows nothing of the facts about the Bible.

The Methodist paper is anxious to know if we are to have a Moody sect. It says emphatically that there is a tendency to throw aside church organizations. It is also getting tired of hearing about conversion as coming into the "ark;" or "being lifted into the life boat," or getting "a ticket on a through train." This

is rather hypercritical, for Mr. Moody certainly did speak of being drawn up out of a lion's den, and made free use of the fireman's ladder.

The *Times* has indulged lately in several capital hits at so-called scientific lectures, and is doing good service. It is specially caustic in its strictures upon puffing life insurance and other business affairs from the pulpit.

Missionary work in the Northwest is of vital importance, and there is plenty to do. It needs men without "great expectations," if they can be found. There are liberals, or outsiders as the Orthodox call them, everywhere. These people are not often ready for organization. They need help in many ways. Most of them are dissenters only. They have only seen the folly of current creeds, the evils of the bondage of the soul to crude interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures. The work must be very largely sowing on the waters. Pardee has started out to try his soul and grow patient. He reports considerable success along the line of the Northwestern.

A Methodist preacher was in the Third Church on Sunday, who has just been compelled to break the bonds and come out. He has been meditating the deed for about a year, and has been in correspondence with our secretary. He seems to be sincere, and will now have a chance to show his strength and tenacity.

A note full of good cheer comes in from Jones, whose genius for good nature makes the Orthodox take to him almost as readily as the Liberals. He has to speak in so many places at once—or ought to—that he thinks of establishing a radical telephone lecture bureau.

Forbush is placarding the city everywhere with Athenæum notes. If anybody can make the organization thrive, he will. He is putting his whole soul into it, and using common sense in his methods.

LITERATURE.

MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM.

MR. NADAL's article in the March *Atlantic* on newspaper book-reviewing, has justly attracted attention. When we consider how dependent the average reader is on the current reviews of books for his guidance—if not indeed his absolute acquaintance with the volumes in question—we see the importance of this branch of modern writing. There is also a higher phase of this department, from which we may safely say the average reader again takes his final impressions—this time not so much as to individual books as to authors. Great names shine in literature, and the busy man or woman seeks an interpreter of these writers. False or correct ideas are obtained, the difference arising from the capability or honesty of the medium critic; medium between the great author and the hurried reader. Therefore we hail with satisfaction so excellent a book as this.* It has been on the bookseller's counter some time, but it is not an ephemeral production. Mr. Hutton is the leading mind of the London *Spectator*, and has done much to elevate the tone and scholarship of newspaper criticism. These articles on Goethe, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, Hawthorne, George Eliot, are fine testimonies to the possibilities of this field. Many a student of the above-named authors can find in these thoughtful, conscientious chapters new light on old subjects. Here is a book, made up of newspaper contributions, that goes below surface features, and in a lucid manner reveals the tendencies, intellectual drifts, literary movements, of the times. Analysis has here a fine scope, and fills it.¹

But I wished to draw attention to the admirable preface which the author wrote for the American edition. In it are some noteworthy suggestions in regard to criticism—suggestions with avenues of application leading out, wide and inviting. I shall pursue but one or two, and those a short distance.

"It is folly," he says, "to suppose that because a critic

*Hutton's *Essays in Literary Criticism*.

stands far beneath the author he tries to interpret he must therefore be passing his true limits directly he begins to note deficiencies. It is the characteristic of all great authors to teach those who saturate themselves with their works, where those works fall beneath the standard which they themselves have set up." In this extract three valuable principles of high criticism are embodied, *i. e.*, that every author sets his own standard by which another than himself, though inferior in ability, can best try his several productions: and next, that the work of a true critic is interpretation; not assault, not idolatry, but sympathetic translation. And at the heart of all one must pervade his mind with the work, the writings of the author in hand, to properly speak about him. Hutton says, "saturate," but I think of rags and benzine at that word. Can a reviewer with constantly accumulating work do this? Has he the time? That depends. No one man should undertake to conduct an entire literary journal. Such an attempt was made in Boston recently. The editor is now in an asylum, irrevocably robbed of reason. Division of labor, the assignment of certain classes of works to certain individuals, accomplishes the end as no other method can. For setting aside the over-labor, there is the utter inability on the part of one mind to interpret all authors. Moreover, "saturation" is impossible through lack of time.

Let me quote another passage as indicative of what constitutes the higher newspaper criticism: "For myself, I heartily believe that when the great wave of self-questioning impulse which has unsettled our religious beliefs has spent its force, we shall find that it has not carried away, but established, that divine creed which it will certainly have transformed and transfigured. Nevertheless, in the meantime it is clear that a great literary school will have been produced by that self-questioning spirit, and a school whose members have endured much more of the pain of puzzling over the enigma of life than of the joy of solving it, though in Wordsworth they most of them found, and all of them might have found, some of that light which comes only in the most exalted moments of self-knowledge, but which then assures us that at bottom the conscience of man is the key to the science of the universe, and not the science of the universe the key to the conscience of man." This is a long sentence, but it contains for me a self-evident proposition. No man could write thus who had not a comprehensive and penetrating theory of modern literature and modern thought. Such a theory (plastic and improvable) every critic should have. It is a fundamental requirement of high criticism. Everything reviewed is then sure of location, relation—will not stand isolated. Judicious rank, proper allotments, will then more surely fall on each new work as it comes to the public with exaggerated claims (especially in science, theology and reform), and that fine sense of coherency and invovenness which is a product of our evolutionary instinct will prevail. Too much are our reviews of books dislocated theses; judgments estranged from a systematic testing of literature; erratic, half-hour guesses.

Hutton is a clearer, terser critic than Whipple, yet as profound. More varied, too, in approaches to his subject. Take this passage from the essay on "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold:" "The 'lyrical cry,' as he himself has finely designated the voice in which the true poetic exaltation of feeling expresses itself, is to be found in a multitude of places in his poems, but in him it neither utters the dejection of the wounded spirit nor the joy of the victorious spirit, but rather the calm of a steadfast equanimity in conflict with an unconquerable and yet also unconquering destiny—a firm

mind without either deep shadows of despair or high lights of faith, only the lucid dusk of an intellectual twilight." I call that an admirable hit at the centre of Arnold's characteristics as a poet. Such criticism bears its marks, palpable to all, disclosing seriousness of purpose with fairness and frankness—interpretation, in fine, which cannot leave out the defects while it brings forth the excellencies. George Ripley wears deservedly many honors in the field of criticism, but like Curtis he has always preferred the title "genial critic," which never means the critic in his full functions and at his best. Mr. Howells, of the *Atlantic*, is a pleasant writer, and serves up many a dainty dish in the reviews, but he too often toys with words, and unduly carves some prettiness or expands some trifle until the substance vanishes into shadow. For a fine model, I repeat, of modern literary criticism, Richard Holt Hutton is ever commendable.

E. A. H.

BRIEF NOTICES.

EASTER HYMNS. Compiled by J. E. C. Chapman. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. For sale in New York by E. P. Dutton, 713 Broadway, and Pott & Amory.

As the great festival of Easter is near, devout minds in every communion will gladly welcome this admirably selected and beautiful little volume to their joyous and thankful meditations on the Resurrection of their Lord and Saviour. It contains hymns of the ancient and modern church; and readers of our own branch of it will find the revered and familiar names of Henry Ware, Jr., and E. H. Sears among the authors. The accomplished aditress was among the lambs of our lamented Gannett's flock, and the book opens with a graceful introduction from the pen of Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, her uncle.

F. A. FARLEY.

BLACKWOOD'S FOR FEBRUARY.

The subject of voluntary relief to the sufferers in war is discussed by one who views the matter from the standpoint of a soldier, as well as a practical philanthropist. A suggestive paper on "The Situation in America," speaks of the Declaration of Independence as containing mischievous fallacies unperceived by the founders of the republic. It speaks thus of Washington, "It would be hard for any person to look upon his portrait and believe that he admitted the equality of many men, not to speak of all." The writer of the article speaks from the standpoint of a sympathizer with the late Confederate States of America. "The Woman Hater" is interesting as usual, and a new serial, entitled "Pauline," is commenced in this number.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CRADLE OF THE CHRIST. A Study in Primitive Christianity. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Cloth, \$1.75.

THE BEST READING. Edited by Frederic Beecher Perkins. Cloth, \$1.75.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. JOHN. By James M. Macdonald, D.D. With an Introduction by Dean Howson. Cloth, \$5.

EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY. THE ROMAN TRIUMVIRATES. By Charles Merivale, D.D. Cloth, \$1.

MAGAZINES.

BANKERS' MAGAZINE. March.
UNITARIAN REVIEW. March.
LIBRARY JOURNAL. February.

ART NOTES.

THOSE who admire Corot will find several fair examples of this master at Cottier's, 144 5th Ave., and besides these, a large Daubigny, in which the artist hardly appears at his best; several paintings by the Maris Brothers; a Constable that well illustrates his relation to French landscape; a Rousseau; and a water-color by Lessore of great breadth, to wit: about 10 feet.

THE painters of Florence, Rome, Parma and Venice painted for the pleasure it gave, just as at a later time in the same coun-

try singers sang for the love of it. The glory of the Italian schools is this: that without a system of doctrines and without unity of direction, but by the sole force of genius, they produced the greatest of masters and the greatest of works since the period of the Greeks. The honor of the French school—due in great measure to the influence of the Royal Academy—is that it represents thought and reason, sometimes severe, sometimes acute; and that it includes a great number of men, who, if not painters in the absolute sense, are at least picturesque moralists and judicious observers, whose pencils have served to move the heart or instruct the reason.—DELABORDE.

MR. WHISTLER has been decorating a dining-room. He terms his work, "Harmony in Blue and Gold—the Peacock Room." The color-scheme of the whole room, ceiling included, consists of blue on a gold, or gold on a blue ground; its forms are also elaborately varied with shelf and bracket-work for the holding and display of blue china. The eye of the peacock's feathers is the leading decorative multiple, lavishly varied with pattern-work from the breast and throat plumage. Beyond this, at the farther end of the room, there is a superb design, covering a space of about fourteen feet, of two peacocks combatting, the eye of one of them being supplied by a real emerald, that of the other by a diamond, and on the three shutters are other larger paintings of peacocks, blue on gold. All these are very fine works, Mr. Whistler having gone straight to nature for the study of the birds.—ACADEMY.

WINCKLEMAN and De Quincy have maintained that the object of the painter or the sculptor is to represent, not a particular man, but humanity. This is a confusion of the domain of metaphysics and that of art. The former rises from the particular to the general. It robs individuals of their proper characters, in order that it may consider only their common traits and the universal conditions of their existence. The process of art is entirely different. It regards, not abstract generality, but determinate perfection. If the painter, under the pretext of "the grand," eliminates from his figures everything particular, to what end will he come? To the academic style—cold, monotonous, almost mechanical, fatal to inspiration, rejected of all true artists. Consult the great masters. They will tell you that, first of all, the living human form is necessary, and in order that it may live, it must be individual and determinate. Leonardo, Michael Angelo and Poussin, by no means realists, were of this opinion.—SAISSET.

THE new school of artistic house-decoration, which is doing good service in many things but not in all, is absolutely intolerant of imitated woods, rejecting them utterly and universally. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. With regard to the moral difficulty, we venture to affirm that if we look it fairly in the face it will vanish utterly. It is argued that imitative woods are deceitful. The plain truth is that they are not deceitful at all. However deftly the graining may be done, there is always such an immense difference in surface texture between painted wood and wood bare as the plane left it, that the eye detects it at the first glance.

Passing from the moral to the artistic side of the matter, we venture to affirm that graining has certain artistic qualities which are not altogether nor in all circumstances to be despised. If excessive or obtrusive it is bad but if used reasonably it has the great merit of avoiding the dullness of a perfectly uniform surface, which is always wearisome to

the eye and almost intolerable in large spaces; in fact the imitations of woods have some of the most important merits which belong to the real woods themselves, though not all. The imitation has the variety of the original and may come pretty close to its color, but cannot have its texture.—HAMERTON.

HORTICULTURAL HALL LECTURES.

Rev. Clay McCauley on "William Ellery Channing," reported in the Commonwealth.

FROM Jonathan Edwards we turn to William Ellery Channing, and in order that we may comprehend the views of the latter, let us first consider the man. The religious life of the household in which Channing's youth was spent was overshadowed by the theology of Calvin; but very early he began to assert his personal independence and dignity. As a schoolboy, gentle and fearless, his fellows acknowledged his superiority. At the age of thirteen the boy began what he afterwards called a slightly religious growth. In college the tendency of the thought of the time was toward skepticism, but he moved safely through these perilous years; his high moral nature and earnestness protected him from error. Humanity became the one object of his meditations and efforts. Thenceforth it was his conviction that he must do for mankind something worthy of his great faith, and he determined that this work could best be done in the Christian ministry. After a struggle, he made a formal consecration of himself to God, and with a calm purpose to do a noble work for his fellow-beings, and a clear mental vision, he became more and more conscious of the possession of inward power. He was a rare illustration of his own theory that man is what he becomes through an original personal power; that man is the artificer of his own fortune. His interest in his chosen work rapidly increased, and he became more and more self-reliant. His revolt from Calvinism came from his moral repulsion of the dogma of the original sinfulness of man; and in a Christ-like spirit he even sought to excuse his most violent assailants. In the full maturity of his manhood we see yet the same character we have followed from childhood, only freer, brighter, larger in his love, more buoyant in his hopes. He stands before us, a strong, self-personality, filled with a conviction of the dignity and the divinity of the human soul. His utterances show him to be a recipient and channel for the new and best thought of his time. At first he studied with the utmost humility the Scriptures, and he was persuaded that the improvement of the heart was of infinitely more importance than the enlargement of the understanding. At the Federal street church he preached that man was God's free child, and that life was God's plan for training his children to be partakers of his holiness and divinity.

The lecturer quoted abundantly from Dr. Channing's sermons at the time of his Federal street pastorate to indicate the ground he occupied at that period. "Let us beware," he preached, "lest we take a less than Jesus for our guide."

If there was ever a lover of personal liberty, it was William Ellery Channing, and consequently in 1812 he said he could not speak of God and the Father in the language which the Calvinistic system suggested; and in 1815 he took the leadership in what is known as the Unitarian controversy, declaring that wherever true piety and love existed there was real Christianity. In a famous discourse at Baltimore he said human reason must be the interpreter of the Bible, and moreover we must look beyond the letter to the spirit. "We know that God is morally perfect," he asserted; "hence the doc-

trines of the popular religion concerning God's relations towards man are not true." He followed this line of argument up with the moral argument against the old system, declaring that Calvinism was not true because reason forbade us to believe in a Deity who failed to possess moral excellence. He recognized the inner monitor as the present voice of God, and proclaimed the divinity of human nature. "In the soul is the fountain of all divine truth," he said. The power of Christ lay in his moral perfection, and the grand miracle was in the character of Jesus. Dr. Channing had one last grand trial. It was the attack of Theodore Parker and the transcendentalists on the supernatural character of the faith he had preached. But serene in the possession of his own faith, he beheld in vision the final accomplishment of the work he had begun.

In moral dignity Dr. Channing was perhaps never surpassed. For himself he seemed to have made real his conviction, that "man must start believing there is something greater within him than in the whole material creation; than in all worlds which press on the eye or ear." His character seemed to confirm his faith that "of all discoveries man needs to make is that of the self-forming power within, in which there is more of divinity than in the force which impels the outward universe." Through this moral exaltation Dr. Channing has become immortal in human memory, and takes a place of permanent importance in the development of religious thought. Personal emancipation, so necessary to all growth, is made whenever his testimony to individual worth is heard. Faithfulness to the highest truth is gained, and longing for yet better knowledge is awakened whenever he is taken for a guide. Truth, beauty and goodness become objects of present desire whenever he is met as teacher. His character confirmed his faith and was a grand witness to the possible moral attainments of men. His life was not only a personal aspiration, but a ministry to his fellow beings. To make men conscious of their divine birthright, to aid them to gain the eternal witness of childship to God, to arouse in them determination to be their own masters, supreme as souls over their bodies, representing in life that which was purest and most lovely in thought—to accomplish these things he labored with all his strength. He saw in every human being a spiritual brother, and therefore for the poor, for the vicious, for the wretched and suffering, he felt an earnest solicitude. All grades of human condition had part in his prayers and purposes. His supreme desire was that all men should become happier and better, and his importance was in the impulse he gave to religious thought. Through him religious thought made its most successful struggle in New England for emancipation. We are now mentally free largely because he labored to make us free. Never had the right of the human mind to untrammelled action in religious inquiry a more valiant champion than was he. To-day there is between us and him a half century of intellectual activity, and we are forced to admit that there are many things which seemed to be truths to him, which we cannot all accept; yet his image appears to us to-day sublime in moral grandeur and radiant in his love for mankind.

THE PLACE WHERE THE SUN JUMPS A DAY.—Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is just in the line of demarkation between dates. There at high 12 Sunday noon Monday begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. There Saturday is Sunday, and Sunday is Monday, and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday. It is a good place for people who have lost much time, for by taking an early start they can always get ahead on Chatham Island.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women,
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation,
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon ev'ry birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them, and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little, happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages of all ages
That our planet ever knew—
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint;
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make;
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

—Selected.

HISTORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

(Translated for THE INQUIRER, from the German of A. W. Grube.)

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

FROM the lap of the great wide sea leaped up in the bright sunlight thousands and thousands of little drops, like playful children in the lap of their mother, and were tossed hither and thither by the wind. One little one of the innumerable Drop family was especially frolicsome and wished always to leap up the highest; but with his brothers he always fell back again into the mother's lap. Sometimes he got upon the fin of a dolphin and was carried a long distance, and with him skipped aloft; but he could never go higher than the fish itself, and when this fell down and dived under, then must he too follow. He was drawn back to the water as if he were tied to it by a string. But when he looked upwards to the clear blue sky, which like another ocean arched itself over the sea, and in which the beaming sun took its walk, a desire to travel took possession of him, an eager longing to mount up through the air to the clouds, and to sail with these through the blue etherial sea, and to look

down upon the earth from above. Then the little drop offered a prayer to the sun that he would draw him up to himself and take him with him in his great journey around the earth. The courageous heart of the little fellow pleased the dear sun and he granted his prayer. Immediately he sent down some of his beams, and in an instant these went under the water in order to take up the little drop with them into the air. They also took with them a great host of drops, so that the little drop might not want companions, but the traveller did not perceive this, for they were all changed by the sun into invisible vapor.

In swiftest flight they hastened up towards the sun, ascending higher and higher until they were very dizzy. When they had mounted sufficiently high they came to a current of air; for rivers are in the atmosphere as well as upon the earth, though there they are made of air. They sprang into this air current and were immediately borne by it over the sea towards the land. Like practised swimmers, they did not waste much time, but in one hour they had gone a hundred miles. That was a delight, so swiftly to sail through the ocean of air, much faster than fishes could swim or birds could fly. And how astonished were they when far beneath them an entirely new world disclosed itself. They looked down upon the green meadows and the waving cornfields, upon trees, bushes, cities and villages. Here a husbandman was ploughing the field with his yoke of oxen, there the horseman was mounted upon his spirited steed; here an eagle flew up towards the invisible company of drops as if he would greet them, and then shot down again like an arrow, there hopped about in the thick-leaved woods all sorts of beautiful birds and sang. All was new to them, for when they lay hidden in the lap of their mother sea they had never even dreamed of seeing anything like a city, a horse or a field.

In their great amazement and joy they had not observed that the sun had sunk lower and lower in the heavens; now it disappeared. Then it seemed to our little drop, who in the beginning had been in the highest spirits, not so pleasant a thing to be up in the high regions of air where it became every moment colder and colder. The poor drop looked about for some shelter, but there was no inn where to obtain a night's lodging in all these bare fields of air. He thought therefore that he would rather pass the night upon the earth which had smiled upon him in so friendly a manner with its meadows, trees and flowers. No sooner thought than done. Softly and unseen he came down, and the farther he came the denser he was. He felt himself changed from invisible vapor to a visible water-drop and fell faster and faster and at length reached a rose bush. A half-bloomed bud opened for him its hospitable doors and he slipped quickly in and found in the little house a fragrant bed all ready for him to sleep in for the night.

When the morning dawned and the sky grew red in the east, the little drop was also awake and saw with glad surprise how it had passed the night among the tender leaf-buds which glistened like the morning sunbeams. Fresh and joyful he came out of his fragrant bed and placed himself upon the outside of the petal. Here he awaited the coming of the dear sun, and when he, glorious and majestic, ascended the heavens like a king, he bid him good-morning. The sun rejoiced in the clear, bright drop, and mirrored in him his brightness, so that he shone brighter than a diamond. "Take me again to thyself, O dear sun, and let me again journey with thee far away over the earth." So spoke the little drop to the morning sun, and he heard his prayer. His beams drew him quickly up into the sky, and merrily he swept again over cities and countries, over mountain and valley,

But as the day became continually hotter and more sultry his strength left the presumptuous fellow and he wished to stop and rest. Yet there was in his path no spear of grass, no bush, no shade, for the tired wanderer. He could have cried out of mere weariness, and he cried out in his need to the good sun: "Let me go down to the earth, or to my mother the sea." When he had thus spoken he heard thousands and thousands of little voices above and around him, who all joined in his prayer, for they were his brothers who floated invisibly near him and who had faithfully accompanied the bold adventurer. Then the dear sun pitied them and sent a cool wind which collected all the little drops into a gray cloud, that became larger and larger as more drops assembled. At first in the thick mist the brothers did not know each other, crowding and squeezing among themselves, and they could not tell what was the matter until all at once they saw themselves changed into visible round water drops, when taking one another by the hand they hastened in swift course to the earth. What a rattling and spattering when the little troop reached the ground! Men said, "It rains." Our little hero with a part of the drop alighted upon a mountain. But the fall did him no harm; like a wide-awake and frisky fellow he sprang down the bare slope of the rock, and his little brothers after him like soldiers after their leader. Soon a whole band of them pressed together, and they stuck so close to one another that they formed a foaming brook, which boldly rushed along in the glad wantonness of youth. If they came to a sharp-cornered stone which lay right in their path as if to stop them, then it was who should first leap over it, and our little general always made the highest jump. Sometimes he hopped upon a strawberry-vine which grew along the margin of the brook, and he gladly nestled in the white flower or got upon the red berries, as if he would try how they tasted; or he scrambled upon the leaf of an overhanging alder, and rocked there so long that he got behind his companions in the brook, and then he strove lustily to catch up with them.

When they had thus hopped along together for some distance, always descending, they heard in the valley beyond something clapping, and when they came nearer they saw a house where were two great round hewn stones, and two mules which a man all covered with white dust was loading with sacks. Behind the house a great wheel turned and turned without stopping, over which the brook impetuously rushed.

It was a mill. The wheel turned mill-stones within as large as those lying on the ground faster than a boy whirls his top, and the stones worked diligently at grinding the corn. But what giant possessed the strength to turn the wheel so as to hurl those stones around and around so swiftly? No other than our little drops, which sprang by thousands over the wheel and trod upon it so strongly that it inclined itself before them. How little and insignificant is one water-drop by itself, in truth a poor drop! But when the little ones unite together, hold fast to one another like brothers, then they gain the strength of giants and are great. The little drop, with his brothers, who were behind him, made courageously the neck-breaking leap, and as he plunged down it seemed as if the foaming whirlpool under the wheel would prove his grave. But soon he came up again with good heart and swam on as quietly and contented as if nothing had happened to him. His course led to a pond into which the brook emptied itself. Ducks and geese were swimming in the pond. The frogs took up their abode on its margin, and while they sunned themselves they kept up lustily their croaking roundelay. Out of the muddy bottom the carp and

pickerel swam up flapped and sprang upon the bright surface of the watery mirror as wantonly as if they had been dolphins of the sea. This afforded great sport to our little drop, and he concluded to remain for a while in this little world. He chose the ducks for his ships with which up to the brook and down the pond across and back he navigated around; the frogs were his ponies which he mounted boldly in order to leap over the grass and take rides in the meadow.

(To be Concluded.)

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ITALY.

THERE are quite too many desperate fighters for the means of subsistence in this fair Florence. Beggars are ubiquitous and most importunate. You cannot darken the doors of church or palace or leave a card at a hotel or a friend's house without being annoyed by their dolorous sing-song, and, not seldom, pulled by the sleeve. Once inside the Cascine or the Boboli, and you are safe for a season, but the moment you leave those sanctuaries, what between them and the ceaseless clamors and pursuit of the most diabolical hack-drivers on earth, the poor *forestiere* has all he can do to keep his feet from kicking, and his lips from cursing.

Florence does not seem to be in a very happy frame of mind, from the small boys up. Taxes are high, business wretchedly dull, not a hotel in town half full, vacant lodging-houses in all quarters, artists without orders, theatres deserted—in short, all the indications of decadence. The town they say has lost forty thousand inhabitants since the capitol was removed to Rome. Strangers too complain in turn of many things that have changed for the worse, especially of the habit of locking up, or drawing curtains before pictures once freely exhibited, and of charging unreasonable fees at the galleries. And indeed when John Bull or Brother Jonathan has his wife and half a dozen boys and girls in his train, frequent visits to the Uffizi or the Pitti at a franc a head per visit make in time a severe draft on a precarious income. The galleries too are wretchedly cold. Divine as Raphael's Madonnas are, blessed and lovely as are the angels of Fra Angelico, and noble the saints and prophets of Fra Bartolommeo, still the feeling that you are paying the added price of Bronchitis or Diphtheria for the privilege of enjoying such heavenly society is a sad deduction from the blessing. Too many of the finest pictures in Florence are in dark chapels, so that a very bright day and a peculiar time of day are essential to detect their beauties. This is of course an extra stimulus to the genuine lover and earnest student of art, but to the average hard-working time-fighting tourist it is a mere twisting of necks and wearing out of shoe leather and of optic nerves to no good end.

We find the climate of Florence on the whole much better for nerves and spirits than that of Stuttgart. We have had scarcely any severe weather, and have managed by a judicious mixture of coke with our wood to keep our little parlor comfortable.

FLORENCE, February, 1877.

F. T.

FROM FLORIDA.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

In obedience to your request I send you this:

The political condition of the country could hardly be more chaotic, short of actual revolution, or a bloody attempt at change of dynasty. We are here on a broad scale presented with the old impressive truth, "Nothing without an equivalent." The higher conditions of the animal world and democratic civilization with the rest are experimentally evolved from struggling inner essences and divine possibilities. Whatever we may think of the disturbers and the disturbing elements, there is, it is confidently believed, method and shape in the upheavals—a working out of political wisdom—a providence in the unfoldings and tendencies. In accordance with this view the general feeling happily is that amid the national rejoicings, we shall not go beyond the line of safety. Our institutions are nearer to their salvation from jealousies, corruption, sin against the Holy Ghost and the public treasury, than when we first believed in republicanism.

Though the human nature of the Republican and Unionist may,

in the war, have differed very much from the human nature of democracy and secession in these parts, since that crisis the balance of moral character is, no doubt, practically restored between the two parties. In the matter of honesty, the claim to exclusiveness is not to be set up on either side. In this respect by the nature of things, the native whites in their political affiliations are the same on the one part and on the other, showing some integrity and a great deal of crookedness. That is too much of a labyrinth for the powers at Washington, and for the short thread of this communication. Equally good authorities here in Florida say, the one that Hayes gained the day, the other that Tilden conquered.

But there is in this State, a general agreement that the Northern Republican adventurer, supported by the ignorant negro vote, is the disturbing element and bane. Whoever comes among the blacks wanting to be governor and wearing the badge of their great deliver, Lincoln, has as a matter of course been their man. The dominion of such a person, particularly over his colored subordinates—blind and most arbitrary ruler alive, it is said—has been oppressive and disgusting. Hence enough white republicans with better informed blacks turned the scale in the late campaign in favor of Drew, the present Democratic governor. I have heard of no intimidation; only of some fraudulent voting, some annoyance from black inspectors of election.

Yours, truly,

W. M. B.

ROSEWOOD, FLORIDA, February, 1877.

FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

UNITY Church does its work as best it can with the means at its command. It is slowly and steadily growing in numbers and influence, and the prevailing sentiment seems to be that, practically, Unitarianism proper is stronger in Indianapolis now than ever before. Its advocates point to the settlement of men like Bartlett and Reed, by Evangelical churches, as a weighty evidence of wholesome respect for the work which Unity Church is doing. It is heavily burdened with debt, which its financially-weak membership find it very difficult to carry, and while this is the case, the problem of its permanence must remain unsolved.

A series of special meetings was held in Unity Church from February 16th to February 25th, inclusive. Revs. J. L. Jones, C. W. Wendte and J. H. Heywood took part in the work. The papers heralded it as a Unitarian revival, which indeed it was; conducted in Unitarian fashion, quietly, and, as we think, successfully. Wendte gave two grand sermons, on "The Royal Road to Happiness," and "What do Unitarians Believe?" Jones gave a week of hard work, speaking of "Religion: A Slow Growth, not a Sudden Gift;" "The Religious Lessons of Daniel Deronda;" "The Economies of Religion," and other topics equally good, while Bro. Heywood closed the series with two excellent discourses on "The Man Christ Jesus," and "Foregleams of Immortality."

There has been no great increase of nominal membership as the result of these meetings, but numbers have been attracted to the church who never came before, and who seem to find there what they were searching for, and a fresh inspiration for work and sacrifice has come to those already with us. The helpfulness of the work done is so evident that it will not be strange if the experiment is repeated annually.

INDIANAPOLIS.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED FEB. 4, 1877, BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

[We publish at Mr. Clarke's request the following extract, which was crowded out last week.—ED. INQUIRER.]

"Something must certainly be wrong in the theology of our Boston churches, or in their methods of action, when with all our apparatus and appliances, our church members, ministers, Sunday services, prayer meetings and various methods, we have to get Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to come from Chicago to show us how to preach and sing and pray in order to convert the people of Boston. As far as the Orthodox are concerned, the fault is not in the men, but in their theology; in a false view of man as naturally the child of the devil, and not naturally the child of God; in a false view of God as a being who must be appeased by the blood of his son before he can forgive sinners, and in a false view of the Holy Spirit, as one who 'visits as a transient guest,' instead of one who is very high us *always*, in our mouth and our heart, whenever we are willing to be led by him, and to be guided, inspired, purified, strength-

ened, comforted and lifted up. If the Unitarians, with a better theology, have not done much more, it is I think that we have thus far been too negative. We are satisfied in defending our position, and have not gone forward as we ought. We have not received the full realizing sense of the power and value of our belief on its affirmative side. We cannot then find fault with our Orthodox brethren, for if they build better than they know, we know better than we build.

"But since matters are thus let us be glad that we can have such a revival as this, for it must do a great deal of good. It is something to have the Orthodox churches of Boston united, if only temporarily, in their attack on the common enemy. It would be better if they would make a permanent league and a real union. If they were large enough to be able to take in all Christians, that would be better still. But we must not expect too much at once. They are trying to add to godliness brotherly kindness; some time or other they will take the last step, and add to brotherly kindness charity or universal love.

"I have heard Mr. Moody, and mean to hear him again as often as I am able. Thus far what strikes me most is this, that the best things he says are those which we Unitarians have been hearing for fifty years. He preaches the importance of work, and how every man must use his talent for God; he preaches that love is greater than knowledge or faith or profession; he preaches that love to man is the same sort of love as love to God; that charity and piety are one; he says that he would prefer less religion and more righteousness. This is no news to us, but it must be to a good many who hear him. Mr. Moody was born and brought up a Unitarian, and I cannot help thinking that if a man is to be an Orthodox revivalist it helps him a great deal to have a good foundation of Unitarian conviction to build upon. And I also willingly grant that a Unitarian minister is all the better for having a good Orthodox experience to build on. I think the Orthodox may learn something from us, but we also may learn a great deal from them. Instead of criticising their methods, let us try to be inspired by their zeal. It will be a good thing for the Unitarian churches in Boston to have this revival here. Some of the wave of enthusiasm may roll up into our little creeks and bays and help us too. And if to this enthusiasm is added faithful teaching of righteousness, of brotherly love, of fidelity to all duties large and small, of honesty in business, then we all shall bless God for it. If in consequence of this revival the new converts are found more trustworthy, if it is seen that Christians are more liberal with their means; if rich men give more freely than before of their abundance to all good objects; if men are made better in politics, in trade; if there is less scandal, less gossip, less intemperance; if mechanics are more faithful in their work; if henceforth there are no defalcations among church members; we shall think that salvation has really come to dwell in our land.

"There is no reason why any of us should oppose Mr. Moody and his methods unless we can show a better way. Let us be glad, as Paul was glad, that at any rate Christ is preached. If men are brought to God and Christ, if Christians are united in a common work to save souls, if they really go to seek those who are perishing in our midst for the want of friendly aid, this will be the revival we need and we must not oppose it. We have a right, no doubt, to criticise anything which we see amiss in it, if we also sympathize heartily with all that is good. Some of Mr. Moody's theology might be criticised. For example, I think that he speaks against duty in too sweeping a way. He speaks as if trying to do one's duty was rather opposed to the Gospel, and says he is tired of hearing about duty. I agree that duty and love are two different things. I should not wish to kiss my child from a sense of duty, or to give a Christmas present from a sense of duty. Duty is not love but it may be a help to it, a ladder by which we climb up to it. I think the man who faithfully does his duty is on his way upward toward God. Conscience is the preparation for love, and whatever you may urge against legalism, it is always true that 'the law is our school-master, to bring us to Christ.' Because a man has himself gone up into the heaven of love by the ladder of duty, that is no reason why he should throw down the ladder. He does not need it again himself perhaps; but others who have not yet got up may. He ought not to say, 'I am sitting in heavenly places with Christ Jesus, and my motive is love. I hate to hear about that ladder of duty.' When the wings of the higher nature are not yet unfolded, and we cannot fly up to God, a ladder may be a very good thing. Steps are very useful. Even the angels, in Jacob's dream, though they had wings and could fly, contented themselves with going up and down a ladder."

JOTTINGS.

REV. J. N. PARDEE is doing good missionary work in Wisconsin.

BOSTON.—Rev. S. J. Barrows delivered an interesting sermon on the inspiration of Scripture. His leading thought was that inspiration must be tested by effects.

"Getting Good from Every Source" was the subject of a very interesting and practical sermon by Rev. R. H. Neale, D.D., before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, last Sunday evening. Next Sunday evening Rev. H. A. Cleveland, of the Winthrop Street Methodist church, will preach on "Wanting the Chief Place."

REV. DR. DUDLEY, having accepted the call extended to him by the 28th Congregational Society (Theodore Parker's) of Boston, has entered upon his duties. The congregations have largely increased of late and the Sunday school is reported to be in a flourishing condition.

A FIRM at Leominster, Mass., is engaged in manufacturing napoline, or imitation of coral, from cheese or curds. The curd is separated from the water by chemicals and drying; then it is subjected to a 40 tons pressure, and afterward it is cut into the shapes of flowers, etc., which are susceptible of receiving any color.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.—The Unitarian society is prospering under the ministrations of Rev. A. J. Rich. The congregation has largely increased during the past year, while the Sunday school has more than doubled. Another example of the good coming from a pastorate of a number of years. Rev. Mr. Rich was settled nearly seven years since.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We are glad to learn that the pulpit of the Unitarian church is to be supplied for four months beginning next Sunday by Rev. Clay McCauley. Mr. McCauley is one of the ablest of the younger ministers of the Unitarian denomination, a quiet, thoughtful man and one well fitted for such a post during the new era into which we appear to be entering.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—The Western Unitarian Conference will meet here April 10th and continue over the 11th and 12th, instead of commencing on the 4th, as stated in your Chicago letter in THE INQUIRER for March 1. Please make the correction and say that we extend a cordial invitation to all the friends of a liberal faith, to aid us with their presence and speeches.

J. ELLIS.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—The Unity Sunday school at Louisville, Ky., under the pastoral care of Rev. J. H. Heywood, presented one of our mission schools with a nice library of books not long since, for which the little ones are thankful, and wish to express it in this public way.

We have two other mission Sunday schools, which are without libraries and not able to get them, and if some of our Eastern Sunday schools about to get new books should gather up their second-hand library and send it to us, they would be doing a good work. Direct to J. Ellis, Shelbyville, Shelby Co., Ill. Our schools are doing very finely in this mission-field.

J. ELLIS.

THE Island of Heligoland is reported to be less than a mile in superficial extent; in 1649 it was four miles in circumference; in 1800, forty-five miles; and, in 800, a hundred and twenty miles. The encroachment of the sea is effected almost entirely from the northeast, owing to the set of the currents and the direction of the prevailing winds.

It appears that two cases of antiquities sent from Cyprus to the Museum at Constantinople by General di Cesnola, never arrived there. They were traced as far as the Dardanelles, and it is now suggested that by some means they found their way into the hands of Dr. Schliemann's workmen at Hissarlik, and certain inscribed terra cotta disks among them were by them palmed off upon him as discovered in the excavations.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Ager, of the Swedenborgian society, made a severe and rather personal attack upon Mr. Chadwick because of his recent lecture upon Emanuel Swedenborg. With a little more soundness of judgment and a little less bitterness of feeling Mr. Ager would probably have produced a greater effect.

NEW YORK AND HUDSON RIVER CONFERENCE.—The next meeting of the Conference will be held in the Church of the Saviour (Dr. Putnam's), Brooklyn, on the 27th and 28th of March. Rev. George L. Chaney, of Boston, will preach on Tuesday evening, and the usual business meeting of the Conference will be held on Wednesday. Reports from the churches and discussions will occupy the time on Wednesday. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may be interested. The church is on the corner of Pierrepont St. and Monroe Place. S. H. CAMP, Sec.

EXCAVATIONS made in Greece and Italy continue to furnish rich results. At Mykenæ the Greek Government is reported to have found rings of massive gold and of great value. The gold ornaments discovered by Dr. Schliemann are most of them said to be very thin, and experts in Athens report that they are probably of a much later date than he ascribes to them. His latest discovery is a ring having an intaglio representation of a group of women near a palm tree by the sea, with the sun and a crescent moon rising over the waters.

SOME peasants have opened a tomb on the walls of which were hung shields of bronze, lances, swords and daggers; on the floor was a sumptuous

funereal couch of wood and bronze; at the head and feet of the royal skeleton were bronze tripods and silver vases beautifully wrought; exquisite pieces of furniture richly ornamented with ivory carved in low relief; gold cups and vases, and a head-piece of solid gold, 8 inches by 5, with 131 miniature statuettes of lions, horses and chimæras—the perfection of the goldsmith's craft. It is supposed to be the tomb of one of the allies of the Tarquins who fell at the battle of Lake Regillus.

SALEM, MASS.—Rev. Fielder Israel was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church on the 8th inst., Mr. Batchelor making the opening prayer, Mr. Ware delivering the sermon, Dr. Bartol the charge to the pastor, Dr. Briggs that to the people, and Mr. Willson giving the right hand of fellowship. The society was organized Aug. 6, 1629, on the basis of the following covenant: "We covenant with the Lord and one with another; and do bind ourselves in the presence of God to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself unto us in His blessed Word of Truth."

Le Christianisme au XIX. Siecle says that there exists in Paris a work of foreign origin, very interesting, though little known. It is the home started by Miss Leigh for the reception of English women or girls who, having come to Paris with the view of seeking situations as governesses or lady's maids, often find themselves suddenly without employment and in distressing pecuniary difficulties. This institution has already done good service and saved from misery and perhaps from despair foreigners who but for it would have found themselves alone, and, as it were, cast adrift in the great city. Thanks to a generous gift of M. Galignani, the refuge has been enlarged by the addition of an orphanage, destined for the reception of English children whom death or some other circumstance has deprived of their parents.

REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR, of Salem, Mass., preached at All Souls' Church on "Faith the substance of things hoped for," enlarging upon "faith as an instinct," "faith as a perception," and "faith as a prophecy." The substance of his thought was that faith is not purely intellectual. An able sermon.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM preached on Sunday morning on "The Discord between Duty and Dreams." He dwelt at some length on the slow process of reform, on the great distance between the valley and the mountain top, between the glorified saint on the summit and the grovelling madman at the base. He concluded by saying that the law of kindness and love would make the individual invulnerable against temptation, vanity, hate and other sins. It would regulate his home, and going outside, would regulate the affairs of society. Prisons would be abolished, policemen dismissed, gallows taken down and penitentiaries removed. Let this law prevail, he said, and your perfect republic will be realized.

PROF. FELIX ADLER discoursed concerning "The Modern Priesthood." He shall be called, he said, a priest of the ideal who draws men away from the absorbing pursuit of the realities. We have that only which we are, but common judgment reasons differently; it tells you you are what you have. Good things are the scales on the ladder of life; but life is more than acres, equipage, etc. We spend too much time in seeming to be; we are governed by the rule of "They say." This corrupts the State and has made the churches sick, and by its evil potency men have rushed to their ruin and women waste their precious lives on the vainest shows. Give me one who is content to be himself and not to seem what he is not and I will show you a priest of the ideal. Happy ye will be if you labor through life and seek no recompense save the artist's recompense—the joy in his work—and that shall be your reward. Marriage is the foundation of all ethics. Its celebration does not end with the wedding-day. It is a perpetual celebration and intercommunication of two souls. It is the supreme festival of humanity. I use the term priest in no narrow or artificial sense. We shall all be priests. There is no order. The slumbering echo within you shall waken to the music of humanity. A priest of the ideal must have the gift of tongues and kingly words to utter kingly thoughts. His passport is freedom, his creed is boundless. The multitude would seek to compass the infinite and the boundless. They would have names even though they understood them not, but the ideal is infinity.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has added materially to our knowledge of the ants by his recent lecture at the London Institution. He confirms the opinion that those of one species keep slaves, without which they could not exist; that some seek aphides in the grass for food and keep them during the winter; that they are the hardest workers in the world, toiling without intermission from six in the morning till after ten at night. They show the capacity of discriminating between natives and strangers; they are subject themselves to little parasites; they had not intelligence enough to pull back a little paper, which would bridge a chasm between their nest and their food; nor were they able to supply the place of the leaders on a foraging party whom he destroyed, but fell into confusion at once. Not only did Moggridge report having seen ants storing up food for winter use, according to Solomon, but the missionary, Thompson, records the same fact as part of his experience in the East. Sir John thinks the ants deserve and will repay further study; the bees have been overvalued at their expense.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

-OF THE-

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE:
Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

JANUARY, 1st, 1877.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$30,166,902 69

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$5,910,540 87
Interest received and accrued.....	\$2,164,080 81
Less amount accrued January 1, 1876.....	257,130 86—1,906,949 95— 7,817,790 82
Total.....	\$37,984,693 51

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death.....	\$1,547,648 42
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,516,681 16
Life annuities, matured endowments, and re-insurances.....	234,230 22
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physician's fees.....	373,001 67
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	376,694 33
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	140,232 32
On other stocks.....	65,307 19—\$5,253,795 31
Total.....	\$32,730,898 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Trust Company, in banks, and on hand.....	\$1,427,933 18
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks, (market value \$10,311,045 67).....	9,730,529 91
Real estate.....	2,541,576 46

This includes real estate purchased under foreclosure, amounting to \$773,402 32, a recent appraisal of which by competent parties shows that, when sold, the company may reasonably expect to realize at least its cost.

Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for \$15,321,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	17,354,837 84
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,659,490).....	781,585 39
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection, (estimated reserve on these policies \$505,000 included in liabilities).....	125,027 15
Agents' balances.....	36,154 19
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68—32,730,898 20

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	580,515 76
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CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1877..... \$33,311,413 96

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	\$314,440 98
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.....	201,153 21
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle, net premium.....	29,634,461 61
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	517,504 84
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,038 32—30,684,597 96

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	\$2,626,816 00
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Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over \$5,500,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,626,816 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus. The cash value of the reversion may be used in such settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

During the year 6,514 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,062,111.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.

Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119 00
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Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,713,473 00
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1876-77.

LECTURES:

VI. Murray and Universalism.

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877.

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

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Assets, Jan. 1, 1876. \$4,981,573 73
Surplus to Policy-Holders. 523,652 69

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U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. 13,280 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings. . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's. . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . 8,890 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64
Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1877.

Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
CASH IN BANKS. . . . \$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,453 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE). . . . 286,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,455 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . . 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 123,416 65
REAL ESTATE. . . . 6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26
Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.
CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . . . \$242,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. . . . 1,375 00
Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

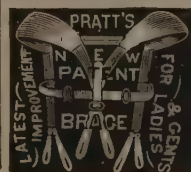
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January 1st, 1877.

Capital. \$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus. 1,792,902 92
Gross Assets. \$2,792,902 92

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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 18,
WHOLE NO., 1586.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1877.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS A COPY.

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THE placing of General McClellan in charge of the New York State Department of Public Works will be generally looked upon as a judicious act. General McClellan is an engineer of distinction who has had the drill of West Point, has commanded large bodies of men and won the affection of not a few, has held a prominent place in the public view and whose character has never been soiled by suspicion of want of personal integrity. We seem to be drifting into clearer waters.

THE adjournment of the Senate leaves the administration free to consult and agree upon the details of a policy which had already been outlined with sufficient clearness to command public confidence. Much anxiety is felt with regard to the steps which shall be taken to retrieve the blunders of the previous administration in the management of affairs in the South, but probably the general plan will be known before this paragraph reaches our subscribers. The first campaign in the Civil Service war has been completely successful, and we shall now have to settle down to the hard fighting, which will doubtless amply fill a good part of the coming four years. Senator Sherman, we believe, claimed on the floor of Congress that existing laws granted sufficient power to enable a properly qualified Secretary of the Treasury to redeem the pledge of resumption January 1, 1879. It now remains to be seen whether Secretary Sherman is of the same mind.

A STATEMENT by Dr. Forbes Winslow that ten thousand victims of Spiritism were confined in the insane asylums of the United States prompted Dr. Eugene Crowell, of Brooklyn, to address circulars to the superintendents of the public institutions for the insane throughout the country, asking specific information upon the subject. Replies received from fifty-eight asylums show four hundred and twelve cases of insanity from religious excitement and fifty-nine cases resulting from Spiritism. Reports for a series of years show out of a total of nearly fifty-nine thousand, nearly twenty thousand cases from religious excitement, and two hundred and twenty-nine cases from Spiritism. Certainly very few will be

prepared for these figures. We can only ask, Does Spiritism so closely resemble insanity that it acts as a safety valve, giving carte blanche for the manifestation of all imaginable whimsies, without imposing upon the exhibitor the necessity of seclusion?

THE price of gold has been remarkably steady, at 104½, or thereabout, during the week. Silver has met with two more serious tumbles, being quoted at last accounts as low as 53½d. per oz. in gold. At this rate it is worth so much less than the greenback sells for as to be exceedingly enticing to the advocate of "cheap money." The stock market is much disturbed, and the general feeling on 'Change is anything but satisfactory. It is impossible to overlook the fact that in both financial and commercial circles there is considerable disappointment, not unaccompanied by despondency, at the discovery that something more than the awkward political situation was at the bottom of the business depression during the winter. However this is no time for despondency. We have undoubtedly walked for years in the valley of the shadow; it is a long lane which has no turning, and there is no question that many recent events of a public character are absolute gains of immense importance in promoting an era of prosperity, whether we are yet able to see concrete results or not.

THE *Young Men's Christian Association Bulletin* started the following paragraph, which is now going the rounds of the "religious" press:

"A business man of this city, but a hard drinker, was taken by a friend to see Mr. Moody last week. He offered Mr. Moody \$1,000 to cure him of his appetite for liquor. He was pointed at once to the great Physician and prayed for. That night, while in his own home, surrounded by praying friends, about twelve o'clock, he found deliverance. He has abolished rum and tobacco, he has no appetite for liquor, and is one of the happiest Christians in the city."

Now the question has been discussed at some length whether the "intelligence of Boston" has yet been appealed to by the revivalists. If the intelligence of Boston is constituted of the same kind of material as the intelligence of other parts of the country, and the above is a fair sample of the shots fired, we are inclined to believe with those who think that it has *not* been appealed to just yet. We do not know exactly how long it takes to prove that a man has been cured of an appetite for liquor, but the above-mentioned jovial merchant seems to be a brother of the man who said just after rising in the morning: "I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day."

AN active discussion has very naturally arisen over the proper time and manner of electing a President, and it is not wholly improbable that we will be compensated for the extreme discomfort of the late campaign by the thorough examination of this part of our political policy, and the adoption of improved methods. Perhaps the most noteworthy suggestion yet made is that of President Barnard, who proposes that the electors be chosen by the Legislatures of the several States, the members of the Lower House from each Congressional district naming one and the State Senate electing the other two; the electors thus chosen to form in fact what the

electors were intended to form, an electoral college, to meet at Washington and choose a President and Vice-President. Among several advantages which might be gained by the adoption of this system would be the entire relief from the excitement and disturbance attending the present style of campaign, and probably a great improvement in the quality of members of the State Legislatures. This would unquestionably be the case if some judicious scheme of personal representation should be simultaneously adopted, a reform which in any case ought to be introduced at once. The objections to the last mentioned device seem to be simply that it is cumbersome and unwieldy, and that it does away with the ballot. The force of these will immediately disappear when they are weighed against the advantages to be obtained in decent government and security against fraud.

THE enormous depreciation which has taken place within a few years past and especially within a twelvemonth in the price of stocks in this market, and the vast total of investments, extending to untold millions of dollars, which have become utterly worthless, ought (if nothing else will) to call public attention to the radical error of our system of corporations with limited liability. That at no time and under no circumstances should such corporations be allowed to exist, we are not prepared to say, but that *now* and as they exist with us, they are a vital error we are satisfied. A party of men is got together, each contributing a larger or smaller sum—generally a smaller—and they are then allowed to organize themselves into a company in which each is individually liable only for the amount of money by him invested, and with more or less complete information given, they are authorized to entice others to contribute their proportion to the common fund. A nucleus having thus been formed still other contributions, often larger in amount, are called for in the shape of loans from parties who are not to have even a semblance of voice in the management, and the corporation is organized ready for work. There is ordinarily no proper control of the officers by the stockholders, there is usually no sufficient pecuniary interest or liability on the part of the officers to compel them to prudence and economy, there is no responsible body to be reached by the courts by exemplary process in case the public interests are violated.

It is as bad as this at the start; it grows worse in geometrical ratio. The facts of business history are concealed or misrepresented; when trouble is apprehended, those within the circle step out under cover of their own lying statements, beguiling innocent dupes who too easily slip into their places. The public comfort, or health, or safety, is put in jeopardy or sacrificed, and no one can be made to suffer any adequate punishment.

When a man undertakes the book business, or the hardware business, or to practice as a doctor or a lawyer, he has to answer with his whole property and his physical substance for his acts. We have yet to see why any set of men united for the purpose of making gas, or running a railroad, or transacting the life insurance business, should not be exposed to precisely the same liability. That fewer corporations would be organized upon any such basis we are quite aware, but we think it would be difficult to say why, if Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith is unwilling to take stock in a corporation where he assumes the same liability that he does in any other business, the innocent public can be properly called upon to take the risk. Heaven hasten the day when we shall have fewer corporations organized; when men will be compelled to question whether their enterprise is needed before they attempt to float it.

We think it will require no argument to show the increased

vigor which would be thrown into management which rested upon unlimited responsibility.

ON REFORMING THE WORLD.

In fulfilment of a function which we inevitably assume in publishing a paper such as THE INQUIRER we not only print essays and communications of various kinds upon current topics from known contributors, but we also often comment freely upon those topics in our proper person in the manner which seems to us just. And recognizing the idea of progress as characteristic of the period—as of all periods—we naturally assume in many instances the attitude of an instructor or promulgator of the law. In this we hold common ground with most of our contemporaries, and we only differ greatly from some of them in having faith in the motto, *festina lente*. We think there is great merit in the injunction, "Look before you leap"—deep mystic meaning in the charge not to cross a stream before you come to it, and transcendent virtue in becoming acquainted with a subject before you attempt to teach it.

A subscriber in Ohio sends us a long letter criticising and taking exception to numerous expressions of our views, notably those contained in an article entitled, "The Economical Aspect of our National Experiment," and those relating to the currency. As his remarks touch more or less directly the most vital relations of society and the principles upon which the development of civilization depends, it will be something more than we can undertake to do, to answer him at length in a paragraph.

And we must remind him and others many, that it is easy to mistake and misrepresent the animus of an editor's words: this is not always so venal as some suppose it to be. When our correspondent says that, after trying other methods, now, "our oligarchs adopt a different system of warfare, they employ the tremendous enginery of the press to rail at and deride in every manner possible those who dare to utter a different opinion," and "We notice that the religious press generally join in this hue and cry, and [are] very sorry to see that of late more particularly you are making great effort to have your voice heard baying in the same pack," we give him credit for supposing that what he intimates concerning us is the case, and that we are either ourselves of the moneyed oligarchy, or are subsidized thereby, and are not conscientiously expressing an opinion, as he appears to be.

Now we desire frankly to assure him that he is mistaken. We regret to say that we cannot claim either the merit or the opprobrium properly belonging to a capitalist, and so far as we are aware we are not likely to receive a continental *sous-marquee* for any view which we have expressed or shall express hereafter. So much for our own position. It so happens that after long and deep study of financial questions, the great body of the educated men of the world have come to a substantial agreement as to certain leading facts of political economy, and it also happens that as a general rule the highly educated men in a community gradually come to be popularly classed with the capitalists (or those forming the "oligarchy"), though unfortunately they are many of them far enough from having a surplus of this world's goods,—and these two reasons probably account for the charge so often reiterated and doubtless so devoutly believed.

The crowded columns of a weekly paper scarcely afford space for elementary treatment of the currency question and indeed we scarcely feel that the large majority of our subscribers (albeit not oligarchs) would care to surrender so much room to something which would seem to them to re-

semble so closely the A-B—AB of their childhood. Our correspondent has "faith that from the thought that is now being given to this subject, a new theory may be evolved better adapted to the wants of our age and more consonant with the progress made in all other branches of science." We also have faith that we shall have more light upon financial as well as other subjects, but as we intimated last week to the *New Age*, we believe this light will only come to those who have made themselves faithful scholars of the past and students of the present.

It may be that our Ohio friend has already learned all that John Stuart Mill has to say, and all that Professor Perry has to say on the subject of the currency; that he is familiar with Mr. Wells' story of "Robinson Crusoe's Money," and that he has made himself master of the experience of mankind in that regard from the age of flint to the present; if he has not, he will permit us to say that his deductions and denunciations are a trifle sweeping.

When we come to speak of the general question of the relation of labor to capital, and of the condition of a great many of the so-called laboring-class, by which term speakers sometimes mean those without accumulated capital—those who have been unable or who have neglected to save (and the latter doubtless far outnumber the former), and sometimes those who do rough labor with their hands, and sometimes interchangeably the one or the other, on the principle, "Now you see it and now you don't," we feel as much dissatisfaction with the situation as our correspondent can, and as much solicitude as to the future. We cannot however agree with him that the present situation is "the fault of those to whom belong the millions," or that they are "responsible for all the ills that society is heir to." We think that a little more thought would show him that an imperfect civilization working in an imperfect race has had something to do with the ills to which society is heir, and as we have gradually sloughed off certain things in the past and marvellously enhanced the comfort of all classes of the people, so we may hope in the future to get rid of certain other things and raise the standard of comfort and happiness still higher. But not—if the experience of the past is of any value as a guide—by getting rid of riches.

We grant that our progress in these things seems slow, and that while a man is waiting he yet may starve. This is true, and it is not a pleasant thought to any of us. In the progress of humanity many men are destroyed from age to age, some by one cause, some by another, yet the world rolls on. Some time we may get beyond the need of this—we have not yet.

That our progress is always so slow our correspondent will pardon us from saying is partly because of the enormous crowd of incompetent and imperfectly-educated men who are continually precipitating themselves upon the helm. When we shall have all learned that it requires at least as much preparation to guide humanity as it does to manufacture a printing press or a chronometer, we shall probably have a smaller number of newspaper writers on the question: "Are all rich men robbers?" and also have more beauty and wholesomeness, aye, and prosperity in all our lives.

THE CLOAK OF CHARITY.

THERE is good authority for the maxim that charity should cover the multitude of sins—sins, that is, of other people; should cover them up, put them out of sight, treat them as though they did not exist. The maxim is easily extended to

intellectual sins, sins against logical distinctions, and is made to countenance that disregard of what we call errors of speculation which is a prominent feature in the intellectual character of our time. A generation ago it was a merit to respect distinctions; exact thinking, speaking, writing was creditable. Even untrained, unprofessional people could tell wherein one doctrine differed from another, while trained minds exhibited their training by the delicacy of the distinctions they were able to make and the nicety of the connexions their knowledge or their carefulness established. They may have set more by these distinctions than was just; they may have exaggerated their importance; they may have erected them into serious barriers against the spirit of kindness, placing theology above charity, the letter before the spirit, the form before the substance. They had not learned the secret of rational comprehensiveness that, giving full force to differences, recognizes the breadth of the unity which includes them. Still they did discern the differences and would not hold them from view. This rule seems to hold no longer. The emphasis is laid now on charity, and with results quite as one sided as before. The present custom is to disregard distinctions, to make all opinions work alike, to obliterate definitions which separate beliefs into schools and to run the contents of creeds together. Thoughtless people do thus favor ignorance, simplicity, good nature, indifference; sentimental people do it from the impulse of kind feeling, an easy and loose preference for emotion before intellect. Intellectual men fall into the same practice sometimes, being convinced that the forms of thought being temporary, incidental and superficial should be treated accordingly, and in practice, so far as possible, disregarded. The Christian is moved to undervalue and cover up the diversities by spreading out the mantle of Unity, and the Free Religionist who, as such, lays stress on the broad term *religion*, is tempted to forget the antipathies of religions in the contemplation of their sympathies.

These in some respects inconsistent methods of procedure mark the opposite interpretations of transactions like the recent mingling of Unitarians with Trinitarians at the rite of Communion. Mr. Clarke declares that "bread and wine belong to the creed of nature;" that "every one can put into this act of Communion his own interpretation," and evidently thinks that the communicant is discharged from all duty of asking the meaning of the rite according to the church that celebrates it. We presume he would fully justify a Unitarian in partaking of the sacrament at the Church of St. Albans or St. Ignatius, or even at St. Patrick's or St. Peter's, the responsibility for his non-participation resting with the narrow-spirited priest. Mr. Hale goes further still; he holds it to be "a central principle" that the table is "the Lord's table, spread for any person who cares for him enough to wish to attend." In his judgment, the invitation, by whomsoever given at second hand, is primarily given by Jesus Christ, and is as comprehensive as would be an invitation to the citizens of Boston, without specification of condition, to dine on the public common by invitation of the city government. Mr. Ellis's view of the case has not appeared in print. The *Boston Transcript*, sharing the opinions of Messrs. Clarke and Hale, carries their doctrine still further by stigmatizing as "bigotry" the recognition of even a formal distinction between the Unitarian and the Episcopalian doctrine, and deems the mildest criticism on the Unitarian procedure a return to the austere exclusiveness of two centuries ago.

The *Christian Register*, it may be inferred, takes the other view, though in this particular controversy it has leaned rather to the side of Dr. Clarke. Its issue of February 24th

contains an article by "R. E.," entitled "The Ministration of Baptism in the Protestant Episcopal Church," reflecting pointedly and severely on Unitarians who bring their children to the Episcopal font to be christened without inquiring what the right signifies; and by quotations from the Prayer-Book shows what it *does* signify. The article has this plain sentence: "It seems to me that it is a good thing, whilst exercising all charity and meeting the liberality which Unitarians have been preaching and practising for a century here half-way, to have some clear convictions and to stand by them." In its last week's number (March 17th) the *Register* notices the *Churchman's* "reply" to its correspondent, "R. E.," and copies a third objection, viz.: that "the service distinctly recognizes the doctrine of the Trinity, and any one acting in good faith assents to the truth of that doctrine in bringing a child to be baptized." This is plain language that applies to the rite of Communion as closely as to the rite of baptism. If we have carelessly overlooked the paragraph wherein the editor expresses his dissent from the positions taken by his correspondent and by the *Churchman* we will gladly correct the error into which they have betrayed us, and will restore to the *Register* the reputation for "liberality" which we had innocently denied to it.

For ourselves, it is needless to say that we agree with "R. E." and the *Churchman*. Our sympathies are with those who regret the confusion of ideas and practices so frankly avowed and justified by Mr. Hale, so ingeniously vindicated by Dr. Clarke. Our full accord is granted to Mr. Savage, who perceives a *radical* difference between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism. In our view Mr. Moody's gospel is *fundamentally* unlike that of the Unitarian fathers and never more irreconcilable with it than when he *seems* to inculcate the same principles; his dogma of the depravity of human nature rendering impossible faith in natural goodness or in natural power of goodness, and his emphasis on *character* (meaning *degenerate* character) being laid where no rational believer can place it. We believe in close, sincere thinking; in the clear acknowledgment of distinctions and the honest acceptance of the consequences they imply. We do not believe that making distinctions evinces a captious spirit, or that accepting their consequences evinces an uncharitable one. The charity the Apostle commends must recognize sins before it covers them over. There is little merit in spreading the cloak over a bare spot where there is nothing to conceal. The true remedy for intolerance is, in our judgment, to find a philosophical generalization so wide that the differences of view may be included and accounted for without being in any degree weakened. Such a generalization may easily be found by such as earnestly inquire for it. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE KERNEL.

WITHIN the great and universal the small and tender nestles and finds rest. The prairie that has kept itself all day to the lone traveler a wide, wild wilderness—space on the right of him, space on the left and space before, broad, silent, dead—at night shows misgivings for its inhospitable greatness. And as the darkness begins to fall, the vast stretch of land relents, comes hovering in and centres in a pleasant light, seen ahead, and in a well illumined home, walled in, comfortable and tidy, from the endless outreach. There, the feet grown weary with the long, waste journey, find repose on ground reclaimed, domestic and not a thousand miles wide. There, beneath a roof—the first that has struck the eye for miles and miles—the unbounded good-will comes to a

point in the breasts of friends, friends to the stranger, to give him good cheer of love and food.

The infinite draws itself in from its interminable spaces, sprinkled with stars, to the little nest of birds—to the cradle with a baby in it—to the family sitting-room, dismantled by a boy playing horse with the furniture. Out of the infinite space is hewn the nook of an arbor, where elegant ease and pleantry may sit—is fashioned the quiet yard with tree and vine, walk and flowers. Out of the high, without top, and the deep without bottom, and the broad that has no end, is moulded the home, where coming repasts make the house fragrant, where pictures, music and books enliven the scene, where children sport, where middle age meets the sturdy demands of life, where the old rest from their labors.

The immense, as seen in the ever-beaming bouquet of suns and nebulae that the longest-sighted telescope cannot see across, tones itself down to a flower-pot in a window. The Infinite Spirit tones itself down from the love that delights to create a world and form the race, to the love that kisses young lips, steadies unsteady feet, holds to the truth of God and rears a sanctuary to his worship. W. M. BICKNELL.

TO JOHN W. CHADWICK:

ON READING HIS BOOK OF POEMS.

Oh thou sweet singer of our modern days,
With heart as tender as a little child's,
Sing on, and let the beauty of thy verse,
Which throbs with such vast tenderness, still soothe,
Charm and uplift the many wearied lives
Upon whose faintness, like a healing balm,
Falls the reviving breath of thy pure words,
An inspiration! Heaven-sent indeed,
And Heaven-born such poems are as these;
And thou God's messenger to bring to souls
Wounded and bruised in the world's hard strife
His message, which thou dost translate to us
In various language, giving to us thus
The tender comfort of these loving words.

—Commonwealth

LITERATURE.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN.*

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH may be known to some of our readers by a little work republished here during the excitement over Renan's *Life of Jesus*. "The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of Modern Criticism," though popular in its style and not intended for students, was one of the best minor criticisms of M. Renan's work. A destroying, annihilating review it was not from the nature of the case, since the French author was substantially right, and the course of later religious thought has been steadily in the humanitarian direction. The smoke and dust of that controversy having cleared away, we may plainly see that Renan, in attempting the biography of a true and proper man was facing, as more and more the theologians are coming to see, the reality of the case. If we are not mistaken, Principal Tulloch himself will be found on comparison of his latest work with the one named above to have been much influenced consciously or unconsciously by the *unshunnable* "spirit of the time." The manner of speech about Christ in the work before us is not altogether his former manner. We incline to believe that he would confess the truth of this remark, and rejoice in the fact. For Principal Tulloch, if he is not to be classed as a member of that somewhat indefinite body, the Broad Church, certainly comes very near in many respects to

* The Christian Doctrine of Sin. By John Tulloch, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College in the University of St. Andrews; one of her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland; pp. 243. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Dean Stanley, its recognized leader. The Broad Church however bounded includes many English and Scotch clergymen who are fair minded and diligent students of German theology. They read without prejudice and are apt to decide with more of solid and discriminating judgment than belongs to most German critics. If their advance is slower, it is more sure. To this body of British students Dr. Tulloch decisively belongs. Of Julius Muller, the author of the standard treatise on the Christian Doctrine of Sin, he was an early disciple, and the present volume in its quotations from Bunsen, Reuss, Kuenen and Baur, in its philosophical spirit, and in its just exegesis is the plain product of a mind friendly to the highest theological scholarship of our time, and change of religious opinions is a necessary consequence of an improving theology.

The breadth of our author's mind and the catholicity of his spirit are well seen in this sentence: "Theological ideas will only rise into the region of science, and become living ideas for all reverent intellects of whatever church, when they have been rescued by the labors of many thinkers from the atmosphere of party controversy, and set in the light of a comprehensive inquiry into all the facts of that spiritual order which runs through human history;—in other words when they are seen to be real growths of that spiritual consciousness, which is not only inseparable from humanity, but which is its highest manifestation in all time of healthy moral and intellectual progress." The book, the title of which is given below, consists of six lectures delivered in St. Mary's College, whereof Dr. Tulloch is Principal. It is limited in strict accordance with its title, to an exposition of the *Christian Doctrine of Sin*. The first lecture is of necessity an introduction to the special subject, and treats the "Question of Sin in Relation to Modern Schools of Thought." It is in these preliminary pages that we find the great defect of this little work, otherwise so valuable. Dr. Tulloch, catholic as he is in his general argument, and sympathizing as he does with the liberal tendencies of modern theological thought, seems to us to do injustice to modern philosophy so far as it has been affected by science. The theory of evolution in its moral and spiritual bearings, he declares to run counter to the most real facts of the inner life. Giving to the scientific doctrine of development an erroneous application, or deceived by the spiritual shallowness of some of its expounders, he declares that "The two conceptions of sin and of development cannot co-exist." He qualifies development indeed by adding "in this naturalistic sense," which he has just before been expounding. But in point of fact here and elsewhere in these lectures he virtually assumes that the objectionable "naturalistic sense" is the only sense in which evolution can be received. Upon this point we join issue with him emphatically.

Yet we perceive the reason of his mistake, and think it quite excusable. There is prevalent a confusion of ideas in regard to the higher applications of the evolution philosophy, for which its advocates are largely responsible. This confusion stands much in the way of the general reception of the philosophy by religious people. Thus far the attention of men of science has been almost entirely absorbed by a few phases of the great law of evolution. The controversy on the subject has been chiefly over the origination of man as a distinct animal species. Confessedly, any conceivable development of man from lower species must have occupied an incalculable stretch of years. The farther back we go in the process, the more gradual it is. But as we descend from the earliest pre-historic creatures which deserve to be called *men*, to the first races of which we have historic record, the evolu-

tion must have been on a far more rapid scale than ever before. *Men*, acting and reacting upon each other, introduce into the arena forces of an intensity hitherto unequalled. The mental and moral development is wrought by agencies of incomparably more interest and importance than the physical agencies which brought the race up the last step from the animals beneath us. What succession of physiological changes and adaptations, by which man became an articulate-speaking animal, should long detain us from the vastly more important development of language consequent upon that series of changes? The power of speech has its history, but we can never do more than skilfully guess it, and since we have known man as man he has had this power in him. The history of man's development since he became a *speaker* of articulate words, we may safely say is immeasurably superior in attractiveness and profit to his whole previous history. The amount of attention bestowed upon the various parts of this large matter of human development, should be proportioned to the real gradation in importance of our "many members." In accordance with this rule, it should interest us more to know how we have, from unreasoning men become reasoning men, than to learn how from unreasoning animals, we simply rose to be unreasoning men. To come down further, human development since the invention of written characters for preserving the record of man's thoughts and doings is a matter of far greater weight to us than all his unrecorded struggle upward before that invention. The forces that come into play later are the highest and deserve our closest study. It is assuredly a better way towards knowing man's nature to study the dry bones of speech, the fossils of language, than to trace the genealogy of every bone in our body. Not that which is common to man with the animals is first in consequence, but that which he has without doubt separate and peculiar.

Yet it is a striking characteristic of the evolution discussion thus far that attention has been called chiefly and directed mainly to those far distant ages in man's development when he was *not* man—not what we call man to-day. The geologist and paleontologist take us back to the vague and unmeasured æons of pre-human time. They lightly talk of hundreds of thousands and of millions of years. A mere human being of three score and ten dwelling upon their discoveries and calculations, can scarcely fail to feel one emotion, at least, of helplessness before the gigantic forces of nature. He can hardly help, for a moment at least, undervaluing what is *highest* in himself, when he learns how slowly what is *lowest* in him was built up from the first forms of life. But such feelings will disappear before second thoughts and sober reasonings. The process of evolution is in its later stages a process by geometrical progression. However natural, even inevitable, it may be that the attention of scientific men should now be almost exclusively occupied with studying man's physical development, the time will certainly come when we shall smile at this exaltation of the less above the greater, of the limbs and organs above the mental faculties. Man's body is relatively an imperfect and undeveloped organism. His mind is the measure of his being, and his body has developed in these latter thousands of years in subordination to his intellect. To place the main stress upon the physiological changes whereby man became a hundred thousand years ago or more simply a distinct animal species, nothing more, and to pass over as comparatively unimportant the real humanity of man, his speech, his alphabet, his family, social and national life, his arts, sciences, philosophies, religion: surely this is a gross error in perspective.

Yet we have a man of Prof. Huxley's standing in the scien-

tific world dwelling with pleasure upon the "time before man made his momentary appearance," and slightly alluding to the "trumpety of three or four thousand years of history." We have the alliterative absurdity of Prof. Tyndall's "promise and potency of every form of life," perceived by his imagination in the lowest organism. Such words show that the noted vices of theologians are not monopolized by them. The flippant words of Huxley are a sign so far as they go (and we do not wish to press them too hard) of the specialist's mania for his own peculiar occupation, and of the dogmatist's contempt for much of that highest development which we call culture, literary and religious. Prof. Tyndall's phrase is only another proof of how hard it is for a man with an active imagination to keep it from speaking in the name of science. But Darwin and Huxley, to go no further, are no theologians. Mr. Herbert Spencer's attempts in this line will by no means be his chief claim to gratitude from future thinkers. Now once let the theory of evolution be generally accepted, as it is coming to be, in its physiological bearings, once let the moralists and theologians see that it must also be accepted as a philosophy of the origin, growth and life of the human mind, and we shall see the present grievous and misleading errors of judgment rectified. We shall see the men of our time who are versed in the knowledge of the soul and rich in their gains of spiritual experience taking up this theory of evolution in its highest and most vital applications. Then such broad-minded men as Dr. Tulloch will perceive how well his words concerning Paul's passage from the narrow Jewish law to the universal moral law will fit our passage from a narrow conception of natural law to the broadest possible conception of an all-embracing Divine order everywhere! "When the broader vision came to him, it was not by losing the moral depth of his early faith, but by understanding and realizing it more clearly. He did not pass out of Hebraism to a less serious view of humanity, but he extended its essential thought so as to embrace humanity." So will Dr. Tulloch we trust, and if not Dr. Tulloch himself, the young men who listened to his lectures, come to see that the consciousness of sin, remorse for offences against God's moral order, is itself an evidence of mental evolution.

It is only the man who has risen far above the conscienceless brute who can compare his own actions with an ideal perfection of righteousness, and feel how many steps of growth he has yet to pass through before his hand will *do* what now his intellect *sees* to be right and good. Paul delighting in the law of God after the inward man, but too often brought into moral captivity by the law of sin warring against that higher law of his mind, and finally set free by the law of that spirit of life which was in Christ, is a fact in the spiritual evolution of mankind worthy a thousand times the amount of attention and study that can ever be rightfully bestowed on the anthropoid apes.

Man again in his long and painful ascent from brutishness to reasonableness, from immorality to a tender conscience of moral things, has long since reached a sufficiently high point to be viewed chiefly as a moral being. For many ages he has had a perception finer or coarser, of spiritual laws. In no age has the authority of Divine law, so far as he perceives it, been one whit actually weakened by any knowledge on his part of the very slow growth in the race of that perception which in himself has attained a certain degree of vigor. The moral order of which in this nineteenth Christian century, I am aware, binds me not the less, but the more that I may trace the growth of man's consciousness thereof up to this present hour. The evolution philosophy rightly comprehended in its highest spiritual applications will not be a

"less," but a more "serious view of humanity." So far from destroying or ignoring the sense of sin, it will see therein the proof and sign of man's latest stage of superior development. It will not weaken but strengthen the sanctions of spiritual laws. The fact that our perception as a race of those laws has had a long history and a slow growth, should go to incite us to effort after a clearer vision and a stricter obedience than any generation behind us. Such we believe will be the effect of the philosophy of evolution upon our moral life. The consciousness of moral short-coming, of actual transgression, can only acquire more and more of delicacy and sensitiveness as we "grow in grace." A natural element in our spiritual being it will do its natural work in a healthy way. But be it always remembered that the happy saint's consciousness of sin is more sane and more natural than the "miserable sinner's."

We have dwelt so long upon this question of evolution and sin that we have left ourselves little space for noting many points of interest in this extremely suggestive book. Dr. Tulloch has "breathed the new historic atmosphere which surrounds the modern intelligence," and has traced the Biblical doctrine of sin from its genesis in the earliest Hebrew writings to its full development by Paul, in a manner leaving little to be desired. The story of Eden in the third chapter of Genesis is (Lecture Third on the Old Testament Doctrine of Sin) "a true expression of the religious thought of the Hebrews, and it is *their thought as to sin* which we are in search of, whatever may be made of the literary vesture or form in which that thought is expressed. The author does not, to our mind, sufficiently discriminate the two quite different ideas of the moral state of early man held by the Elohistic and the Jehovistic writers in Genesis. He does not perceive that Adam is a part of the "literary vesture" of the old Hebrew thought, and that we must now declare him to be simply a personification of humanity rising out of the lower dusty existence into proper humanity. But Dr. Tulloch's exposition and argument are based on such universal facts of human experience that they would suffer no serious harm if wherever he says "Adam" we should say "early man."

In the fourth lecture on the Gospel Doctrine of Sin the author fails to note how slight a hold the sense of sin seems to have had on the mind of Jesus. The highest religious consciousness of the world so far has been the most cheerful and least morbid. The *Christian* doctrine of sin we would for ourselves seek in Christ rather than in Paul. But of Paul's doctrine, so deep, so full of thought and fire, Dr. Tulloch's exposition in his fifth and sixth lectures is in almost every respect admirable. Where he departs from Baur and Jowett, however, especially in regard to the consciousness of sin being essential to the fact of sin, we think it is for the worse. He himself makes sin so entirely an inward matter that here and in his fourth lecture, though nominally holding on to the doctrine of a personal devil, he so puts him to one side and out of sight as to make Satan really superfluous. Too much praise can hardly be given to the fairness and scientific exactness of Dr. Tulloch's exegesis of the words and passages relating to sin in the Old and New Testaments. While we have been unable to agree with the main point of his first lecture, and while his treatment in the second lecture of the Idea of Evil outside of Revelation seems to us inadequate and in places inconsistent, each of the succeeding lectures is well worth the price of the whole book. The tone of the work, scholarly yet earnest, broad but deep, liberal but intensely serious, is a tone too often lacking in Unitarian preaching. To the Broad church we owe much, and

we shall owe more when we have learned all they have to teach us. Their deep reverence, their strong hold on spiritual realities, we cannot too much desire. The American liberals are certainly exposed to the reproach of being at ease in Zion. That Dr. Tulloch has a lesson to which we may well listen let these admirable words show: "The thinker who feels bound to recognize both sides of human experience—the moral and intellectual alike, the spiritual and scientific together; who shrinks from no discovery of science and no advance in knowledge, and yet clings to the realities of the inner life and the virtues of a Divine order—has a hard time of it betwixt system-builders on the one side and the other; the bigotries of an omniscient science on the one hand and the jealousies of an omniscient theology on the other. He is flouted by the one and suspected by the other. But the moderation which refuses to affirm where the grounds of affirmation are wanting, and is content to explore and recognize facts of whatever kind, even where it cannot co-ordinate them or bind them into a theory, is at once the best note of science, and the surest pledge of a theology that has some promise for the future as well as hold upon the past."

N. P. G.

SIDONIE (FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE). From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

This story is an improvement on the ordinary French novel—it is less flippant and more appreciative of the difference between vice and virtue. Still we are at a loss to account for its immense popularity. Perhaps it is not remarkable that 63,000 copies should have been sold in Europe, but that Americans should go wild over this history of a French marriage with its dire consequences in intrigue and ruin is to say the least extraordinary. The moral tone is purer than usual, and there is an evident design to censure folly, but the chief character is an unscrupulous woman, who stops at nothing to secure wealth and luxury, and escapes the only punishment which could reach her callous nature. The pure and modest wife of Sidonie's lover is perhaps a unique character in French literature, but she is not made sufficiently attractive to interest the reader as much as the fascinating and beautiful intriguer, who after losing her property and position by the discovery of her false life, escapes further punishment, causes her husband to commit suicide by betraying the weakness of his brother whom she has led on to a mad love for herself, and remains unmoved and heartless and scheming anew for wealth and luxury. We are loth to believe that there is no higher standard of life in France than such as is described by Monsieur Daudet in this book, and we hope to see his really able pen devoted to raising the morals and social customs of his countrymen.

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. March-April. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Certainly a most worthy number of this luxuriously printed and accurately prepared review. "Republicanism under President Grant," by an Independent Republican, masses the evidence against the last administration. Taking the disappointments of those eight years one by one, they were hard enough to bear; facing them now all together makes one marvel that we could come out into our present hopefulness. "The administration," this excellent article sums up, "has failed to contribute to the healing of the wounds of civil war. It has failed to restore our currency to a sound condition. It found the Indian service corrupt and it will leave it so. It found the civil service corrupt and it has added steadily and greatly to the scandals. It has given to the country lessons in the arbitrary employment of military force in civil affairs such as Jackson never ventured upon, and the like of which in Great Britain would have brought condign punishment on every person responsible therefor. * * * Over against the mischiefs thus enumerated are to be placed the maintenance of peace with foreign nations, the settlement of many troublesome controversies with foreign countries and the steady refusal to favor the schemes of a set of noisy fellows, who, for various reasons, none of them creditable, demanded that the currency should be further inflated. * * * With the management of foreign affairs the President probably had less to do

than with any thing else, and nothing else was managed so well." The other political article is by far the best thing in the number: "Responsible Government," by Professor Denslow, of Union Law College, Chicago. It traces the system, fully developed in Great Britain and approached in Canada, Belgium, France and elsewhere, under which legislatures and ministries are dissolvable at any moment instead of being elected for fixed terms, and upon living instead of past issues; and it suggests amendments to our Constitution—already presented in Chicago newspapers—making the same system practicable here. The present cabinet becomes the responsible ministry advocating measures in the House of Representatives and retiring under the opposition of a majority there. A noteworthy contribution. "Safety in Dwellings and Public Buildings," by James C. Bayles of the *Iron Age*, presents impressive warnings about cheap construction, and terrible statistics of zymotic diseases. Professor Boyesen sketches the plots of two Icelandic Sagas, and Professor Thorden, of Sweden, describes the University of Upsala, with its 100 instructors and 1,480 students. There is also a too sympathetic review of "German Comic Papers." What is more dreary, we should say, to the American reader than the average wit of *Kladderadatsch*? And, insufficiently hidden away at the end of the Number is a mass of verbiage about "Modern Literary Criticism," quite unworthy of the company it keeps. We should quite forget Mr. Hoar's reply to Mr. Hewitt if we could have Mr. Lowell's review of this reviewer. Mr. Hamerton sends another charming letter about English Art, and the Scientific Notes are only too short.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. January, 1877. American Edition. Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

The London *Quarterly* opens with a long and careful article on "Mr. Brewer's Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII." These letters renew the familiar discussions upon the influence of Cardinal Wolsey on the policy of Henry VIII., and survey the causes of the divorce of Katharine of Aragon, with a minuteness somewhat wearisome to all excepting very careful students of history. A far more interesting subject to the general reader is the "Old Norse Mirror of Men and Manners." This curious specimen of Scandinavian literature is supposed to have been written in 1200 in Norway, and is in the form of a dialogue between father and son. The author is not known, although the book is attributed by some authorities to Swerrer, who was king of Norway during the latter part of the twelfth century. Whoever the writer may have been, his book shows that he was a keen observer, original and independent in his ideas, with considerable humor to enliven his account of men and manners in Scandinavia. The review of "Dr. Carpenter's Mental Physiology," which comes next, will be useful to those who are disinclined to read this long volume, and will give them a very good synopsis of the most important ideas relating to unconscious cerebration or the "automatic action of the brain in man." The "English Policy in South Africa" describes the planting and growth of the colony at the Cape of Good Hope, and "The Geographical and Scientific Results of the Arctic Expedition" embodies the experience and investigations of the recent perilous voyages of discovery. Those who find it difficult to read the *whole* of "Paradise Lost" with that pleasure which they have some idea they ought to feel, will be relieved by a "French Critic of Milton," Mr. Edmond Scherer, who appreciates the genius of the English poet and essayist, but characterizes his epic poem as follows: "'Paradise Lost' is a false poem, a grotesque poem, a tiresome poem; there is not one reader out of a hundred who can read the ninth and tenth books without smiling, or the eleventh or twelfth without yawning * * * and notwithstanding 'Paradise Lost' is immortal. * * * Unlike Dante who must be read as a whole if we want to seize the beauties, Milton ought to be read only by passages. * * * but these passages form part of the poetical patrimony of the age," and are exceeding grand and beautiful. "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" is the Eastern question again in its religious aspect. It will certainly be no fault of the English reviews if we fail to comprehend the English view of the question and all the bearings of the subject religious and political. Still another article on the "Eastern Question and the Conference" shows England's steady hatred of Russia and her policy. A "Ramble Round the World," a French book by Baron Hübner, translated by Lady Herbert, of Lea, is sufficiently comprehensive and startling in its scope, but turns out to be more graphic and amusing than solid or trustworthy, as the Baron takes us in somewhat breakneck pace through America, Japan and China. However the reviewer says, "he has all the qualities that could be required in a fellow traveller."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The opening article on the "Ministry of Justice," is an appeal for a "Department of Justice in the United Kingdom, to regulate the course of law and form a final appeal for all vexed questions in the legal system. Such departments exist in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, etc., and many other countries, but are wanting in England and the United States.

The "Warfare of Science" by President White of Cornell University is highly praised and appreciated by his English reviewer. He says "The book is marked by all absence of bigotry, and is peculiarly fair and just and peculiarly full." An article on the "Factory and Workshop Acts" seems to show that the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the working of laws in regard to the protection of labor, does not furnish grounds for belief that there will be any radical change in the condition of factories and workshops. The work of investigation has been tremendous. Seven hundred witnesses have given oral testimony as to the condition of factories and laborers, exclusive of the vast amount of written matter. The reviewer seems to think the Royal Commissioners lacking in a comprehensive grasp of first principles relating to the Labor Question, but praises their industry, fidelity and perfect honesty of intention. The "Life of the Prince Consort," by Theodore Martin, is rated a biography "of a high if not the highest class." Another article on the "Turkish Question" is followed by an interesting review of the "Life of John Locke," and then under the head of "Independent Contributions," comes an article on "The Financial Difficulties of the Government of India." Contemporary Literature reviews Dr. Mosley's sermons preached before the University of Oxford; "Catholic Eschatology and Universalism," by Henry N. Oxenham, and "Reason and Revelation" by William Horne. Then follow the different departments of Philosophy, Politics, Sociology, History, Biography, Belles Lettres; all containing full and interesting articles. These American reprints of English reviews furnish probably as able articles as are to be found in periodical literature, and they give the results of the most careful study and investigation of students in all departments of knowledge.

THE MAGAZINES.

MR. HOWELLS completes his comedy, "Out of the Question," in the April *Atlantic*, and we feel bound to say that in this instance the interest of his work is not only sustained to the close, but the last instalment is the best of the whole. The interview between Charles Bellingham and Blake is admirably managed, and the humor fairly culminates in the reproachful words in which the gentle Mrs. Bellingham chides her son for doing precisely what she had charged him to do. A South Carolinian writes of "South Carolina Morals" with what appears to be ample knowledge and a spirit of entire fairness. If his characterization is correct, under no circumstances can a really satisfactory social or political life be expected in that part of our country for a long time to come. Perhaps the most noteworthy article in *Scribner's* is that of Colonel Waring upon "Farm Villages." We have long wondered whether the American system of scattered farm dwellings might not be a mistaken one, and Colonel Waring here certainly makes a good case against it. Of course there is much to be said on both sides. But the prevailing tendency of country boys to congregate in the cities is a sufficient evil in itself to make imperative the careful consideration of the topic. If some of the most valuable attractions of an urban life should be added to the unquestionable delights of that in the open air of the fields, so that a fair mental development can be accounted a natural condition of a farmer's existence, there could hardly fail to be a healthy reversal of the current.—Thomas Edward, the Scotch shoemaker-naturalist reappears in an interesting sketch by Mr. Conant, in *Harper's*. We are glad to note the appearance of Miss Bridges among the illustrators of an article upon "Our Familiar Birds," by Mary Treat. A spirited drawing called "The Bath" shows the unmistakable marks of her conscientious study. An attractive illustrated article upon "Furniture and its Decoration in the Renaissance" is by Mrs. Spofford. The Easy Chair gossips about our old friend, Sigvor Blitz, and speaks wisely as usual upon a number of other topics.—The *Popular Science Monthly* gives a portrait and sketch of the distinguished chemist, William Crookes. Professor F. W. Clarke treats of "Laboratory Endowment." The unscientific will be interested in reading Professor Tyndall's interesting atmospheric battle and "The Origin and curiosities of the Arabic Numerals, by D. V. T. Qua.—*St. Nicholas* gives a short story in French called "Cécile et Lulu,"

for translation by those studying that language—a pleasant idea. The illustration is good. Lucy Larcom collects several "Songs of Spring," and a number of other contributions have been prompted by the season.—*Wide Awake* has some pretty little bird pictures, and Miltiades Peterkin Paul meets with a Philistine. The proof-reader has been a little careless.—The *Catholic World* has a critical article on "Tennyson as a Dramatist," which is worth reading.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

- From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.
CHARLES KINGSLEY; HIS LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE. Edited by his wife. Abridged from the London edition. Cloth, \$2.50.
From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
BEN MILNER'S WOOING. By Holme Lee. Cloth, \$1.00.
From John A. Lansing, Boston.
THE HOLY ONES. By John A. Lansing. Cloth, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

- THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. April.
HARPER. April.
CATHOLIC WORLD. April.
POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. April.
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. April.
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. April.
ST. NICHOLAS. April.
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. March.
WIDE AWAKE. April.
THE NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE. April.
LA RELIGION LAIQUE. MARS.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

- Is THIS a fast—to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?
- Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?
- Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
- No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul;
- It is to fast from strife
And old debate
And hate—
To circumsise thy life;
- To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin—
Not bin—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Selected.

UNSHED tears are never wiped away.

THE worst of heresies is lack of love.—CECIL.

CONVERSATION enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—GIBBON.

SOCIETY may be radically altered by the influence of opinions which seem to have no bearing on social questions.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE great city is that which has the greatest man or woman. If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the world.—WALT WHITMAN.

As, on any hypothesis, error has a majority on its side, to maintain the right to persecute is to say that truth must generally be persecuted.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough.—EMERSON.

THE most important new birth is that which lets us into the world of straightforward honesty and truthfulness, which makes us abhor sham deceit and pretence—especially in ourselves. And the world of moral courage is a very glorious one to live in—one of which most people know nothing except from hearsay. I heartily wish you would all of you be born into that world. Some of you have no idea what a delightful place it is, and I am afraid it is rare to find a man who has more than skirted the borders of that country, the atmosphere of which is very sweet and very bracing and the scenery of which is so beautiful and sublime that you can form no conception of it except by going there yourself.—W. J. ELLIS.

HORTICULTURAL HALL LECTURES.

Rev. D. A. Wasson on "Theodore Parker," reported in the Boston Globe.

THE old-time theology against which Parker fought was founded on an ideal which centuries ago was useful to man, and the highest conception of God to which they could then attain. But the change of time had wrought a change in the moral ideas and conceptions of man. What was once an ideal had become unworthy. Custom had led men to continue to accept it and to refrain from considering it in the light of justice because they believed it to be the true God. The questions which others had answered to their own souls with the old argument of the "constraining justice" of the Deity, Parker considered fearlessly. He appreciated with all the warmth of his nature the value of the Bible. Yet he would not have it used as a handcuff, nor would he allow such deductions from its words as would lead men to worship, however ignorantly, that which was unrighteous. Parker sought through all ages and all religions, to trace the grand interior unity which underlies every system of religion. And yet he was most earnest in defence of Christianity, as he understood it. His God was a God of perfect justice, who doeth all things well. To imagine that the Deity could do what is wrong was not admissible. The idea which men had come to regard as the embodiment of God he held to be only a spectre. No words of explanation could make what is unjust for man to do, justice when done by God. Moloch who wrought what men called wickedness, but which was righteousness to his own superior vision, was not the illogical outcome of this old discrimination between Divine and human justice. Whatever tended to keep out of sight the morals of religion, was to him evil. The Bible was to him no cloud, casting a shadow on the soul as it had been to so many. To Parker the book was of value only as it is a medium through which the Divine truth can clearly shine. Mr. Wasson briefly recapitulated the ideas on which Theodore Parker built up his theory. He did not only eliminate what he thought to be evil; but he built up a fabric founded on what he thought to be the eternal principles of justice.

Against Theodore Parker's deductions from the idea of Divine justice, there have recently been some vigorous assaults by one of the brightest of critics. Mr. Cook broaches the theory of eternal sin, founding it upon what he thinks the analogy of nature shows. God's perfect justice, he holds, can never hold compromise with sin. As in this world a man goes from bad to worse, so the critic thinks that sin may continue in the nether world, and continually meeting its just punishment from the all-holy God. A ship which careens too far, he says, sinks to the bottom. A tree which is struck at its heart by lightning can never recover, but must die. There is, according to Mr. Cook, an end of all probation at death. This life is given in which man may choose God and righteousness, or on the other hand, he may say, "Evil, be thou my good." In either case, he must accept the consequences, go on towards holiness or fall deeper and deeper into the depths of sin. But granting that the analogy is

good, what does it prove? The ship sinks to the bottom and that is the end of it. The tree decays and dies. If then the soul after this life may go on increasing in corruption, surely death must be the result there as here. But surely in gauging the possibilities of a future and eternal life it should be no narrow, closet deduction. Now Theodore Parker began with an implicit faith in God's justice. In a survey of mankind he distinguished three classes—men like Channing and Sumner, of noblest minds; the great middle class of people, who are neither very good nor very bad; and lowest of all, those who may not unjustly be called criminals. These last, Parker was content to trust to an all-just God. He needed no vicarious sacrifice to reconcile justice and wrong as Divine attributes. Human imperfections seemed to him worthy of Divine approval; men were to him God's apprentices. According to some, God was a stern master, holding up a perfect ideal for man to follow, and condemning him to endless woe because he could not attain to it. Man's striving after perfection, to Theodore Parker, was a part of God's plan in the universe; and he had infinite faith in its success. Mr. Wasson, in closing, drew a picture of the universe, with its upper world of blissful saints saved by the blood of the Lamb, and its nether world of endless torture and perpetual fructification of sin. Horrible, you say. But Theodore Parker saw no such universe. To him God works to lift up the soul higher and still higher in its progress towards perfection. Never forgetting the Divine justice and the inevitable penalty for violation of law, he did not so push the theory as to defeat the ends of eternal justice. And what was the result of the religion which Parker taught? It may be well to hold the axe to the grindstone for a time, but if it is kept there long the steel will be worn off and nothing but the soft iron remain. Has there not been some softness of conscience as the result of the old idea of Deity? In closing, Mr. Wasson showed how much Theodore Parker had done by voice and deed to elevate the thoughts of men on things both human and Divine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—PREFACE CARY.

HISTORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

[Translated for THE INQUIRER, from the German of A. W. Grube.]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

(Concluded.)

YET by and by it seemed too small and confined a place for the little drop who had been born in the infinite ocean, this insignificant mill-pond, and he would gladly have again ascended to the sun and with him have sailed through the air back again to the main sea out of which he had with so much daring made his escape. Hardly had he expressed this desire before there came a woman with a watering-pot in her hand, who bent herself down to the pond, caught the little drop in her vessel and poured it out upon the white linen which was spread out upon the margin to become bleached. There sat now the poor drop upon the dry surface, and he would have fainted away entirely had not the good sun with his clear-seeing eye at the right time perceived his need. He quickly drew him with his brothers upwards so, that no trace of them remained upon the linen and, rejoicingly he swam again in the blue sea of air.

In order to give the travelling company their fill of journeying, the sun sent them over the sea to the cold, desolate plains of the North. A sharp wind blew from the Pole which made the air frosty, and thousands of water-drops came together as if they would keep each other warm. Yet it was hard to keep anything like warm, for the sun sank every day lower in the horizon and his slanting beams could hardly penetrate through the heavy mists. The drops wished to hold a council as to what had best be done, when suddenly a wonder, a change took place. Each water-drop became a white, silvery star, adorned with its little points and fine hairs, as delicate and fine as the down upon the butterfly's wings; and like white butterflies the little ice-stars now darted down, hopping and dancing to and fro, down upon the earth. Then people said, "It snows."

Our little hero, now frozen to snow fell with his brothers upon a meadow. Like a warm winter garment of eider-down they covered the ground and kept warm in the earth's bosom the seeds and little roots from the hard Winter frost. They themselves did not feel the cold or the wind, for they saw and heard nothing; they slept a long Winter's sleep. The sun went far away from them to the south, but often glanced at the sleeping drops very smilingly, and then they shone like sparkling precious stones and glittered as if they themselves were bright suns and stars. For half a year had they thus slumbered when the dear sun came higher up in the sky and always nearer; and ail as they lay there in their white uniform immovable upon the field heard this call of the warm Spring breezes: "Arise, ye sleepers, and prepare for your march."

Quickly they awoke and bestirred themselves, threw off their snow-mantle in order to march more rapidly, and now again could be seen the running little water-drops. Part of them sank into the earth to give moisture to the springing seeds; part went up directly into the sky and put themselves into the great cloud-ships and sailed with them to the hot lands of the South, which were longing greatly for rain. But our little hero was not among the first, for he had no desire to conceal himself in the earth; nor among the second, for he had already enough of sailing through the air, but he placed himself at the head of a third troop, who now moved from the meadow towards a rivulet, and in regular bands in long procession they moved down the valley. These warlike drops had formed themselves into a foaming and wildly rushing torrent, and they sang rejoicingly: "Right onward to the sea, right onward to the sea!" Then was the answer

shouted from a thousand times ten thousand voices out of a larger stream which joined them, having the same object in view: "Success to you, brothers, here's to our prosperous journey!" Both troops of water-drops now formed one body. What a prattling, murmuring and bustling, as continually more little drops came together and discovered old acquaintances and rejoiced to meet each other again. The company increased every moment, and how astonished were they when suddenly they came to a broad river valley and a strong, deep, full stream rolled its waters along. Our little adventurer leaped for joy over the shoulders of his comrades, and hurried ahead in order to be the first who should greet the beautiful stream.

This one was not less rejoiced to see how so many vigorous, healthy ones in all kinds of streams joined him and increased his strength. The little drops on their part were not less proud to belong to so great a river, through whom they became strong enough to bear the heaviest ships. Sometimes a vessel loaded heavily with stone came along and they carried it as easily as if it had been made of paper. Sometimes the wheels of a steamboat laden with boxes and bales and crowded with people beat sharply upon the smooth surface, and then the troop of drops would rush away foaming and angry as if to resent the unwelcome violence; sometimes in their wantonness the drops would dash themselves against the piles of a bridge, which firmly and boldly extended itself over the whole stream, as if they wished to test the strength of the work and to overthrow the work of man. Every moment the good drop saw something new; small and great cities, mills which stood like floating islands in the midst of the stream, sluices in which he found himself caught if he left the great highway, but out of which he at last fortunately emerged.

Yet the greatest sight of all awaited him when he came to a great commercial city and entered its harbor. There were ships of all sorts and sizes, and he had never before seen so many floating houses. It looked like a forest growing up out of the water, so many masts crowded together and rising up like trees. Pennons and flags, red, blue, green and white, floated merrily to the breeze. Sailors from every country and speaking every language and clothed in every costume sang, drank and labored upon their decks. And in a great semi-circle stood beautiful palaces, high as the church-steeple and filled up to the very top-most story with bales of merchandise. All this the little drop observed as he sat upon the rudder of a merchant ship, and it might have sat there for weeks without the time seeming long.

But one day as the sailors were singing in chorus the song: "To-morrow we go over the billowy sea," a violent longing seized the little child of the sea, to go home to his dear mother, from whom he had been so long away. He leaped for joy when the sails were spread, and the anchor raised. He clambered up to the highest margin of the rudder and joyfully went with the ship to the sea. Soon the land disappeared and large high waves rushed forward, before which the little river-waves seemed as nothing, and they seemed eager to greet him and carry him home to his mother who for a long time had expected his coming. Now jumped our hero down from his place, mingled in the glad bustle, and related to his astonished brothers who had remained behind in the sea his wanderings, how far he had travelled and what he had seen. But the sea, clad in its festive garments of blue and green joyed over her returning children, opened her loving arms and received them upon her tender, motherly bosom.

If at any time on some calm, bright Summer evening thou walkest upon the sea-shore, when no breath of air stirs, and

hearest a low murmuring and a mysterious rustling and knowest not whence it comes—behold, those are little drops relating to each other the strange stories of their wonderful journeyings. Then bethink thee of this—that the dear Father in heaven who has numbered and keeps all the drops of the ocean, so that no one is wasted or lost, also leads thy step and more securely guides thee through the warderings of this life of time into the ocean of eternity.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words and unkind,—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass, abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say:
"I will be sorry for their childishness."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROSPECT.

LETTER FROM AN EASTERN UNITARIAN.

AT a recent local conference one of our representative men preached a sermon full of despondency, with regard to the future of our Unitarian faith. As an *influence*, Unitarianism was in the ascendant, as a *sect*, it was on the wane; indeed the decease of the *denomination* would be accomplished in about "thirty years," and it was very uncertain whether any one would be left to preach the funeral discourse. Whether the sect is on the decline we are not competent to say, but we are strongly inclined to believe that it is in our power to do a much broader and nobler work than that of adding one more to the number of existing *great* religious organizations, which however useful they may be in some special age or country finally impede the progress of mankind. Still perhaps more and better work might be done through a system of organized effort than by individuals however earnest with but few if any points of coalition. But thus much is true, that Unitarianism can never succeed in the best sense of the word until it has a braver heart and a broader utterance, and ceases to be so troubled by the non-recognition of other Christian sects. There will soon be no work for us to do unless we lean more towards a religious rationalism and less towards traditional forms of faith. Just now for instance the false fires of revivalism have set some of us longing for the flesh pots of Egypt. In other words the bondage out of which we have escaped seems no longer bondage compared with the ills which attend a state of freedom. We look backward instead of forward for the full fruition of the Kingdom of God. Some think that our special work is ended, that having leavened the creed, churches with a more liberal spirit the time has now come to coalesce with them, and leave trying to keep ourselves warm at our little fires. Very few have fully committed themselves to rational religion with strong confidence that it has power to invigor-

ate the fainting spirits of mankind. Most are at rest in the quiet bay, and but few venture on the open sea of truth. We deny Trinity, Eternal Torment and so on, and there our liberalism is apt to end. We think it is Gibbon who says that when some of the early Crusaders set out for Palestine they had not journeyed far, before they took every tower that loomed in the distance to be the Holy City itself. This fairly illustrates the chief danger of Unitarianism. The danger of mistaking half-statements for final forms of truth, of being satisfied with having corrected a few mistakes and fought a few battles, forgetting that there is something better than fighting battles, viz.: the exploring of new fields of thought, being continually on the advance, so that the pulpit shall always have high spiritual interpretations and illuminations of the most advanced results of scientific research and cosmic growth.

The Unitarianism that is satisfied with merely denying the crudities of Orthodoxy must necessarily be short lived. If Orthodoxy and liberal Christianity are really so close together that nothing but pride and the remembrance of past injuries keep them asunder, then Orthodoxy is the better of the two, has proved its right to be, has been a flowing stream broadening and deepening its channel while its whilom antagonist has remained a stagnant pool. There is a relative distance that should always be maintained between ourselves and Orthodoxy. If Orthodoxy has come up to us we must go higher still unless we are ready to say that we have exhausted the wells of truth.

Orthodoxy need be no more vital than Liberalism. The quality and amount of faith in one or the other will make either successful. The humanitarian view of Jesus ought to be more vitalizing and helpful to the experience and needs of men than the dogma of his divinity. Say that he is divine in some special way that we ourselves can never realize, and you remove him out of the actual sphere of our mortal lives, and he stands in our way like a mountain which we cannot climb. Say that he is a man and a brother, and he becomes at once an example which we strive to emulate. It depends upon how these and kindred truths are held, and with what courage and enthusiasm they are taught as to their influence over the people at large—men cannot be galvanized even into an appearance of life by batteries through which there runs no strong current of electricity.

It is time we ceased to think and speak meanly of ourselves, and time to cease bemoaning our own littleness. Much, not many, must still be the true criterion of judgment. Was it not more glory to be one of the little band of heroes who kept the pass at Thermopylae, than to be one of the vast mechanical army that so recently humbled the pride of France? What we want is not more unction, but more manliness; not more loyalty to the old, but a firmer faith in the new; not more machinery, but a firm spirit that shall enlarge the conceptions and hopes of mankind. If we cannot keep ourselves warm, if we want to be petted, cosseted, and wrapped in swaddling clothes, if we want to feel the thrill of animal magnetism, if we want the presence of numbers to keep us in courage and of a good heart, we should consult our happiness by seeking some other fold less exposed to the air and light of heaven. But to take such a step as this would show an utter collapse of reason, faith and courage.

HILARY BYGRAVE.

THE SHADOW.

In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled
A waste, wild region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last it paused and looked aback;
And then it was aware
A hideous wretch stood in its track,
Deformed and cowering there.

"And who art thou,"—he shrieked with fright,—
"That dost my steps pursue?
Go hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
Along thy path I flee.

I'm thine own actions, night and day,
Still must I follow thee." —*M. J. Savage, in The Rumor.*

JOTTINGS.

BROOKLYN.—It has been customary for a long while for Mr. Chadwick's society and friends to hold annually during the Spring months one social meeting at the Athenæum or Brooklyn Institute, —to have a sort of social field-day, or night. We are glad to learn that this year the custom will not be departed from, but that the gathering will take place to-morrow (Friday) evening, at seven o'clock, at the Brooklyn Institute, Washington street near Concord. A small charge is made to cover expenses, and tickets can be procured at the door. The little folks have the floor until nine o'clock, after which they give place to their elders. Having ourself had experience in former years, we will privately let our friends into the secret that these meetings are apt to be the pleasantest of their sort, and we have even known dancing and other trifling amusements to be permitted thereat.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Rev. N. P. Gilman will read the essay before the Worcester Association, on the 27th inst.; subject—"The Gain to Religion from Evolution."

HINGHAM, MASS.—The First Society of Hingham has unanimously invited the Rev. Edward A. Horton, who has filled the pulpit for the past few months, to become associate pastor with Rev. Calvin Lincoln.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—"Seeking the Chief place" was the subject of a very interesting and practical sermon last Sunday evening by Rev. H. A. Cleveland, of the Methodist church, Roxbury.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Rev. J. R. Effinger who has resided in St. Paul for the past five years, has removed with his family from that city, and for the present is taking a rest in Iowa. He has done much to create a healthy tone in the liberal ranks of St. Paul, and his loss to the State is a matter of regret.

The society over which Mr. Effinger has been settled has had the good fortune to make temporary arrangements with Rev. W. C. Gannett and is about to resume regular services. We can only say that if the society succeeds in keeping Mr. Gannett, the East will be a serious loser.

A COLLECTION of Dante's books and manuscripts, and £1,000 in consols, have been bequeathed by Dr. Henry Charles Barlow, late of Newington, to University College, London. The college is to provide for the delivery of twelve public lectures annually on the "Divina Commedia." The same gentleman has bequeathed £500 in consols to the Geological Society to aid in furthering geological science.

MR. JOHN W. CHADWICK'S last published sermon is "Idealizing the Real." It is an earnest plea for bringing the ideal element into our actual every-day life, which so sorely needs to be lifted up and purified by mingling with it some higher and better elements. Thus by study and thoughtful reverence in even the most commonplace work a laborer may "idealize the real" and become something more than an aimless drudge. The sermon is for sale by Charles P. Somerby, 139 Eighth street, New York.

NEAR the Temple of Karnac, on the Nile, a cylindrical chest of sandstone has been discovered, containing a splendid figure of a female hippopotamus, carved in green basalt, polished and in a perfect state of preservation. The height of this monument is about three feet, and it has hieroglyphic writing on the base relating to Psammetich I., his wife and daughter. A piece of sculpture of the same period, at the museum in Cairo—a heifer in green basalt—has been hitherto considered the finest extant; but the hippopotamus now brought to light is a more delicate and perfect specimen.

NEW YORK AND HUDSON RIVER CONFERENCE.—The next meeting of the Conference will be held in the Church of the Saviour (Dr. Putnam's), Brooklyn, on the 3d and 4th of April, instead of on the 27th and 28th of March, as announced last week. Rev. George L. Chaney, of Boston, will preach on Tuesday evening, and the usual business meeting of the Conference will be held on Wednesday. Reports from the churches and discussions will occupy the time on Wednesday. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may be interested. The church is on the corner of Pierrepont St. and Monroe Place. S. H. CAMP, Sec.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—The Church of Our Father has heartily called to its pastorate and pulpit the Rev. Wm. H. Fish, Jr. Mr. Fish has also been called to the Unitarian church in Troy. Newburgh and Troy both sorely need if they do not want the wholesome influence of rational religion, and the ground which has until recently been so well and faithfully tilled by Rev. Messrs. F. W. Holland and G. H. Young has yielded a valuable if not a large crop of intelligent believers. From what we have heard of Mr. Fish, we believe that he is uncommonly well fitted to take up and carry on the work in either of these cities.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is preparing for the press—to be published by Macmillan & Co.—a new edition of his poetry, including his later compositions; together with some of his recent papers on questions of the day which have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Contemporary Review*. The same publishing firm announces a small work by Mr. Edward A. Freeman, on the "Ottoman Power in Europe: Its Nature, Growth and Decline," uniform with his "History of the Saracens;" also a new theological treatise, written by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, entitled "Through Nature

to Christ," founded on his Hulsean Lectures lately delivered at Cambridge.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—The State Conference of Unitarian churches will take place at Ann Arbor on the 3d, 4th and 5th of April. The opening sermon on Tuesday evening will be by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Chicago, Ill. After a devotional meeting and a business meeting on Wednesday morning, an essay will be read by Rev. Calvin Stebbins, of Detroit, on "Atheism," to be followed by discussion. In the afternoon an essay will be read by Rev. Charles Cravens, of Toledo, Ohio, on "Retribution," to be followed by discussion. A sermon will be delivered in the evening by Rev. George W. Cutter, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the services will be followed by a social gathering of the society and their guests. On Thursday morning there will be a devotional meeting, followed by an essay by Rev. C. G. Howland, of Kalamazoo, on "The Religion of Common Sense."

JAMES KNOWLES, who had been its editor since Dean Alford (its founder) left it in 1870, was imprudently dismissed from the *Contemporary*, and though Tennyson is gracious enough to declare it seaworthy, I anticipate for it in the future only a gentle river service. Professor Mahaffy, Principal Tulloch, Prof. Blackie, Edward Freeman and Robert Buchanan are the best known writers in its new (March) number, and they denote a marked decline beneath the Knowles list, which in its first number, contains articles by Tennyson, Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Professor Croom Robertson, Matthew Arnold, Sir John Lubbock, Grant Duff, M. P., Baldwin Brown, Ralston and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The general list of the engaged contributors to *The Nineteenth Century* almost amounts to a catalogue of the picked philosophers, scientists and critics of Great Britain. It must be regarded as the strongest periodical in resources which has started since the invention of printing, and when Caxton's statue is set up he might be shown holding his block-type in one hand, and with the other pointing to the first copy of *The Nineteenth Century*.—M. D. Conway in *Cincinnati Commercial*.

The hall in which the Academy of Sciences meets seems to be one of the worst ventilated rooms in Paris. If the windows are closed the members are stifled with heat and foul air, and many of the members have a horror of open windows. An illustrious physiologist is specially remarkable for his aversion to a current of fresh air. At a recent sitting the following colloquy on this subject occurred: "M. Bouley—Nous sommes plongés dans un air irrespirable; ce n'est pas tenable; et, au lieu du gaz, je désire qu'on nous rende les anciennes bougies. M. Leverrier—J'ai réclamé l'éclairage par le gaz; mais j'avais réclamé aussi un autre mode d'aération. Or, rien n'a été changé sous ce rapport. Cependant nous avons le général Morin, et en huit jours des appareils convenables de ventilation seraient installés, si l'on voulait. M. Morin—Ah! en huit jours! Il y a dix ans que leur installation est décidée en principe!!! M. Leverrier—L'état actuel est vraiment honteux! Il n'y a pas de salle aussi mal ventilée que la salle de l'Institut!" If M. Leverrier would enter the meeting-room in the magnificent new buildings of the Royal Society during a meeting of that learned body perhaps he would be inclined to modify his statement. It is a curious commentary on the progress of science that in Paris and London the most unscientifically constructed buildings are those in which the leaders of science carry on their deliberations.—*Nature*.

DR. RICHARDSON'S CITY OF HEALTH.—Here is how Dr. Richardson would build his houses for the future so that we might be healthy, wealthy and wise: He would build a house on a basement of three arches, which should be thoroughly ventilated and applied to various purposes but which should have no direct communication with the house. His staircase he would have in a separate shaft at the back, each floor communicating with it by a door, so that the floors would be what might be called flats, and each of them could be ventilated independently. On the third floor he would place the kitchen at the front and the servants' dormitories at the back, and from a pipe in the kitchen hot water could be conveyed to every floor, which would have its separate sink and dust shaft, so that there would be no going up and down stairs with pails and dust boxes. At the top of the house he would have, on a firm, almost level, asphalted roof, a brick and glass-covered garden, equal in extent to the area of the house. Into this the stair-shaft would finally enter, and any emanations from the lower part of the house would be eaten up wholesomely by the living vegetation. Heated readily from the kitchen, the garden might have at all times a Summer temperature; the children could engage in luxurious and healthful play; the ladies would find occupation in the cultivation of flowers and evergreens, and in it the sterner sex might spend those hours which are now found so unspeakably dull owing to the monotony of one or two rooms. Capital; just the house one would like to live in; but how about the rent?—*Once a Week*.

THE SEA SERPENT.—The important mass of testimony which has accumulated on the subject has been carefully reviewed in the March number of that excellent old periodical, *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, by Professor Richard A. Proctor, in a paper entitled "Strange Sea Creatures." After sifting the evidence cautiously, Professor Proctor arrives at the conclusion that at least one large marine animal exists which has not as yet been classified among the known species of the present era, that this animal has a serpentine neck, and a head small as compared with its body; that it is an air-breather, probably warm-blooded and certainly carnivorous; that its propulsive power being great and apparently inde-

pendent of its undulations, it presumably has concealed paddles. These circumstances correspond with the belief that it is the *enalisaurian*, or modern representative of the long-necked *plesiosaurus* of the Mesozoic era, a member of that strange family whose figure resembles a serpent drawn through the body of a sea-turtle. That it is much larger than any fossil remains of the same family which have been found, may be accounted for by the fact that if one or two of them should survive at all, it naturally would be through their gigantic size and strength. Mr. Proctor thinks the accounts of huge cuttle-fish exaggerated, but believes in the gigantic tadpole—two hundred feet in length—seen in the Malacca Straits by offi-

cers of the Nestor, and at first mistaken for a shoal. Dr. Andrew Wilson who captured the ribbon-fish, sixty feet long, also believes that there is some sea-monster which mariners occasionally see. Professor Gosse holds the same view. Professor Owen thirty years ago suggested that the monster might be the sea elephant, (*Phoca proboscidea*), which is sometimes thirty feet long; but he has had nothing to say of the evidences and descriptions adduced since then, and the notable silence of the zoologists generally must be regarded as their consent to the main fact—that gigantic monsters exist, though as yet "unknowable."—*M. D. Conway in Cincinnati Commercial.*

The Inquirer.

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A COURSE OF LECTURES

JOHN W. CHADWICK,
AT THE

Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn,
Corner of Clinton and Congress Streets.
1876—77.

LECTURES:

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.
Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.
Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.
Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

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THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT
-OF THE-
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE:
Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

JANUARY, 1st, 1877.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$30,166,902 69
REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$5,910,540 87
Interest received and accrued.....	\$2,164,080 81
Less amount accrued January 1, 1876.....	257,130 86—1,906,949 95—7,817,790 82
Total.....	\$37,984,693 51

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death.....	\$1,547,648 42
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,516,681 16
Life annuities, matured endowments, and re-insurances.....	234,230 22
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physician's fees.....	373,001 67
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	376,694 33
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	140,232 32
On other stocks.....	65,307 19—\$5,253,795 31
Total.....	\$32,730,898 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Trust Company, in banks, and on hand.....	\$1,427,933 18
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks, (market value \$10,311,045 67).....	9,730,529 91
Real estate.....	2,541,576 46
This includes real estate purchased under foreclosure, amounting to \$773,402 32, a recent appraisal of which by competent parties shows that, when sold, the company may reasonably expect to realize at least its cost.	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for \$15,321,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	17,354,837 84
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,659,490).....	781,585 39
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection, (estimated reserve on these policies \$505,000 included in liabilities).....	125,027 15
Agents' balances.....	36,154 19
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68—32,730,898 20
* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	580,515 76

CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1877..... \$33,311,413 96

Appropriated as follows:	
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	\$314,440 98
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.....	201,152 21
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle, net premium.....	29,634,461 01
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	517,504 84
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,038 32—30,684,597 96
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	\$2,626,816 00

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over \$5,500,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,626,816 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus. The cash value of the reversion may be used in such settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

During the year 6,514 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,062,111.	
Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.	
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.	
Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119 00
Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,743,473 00

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Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

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 Broadway, cor. John Street.
Capital, - - \$200,000.
ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.
 Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
 U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
 Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. 13,200 00
 Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings. . . . 56,400 00
 Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 2,465 94
 Premiums in course of collection. . . 8,830 43
 New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64
 Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00
ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.
A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.
WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

HOME Insurance Co. of New York,

Office No. 135 Broadway.
Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
 Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1877.
 Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
 Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
 Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends 243,402 24
 Net Surplus 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82
SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
 CASH IN BANKS. \$342,311 22
 BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,453 00
 UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,525 00
 BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 236,602 50
 STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
 LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35
 INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . 72,997 65
 BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 153,416 65
 REAL ESTATE. 6,800 19
 PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26
Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82
LIABILITIES.
 CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. \$242,027 24
 DIVIDENDS UNPAID. 1,375 00
Total, - - - - \$243,402 24
CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.

THE NEW JERSEY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
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J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
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 Capital. \$1,000,000 00
 Gross Surplus. 1,792,902 92
 Gross Assets. \$2,792,902 92
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 Brooklyn Office, 12 & 14 Court St.
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 The benefits to be derived by the public from Insurance against loss by fire are so great and numerous, when compared with its trifling cost, as to render it an imperative duty on every one to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY against the destructive ravages of FIRE, which in a few moments may lay waste the fruits of a whole life of industry.
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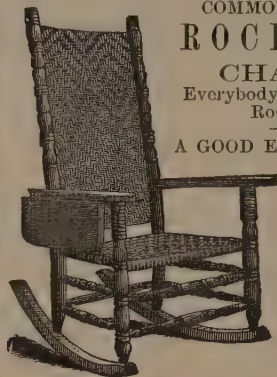
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NEW YORK has been experiencing its usual equinoctial street cleaning, for which it has to thank a kind Providence. The thoughtful rulers of the city, not wishing to interfere in any way with the divine order, take care that there shall be ample need of their service before the floods come.

THE breaking of the recently completed Staffordville Reservoir dam on Tuesday with the consequent loss of life and destruction of a vast amount of valuable property, is one of those events for which as at present advised, it is impossible to find any excuse. After the experience on Mill River still so fresh in our memories, it only seems necessary to call up the culprits and ask: What have you to say for yourselves?

ALL the reports from Washington tend to confirm our faith that there will be an earnest and sustained effort for the establishment of a reformed civil service. If as good judgment should be shown in this matter as we have a right to expect, and the American people become accustomed to an efficient system through four years of trial, it is hardly possible that political adventurers will risk their fortune by an attempt to destroy the system, or if they do, that their effort will be permitted to meet with a moment's success.

THE Fifty-second Annual Exhibition will be opened at the National Academy of Design next week, and we are informed that it will be more interesting than usual. The year past has done something in the way of instructing picture lovers, and there will be no lack of visitors, and probably visitors more discriminating in their judgment than heretofore. On Monday evening preceding the public exhibition there will be a reception and private view at the Academy. While thinking of art matters we trust that our readers will not forget the exceedingly interesting and instructive Castellani collection of Antiques at the Metropolitan Gallery.

THE letter from one who has recently left the seclusion of a sheltered fold for the more open field, which we are permitted to publish on another page, will be found quite interesting. Perhaps the most noteworthy fact is the testimony it brings

upon the point that simple tradition has more to do with the belief of the ordinary church-member than any recognized course of argument; that taking the question merely upon its lowest terms, of what is called for by a book—the Bible—a very slight investigation with an alert mind will tear away the web that has been gathered around it, and will prove that it is not the word of the Bible, but that of the commentator that has controlled its faith. And from this point onward the course is an open one.

ALAS! how are the mighty fallen! There was a time, not so very long ago in years, and yet it is beginning to seem like a tradition from pre-historic times, when Wendell Phillips was really a power in our land, when—a silver-tongued orator—he was wont to stir the best people among us to stronger faith in the coming good, to firmer dealing with existing evil. Emerson has told us in his own strong way, how men must be spoiled that causes may succeed, and the experience of years has constantly repeated the story. We should be prepared to find it so, but it is never a pleasant thing to contemplate, and when one who once pleaded nobly for a great cause, appears simply in the role of a common scold, and when one whose finely chosen language once made music to the ear, finds his readiest expression in Billingsgate, we can only say that he, the man we knew, *was* a valiant worker in a great cause; he is no more; peace to his ashes!

THE price of gold has again been remarkably steady, though a shade higher than the previous week: it closed at 104½. Silver has also been higher, the last price, 54d. per ounce in gold being the best for the week. Money continues very easy, call loans in New York being quoted at 2½ per cent. There is still a steady market for the funding loan but no effort appears to be yet making to accumulate gold. There is some talk of an arrangement among the coal carrying companies in their joint interest, but no great probability of an effective combination. The talk of the week among business men was a little more hopeful, but no considerable change in the situation is to be noted.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* of last week had an amusing Editorial Note on the manner in which the price of gold is kept up by the speculators. For unadulterated humor it has hardly been exceeded, but we think we detect the hand of Rip Van Winkle in its construction.

So far as those outside of the charmed circle can judge, the Republican members of the New York Legislature are convicting themselves of the most exquisite folly. They are not acting as they are for party reasons—oh, no, that could never be. Perish the thought! But it remains a singular fact that after the adoption by a large majority of a Constitutional amendment organizing a Department of Public Works in the interest of decency and economy, they have allowed months to go by without passing the necessary bill to carry the amendment into effect, and have exercised their power with great unanimity to defeat the nominations made by a Governor in whose honesty and judgment the people of New York rely, not only for the position of Superintendent of that Department, but for Superintendent of the Banking Depart-

ment, Health Officer, Port Warden and Captain of the Port, being all the Executive nominations before the Senate for important positions. This may be statesmanship, but it looks to us like consummate folly. If this is the best response that Republicans can make to the action of Democrats in Washington upon President Hayes' nominations, there are a good many who will not long feel proud to call themselves Republicans.

THAT both Hampton and Chamberlain have promptly agreed to go to Washington to confer with the President at his request is very gratifying and leads to a confident hope in an early settlement of the South Carolina difficulty. The situation in Louisiana is more complicated and the method of settlement determined upon causes delay, mainly, we suppose, on account of the unwillingness of leading public men to accept positions as members of the proposed commission.

We confess that we should have been better pleased had the United States troops been immediately withdrawn from any position in either State which could be construed otherwise than as ordinary garrison duty such as we are accustomed to in New York harbor, believing that events would have then shaped themselves satisfactorily and without in any way complicating the general government; but we are aware of the extreme difficulties of the situation caused by the abnormal action of the last Administration, and are disposed to repose great confidence in the judgment of those in charge at Washington.

IN the practical management of affairs we are at all times compelled to recognize the difference between the ideal best and the necessary in our course of action. The Southern problem is one illustration of this—the disentanglement of an erroneous system of taxation or customs duties is another; and in fact there is scarcely a feature of public or private life which is not more or less marked by this peculiarity. The inability or unwillingness to recognize a fact so palpable lies at the bottom of much of the "reform" writing and most of the reform fiascos of the time. The feeling which prompts these is usually sound, the measures advocated are in themselves often desirable, but the course taken by their supporters is frequently such as simply to aggravate the disease which they are seeking to cure, and to raise barriers against progress which it is difficult to overthrow, merely because they are either naturally wanting in judgment or are unwilling to submit themselves to the course of instruction which a due respect for the combined experience of the race would demand.

A VESSEL has just been built at Norfolk, Va., which was intended to run as an excursion steamer between New York City and Rockaway Beach, and to carry four thousand passengers. She was launched on Saturday last, great pains were taken to interest the public in her by descriptions in the daily press, and Norfolk congratulated herself on building the largest river steamer in the world. She started for New York in tow on Saturday night. At six o'clock on Monday morning she had broken her back, and at last accounts she was ashore and going to pieces at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

We have in the neighborhood of New York several seaside resorts to which great throngs repair during the Summer, especially on Sunday. During the past two or three years we have heard often of the weakness of the boats used to carry passengers to these places, and of the excessive loads which are put upon them. It is said that there has been constant danger of enormous loss of life. And now a new

vessel built for the same trade goes to pieces within forty-eight hours after she touches the water. After making every allowance for the supreme stupidity or recklessness which was manifested in the attempt to tow the hull of a summer pleasure craft, without engines or ballast, along the Atlantic coast during the stormiest period of the year, it is difficult to believe that this could have been anything but a slaughter-pen. We think a thorough overhauling of all interested in the enterprise is demanded by every consideration of the public right and interest.

THE HALT IN THE MARCH OF ORGANIZED LIBERALISM.

THE obstacles to the progress of an organized Liberalism in religion in our day are worthy of a more frank and candid consideration than they usually receive from either friends or foes. Orthodoxy is compelled to acknowledge a great and ever-increasing rationalism in its own theology and a broader and more generous interpretation of its old symbols, and the prevailing sentiment among its more intelligent clergy and laity is nearly in accord with what a half century ago would have been condemned as Liberalism. On the other hand Liberalism is compelled to acknowledge that its ecclesiastical organizations, though more numerous and widespread than ever, are not multiplying at all in the ratio of the growth of the spirit and sentiments for which they stand. This is a cause of triumph to Orthodoxy, and of some wonder to Liberalism.

But is it not a tolerably explicable phenomenon? Has it not been precisely so with the whole history of the Church, and especially of the Reformation? The Reformation attained its territorial and positive victories within one century of its origin and then came to a pause, nay, lost something of its triumph. But if its nominal and territorial advance was checked, have its real progress or its true fruits been limited by its failure to change the name and symbols of the old Papal religion in Italy, Spain, Austria, or elsewhere? Has not the Reformation gone much further than its early friends proposed or would have welcomed, and produced fruits far more valuable and nutritious than the generation of religious heroes who started it looked for? Its influence on Catholic countries and on Catholicism itself has hardly been less than upon its own converts, although very different in kind. The Reformation left Romanism a dying plant, and all its life since has been sickly and smitten with decay. Its tremendous struggles for life and for the recovery of its old influence have been cheered by apparent successes among people whose lack of light favored its superstitions. But few intelligent Protestants look upon its prospects as otherwise than gloomy, or on its power and influence as any longer formidable. It dies hard, as any plant so old and so deeply rooted in the soil of our past humanity must—but it dies.

It is so with the once confessed and still so-called Orthodoxy of Protestant theology. It received its heaviest blows a century ago, and so thick and fast and fatally they fell that it looked as if the old dogmas of the Trinity, Vicarious Atonement, Total Depravity, and the rest were going to be at once and generally abandoned. The churches of the new reformation multiplied rapidly and, had the ratio of their first increase been kept up, they would by this time have divided the Christian world with Orthodoxy. But no sooner was the argument over and all the reasons for and against it heard, than the experience of the old Reformation was repeated. Enough flues and chimneys to ventilate a stifling Orthodoxy had been opened to relieve the worst practical

sufferings from the old system. Ecclesiastical discipline and the rigid interpretation of creeds ceased. Orthodoxy grew mild and tolerant. Its long and zealous services in the past began to be gratefully remembered. Under protest from without it undertook, like Turkey, quietly to reform itself from within, and it has been busily engaged in doing so ever since. The Liberals lost their main reasons for pressing revolt and secession, for they found their sentiments recognized and advancing under Orthodoxy's own symbols. It became too much a battle for *names* rather than *things* to make it easy to summon any heroic forces to the war.

Meanwhile new questions arose from the same general influences that produced liberalism in religion, the spread of political liberty and the rise of the critical and scientific spirit, questions most radical and vital, as to the very origin of the race, the age of the world, the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures, the personality of God, the difference between matter and spirit, the reality of a future life—questions raised not by scurrilous or immoral doubters, but by philosophers and scientists of high personal worth and purity of life, as the unavoidable suggestions of newly-observed facts. The world has within the last decade been almost totally absorbed in its speculative and critical intellect with these prodigious and portentous disputes. Their overshadowing importance has diminished interest in all smaller questions, and especially in the questions among Christian sects, even including the dogmatic difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians.

It is plain that while these momentous questions are pending, the various religious creeds of Christendom will be valued mainly, *not* for their essential and absolute truth, but for their fitness to serve the purposes of moral police and fill the gap in religious wants in the suspense of judgment which must necessarily exist in the presence of such genuine and formidable questions as are now awaiting the verdict of a later day. Since these questions came in the practical inquiry raised among the administrators of the popular religion seems to be not "What is true?" but rather "What will hold the people's attention and keep them together at a time of such radical and fundamental uncertainty?" The leading Orthodox clergy see clearly that pulpit discussions of the real and vital issues of the age are not going to meet either the expectations or the emotional wants of the average Christian hearer; that few ministers are competent to treat these questions intelligently and with power; that reason in religion is no novelty nowadays, and that those who want it may find it in boundless quantities in the magazines and quarterlies and in the published discussions of the higher philosophy; that it has no particular attraction in the pulpit, where it is usually only of a weaker kind, less logical and less scientific than elsewhere. They see, moreover, that what the people want for their Sunday food is not new agitation of the mind, but spiritual food and a ministry to the believing spirit which carries repose and consolation with it. They see, moreover, that the more rational, inquisitive and free the popular literature, the current thought, the ventilation of radical doubts and suspicions by science, literature and philosophy, the more the need felt and the greater the readiness shown by the more emotional part of the public to accept old symbols provisionally, and fall back on what was once and for a long time regarded as established, and so gained a sacredness with age and veneration that can never be wholly lost.

This is the history of that most interesting and extraordinary episode, the ritualistic movement in the English church,

a movement vital in feeling and strong in self-sacrifice, but sentimental in quality, the failing back of a hungry set of souls upon sacramental superstitions and forms, in the hope of escaping spiritual starvation. The luxury of surrender to an implicit faith in any form seemed so delicious that thousands felt all their best hopes more than realized when they gave themselves up in a heavenly blindness to the delusion of this opium-eating in religious things.

Besides the sacramental way another has proved about equally successful in the Orthodox church in this generation—the policy of ignoring any changes in faith. Go on as of old, just as if there were no criticism, no skepticism, no doubt, no new light, it has said. Keep asserting the old creed precisely as if there were no difficulty about it. Or, if you have enough pluck, assert it only more offensively and more emphatically than before. You may do it safely. It will be set down by the majority as a new proof of your greatness of faith and reverence for established things. If you can also make up your mouth to speak contemptuously of all scientific, philosophic and rationalizing minds, and pooh-pooh them as wind-bags and enemies of God and sound morals waiting to go to condign punishment, this will give additional weight to your reputation for divine knowledge. Meanwhile a large class of worthy people who don't go along with you at all in your *ideas*, will heartily go along with you with their *presence* and their *support*. They will say These are times of great unsettledness, when religious foundations are reeling. We must support those symbols and churches which seem to have power to rally the people. Any forms or institutions of religion that will hold attention are worthy in times like these of the support of good men. What matters it whether the dogmatic theory is right or wrong, if it is able to encourage faith and exert a wholesome fear and to keep practical religion alive in the world? If anybody still believes any thing that *has* done service enough to make it do service *still*, he is a public benefactor!

How plainly this has been illustrated in the somewhat humiliating attitude in which the current and sober Orthodoxy of the country has placed itself towards the revivalists? "Here are men," they have reasoned, "who *can* say what we *can't* say, who believe what we half doubt, who are working in a direction which we have hitherto discouraged as blind, emotional, founded on error, but who produce prodigious popular effects, who draw tens of thousands after them, and interest them in their religious condition. Can we afford to have most of the vivid and interesting things done in religion in our day set down to the account of people whose faith and creed we continue to criticise? Perish criticism, begone all old misgivings and protests against revivalism! Here are religious effects! Thoughtless people awakened; drunkards sobered, harlots made penitent, sceptics converted! What matters the method or the creed? By their works ye shall know them!"

And so the more pious or reputedly pious people, whether of Church or Presbytery, and among them some Unitarians, have said, "God speed Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. They are good men and full of the Holy Ghost. What matters it that we think them very uninstructed thinkers, very poor Biblical critics, very blind moral philosophers? They interest, they move, they help, and do something to save people that other doctrines have not been able to touch. Let them have Godspeed!"

But we must postpone the further discussion of this subject until next week, when we shall consider some of the obstructions which Liberalism has either failed to remove, or has itself placed in its own way.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH THOUGHT.

FIFTH NOTICE.

GIBBON AND PAINE.

THE historical writings of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon were about equally valued by their contemporaries. But Gibbon has stood the test of time much better than the other members of this great triumvirate. His subject was more fortunate; his methods were far more thorough. Whatever its faults, says Mr. Stephen, his history remains "the first great triumph of a genuine historical method." But its defects are not less striking than its merits. "He has given an admirable summary of the bare facts of history, but he is everywhere conspicuously deficient in that sympathetic power which enables an imaginative writer to breathe life into the dead bones of the past. He regards all creeds, political and religious, from the outside. * * * * We catch no glimpse of the profounder springs of action which must be appreciated before we can understand the underlying order or guess at the dominant laws of evolution." In politics he was a representative man of his time and class, a combination of indolent skepticism and political indifference. "He is the most perfect type of the conservative skeptic, unintentionally co-operating with the Paines, the Priestleys and Prices, whom he despised from his study and to whom he offered a kind of dumb opposition in his brief Parliamentary career."

Coming to his famous attack on Christianity in the "Decline and Fall," Mr. Stephen is inclined to think it singularly weak. Gibbon assumes five secondary causes for the rapid growth of Christianity in the first three centuries of our era. But a Christian apologist might grant the efficacy of each and every one of these causes and still cling as firmly as ever to his supernatural theories. "Christianity, on his showing, sprang up like a mushroom." And yet the blow he struck at supernatural Christianity was by far the hardest it had yet received. His real work was to disperse that halo of assumption which gave a totally unreal character to all discussions about the origin of Christianity. Henceforth any serious answer to the anti-supernaturalist must be on different ground than that of the eighteenth century apologists. It must rest upon an intelligent and coherent theory of history. Gibbon was honestly astonished at the wrath which his attack provoked, but the wonder is that it provoked so little. Gibbon's contemporaries had more faith than he gave them credit for, but they had precious little.

Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, is the connecting link between Edward Gibbon and Thomas Paine, from the fact that he was the most significant opponent, or rather the least insignificant that either of them encountered. This Watson was a good-natured but vulgarly ambitious prelate, a Socinian at his private table, where he ridiculed the New Testament miracles, to whom a reply to Paine or Gibbon seemed the shortest road to some ecclesiastical preferment. In fact he apologized to Gibbon for his attack upon him, saying he would have "drawn it milder" but for his ecclesiastical aspirations. With him began the weary series of accommodations of Genesis to Geology. This science had been summoned originally by the defence. It now began to testify upon the other side.

Watson's other subject for perfunctory rebuke was a very different man from Gibbon; not a scholar as he was; not an indifferentist in politics, but a red-hot republican. "Good Englishmen expressed their disgust for the irreverent infidel by calling him Tom, and the name still warns all men [Mr. Stephen strangely enough included] that its proprietor does

not even deserve posthumous civility." But that Mr. Stephen calls Paine Tom Paine throughout is the least of his offenses concerning him, though he acknowledges his force and evidently thinks more highly of him than of the half-hearted apologists who cried out against him. In his second notice of him, in the Political chapter of his second volume, he retails as authentic statements the miserable slanders of his biographer, Cheatham, as good-for-nothing a liar and turn-coat as ever gave up to party what was meant for mankind. I can but trust that Mr. Stephen has better authority for all his other strictures upon famous eighteenth century men. That Thomas Paine in his last years was a model of temperance and personal cleanliness I am not permitted to believe. But that the popular ideas, the current drivels of revival meetings and orthodox tracts, based almost entirely upon Cheatham's lying screed, are infinitely wide of the true mark it needs but little patience to discover.

Paine's creed was simply that of all the 18th century Deists, namely, in his own words: "The creation we behold is the real and everlasting word of God; it proclaims His power; it demonstrates His wisdom; it manifests His goodness and beneficence;" and the moral duty of man consists in imitation of the Divine goodness. Mr. Stephen speaks of his belief in another life as "rather hesitating," but such is not the impression I remember from a somewhat careful study of his writings. Mr. Stephen sums him up admirably when he says, "The history of Paine's mind is the history of thousands. It expresses the revolt of rough common sense against the brutal theology by which coarse preachers appeal to dull imaginations." To this it should be added, in justice to Paine, that in his day almost all preachers were coarse without exception. His "peculiarity consists in the freshness with which he comes upon very old discoveries and the vehemence with which he announces them." That he was a man of natural critical ability, which culture might easily have developed into an instrument of nice discrimination, is shown by his original perception of the un-Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Spinoza and one or two others had anticipated him, but his perception was evidently at first hand. Mr. Stephen's concluding passage about Paine is so just and so honorable, both to himself and his subject, that I shall quote it entire and leave my readers to determine whether he would not have been amply justified in calling Thomas and not Tom, a man deserving of this praise, who in his life-time was surrounded by a crowd of dullards, sycophants and knaves, against whom he did valiant battle, if not with dainty weapons, with the best that he could find or fashion:

"No wonder that the upper world shrieked blasphemy! obscenity! Atheism. Nor is it strange that the luckless publisher was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, amidst general applause, and that Erskine for once appeared on the side of authority. Paine, indeed, deserved moral reprobation for his brutality; and his book has in it a very unpleasant flavor. Yet there was a fact which the respectable public tried hard to ignore. Paine's appeal was not simply to licentious hatred of religion but to genuine moral instincts. His 'blasphemy' was not against the Supreme God, but against Jehovah. He was vindicating the ruler of the universe from the imputations which believers in literal inspiration and in dogmatic theology had heaped upon him under the disguise of homage. He was denying that the God before whom reasonable creatures should bow in awful reverence could be the supernatural tyrant of priestly imagination, who was responsible for Jewish massacres, who favored a petty clan at the expense of his other creatures, who punished the innocent for the guilty, who lighted the fires of everlasting torment

for the mass of mankind, and who gave a monopoly of his favors to priests, or a few favored enthusiasts. Paine, in short, with all his brutalities, had the conscience of his hearers on his side; and we must prefer his rough exposure of popular errors to the unconscious blasphemy of his supporters."

With this notice I conclude the series I have written upon Mr. Stephen's book. The first notice was a general one, covering the entire work. The special ones which have followed have only covered the material of the first volume. More I would gladly write if only for the sake of impressing Mr. Stephen's second volume more deeply on my own mind. But already I have sorely taxed the columns of THE INQUIRER and I fear the patience of the general reader. Those who have followed me will, I am certain, wish to know Mr. Stephen at first hand if I have given only a tolerably clear idea of his intellectual method, the keenness of his dialectic and the fascination of his style.

J. W. C.

UNREST.

BY C. F. SINCLAIR.

THE swift-winged years forever come and go—
Come like a child and touch the shore of time,
And shrivel at the touch to hoary prime,
And 'hen to nothingness—a fleeting day,
Where truth's bright aurioles forever play
And leave no mark behind, no pillowed crest
Where we can lay our heads and feel at rest.

O weariness of strife! O grief! O doubt!
Where are the light-tipped wings that flash thee out?
And yet I see the sun run on its way,
Threading the dome of heaven day by day;
I see the star-greined heavens bend to greet
The sweet-lipped flowers flashing at my feet;
But what are these to me—star, flower and all—
Else than a flowery veil, a star-gemmed pall.

O mystery of life! O sore dismay!
That death must tear the curtain from our way
Before we hear the speech that fills the day.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO *Daily News*! All about the murder!—only one cent! With this suggestive cry the newsboys greet us, not quite daily, but quite too often for cheerful feelings. It is hardly possible to convict a murderer here. The Sullivan case aroused a terrible spurt of public indignation after the first acquittal; but a second trial has only repeated the first farce, and the *oi polloi* is taking it calmly. Juries are packed so readily where corruption rules and criminals hold office and convicts are pardoned almost as soon as condemned, that no one any longer has confidence in the system. A trial by our peers means by a dozen "professionals" who, having graduated as whiskey-sellers, now hang about the courts to serve on the panels of justice. There is in town a queer place, full of ghosts and philosophy, called, I believe, the Religio-Philosophical Building. This is the headquarters of all the spirits that care to visit Chicago. Exactly what moral atmosphere they engender is doubtful. We only know that the latest tragedy was enacted there in the shooting of Jones, an editor or scribe of the invisible visitants, by one Pike. The revelation of materialistic Spiritualism and domestic abomination has been unparalleled. If one-thousandth part of the stories is true, the slough of Jones, Pike & Co. is too deep for decency, and a terrible warning to those who under the head of freedom draw up a creed of license.

The Academy of Sciences busied itself last week with General Pleasanton. The old military gentleman has certainly not abolished gravity yet, except among his readers. His notions received a running satire from Professor Peabody, and then Professor Colbert and Dr. Tucker took up the question of the analysis of light and the relation of different rays or colors to mental and physical

health. Dr. Tucker reported one case where the violet ray had certainly been effective. There was no reference made to the famous experiments of Dr. Pouya, of Alexandria in Piedmont, although for rigid scientific method these are far the most valuable of any yet reported.

Within the last three years an enthusiasm has been aroused that is at last giving archæology its fair pre-eminence throughout the West. Mounds are being thoroughly explored in every direction, and by men competent to report their findings. The St. Louis Mounds, as they are called, although on the Illinois side, are reported as containing from four to seven or nine skeletons each, and are overlooked for a distance of eight or ten miles by a sacrificial mound of different build and containing no skeletons or skulls. Each skull is accompanied with pieces of pottery, rude, but of great archæological value. Some of the skulls are artificially flattened on the back side so as to be nearly perpendicular with the spinal column. Phrenologically the driving faculties must have had a hard time. The Rev. J. Gass is reported, however, to have discovered near Davenport "a find" of far greater importance than any before made. It consists of dark slate tablets, covered with pictorial linings; one representing a funeral ceremony, attended with a sacrifice and a dance. There are besides representations of the sun, moon and stars. There is also an inscription in a written language. These may turn out to be fraudulent; but if not we may yet expect vastly richer developments. The theory of Grote concerning the populating of this continent tallies well so far with all that can be positively determined.

Of matters Unitarian and otherwise, religiously, there is not much to be reported except the great need of about fifty missionaries where it is very questionable if missionaries can be sustained. I have before me no less than six letters received last week; from points in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and one from Dakota, inquiring for Unitarian books or asking how to secure a missionary. These stations are all without organizations or much money ability. But the letters have the ring of honest desire for truth and light. They will be turned over to our Western Secretary.

Herbert, of Geneva, is working one out-station with considerable success.

POWELL.

IN MEMORIAM.

"He giveth his beloved (in) sleep."

BY F. L. H.

"In sleep." When weary eyelids close
Upon the pillow of repose,
The latent life He doth sustain
Until the morning breaks again.

Not in our waking hours alone
His constancy and care are known;
But locked in slumber fast and deep
He giveth to us while we sleep.

What giveth He? From toil release,
Quiet from God and night's sweet peace:
Till with the coming of the morn
We greet the day, like it new-born!

And pondering this mystery,
There came a larger truth to me:—
How in the sleep that we call death
He sleepeth not nor slumbereth,

But still sustains the silent soul
Until the shadows backward roll,
And with the passing of the night
It wakens in immortal light!

What giveth He? No more again
To know the touch of mortal pain;
Each weakness past, each fetter riven,—
For earth the larger life of heaven!

Dear friend, as o'er thy pallid face
The tall white lilies breathed their peace,
And stillness like a solitude
Enwraught the tearful multitude,—

How sweetly on that sea of calm
Floated the music of the psalm,—
The Spirit's voice upon the deep,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

Once more the sun with lavish hand
Pours lengthening day upon the land;

But not with spring-time bloom and bird
Thy smile returns, thy voice is heard:

Yet still we say the old-time words
"In life, in death, we are the Lord's:"
And trust thee to His love to keep
Who giveth to His own in sleep.

QUINCY, ILL., March 16, 1877.

LITERATURE.

FREE RELIGIOUS TRACTS, No. 6: HOW SHALL WE KEEP SUNDAY.
Boston: Published by the Free Religious Association,
231 Washington Street. 1877.

The Free Religious Association has never done a better thing than to publish in the form of a tract these admirable addresses, which were originally delivered in Boston at a convention of the Free Religious Association called for the sole purpose of discussing the question, "How Shall we Keep Sunday?" If all the addresses are upon one side it is not because men presumably of a different way of thinking were not cordially invited to participate in the discussion. They pleaded other duties, but it is more than possible that the reason of their declination was a grave suspicion that the argument was all upon one side and that the side of rationalistic freedom. The addresses here published are four in number, and they are all excellent, though of unequal merit. Mr. Charles K. Whipple discusses "Sunday in the Bible," showing how little Biblical support can be found for "Sunday Sabbatism;" Rev. M. J. Savage discusses "Sunday in Church History," showing how modern a thing and really unsabbatical is the so-called Puritan Sabbath. Mr. Charles E. Pratt's address is devoted to "Sunday in the Massachusetts Laws," showing how much amendment there has been already and what room there is for more. In conclusion Rev. Wm. C. Gannett discusses "The Working Man's Sunday." Admirable as are the other addresses, this is by far the most striking and impressive of the four. We have already made our readers acquainted with its drift and spirit by copious extracts. It is a plea for Sunday as a day of rest, recreation and education. The plea is so earnest and at the same time so gentle that it could not but impress the most bigotted believer in more stringent notions of Sunday observance. The pamphlet that contains these different addresses is one that every student of these matters and every preacher, Orthodox or Heterodox, who intends to speak of them, and every legislator who may possibly be called to legislate upon them, ought to have in his possession. It contains by all odds the most instructive and suggestive matter that we have ever seen upon this subject, brought within narrow limits. The price is fixed at 10 cts. per copy, a ridiculously low figure; 10 copies for 60 cts. Send for it to office of the Free Religious Association, 231 Washington Street, Boston.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. JOHN. By James M. MacDonald, D. D., Princeton, New Jersey. Edited with an Introduction, by the Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

In outward appearance and general method much the same as Coneybeare & Howson's St. Paul and with an introduction by one of the authors of that celebrated work, this handsome volume will doubtless start with a prestige gathered from these trivial circumstances which its intrinsic character will hardly justify. Dean Howson's introduction is evidently little more than is necessary to give Dr. MacDonald's book the benefit of his name, carrying with it the suggestion that this book is to St. John what the Dean's was to St. Paul, which we greatly fear it is not. The work is well supplied with maps and illustrations happily chosen, and to those who never have been troubled with a doubt as to whether John wrote

everything that is popularly ascribed to him it will doubtless furnish much to confirm them in this view and at the same time food for a good deal of pious and agreeable reflection. But the book is one to be avoided by all those who think that modern criticism is of some importance. For it is wholly uncritical, as may be gathered from the fact that the Fourth Gospel, the Johannine Epistles and the Apocalypse are all ascribed to the apostle. Now modern criticism, so far as it is worthy of the name, is universally agreed that the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse could not have been written by the same person. The late Dr. Noyes, unconsciously determined not to surrender the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, surrendered that of the Apocalypse, but the majority of critics have come to just the opposite conclusion, while a few have denied the Johannine authorship of both the Gospel and the Apocalypse. Dr. MacDonald's date for the Apocalypse is about 65 A.D., in the reign of Nero, a much less likely date than 68 or 69 A.D., in the reign of Galba. But the wholly uncritical character of his work is best indicated by the fact that he finds in the vials of the Apocalypse predictions of the Papacy, the Reformation, the French Revolution, and so on. Evidently Dr. Howson does not go with him in these ridiculous and lawless fancies. They are sufficient to make any person who does not wish to be humbugged suspicious of everything that proceeds from such a writer's pen. J. W. C.

BRIEF NOTICES.

WIT, HUMOR AND SHAKSPEARE. By John Weiss. Boston: Roberts' Brothers.

Those who have heard Mr. Weiss' lectures on Shakspeare will be glad to have them in a form where the brilliant and closely packed sentences may be studied and understood at leisure. Mr. Weiss' style is "caviare to the general," and like that dainty must be joined to something select to have its full flavor appreciated. For ourselves it has been extremely difficult to read this book rapidly. A few pages at a time suffice, or else the brain whirls in a maze of half-comprehended criticism and witty satire. Taken slowly, the book is delightfully full of sparkle and genius, and wickedly daring in its estimates and conclusions. The chapters on Wit and Humor and the Causes of Laughter are very subtle and show a wonderful appreciation of the delicate shades of the lighter side of human nature. We suppose there are very few who comprehend Shakspeare's humorous characters as fully as Mr. Weiss. His analyses of Falstaff, Dogberry, Touchstone, Bottom, etc., are better than his essays on "Women and Men," whose characters are too much antagonized to suit the 19th century. Yet, to avoid laughing, as you read his estimate of women and their peculiarities is impossible, and certainly Mr. Weiss hits a great many vulnerable points in the feminine armor, and we even have a feeling that he understands women better than he does men. An element of coarseness is a drawback to perfect pleasure in reading this book, but the refined subtlety of observation is wonderful, and in a measure atones for the reckless, sardonic quality of Mr. Weiss' intellect.

HARPERS' HALF-HOUR SERIES. Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

Moved by the success in the miniature line, of several of its neighbors, and not to be outdone by them, our great Franklin Square Publishing House has entered the market with a vest-pocket series a little smaller than any of the others. Like Roberts' Brothers' "Town and Country Series," it is to be an *omnium gatherum* of Tales, Travels, Biography, Essays, etc., and the looks though tiny are so clearly printed that they will be especially handy for the traveler. The three numbers already issued, include a reprint of Mr. Freeman's "Turks in Europe," as well as stories by Anthony Trollope and the authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," and we can promise the purchaser much more than a half-hour's entertainment from each, unless he or she is compelled to read in the way editors sometimes have to take their pleasure.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY. A Novel. By the author of "Ready Money Mortiboy." New York: Harper & Brothers.

In spite of a good deal that seems rather unnatural and forced in this story, there is much which is really very bright and ingenious. The character of Gilead Beck, the typical American on the English stage, is slightly overdrawn, but many of the scenes in which he figures are cleverly described and there is enough wit in his speeches to set up another Florence or Raymond in a comic part. But the real charm of the story is in Phillis Fleming and there is much originality in the development of her character. A girl brought up in the strictest seclusion by a whimsical uncle, untaught even to read and write, is suddenly brought into contact

with the great world. What she sees and thinks and believes, her implicit trust in everybody, her ingenuous confidence that people are what they seem, form the basis for many pleasant chapters. Two distinct hands seem to be at work on this novel and the reader fancies that he can trace their separate labors. The interest is hardly sustained to the end, but in spite of some defects, "The Golden Butterfly," is an entertaining story.

THE BEST READING. Hints on the Selection of Books; on the formation of Libraries, Public and Private; on Courses of Reading, etc. With a Classified Bibliography for Easy Reference. Fourth revised and enlarged edition, continued to August, 1876, with the addition of select lists of the best French, German, Spanish and Italian Literature. Edited by Frederic Beecher Perkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth avenue. 1877. Cloth, \$1.75.

We have copied the title-page of this book in full as the best method of explaining the character of a publication which will be found of great value to those who have not ready access to a first-class bookstore, and not unfrequently to those also who have such access. It forms a neat volume of about 350 pp., and the list of books, classified under subject and author, states size and price, thus being of great assistance to the would-be purchaser.

SCIENCE LECTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. THE ABSORPTION OF LIGHT AND THE COLOURS OF NATURAL BODIES. By Professor Stokes, F. R. S. **OUTLINES OF FIELD GEOLOGY.** By Professor Geikie, LL.D., F. R. S.

Among the numerous contributions through the press to popular instruction in natural science, we wish again to call attention to the series of South Kensington lectures, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Each lecture is given separately in a neat paper cover, at a low price, and each is fully and clearly illustrated.

EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY. The Roman Triumvirates. By Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely.

This last issued of the "Epoch" series as published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is like its predecessors by an authority. The first three chapters are devoted to the rise and ascendancy of Pompey and a description of the state of parties at the formation of the first Triumvirate, of Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus, B.C. 60. The remaining nine follow the fortunes of these rulers and their successors, and of the Roman people to the founding of the Empire by Octavius, B. C. 30. Facing the title page is given a map of the Roman Empire at the close of the Republic and in an appendix is given a brief chronological table, from the death of Sulla to the establishment of the Empire.

ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, (for the use of schools.) By W. D. Whitney, of Yale College. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1877.

In this attractive little volume Prof. Whitney has "endeavored to put before the learner those matters which are of most essential consequence to him, those which will best serve him as preparation for further and deeper knowledge of his own language, for the study of other languages, and for that of language in general." Professor Whitney thinks that the idea "that the leading object of the study of English grammar is to teach the correct use of English is . . . an error, and one which is gradually becoming removed." To say that the book is a valuable contribution to the educational list is little more than saying it is by Professor Whitney.

BEN MILNER'S WOOING. By Holme Lee. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

This is the first of the new "Town and Country Series," which promises great variety and perhaps will answer as a sort of "Grab-bag." The volume is clearly printed and neatly bound, which those familiar with Roberts Bros. books will understand as a matter of course, and it is pleasant enough reading though not seeming to us to have special merit. The lover with the pistol argument is a feature in the story, but the treatment which he receives seems hardly reconcilable to common sense and good judgment.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATIVE SURGERY AND SURGICAL PATHOLOGY. By J. M. Carnochan, M.D. Parts I. and II.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. deserve great credit for publishing in such good style these valuable contributions. Had we more such print in medical treatises spectacles would be less needed in the profession. We have carefully examined parts I. and II. and find in them many valuable hints of operative procedure. The subject of Elephantiasis, which Dr. Carnochan is so well fitted to discourse upon, is tersely treated, and what is known of this peculiar disease up to the present time is fairly stated. An important chap-

ter is also given on the "Ligation of the Trunk of the Common Femoral Artery in Accidents to the Arteries of the Lower Extremity." The illustrations are drawn from Nature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Macmillan & Co.

SALVATION HERE AND HEREAFTER. By Rev. John Service, Minister of Inch. 2d Edition, Cloth, \$1.50.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE HOUR WHICH COMETH AND NOW IS. Sermons preached in Indiana Place Chapel, Boston. By James Freeman Clarke. Cloth, \$1.50.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE SCOTCH NATURALIST: THOMAS EDWARD, ASSOCIATE OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY. By Samuel Smiles. Portrait and illustrations by George Reid, A. R. S. A. Cloth.

THROUGH RUSSIA AND PERSIA BY CARAVAN. By Arthur Arnold. Cloth, \$1.75.

HALF-HOUR SERIES.

CHRISTMAS AT THOMPSON HALL. By Anthony Trollope. Ill. Paper, 20 cts.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME. By Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of

"The Golden Butterfly." Paper, 25 cts.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL.D. Paper, 15 cts.

THE APOLOGIES OF JUSTIN MARTYR. With an Introduction and Notes by Basil L. Gildersleeve, Ph.D., LL.D. Cloth.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA. By Henry Wilson. Vol. III. Cloth, \$5.

HARRIETT MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by Maria Weston Chapman. 2 Vols. Cloth, \$6.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

I THINK it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children as well as the sins of fathers.—DICKENS.

By six qualities may a fool be known: Anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing a friend from a foe.—ARAB PROVERB.

THE mind of an infant cannot be compared to a blank sheet, but rather to a sheet already written over here and there with invisible ink, which tends to show itself as the chemistry of experience supplies the requisite conditions.—TISKE.

Good discourse sinks differences and seeks agreements. It avoids argument by finding a common basis of agreement; and thus escapes controversy by rendering it superfluous. Pertinent to the platform, debate is out of place in the parlor. Persuasion is the better weapon in this glittering game.—A. B. ALCOTT.

MATERIALISM.

A FAITH that grasps the outer shell,
But never seeks for hidden fruit,
And to explain the soul of song
Would weigh and measure pipe and lute.

—MARVIN.

FORENOON, and afternoon, and night!—Forenoon,
And afternoon and night!—Forenoon, and—What!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

—E. R. SILL.

LIFE, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time.
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

—MRS. BARBAULD.

WHY look so wistfully in a corner? Man is the image of God; These adepts have mistaken flatulency for inspiration. Were this drivell which they report as the voice of spirits, really such, we must find out a more decisive suicide. I say to the table-rappers:

"I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost now know
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

—EMERSON.

THE time is short; the more the reason, then,
For filling it as full as it can hold

With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

—JOHN W. CHADWICK.

JOY OR SORROW.

SWEETER than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children gleaming ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the Autumn leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is Spring that comes, but brings our love no more.

—F. W. BOURDILLON.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,—

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LUCK doth wait, standing idly at the gate,—
Wishing, wishing, all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say:

"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows,—
Singing, singing, all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say:

"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup."

—St. Nicholas.

WHEN once we have made up our minds that certain qualities are desirable, the only way to get them is to go to work and cultivate them. There are qualities which are good, *per se*—whether there is a future or not—whether honor or shame, money or poverty comes from having them. They are noble in themselves, and ennobling to the man who has them, whether it pays or not in worldly goods, or in the world above. He who has them "has the witness in himself" that he is rich in having them. You might as well try to persuade a millionaire that he is not rich, as such a man that he has not got what is worth more than all the money of the millionaire. All this does not depend upon the truth of any particular religious belief, but upon beliefs which in all ages and in all nations have been felt to be the most certain of all truths by all those who have above all things tried to be true to those inspirations with which God solicits us to goodness—beliefs the truth of which can be as plainly verified as can be those of mathematical science.—W. J. ELLIS.

HORTICULTURAL HALL LECTURES.

François E. Abbot on "The Scientific Method in Religion. From the Boston Globe.

In considering the topic, the speaker first considered the steps of preparation which have made the scientific method possible in religion. Christianity, the essayist thought, found its logical outcome and expression in the Roman Catholic church. It is, like all theological systems, essentially dogmatic in spirit; and in this form the infallible Pope, the

infallible church, the infallible Word of God, and the infallible intuitions of the mind concerning God, immortality and duty, are all declared to be truths which men must believe. First in the development of freedom of religious thought came the reformation by Martin Luther, which discarded the infallible Pope, but maintained steadfastly the infallibility of church, Bible and intuitions of the mind. Then came the Anglican and the Puritan separation, making still farther advances towards free thought. Finally, Unitarianism came as the last expression of liberty which Christianity could allow. It had, indeed, discarded the infallibility of church and Bible; but it still held to authority and to dogma for its support. Jesus was to them the kingly presence whose words they were to obey. From Unitarianism, in time, came transcendentalism. It discarded all revealed and supernatural authority; but yet based its ideas of God, immortality and duty on the dicta of what they called the intuitional suggestions of the mind.

These had for transcendentalism all the authority of dogma. "Verily, verily I say unto you," was a sufficient answer to all questionings. Still the fetters of authority rested upon freedom of thought. Given full range elsewhere, thought must not consider these grand ideas of God, immortality and duty. There was often no separation between transcendentalism and Unitarianism, and for some years it was thought that there would be no need of further advance. But Unitarianism when put to the test ranked itself a Christian idea; offered the choice between Christianity and Free Religion, it chose the former, and, in 1867, came the Free Religious movement in the interest of absolute freedom of thought in every domain of inquiry. With no special leaders, the cause was supported by an association of earnest men and women, who were friends of true religion, and sought to free it from all the fetters of authority. No restriction was placed on the members. All that was required, in the constitution, was that the scientific way of gaining knowledge should be pursued. Even the great ideas of God, immortality and duty were to be counted as of value only as proved. The love of truth has been pronounced the essence of all true religion. Basing its deductions on experience of observed facts, the scientific method in religion makes no claim to infallibility. It only seeks, by the work of the greatest number of men, to bring its conclusions as nearly correct as it is possible to do. What it does not know it frankly confesses; but nevertheless it works on bravely, fearing not the results which may come from its inquiry, whether they establish the mind's ideals or utterly overthrow them. The scientific method in religion has in it nothing difficult or recondite. It brings to bear upon the domain of thought and reason the principles which have made such wonderful discoveries in the physical world. Year by year it gains strength. All the sand-barriers which authority and dogma can raise will disappear as the wave of its progress rolls on. It is destined to have sway in the minds of men, and its friends in the Free Religious work believe that it will yet give to the world a nobler and purer character than any religion of authority has ever produced.

THE *Missionary News* states that the slave trade is still carried on to such an extent in Africa as to result in the loss of five hundred thousand lives annually. The *News* states further that there are five routes by which slaves are taken from Central Africa: 1, through the Sahara Desert to Tunis and Morocco; 2, down the Nile, via Khartoum, into Egypt; 3, down the Nile, turning off before reaching Khartoum, for the seaports on the Red Sea; 4, direct to the Zanzibar Coast, for Zanzibar, Pemba, etc.; 5, two routes from Lake N'yassa to the Mozambique Coast, for Madagascar and the North.

OH, WHO IS THIS BAIRNIE?

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
 This bonnie wee mousie
 This wee cheetie pussie,
 Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me,
 Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
 Wi' cheeks like the cherry,
 An' lips like the berry,
 Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.
 Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
 Wi' bonnie bosey,
 Sae warm and sae cosey,
 Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.
 Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
 Wi' bonnie brow brantie,
 An' wi' mouthy dainty,
 Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.
 Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
 This bonnie wee lambie,
 Sae fond of its mammie,
 Oh, it's just my ain bairnie that's fond, fond o' me.

—Ministra Curiosa.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMING OUT FROM ORTHODOXY.

A LETTER.

YOU asked how I came to be a Unitarian. I will tell you: no one has a better right to know, for one sentence of yours laid the foundation of my change of belief.

I grew up in a community where, so far as I know, there were absolutely no Unitarians, no religiously disposed people who hold other than Trinitarian views, and when very early I became a member of a Congregational church, it was simply as placing myself on the side of religion against irreligion that the matter presented itself to me, and my belief in the confession of faith was a negative one. All I knew believed thus; I had been taught so, and knew no reason against it. I underwent no examination; probably it was felt that I was too young, as indeed I was, to speak intelligently of the doctrines of the church; but often since I have wondered that boys and girls should, even by those most sincerely Orthodox, be required or even allowed to assent to doctrines so far beyond their comprehension.

Feeling it wrong to be an idler in the church I was ready to attempt some work. That which offered was Sunday-school teaching, and accordingly I taught; never, however, except in mission schools, feeling sure that the children of religious parents must have better teaching than I could give, and that I might do harm instead of good. For the children of the streets any teaching was perhaps better than none; but is it not another strange thing that any well-meaning person who is willing is accepted as a religious teacher for children?

Though I taught for some time I never felt—and used to blame myself for it—that I could show others the way of salvation. The wrong of a selfish life, the folly of living for this world merely, the necessity of an entire change of purpose and God's promise of help, the duty of obeying Christ's precepts—these were plain—but, though I never doubted the fact, *how* it was his death that saved, what place that should take in one's instructions I could not make clear to myself, and certainly not to others. I never, as far as I can remember, thought it was a sacrifice to appease the anger of God, but believing that in some way the whole salvation turned on it, I dared not omit it, and unable to say how, dared not speak of what I did not understand; so, often reproaching myself for omitting the "one thing needful," tried to teach what I did understand, hoping that the Spirit of God would show my scholars the way I could not point out. I think I have seen the same state of mind, when it must have been bitter indeed, in a mother believing she believed

the doctrine that yet something made it impossible for her to teach her children, for whom she watched and prayed, trembling lest her short coming should be their ruin, thinking she ought to say what she felt she could not.

What any clergyman would have said to either of these difficulties I do not know, for with the unconquerable New England reticence in matters of feeling, I never asked any one, and I speak of them now for the first time. Still except in those passing moods in which we doubt everything, I never for a moment doubted the Deity of Christ, nor the Orthodox doctrine of salvation by his death. And possibly it was well; there were times when I think I could not have borne the wrench and strain of giving up what I had always believed and taking my way all alone.

Once meeting one whom I understood to be a Unitarian, I asked: "What do Unitarians believe about Christ?" The answer was: "They think him divine, but not so divine as the Father,"—a belief which seemed to me utterly unreasonable—degrees of divinity were inconceivable.

Then I met you, the very first Unitarian, with this one exception, I had ever known. Your life bore witness to your faith, and gave weight to your testimony, and you of course would know; so I asked again my question—not because I doubted the faith in which I had been brought up, but because I believed it and wanted to know on what religion could rest, deprived of what I supposed its only foundation, "What do Unitarians believe about Christ?" After a few moments' pause you answered: "They make more of his life than his death," and said no more. I could never make you understand, you who have always been a Unitarian, how amazing this seemed to me. You evidently did not wish to say any more; why, I did not know, but of course I could ask no more. I thought, seeing that you seemed preoccupied, and in your answer said, not "we" but "they," that possibly you were not at heart a Unitarian, or not settled in belief; judging you by myself, I thought the faith which seemed insufficient to me, was perhaps so to you. However that might be, I had my answer. I was filled with astonishment that those who looked to Christ at all should think only of a condition of his work and lose sight of the end of his coming. Yet the words came back again and again—they were few and easily remembered. "They make more of his life than his death." It is contrary to the plain words of Scripture,—so ran my thoughts. What words? I could not remember. Then it must be my business to find out, and as soon as I could, taking the Greek Testament I had been accustomed to use, I began to search for the doctrine on which rested the efficacy of his death as the ground of our hope of pardon, that Christ was very God. My certain expectation of finding this will seem perhaps as strange to you as the result appeared to me. Such a truth must be given either in plain declaration or irresistible inference. I would not rest in anything that might be held supporting evidence of a declaration already made; nor could it rest on the authority of a doubtful reading merely; therefore I would make no record of anything marked with the sign of "probable omission." And still believing that only a want of memory made the search necessary, I began my work. Very early I saw that I could no longer worship Christ as God till I should have found the evidence I sought. With growing surprise, with deepening seriousness, I went on, asking with increasing earnestness, as the prospect darkened, that I might know the truth.

Seeing that some texts having some bearing on the question were marked with the sign of "probable omission," it struck me that the book I was using might be the work of a scholar biased by his own belief, so I asked a person who would, I knew, be considered good authority, and whose Orthodoxy was beyond doubt, what Greek Testament he would recommend, and finding it the one I was using returned to my search. Three Gospels were finished, and as one after the other was examined in vain, I still expected to find what I sought in the last one. On the first chapter I considered long, but it was not there—in the whole Testament I could not find it.

Then I thought, perhaps in this critical examination I had read out of the book the meaning that was really there. I began again, putting aside now as much as I could all preconceived ideas; reading it as far as possible like a new book, to see, not if this or that was there, but *what* was there, and as I read there rose before me the Christ as I had never seen him before, and I knew not merely the negative, but the positive meaning of making more of his life than his death. I finished this reading with an intellectual conviction that I think has never really wavered since. I say I think, for it is not easy to be sure that anything was unshaken in such an

overturning of the foundations as followed. If it had been only a question for the intellect the work would have been finished; instead it was only just begun. No one who has not tried it knows what it is to feel conviction on one side and conscience on the other—to know one is right and *feel* one is wrong—and this in no minor point that might be left and taken up again in a calmer hour, but in one on which turned the whole of faith. One thing I could not do—refuse to recognize the truth I had prayed to know. That would be to commit the unpardonable sin. I must hold to the truth, but it seemed sometimes that that was to let go everything else; it was to abandon what I had supposed the only ground of hope. The solemn denunciations of Scripture crowded on my memory; like ghosts the terrors disappeared each time I turned and faced them, and like ghosts they gathered again. I found the *feeling* of self-condemnation was no true measure of guilt.

At this time I met you again, and told you my belief had changed, thinking that having dissented before, it was only honest to take back that dissent, but feeling I had no right to trouble another with my difficulties. One thing, however, that you said showed me your previous silence had not been the result of uncertainty, and gave me at the same time all the help one human being can really give another—the support of your own steady faith. You knew, I suppose, that much speaking was useless, that nothing but truth and time together would bring peace.

During this time I listened with anxious attention to two sermons—one on the text, "Prayer also shall be made for him continually," the other on "Then shall the Son also himself be subject." The writer was considered able and I supposed would not have chosen these subjects unless he thought himself capable of giving a satisfactory exposition, but in neither, it seemed to me, was the difficulty removed, or even lessened.

Time has done part of its work since then, and the truth it was so hard to hold by now holds me. The first help it gave was in prayer; I was freed from the vague perplexity that had haunted me.

It gave hope in working for others. Before they were divided by a line, on one side of which was salvation, on the other destruction; if this were not crossed, all else mattered little; to bring this about all human aid seemed of little avail, and I felt peculiarly helpless. Yet to sit still seemed wicked, and to interest one's self in anything except direct religious effort unreasonable in the highest degree. The only excuse was that people much better than one's self did it, and in the feeling that no one could stand face to face with these thoughts constantly—that that way madness lay. Often it used to seem to me that the wildest enthusiasts, the most zealous revivalists, were but half-hearted; that we all ought, if we believed what we said we did, to drop all other concerns and cry day and night in the streets, like the Jew before the fall of Jerusalem, delivering the one message. This, too, I see in others, and most in the best people—the incongruity, felt though unrecognized, between their life and the logical deduction from their doctrines.

Now, there seem two ways, one leading up, the other down; every step is in one direction or the other. This gives hope, for every little helps; it deepens responsibility, for every little hinders. It gives direction too; if we are saved by his life, we are to be to others in our measure what Christ is to us; if he came, as he said he did, to bear witness to the truth, that is our duty too.

When I believed Christ very God, that mighty unknown factor of Deity went far to destroy the power of his life as our example, and his resurrection as proof of ours.

Yet though for myself the truth is worth all it costs, I confess to dreading to say what I think, lest some one I love should be induced to set out on the same road; I know so well how hard and how lonely it is.

Still it is not once or twice only, in the pulpit as well as out of it, that I have heard Unitarian doctrine from those who did not suspect themselves of it; and it was never objected to by the hearers. Those who are thus Unitarians without knowing it or carrying their doctrine to its logical conclusion, get, I hope, many of the benefits of a change of belief, and escape paying the price.

My creed is short, but I believe it heartily while yet I look for more light and truth to break forth; with hope and fearlessly, for I think I have known the worst a change can bring.

And now I thank you for all—for what you said, and your silence; seeing that you did not wish to take away one belief and leave nothing in its place (since faith must have time to grow), and so make what some people think all Unitarians are, a merely negative Unitarian.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Auntie—"Well, little Birdie, what did you see at church to-day?"

Birdie—"Tee big man tan up high an' holla."

Dear little Birdie hardly knew how truly she had spoken. We are starving. Men come to us in the name of God, offering a food from which we turn away faint with a hunger they wot not of. To-day we had the death scene of Thomas Paine, in Orthodox colors, as an unanswerable argument that each and every word contained between the two lids of the Bible was the very word of God. We are lean and gaunt, and like other hungry creatures snap and snarl at each other—see no good in anything. The sky is blue in vain, the delicately-traced clouds, or perchance the deep, dark ones, bearing on their wings the lightning and the thunder, have no meaning to us. Our souls are dull and heavy. O that we might be fed to fullness with more substantial things!

There is need of work of those who have better things. Thousands in the country are sick unto loathing of the worthless food that is served to them, but make a faint pretence of satisfaction for the want of a better. We turn away with despair from the seemingly unanswerable question, How are the country people to be reached? But do Unitarians make all the effort in their power? Is there no means by which at least a little "heaven" might be hidden here and there to work its way?

L. B. N.

F—, ILL.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "SERVICE BOOK."

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

IN THE INQUIRER of January 18 appeared a criticism by N. P. G. of the "Services for Congregational Worship," published by the American Unitarian Association in 1868. While freely admitting the justice of some parts of this criticism, and the excellent spirit which pervades it all, I find myself compelled to dissent in the main from the views and sentiments there expressed. And in order to ascertain if possible what the Unitarian denomination, as a body, desires a Service Book to be, it seems to me important that every one deeply interested in the matter should somehow or other get his views represented. If the voice of the majority is to govern, let us clearly know what that voice is. After waiting in vain for some other communication, either in answer to N. P. G. or in sympathy with him, I write now with the hope of calling out some response, some friendly or unfriendly criticism.

I heartily agree with our critic in thinking it a great merit of every prayer-book that it "should hold on firmly to the past," and in commending our own Service Book in this respect. I am glad also that he would have the book "shortened by one-third at least." His suggestions in regard to the "order" seem to me in accordance with good taste and common sense. And I earnestly hope that the variations in the Psalter from the common version of the Psalms, to which he calls attention, may receive due consideration from those who are going to give us a revised Service Book. I can recall very few instances where these variations seem to me improvements, and one of them, "O Lord, our Governor," is to me positively irreverent, because of the low associations with that word. But whether it be "in accordance with a cheerful Christianity" or not, I do not see why we should omit from our view of life such expressions as: "The days of man are but as grass," or, "Man walketh in a vain show." Is it not, on the contrary, desirable that the contrast between our earthly and our heavenly state should often be brought before us, so that we may care less "for the things that perish" and more for those "which endure unto everlasting life?" It is a grave question whether we should retain in our Psalter any thing which speaks of the "wrath of God." I cannot so easily settle this as N. P. G. does, for though I do not believe that God is really angry, yet I think the Bible writers meant to convey some important truth by those expressions. They are not literally true, but behind the letter may be hidden some spiritual truth. If we shall undertake to eliminate from the Bible all terms and expressions which are not philosophically correct, I think we should have a very poor residuum. Neither do I sympathize with our critic in his admiration of Matthew Arnold for substituting "the Eternal" instead of Lord or Jehovah. Holding, as I do, the personality of God as a truth of the first importance to Christian worship, I object to terms which seem to me to weaken the sense of this truth. But the tone of his criticism on the *prayers* of our

Service Book, I feel called upon most emphatically to protest against. Shall there be no prayers for the President because they might suggest to some hearers "political thoughts?" Are we so secure against "all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion," that we need no divine protection from them? Are "false doctrine, heresy and schism" non-entities to "a Unitarian?" Are not "lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence and famine" unquestionable calamities," which we should reasonably desire to avert from ourselves and others? And if so, why may we not include them as particulars in that general petition, "Deliver us from evil." Does our critic mean to deny the value of all prayers for what are called *temporal* blessings? If so, then we are too widely apart to expect much agreement in a book of "Common Prayer." But the question occurs, Which of us most fairly represents the sentiments of the Unitarian body in this country? I am sorry to have to notice a still wider divergence of sentiment in this criticism, when applied to the language used respecting Christ. The new Service Book recommended by N. P. G., would omit all recognition of Christ as the Redeemer, all implied belief in his resurrection, all acknowledgment of him as Lord. Whatever expressions, either in Gospel or Epistle, may seem to ordinary readers to justify the belief in these is quietly dismissed here. And we are asked to make this concession to those "of our body in wide and high repute," who cannot accept such things as true. But it seems to me this is no question of repute or character. There may be far better Theists or Mohammedans than those who call themselves Christians, yet the latter may reasonably prefer a form of worship, which shall express their appreciation of the distinctive facts and truths of Christianity. To N. P. G. it may seem a small thing to omit what gives offense to some excellent men. To some others such omission will seem a tacit denial of precious truths, a disloyalty to the Master, of which no true Christian can be guilty.

I can heartily commend that addition to the Litany suggested by our critic: "From all insincerity, etc., etc., O Lord deliver us!" For a prayer is certainly in some sense a creed. Yet I would have our friend consider this also: that many things are true to the emotions which are not true, or at least are of doubtful truth, to the logical understanding. If we would pray with the simple trust of children, we must leave behind us all philosophy of prayer. We must not be willing, in our most exalted spiritual moods, to accept any mere scientific or critical estimate of the words we utter while animated by that divine *afflatus*. To ascertain and express what is true to these higher states of Christian experience, is a study well worthy the attention of those who would compile for us a new or a revised Service Book.

W. S.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

A *Christian Register* writer says of John Weiss: "His intellectual flavor is so peculiar that it reminds us of Johannisberg wine, because there is very little of it, and nothing else that it at all resembles."

WE believe that Dr. Clarke and his brother Unitarian ministers did right in accepting the invitation. We believe so because they were in substantial doctrinal accord with the sense of the Episcopal service of communion. But the explanation of Dr. Clark, that the service can mean what you please, is not at all satisfactory to us. It is not borne out by the facts.—*Independent*.

THE *Register* accounts the simple utterance of the long-established, well-known, heartily-defended views of Evangelical Christians to be a declaration of war against all Liberal Christians. It is very significant that this should be considered the fact. We have never heard of a treaty of peace between the Liberal and Orthodox bodies in which any compromise on these points was made.—*Zion's Herald*.

THE *Springfield Republican* speaks of "the resultant of the forces that guide history, and which we shall continue to call God." Hang the treachery of a wavering political friendship. For Samuel Bowles to throw Charles Francis Adams away like this is enough to make white-robed angels weep. The people always supposed that the *Springfield Republican's* name for the resultant was Adams with a C. F.—*Washington Republican*.

WE deem it a duty to express our satisfaction that the President of the United States will not steadily worship in the Metropolitan Methodist Church. We should have been even better pleased if it

had suited the convictions of Mrs. Hayes, the pious member of the family, to attend a church of some other denomination. We do not enjoy the gabble—we can hardly call it scandal—with which our church has been discredited in the daily press, and we hope that silly tongue is to be cut out by the roots through the new associations. We shall not invest largely in "Christian statesmen" until the breed improves, and we retain our Puritanical disgust at church intrigue, or the appearance of it.—*The Methodist*.

AMERICAN Statesmanship must trust American principles. American principles declare equal rights and demand equal protection. The problem of detail is how that equal protection shall be afforded most certainly. This is the question that meets the new Administration at the outset, and which is not to be settled in any summary way. It is not the interest of a single class or race that is to be considered, but the welfare and harmony of all the people in the State. If one class is to be protected from bulldozing, another is not less to be defended from the venality which stimulates bulldozing. The question is one for patriotic statesmanship, not for party passion; and therefore we have reason to believe that the measures which will be taken by the Administration will be such as the humanity and intelligence and national sense of justice will approve.—*Harper's Weekly*.

MR. BEECHER has come back this week from what seems to have been a successful, even triumphant, lecturing tour in the upper Mississippi Valley States. He has been absent a full month, must have lectured twenty-five or thirty times at least, and doubtless brings back money enough to pay for his beautiful new home on his Peekskill farm. Of all the modern ways for a literary man and orator to coin money, nothing has ever been invented equal to the lecture system. The special pets of its platform can easily harvest from \$10,000 to \$30,000 in a single season, and Mr. Beecher has probably obtained something near the larger sum even by the partial surrender of his time this Winter. His new country house is a thing of beauty and elegance and comfort, a glorified cottage of two full stories, a high basement, and high rooms under the roof, with double piazzas, and would seem to promise abundant satisfaction to Mr. Beecher's comfort-loving and luxurious tastes. The building was planned and has been executed under the direction of Mr. J. L. Silsbee, of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the most promising of our young architects.—*Springfield Republican*.

GOVERNOR HUBBARD, of Connecticut, has appointed Friday, March 30, as "a day of humiliation and prayer." He has "thought fit to select for this service a day which, by the traditions of the greater part of the Christian world, commemorates the most solemn event in the world's history." In thus "exhorting the good people" of Connecticut to observe "Good Friday," Governor Hubbard commits an unpardonable offense. The Israelites, dwelling in Connecticut, will resent this impertinent intervention by the State in the affairs of the church. Whatever share of the people's confidence Governor Hubbard had, he has lost, so far as the Israelites are concerned. This action is anti-American and ridiculous. He is at liberty to attend his chapel on Good Friday and pray, but his neighbors of the Jewish faith will be found at their synagogues, not in sackcloth and ashes, but pouring forth gratitude to God for the deliverance of their ancestors from Egyptian bondage. Doubtless Governor Hubbard would have been among Pharaoh's bigoted priests had his lot been cast on the banks of the Nile.—*Jewish Messenger*.

THE Unitarian clergymen of Boston who accepted Rev. Phillips Brooks's invitation to partake of the communion service in his new church are catching it from all quarters. Their act is not approved by the radicals, nor by the old-fashioned Unitarians, while Rationalists of the Free Religious school condemn them in severe terms. It is easy to see that these estimable gentlemen wished to show their desire for fellowship and their catholicity of spirit. Such things are admirable when they are not bought at the expense of solid and costly convictions of truth. If the Unitarian doctrine these men confess has any meaning, and the words of the Nicene Creed used in the office of the Holy Communion in the Episcopal church have any binding force whatever, it is impossible to reconcile the act of these clergymen with their profession of faith, however pleasant it may be to mix Christians of different denominations together in a sort of ecclesiastical pot-pourri; there are other things than pleasantness and promiscuous fellowship to be taken

into the account. The cardinal truths of religion certainly should be respected if men have no self-respect for their own convictions. — *Christian at Work.*

THE *New York Times*, in an article on the recent kindly meeting of the creditors of Southern States, seeks to slay the hands of those who wish to help the prostrate South to rise to her feet, by arguing that the absence of Northern enterprise and emigration to the South "is a circumstance for which it should blame only itself." "Before they (the Southern States) can hope to obtain either, they must rid themselves of their malignant partisanship and impart to the politics, business and society of their respective States the temper which prevails in other parts of the Union." In short, self-help is the only solution which the *Times* can see to Southern troubles, and until this panacea is used, the *Times'* hair rises in nervous horror at the idea of measures calculated to benefit the South.

With all due deference, we submit that there is a serious *non sequitur* in the argument. It is notorious that the South is full of people as one-sided as the *Times*, and who grossly misconceive the temper, purposes, and even the civilization of the Northern people. The remedy of the *Times* for this ignorance is like that of a schoolmaster who would shut a boy up in a dark closet without a book, till his ignorance developed itself into knowledge.

On non-partisan grounds we believe it would be safe and wise for the rest of the nation to aid in restoring prosperity to the South. If by any means capital could be induced to operate in the old slave States, whether that capital were in the hands of Southern men or of strangers, can any one doubt that the influence of that capital would year by year be increasingly in favor of liberality; *against* fire-eating politicians; and *for* a steady and reliable administration of law?

Slavery being dead, liberalism is a question of time, dependent on the rapidity with which the power of the politicians is undermined by the gradual growth of the moneyed classes, whose pecuniary interests depend upon peace, and upon the respect and goodwill of the rest of the world, outside the South. Bitter blasts of censure only make the way-worn traveller hug tighter his dark cloak. If you want to see the light and air of heaven enter, try a little genial sunshine Mr. *Times*? The effect could not be worse than that of your present course. — *Southern Workman.*

JOTTINGS.

REV. J. H. COLLINS, of Laconia, N. H., has resigned his charge of the Unitarian Church, to take effect in April.

DEAN STANLEY has been elected President of the Sunday Society, which has for its object the opening of museums and art galleries on Sunday.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—On Sunday evening next, Rev. S. E. Herriek, of the Mount Vernon Church, will deliver an Easter sermon.

THE Providence *Journal* learns that Rev. E. M. Stone has received an invitation within a few days to become a member of the distinguished Societe d'Ethnographie de France, located at Paris.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Rev. Charles H. Tindell preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last, taking as his subject "The Revival Unitarians Need." There was a large attendance at the service.

DIGHTON, MASS.—The Unitarian Society have engaged Mr. Wm. H. Reeb of the Class of '76 Cambridge Divinity School, to supply the pulpit till July. Mr. R. has been preaching in Dighton acceptably since September last.

MR. R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher, of 750 Broadway, announces the publication of "The Prince of Wales in India," by J. Drew Gay, of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He also announces a posthumous work by Dr. W. W. Hall, on "Dyspepsia."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The social gathering of Mr. Chadwick's Society at the Brooklyn Institute last week was very pleasant to all concerned. On Sunday morning Mr. Chadwick preached a thoughtful and interesting sermon, and in the evening a children's meeting was held in the church.

A LIGHT-HOUSE, to be the tallest in the world, is in course of erection at Plymouth, England. The total height will be 413 feet, and the light is expected to be seen at 20 miles distance. A movable annular plate will surround the tower at a height of 162 feet, upon which will be mounted a big cannon having a range of eight or ten thousand metres, for casting a salvage line. Ten rooms will be provided for attendants, also an infirmary and bedrooms for those saved from shipwreck.

NEW YORK AND HUDSON RIVER CONFERENCE.—The next meeting of the Conference will be held in the Church of the Saviour (Dr. Putnam's) Brooklyn, on the 3d and 4th of April. Rev. George L. Chaney, of Boston,

will preach on Tuesday evening, and the usual business meeting of the Conference will be held on Wednesday. Reports from the churches and discussions will occupy the time on Wednesday. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may be interested. The church is on the corner of Pierpont Street and Monroe Place. S. H. CAMP, Secretary.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—We have received a circular from Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Secretary of the Fraternity of Illinois Liberal Christian Societies, which shows that there will be a vigorous effort to make the Conference on the 10th, 11th and 12th of April a very interesting and instructive one. Papers will be read upon the following among other subjects: "Liberal Christianity as Distinguished from Indifferentism;" "What shall we Teach our Children?" "Honesty, Generosity and Economy in Church Finances;" "Co-operation and Responsibility;" "Instruction and Discipline in our Public Schools;" and these papers will be followed by general discussion.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *World* makes public the gratifying fact that no injury was done to the valuable paintings sent to this country from England for exhibition at Philadelphia. Among those sent, as will be remembered, were the Royal Academy diploma pictures, comprising such works as those by Constable, Turner, and Wilkie. These were shown in public for the first time at Philadelphia, and the *World* correspondent makes the natural comment that "perhaps the Council of the Royal Academy may think that the time has now come for these pictures to be seen by the English public. If they can be exhibited in Philadelphia they may be exhibited in London." That seems a reasonable view of the case, certainly. We hope our English friends will be gratified.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, in a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, warns American art patrons that the work of reproducing the works of great masters has reached in Europe a perfection hitherto considered unattainable. An English painter named Webb, though he has not won any eminence by original work, recently imitated Turner so cleverly as to deceive the Royal Academy itself. He painted a large Turner-esque picture, managed to give it the toning which usually comes only by the touches of time, put it in a frame on the bottom of which was printed "J. M. W. Turner," and sent it to the Winter Exhibition of old masters. The Academicians were delighted to find a Turner never known before, and gave it the place of prominence on the walls. Constables and Creswicks are imitated and sold to a large extent, and in Italy a gentleman named Manzoni, a relative of the famous novelist, deceives even the most expert by imitations of the old masters, the effect of age being counterfeited by baking the pictures.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The congregation attending the Olney Street Church were surprised and pained, yesterday afternoon, when at the close of the sermon their beloved pastor tendered the resignation of his ministerial office. Between the Rev. E. M. Stone and his people a cordial and affectionate relation has always existed, and in making this announcement he expressed in a few tender words, his love for his parishioners at whose homes he had always been a welcome guest. He concluded his discourse, expressing a hope that when his official relations ceased, he might still be received by them as a friend. Mr. Stone holds a large place in the esteem and respect of the community, not only as a minister of the Gospel, a tried friend and counsellor of the poor, but as a historian and public-spirited citizen. In his long connection with the public schools he has rendered valuable service to the cause of education. The annual reports of his labors in behalf of the destitute have contributed largely to the formation of a more correct opinion on the perplexing subject of poverty and pauperism, and some of the best of our benevolent institutions have originated in his suggestions. Our city cannot afford to part with one who has helped to improve the tone of its moral and social welfare, and Mr. Stone's numerous friends will be glad to hear that even if his pastoral labors are closed with this society, we may still hope for his valuable literary services, and to be benefitted in many ways by his active usefulness. *Providence Journal.*

At the last monthly meeting of the American Unitarian Association held on the 19th inst., resolutions introduced by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, favoring the preparation of one or more new volumes for young people on topics relating to the religious life, were adopted. Rev. E. H. Danforth, who has for the past three years represented the Association as agent among the Ute Indians in Northwestern Colorado, gave an interesting account of his work, which gave it new importance in the opinion of all present. Secretary Shippen who had just returned from Washington, reported that with entire unanimity all interested in the new Unitarian church project have agreed that it is best to adopt the alternative voted at Saratoga, and instead of attempting to purchase the church edifice of the Presbyterian society to build anew. A suitable lot has been secured, plans are being prepared, and it is fully believed that a plain, but tasteful and convenient edifice may be built, the whole not to cost more than the \$60,000 considered at Saratoga the sum necessary. As this sum, although not entirely obtained, is nearly reached, the Board voted to intrust their interest in the enterprise to a special committee, consisting of Messrs. Wood, Gaffie Id, Moors, Allen, Kidder, Ware and Shippen, and to authorize the committee to co-operate with the committee of the Washington society in carrying forward the work, requiring satisfactory guarantees that the pledges made at Saratoga on the part of the Washington society shall be fulfilled, and the church be completed without any debt remaining. Mr. Ware then

presented a report concerning unsettled ministers and vacant pulpits, which after some discussion was laid on the table, and the meeting adjourned.

Advertisement.

EARLY STRAWBERRIES.—At Delmonico's restaurant, café Brunswick, and Taylor's saloon, they are eating strawberries brought here from Florida in Lesley's Zero Refrigerator. The variety is known as the Wilson, which keep better than any other, and they arrive here having the same flavor and in as good condition as if picked the day before. This notwithstanding they are seven days en route. Now is the time for persons to prepare

for warm weather, and there is no refrigerator in the market which proves so satisfactory. Over 35,000 of them are in use; they received the grand award of merit, medal and diploma, at the Centennial Exhibition. The manufacturer is Alex. M. Lesley, 226 West 23d Street, N. Y.

MARRIED.

SCHLEY—BAKER.—In Washington, D. C., on Tuesday evening, March 20, 1877, by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., GRANT B. SCHLEY of New York and Miss MARTHA ELIZABETH BAKER, daughter of Geo. E. Baker.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, in the Park Bank Building, 214 Broadway, New York.

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Special Notices.

Protestant Leaders.

A COURSE OF LECTURES

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK,

AT THE

Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn,

Corner of Clinton and Congress Streets.

1876—77.

LECTURES:

VII. Thomas Paine: His Relation to his own and later Times in Matters of Religion.

Sunday evening, April 1, 1877.

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

HOUR OF LECTURE, HALF-PAST SEVEN.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

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THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT
-OF THE-
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE:
Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

JANUARY, 1st, 1877.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$30,166,902 69

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$5,910,540 87
Interest received and accrued.....	\$2,164,080 81
Less amount accrued January 1, 1876.....	257,130 86—1,906,949 95—7,817,790 82
Total.....	\$37,984,693 51

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death.....	\$1,547,618 42
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,516,681 16
Life annuities, matured endowments, and re-insurances.....	234,230 22
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physician's fees.....	373,001 67
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	376,694 33
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	140,232 32
On other stocks.....	65,307 19—\$5,253,795 81
Total.....	\$32,730,898 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Trust Company, in banks, and on hand.....	\$1,427,933 18
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks, (market value \$10,311,045 67).....	9,730,529 91
Real estate.....	2,541,576 46
This includes real estate purchased under foreclosure, amounting to \$773,402 32, a recent appraisal of which by competent parties shows that, when sold, the company may reasonably expect to realize at least its cost.	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for \$15,321,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	17,354,837 84
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,659,490).....	781,585 39
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection, (estimated reserve on these policies \$505,000 included in liabilities).....	125,027 15
Agents' balances.....	36,154 19
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68—32,730,898 20
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	580,515 76

CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1877..... \$33,311,413 96

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	\$314,440 98
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.....	201,152 21
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle, net premium.....	29,631,461 61
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	517,504 84
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,038 32—30,684,597 96
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	\$2,626,816 00

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over \$5,500,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,626,816 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus. The cash value of the reversion may be used in such settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

During the year 6,514 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,062,111.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.

Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119 00
Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473 00

TRUSTEES:

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LAMAR INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.
Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64
Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.
A. B. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.
WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

HOME Insurance Co. of New York, Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
January, 1877.

Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends 243,402 24
Net Surplus 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:
CASH IN BANKS. \$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,413 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,317,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 286,692 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$203,379) 519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. . 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . 153,416 65
REAL ESTATE. 6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.
CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877. \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. 1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

January 1st, 1877.

Capital..... \$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus..... 1,792,902 92
Gross Assets..... \$2,792,902 92

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Miscellaneous.

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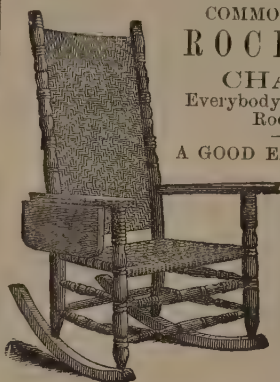
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THE INQUIRER.

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THE signing of the protocol relating to Turkey by England, and the proposed negotiations between Russia and Turkey for a simultaneous disarmament have again raised hopes of a temporary peace, but it is difficult to feel sanguine of any permanent rest *in statu quo*, or to feel any confidence in the introduction of vital reforms into the Turkish administration.

We have received a circular from the "National Reform Association, organized to maintain the Bible in our public schools, Sabbath laws, the oath, and other Christian features of our Government, and to provide for them an undeniable legal basis by a religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States," containing a call for a convention to be held in Chicago in furtherance of the objects of the enterprise on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. We are glad to take this opportunity to express our utter disapproval of every jot and tittle of this undertaking in any sense in which the words are understood by those who issue the circular, as un-American, un-democratic, irrational, barbarous, unjust to a large part of our people, and extremely injurious to all.

In the *Banner of Light* of last Saturday Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis began a series of articles containing a topographical description of "our heavenly home," with illustrations. The first of these illustrations, being the only one yet issued, gives a perspective or "bird's-eye" view of "the second sphere within the sixth circle of suns." Whether any pre-emption right exists in this region we are not yet informed, but even without this incentive we cannot but view the scene with sentiments of profound—what shall we say?—words cannot express it. We are deeply interested in the two serpents—are they serpents?—which, starting from the cobweb—we mean the sixth circle—go for the fifth circle—or is it the top of a copper boiler?—but these, coming up face to face, seem to have got into a tantrum, with the prospect of an interesting Kilkenny categorical debate. We shall look for future developments with the greatest interest.

GOLD has again been quoted at a slightly higher price during the week, but with little variation, and closes at the

same rate as before reported, 104 $\frac{3}{4}$. Silver is a little lower, 53 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ounce in gold being the latest quotation. The New York stock market is considerably disturbed by disasters to one of the heroes of the Emma Mine business, Mr. Trenor W. Park, whose failure to meet his engagements on Tuesday caused a fall of forty per cent. in the price of Panama railroad stock, and about the same proportion in Pacific Mail. The spasmodic negotiations between the managers of the several "trunk" lines and the continued difficulties of the coal-carrying companies contribute their share to the general derangement. Further bank embarrassments are reported in various quarters, but the cases are sporadic and apparently only the result of a low tone of circulation in the financial system. Money is in greater demand, with rates ranging from three to six per cent. on call.

THE London *Inquirer* of March 24th contains a letter from Charles Wicksteed, whose name will be recognized by Unitarians as a significant one, upon "Mixed Communion at Boston," in which he takes substantially the same ground as Mr. Frothingham in relation to the same matter. After saying "that no difference can exist among the parties concerned about the propriety of a Communion which shall include members of various Christian churches. Therefore all discussion about setting an example of liberality—of the desirableness of joint and open communion—and of the breaking down of all formal and sectarian distinctions in this service—may be put on one side, as beside the question," he goes on to recite the facts in relation to the creed used as a vital part of the service, and closes: "If a Unitarian can conform to this, the most extreme service of the church, surely he can to all the rest; and in that case it is time that we should once again ask and answer the question of Dr. Martineau's college address, "Why Dissent?"

THE narrative of the flight and subsequent adventures of William M. Tweed as published in *Harper's Weekly* and reprinted in the New York papers of Wednesday morning will be read with much interest, the more that it appears to indicate that however much or little Mr. Tweed may now regret the deeds of the past, his spirit is really broken, and he is prepared to do what little he can toward mitigating the evils of which he was himself the cause. The story of this man, prematurely old, hiding in New Jersey and watching the unveiling of his own crimes, and then stealing away from the country in disguise, to be at last brought back weak in mind and body to the cell which he had quitted with so much secrecy, is sure to call up sympathy. And well it may. But let it call up at the same time the determination that the law shall be obeyed; the knowledge that though the way of the transgressor is hard, it is a glorious thing that it is hard; and the conviction that to make our punishments of any worth they must be inevitable and unescapable.

THE new Southern policy has been developed sufficiently to assure the most faint-hearted there has been no faltering upon the part of the President in the course which he had marked out for himself and announced to the people. Wade Hampton's visit to Washington has led us to think more of his judgment than of that of some of the noisy friends who

cheered him along his route. The letter of advice from Secretary Evarts to the Louisiana Commission, barring its characteristic Evartsian phraseology, is an admirable document every way, and unless Mr. Packard should prove a more daring criminal than we believe him to be, a peaceful solution of the political situation in New Orleans cannot be far distant. That there is infinite disgust on the part of the professional carpet-baggers and the personal-politicians who support them at the North is undeniable, and it is possible that some effort will be made by them to unite with the extremists on the other side in opposition to the Administration, but we do not have any great apprehension of the result, and can see reason for none if any force can be given to the overwhelming sentiment of the law-abiding people of all the States.

A REPORT of the services of the various Unitarian churches on and about Easter would form the most pertinent commentary upon any proposition looking to the formulation of a creed, to be subscribed to by all calling themselves Unitarians. No other festival of the church would be likely to bring the great range of belief among the members of the body into stronger light. We notice services and sermons which claim that the bodily resurrection of Christ is the central one to the true believer, and that upon the evidence afforded by it alone can reliance be placed as a ground for faith or hope in immortality or the future life. Other services and sermons repudiate all belief in the resurrection of Jesus as a fact, claim that even if it were it would form no ground of hope for us, who must rely solely upon an eternal order, revealed, if at all, in the human spirit, and point to the life of Jesus as the source of his continued power over our lives, as our lives in their measure must affect the lives of others. Supposing that the idea of a settled creed were not utterly repugnant to the greater proportion of liberal thinkers, the idea of the adoption of the same form of words to express the deepest thought of the supporters of both these forms of faith could only occur to one who had become curiously confused as to the meaning of words and the purpose of language. He must either consciously or unconsciously have adopted the maxim that speech is given to conceal our thought.

The advocate of a creed might, however, have one and only one other intention—to unite by sectarian bonds those who are sufficiently allied already to agree upon some shibboleth and thus cast into outer darkness the dissidents. That this might not be a capital plan—for the dissidents—we are not prepared to say.

IS INTELLECTUAL HONESTY OBSOLETE?

WITH reverence, and yet with fearlessness, I dare to say that the human mind can conceive no greater crime than the creation of the world on the Orthodox theory. To make a system, the outcome of which is irremediable misfortune to the majority, is something of which only fiendishness is capable. Here we are, enmeshed and involved in this network of evil, all for the fault of a man who lived thousands of years ago, with no provision for the salvation of any but the few millions of Christendom, and with the certainty that only a few of these will be saved; and yet God is sovereign and able to save whomsoever He will; and on this sovereignty revivalism is based, and men cry and plead and agonize in the endeavor to induce Him to save a few more; and He hears a church and takes pity on a dozen or two, when their other engagements permit the court favorites, Moody and Sankey, to be present. Merciful heavens! are men with hearts and moral natures and brains expected to believe such stuff as this?—REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

The *Christian Union* of February twenty-eighth printed this extract from a recent sermon of Mr. Savage's, with edi-

torial comments pronouncing Mr. Savage's words a travesty and misrepresentation of modern Orthodox faith, and challenging him to quote "a single living theologian of national repute as an authority for his portrait." Mr. Savage promptly accepted the challenge, and the *Christian Union* in its issue of March twenty-first printed his reply, with editorial comments upon the same. We regret that we can give place only to the main points of this interesting correspondence, with a few comments of our own.

Mr. Savage, in his reply, insists upon his portrait as substantially fair and truthful. He says that "though Unitarians are charged with looseness and indefiniteness, yet Orthodoxy—if all who claim the title are to be recognized—represents a range of opinion quite as wide and indefinite." He insinuates that the "orthodoxy" of the *Christian Union* is of a somewhat Pickwickian character, and that his experience among the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of the West taught him that they were very fond of insisting upon their "orthodoxy" almost in the same breath with their indignant repudiation of *belief* in the accepted standards and confessions of their church. "In spite of their popular following, which shows only that Orthodoxy is not popular with those who dare to think, men like Mr. Beecher, like Professor Swing, like Mr. Murray, cannot help knowing that they do not stand for the 'orthodoxy' of the country. Those who are 'sound' regard them as hardly less dangerous than Unitarians and infidels; perhaps more so, as being more likely to lead astray from the 'old paths' those who want the flavor but not the substance of Orthodoxy."

Mr. Savage goes on to show that all the great Protestant religious bodies of the country, except the Congregationalists, are explicitly committed to the old standards and confessions, and that even the Congregationalists are so committed implicitly and "for substance of doctrine." He names Dr. Patton, of Chicago; Mr. Spurgeon, of London; Dr. Hodge, of Princeton; the Rev. Joseph Cook, Mr. Moody and Dr. Albert Barnes as living theologians of national repute who are all authorities for his portrait, and closes by reasserting that the "orthodoxy" of the *Christian Union* is not what is considered "sound" in the great majority of the churches, and that he is "not alone in thinking that it is at least *disingenuous* to stand on a distinct and definite platform, the main planks of which are denied. 'Legal fiction,' or reading into old laws meanings that their framers never dreamed of, is common in legal history. But clear-headed and clear-hearted men ought to steer clear of theologic fiction as far as possible."

The comments of the *Christian Union* on Mr. Savage's reply are in brief as follows: We asked Mr. Savage for evidence; he gives us assertion; he puts only a single witness, Dr. Albert Barnes on the stand. The Westminster Assembly's Catechism and the Saybrook Confession are "dead theology." The Westminster Catechism is not a symbol of Orthodoxy. "*That alone is Orthodoxy which is held in common by all Orthodox churches.*" [The italics are ours.] "Until Mr. Savage cites us to page and paragraph" of the writings of the men whom he mentions as representatives of the Orthodoxy which he caricatures, "we shall continue to be of the opinion that he does not only because he cannot." So long as Mr. Beecher and his Orthodox critics are equally recognized as teachers in the Orthodox church, Mr. Savage may as well take him as any of them for an exponent of Orthodox theology. Mr. Savage need not go back to the sixteenth century to find out what is Orthodox theology. The creed of the Evangelical Alliance, organized in 1867, is the doctrinal symbol of the more conservative school of modern Orthodoxy. The *Union*

begs leave to refer Mr. Savage to "another and an ancient one. And we undertake to say that there is not an Orthodox theologian, preacher or press, in the land that will not recognize it as embodying *all* that is essential and *all* that is peculiar in the Orthodox faith. It is in these words: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

As Mr. Savage has himself replied to the *Union* in his regular Boston letter, which appears in this number of our paper, we will add only a few words of our own. While it does not seem to us fair for those who know better to misrepresent modern Orthodoxy by assuming, in attacking it, that it is *really* united in believing or teaching from its pulpits the *old interpretations* of its accepted statements of faith, yet so long as Orthodoxy of all schools makes confession of belief in these old statements the indispensable condition of full membership in its churches, is it any more fair to say that Orthodoxy is "caricatured," when it is described as still actually believing that which, in one form or another, has for generations been taught and is still taught from the majority of its pulpits? Mr. Savage knows as well as the *Christian Union* that living faith in the *old interpretations* of Orthodox doctrine is, happily, fast dying out, but he also knows that this is in spite of and not in consequence of formal Orthodox fidelity to the letter of the old creeds. It is the living spirit triumphing quietly but grandly and irresistibly over the old dead letter. The question which we should feel bound to answer and act upon forthwith, if we were "modern Orthodox," is this: "Is it manly, is it honest, is it wise to continue to march under a banner which to the great majority of Christian believers means *something very particular*, when to us it has come to mean only *pretty much anything and everything in general*? Is not *intellectual* honesty a religious obligation, and is it honest to say *white* when you mean *black*, everlasting damnation when you mean universal salvation, Orthodox theology when you mean the theology of such men as Mr. Beecher, Mr. Swing, Mr. Murray? Since thousands of modern Orthodox Christians evidently *consider* their continued formal adherence to the old statements of faith perfectly manly, honest and wise, isn't it high time to say frankly that *intellectual* honesty within the lines of Orthodoxy is fast getting to be a thing of the past?"

FAIRNESS.

ONE of the most deplorable effects of the notion that a particular dogma or group of dogmas is entitled to special respect on the ground of being a divine revelation, is the injustice which such a notion makes compulsory towards other forms of opinion. It is not enough to say that the believer in a supposed revelation must, from the necessity of the case, pronounce an unjust opinion on other systems of belief; it is not enough to say that he becomes mentally incapable of appreciating or understanding them; it may be affirmed soberly that it becomes with him a matter of conscience to misrepresent beliefs that are not in accordance with his own. The assumption of their falsity puts him on the scent to find their weak places; and if he does not find them, still, as according to the main presumption they *must be there*, he is encouraged to exercise ingenuity in inventing them. He distorts, misplaces, omits, conceals, insinuates, implies, and when these intellectual devices fail, imputations of dishonesty, hypocrisy, malignity are quite in order. The Jesuits never succeeded in wiping off the stigma which Pascal fixed upon them and which Car-

lyle exhibited in such fearful light—the charge of deliberate lying in the cause of the church. No Romanist can tell the truth about a Protestant, can judge fairly a Protestant book or render dues to a Protestant character. No Protestant can tell the truth about a Romanist, can judge fairly a Catholic book or render dues to a Catholic character. The historian is baffled when he would tell honestly the story of a period in which Romanists and Protestants were concerned. The devout Christian is disqualified for making an estimate of Mohammedanism or Buddhism. Loyalty to Christ cannot be reconciled with veracity. A distinguished literary critic showed me the other day a letter from an orthodox minister, who had written and was about to publish a book containing certain views at variance with those of his sect, and who was exceedingly anxious that some notice should be given to it by a competent critic before it fell into the hands of the religious editors, who either would not or could not understand it. The critic added his testimony to the effect that the religious journals never did justice, apparently never meant to do justice, to novel or unpalatable opinions. They either slurred them over or misrepresented them. The critical notices of religious papers are notoriously unjust and incompetent. The lack of common morality which characterizes the religious press in its whole extent and in all its examples is accounted for on this general principle. The secular press is disgraceful in this respect; but the secular press is not laid under so peculiar and stringent a law of misrepresentation as the religious. In political times the sacred obligation of falsehood is illustrated by the daily papers with a brilliancy that leaves nothing to be desired by the father of lies. The political excitement is soon over, and the lies are forgotten. But the religious press is always under the influence of its stimulant. It is never discharged from service to the faith. The unbeliever is always in view. The red rag of heresy is always visible. The watchman may never leave his post on the tower. The circumstance of a just, candid, appreciative report of a speech, a letter, a convention, by the organs of a rival or unsympathizing party has not come to this writer's notice in the whole course of his life. It is not looked for, it is not expected, it is not asked; the cavil, the sneer, the condemnation are looked for; their absence would excite surprise.

So inveterate is this habit of falsification, a habit as inveterate as the sectarian spirit by which it is engendered, that even liberal papers, the *most* liberal, fall into the practice of it. Even they who disdain sectarianism on principle, try as hard as they may, do not succeed in presenting fairly the opinions of their opponents. Perfect intellectual equity seems to be unattainable. A sentimental vapor called *charity* which envelopes all distinctions in mist and then makes believe they are not there, is put forward as a substitute for the manly veracity that stands on intelligence and reason, and gives honorable entertainment to all opinions, awarding praise or blame according to their claims.

That this is all wrong, anybody can see. All are suffering from it; all know that they are; all complain that they are; all protest against the iniquity of their neighbors; still the mischief continues, a mischief so huge that the abatement of it would be purchased none too dearly by the entire abolition of what is called "earnest convictions" on prejudice, ecclesiastical and dogmatical pride of opinion, and, placing love of truth above love of party, to promote the true fellowship of earnestness. In saying this, it is not forgotten that the unfairness lamented is the product of a long theological tradition, not yet by any means outgrown; that men mean to be fair, and are as fair as circumstances allow them to be; that

we are victims, more sinned against than sinning. This consideration makes us merciful in judging individual transgressors, but makes us only the more indignant towards the superstition which so fatally betrays the probity of good men.

O. B. F.

[FOR THE INQUIRER.]
WINTER.

BY MARY BARTOL.

Snow in the level road—and snow
On girdling hills, whose heights command
A stretch of whitened pasture land,
Towards the valley sloping low—
Cold lies the Nashua's current now,
Though centuried elms above it stand,
And voiceless, motionless, demand
The palsied river's absent flow;
Still is the landscape—still and pale—
No sound the wide-spread ice-crust yields,
No shadows dim the frozen fields,
That dip into the intervale;
Great Nature rests and mutely prays
For warmer life and greener days.

But from this pallid view I turn,
And look within the room,
Whence sunshine chases all the gloom,
And where the brown logs cheerful burn.
White leagues have chilled me, and I yearn
For Spring; lo, at the window, bloom
Of hyacinth bells brings lost perfume,
And near by grows the wildwood fern;
And see outside on latticed bar
The honeysuckle in gay mood,
Wears many a little leafy hood—
She knows that Spring is not so far—
And though the world is swathed in snow,
That seasons come and seasons go!

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

ALL the friends of freedom and good government have been rejoicing with you, in the calm and peaceful issue of your Presidential difficulties. There is after all an amount of practical good sense among your people, which is the sure foundation of social order, but things did for a season look so discouraging, especially in the brief telegraphic summaries we received here, that we were not a little anxious how all would end. I have, however, heard hardly anything but praise of the wisdom which has finally triumphed and the best hopes are everywhere expressed in consequence of the marked moderation and firmness of Mr. Hayes' message. I have heard many hopes for the success of his plans of reform in your Civil Service. We are of course rather given to think that our institutions are very near perfection, as far as administration goes, and we believe that this is to a large extent owing to our having a permanent official staff altogether independent of political changes.

We are, however, getting more and more prepared to see a political change, as our Government seems to be losing its hold upon the country more and more. The bye-elections are going against the Tories, wherever there is an election in a really independent constituency, for you must know that our two Reform Bills have not quite done away with the personal power of landed proprietors to return whom they please in certain pocket boroughs. Thus as the Earl of Pembroke happens to be a Tory, you may always be sure that the borough of Wilton will send the man who has his support, and since Mr. Deakin and the Duke of Northumberland are friends of Lord Beaconsfield, there is no chance for a Radical in Lancaster. But Frome, and Halifax and Oldham have gone strongly for the Liberals, though two out of these boroughs sent Tories at the last general election.

In Parliament the propositions of the Government are not calculated to lessen the growing opposition to them. Their last feat is to irritate all the Dissenters a little more than they had done be-

fore. I suppose you hardly understand our Burials difficulty, having no established Church to monopolize the ancient church-yards of the country. By common law every one who dies in a parish, has the right to be buried in the parish church-yard; but the parish church-yard is of course consecrated ground and the Rector's freehold, and therefore no service can be performed there which is not in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer. No dissenting minister can perform service without coming within the clutches of the law. Now as half the population does not belong to the church, this practically excludes one half of them from the burial places where their forefathers lie, unless the friends of the deceased agree to allow the service to be performed by a clergyman, to whose service they object. We have been for years agitating to have the same rights for England that our countrymen have had for a long time in Ireland, where any one may conduct service in the parish church yard, and was allowed to do so, before the Irish Church establishment was abolished. We have been unable, however, as yet to gain this simple act of justice, our Anglican sectarians looking upon it as desecration to allow a dissenter to pray on consecrated ground. The Government has at length taken up the matter and have done it in such a manner as to irritate the dissenters by their seeming inability to perceive where the grievance lies. They propose to deal with it as a sanitary question only, giving increased power to local authorities to open cemeteries where the parish church-yard is not sufficient or suitable for the wants of the people. They fancy that this word "suitable" will get them out of the mess, and that the dissenters who wish to lay their dead in the place which, whatever consecration may do or not do, is hallowed by associations, which endear it to all the parishioners of every creed and of no creed at all, will be satisfied if they can inter their dead in a new cemetery which has no associations, except the one that it is opened in order to maintain the supremacy of the Established Church over them. The Government will perhaps carry this bill, because they have a large majority in the House of Commons, but they will only add an additional bitterness to the strong feeling which already exists against the Episcopalians.

There is a growing conviction too in the minds of the people that the Tories are very rapidly lowering the prestige of England in foreign lands. We used to hear of the need there was of a change in Government, so that we might have a spirited foreign policy instead of the subservient one of the Liberals. But now that Lord Derby rules in the foreign office, we seem to be less careful of English claims than ever. We allow officers of any nation to visit England and her dependencies without placing any obstructions in their way, but our Government telegraphed to Captain Barnaby who was intending to travel through Central Asia to India, ordering him to return, and no one can get over the uncomfortable impression that this was done to spare the susceptibilities of the Russian Government. We are now told that English residents in Cuba are paying a tax which the Germans are exempt from; the Peruvian Government has been allowed unjustly to imprison some of our seamen without being compelled to make compensation, and the Palmerstonian boast of *Civis Britannicus Sum* seems to be a thing of the past. All things are tending in the same way to render the present ministry unpopular, and you may often hear that Liberals are afraid that they will have to resume the reins of government before the party is quite agreed upon any definite policy. Of course there is no immediate prospect of change, but everything looks as if any day something might occur to raise a storm.

I suppose Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, with the Memorials by Mrs. Chapman, have been published in the States simultaneously with their appearance here. There is very little difference of opinion about the three volumes, as far as I can gather. Miss Martineau has not raised her position in public estimation by her posthumous work. That she did good and great service in many ways no one will think of denying; that she had many great and some really noble qualities all will confess, but her autobiography will certainly leave the impression upon many minds, that she overrated herself, and the volume of Memorials will show that some at least of her friends have placed too high an estimate upon her influence on English society. There is a calm self-satisfaction in the account she gives of all that is connected with her correspondence with Mr. Atkinson which strikes some minds as bordering upon the absurd. I wonder how often Christianity has been destroyed before her day, and how often it will be overthrown again by little philosophies which are forgotten even before their authors have passed away from earth. Those of us who have recognized that Christianity is not the system of dogmas commonly identified with popular Orthodoxy, nor perchance even the old-fashioned

rationalism which used to be called Unitarianism in Miss Martineau's day, but a spirit and a life which might co-exist with either, but can also find fit expression in other forms as well, cannot fail to see how weak is the attack, which spends itself in assailing unimportant outworks, without ever directing a blow against the citadel. But it is surprising that Miss Martineau never seems to recognize that there is a Unitarianism which is independent of the inconsistencies she assails and that remains untouched by any of her condemnations. For all that is contained in these three volumes, we might be busy at work to prove that the New Testament was an inspired work, written to disprove the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement. The fresh living spirit of faith which has quickened our noblest minds seems to have moved amongst us unfelt by her. To judge from her book alone, we might fancy the power of a Christian faith to be a thing of the past, but I can not help believing that never had the essential principles of the Gospel a stronger grasp upon the noblest minds than just at the present day.

The curious feature of all is that Miss Martineau seems to have remained to the very end unconscious that the world had forgotten her letters to and from Mr. Atkinson. Authors are very often the very worst judges of their own works. Her American works, her books upon the East, her Feats on the Fiord, indeed all her children's books, her History of the Peace and Dearbrook are living works still, but the Atkinson correspondence is dead. I wish that many of the personal remarks had been excluded. With a wisdom that does her the highest credit, she prohibited the publication of private letters, but are not family disputes and the personal failings of people long since dead things which ought not to be paraded before the public, when no good can be done to society by their publication, and nothing but pains caused by the revelation of what had best remain concealed forever? To me the most interesting portion of the work is that which refers to Miss Martineau's connection with the anti-slavery cause. For that noble enterprise she did make sacrifices and endure such hardships, that I am quite willing to forgive all else. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind by her article in the *Westminster* on "The Martyr Age of the United States." That essay in itself would atone for very much theological and philosophical error. The courage she displayed in her early adhesion to the Abolitionist cause, she maintained to the end of her life, and I for one am glad that Mrs. Chapman has since allowed the world to see that she could condemn the legalizing of vice and immorality at home as strongly as ever she had done it abroad. There is much delightful and innocent gossip in the Autobiography; many of the literary anecdotes will live, though some of the criticisms will not enhance our estimate of the writer's judgment. I hardly think for instance that her estimate of Macaulay will stand the test of time. His popularity is still increasing, and his biography has only added to his reputation. The members of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association will I feel sure be thankful that the Council decided not to reprint her Unitarian prize essays. It would certainly have been unfair to her memory; but her own description of them would have been a terrible condemnation of their re-issue, had not prudent counsel prevailed.

Has Goldziher's "Mythology among the Hebrews" been published on your side of the Atlantic? It is a very wonderful book. We have been so much in the habit of looking upon myths as the exclusive property of the Aryan races, that his learned arguments come with startling freshness upon the reader. Perhaps the reverent associations which have surrounded the Bible even in the mind of liberal theologians have prevented us seeing as we ought to have done the same principle at work among the Semites as among the Indo-Europeans. But I feel sure that time is now past, and many things which were as mysterious as some of the Greek and Indian tales before Kuhn, and Max Müller and Cox had written, will now be clear and intelligible. I look forward with great interest to the review of the book which I understand Mr. Cox is writing for one of our quarterlies. The translation by Mr. Russell Martineau is very well done. It is not often that a German writer meets with so worthy an expositor in English.

S. ALFRED STEINTHAL.

MANCHESTER, March 16, 1877.

DEAN STANLEY explains why the term "blue" was originally applied to Presbyterians: "The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy, on the contrary, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of the 'Black Pre-lacy,' and the 'Blue Presbyterians,'"—*Universalist*.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

MY DEAR INQUIRER:—"Beautiful Spring" is here. To those who are familiar with March in New England no words are needed to make the announcement vivid. To be sure I have to take it "on faith" this morning, because the fog is so thick that neither Spring nor anything else is visible. But then this general mistiness prevents one's being hampered by facts, and permits him to build up a world of his own, called forth from the chaos of his own inner consciousness. I wonder if the month of March in human thinking hasn't something to do with the multiplicity of philosophical and theological worlds that loom up in the fog of human speculation? And is not science hated just because it resolves so many landscapes and towns and castles into fog banks? But the *real old earth* after all, when Spring does come, is better and fairer than all the fantastic mists that concealed it. So I incline to think that the real facts of God, man, life and future will be quite as substantial not only, but wholly as fair as the old-time dreams. So, away with the fog, say I, and away also with mist in thought. Let in science and daylight.

I didn't have it in mind when I wrote the above; but it just strikes me that possibly it might be taken as squinting toward the late muddled thinking on the Communion question. Your correspondent looks at it just this way. (He hasn't had his say yet.) If a man gives me an invitation (to no matter what) I am in honor and honesty bound to regard what he means by it, and not what I might possibly make his language mean. His meaning is his invitation. Does any one suppose that the Episcopal church means what Unitarians do by the "Lord's Table?"

It seems to me that the intellectual curse of the age is fog. The world must one day come to this—a cordial, respectful agreement to work together on the one basis of a common purpose to find and apply the truth. No other is honest. And that is enough. That will admit of clear thought and free speech, of mutual respect. Assumptions of infallibility and attempts at fellowship (at the same time) only result in intellectual dishonesty for the sake of peace or else in mutual hate for the sake of clear thought.

The *Christian Union* has recently (Feb. 23th) castigated me severely for "caricaturing" orthodoxy, because I set forth what is in the creeds. The worst point of my charge was when I called the old idea of God in his dealings with men by the term "fiendishness." But I must be all right now. For in Mr. Beecher's sermon, just preached in St. Paul, during his western tour, I find the following words: "As to worshipping a God that damns men through all creation—I cannot worship the *devil*, and that is only a *demoniacal* God." The *Christian Union* is respectfully requested to state by how many degrees it is worse for a Unitarian to call the old orthodox conception of God *fiendish* than it is for Mr. Beecher to call it *devilish* and *demoniacal* in one sentence.

But I have found out at last what orthodoxy is. And in the same definition is the answer to the long-standing and celebrated Boston puzzle—"What do Unitarians Believe?" It is contained in the *Christian Union* editorial on my reply to them in the paper for March 21. I clip: We have small doubt that the Evangelical Alliance, in the possibly near future, will gladly welcome to its fellowship all who accept Jesus Christ as an authoritative teacher and a Divine Saviour. Nearly all the Unitarians that I know will then be members of the Evangelical Alliance. The only bitter drop in my joy at this great discovery is in the horrible, lurking uncertainty as to just what the *Christian Union* may mean. When at last it is settled as to what is meant by "authoritative," and "divine," and "saviour," then it will be all clear. Allow me to interpret this standard of orthodoxy and I believe it all; and am orthodox. Somebody else might interpret it so that I shouldn't believe a word of it; and then I am cast out. O for an infallible interpreter! O for a theological dictionary that has meanings in it that will *stick*.

The statement in my last letter that so far the revival has not touched or moved Boston has been somewhat contemptuously referred to by some who think it pays to patronize it, but who (I know) believe in it no more than I do. But here is Mr. Murray's opinion. As he has declared himself unequivocally in its favor, his words have no taint of prejudice: "It is time to have it understood that the Tabernacle movement, as it is called, is not a Boston movement." The italics are his. "The fact is that for the last month the meetings have been largely sustained and the audiences furnished by Christians and curiosity-seekers from outside the city." And again, "Unless the merchants of Boston are reached

it cannot be accounted a successful movement; and unless the management are exceedingly careful it seems to me that it will end without affecting in the slightest degree the great body of Boston people."

Chaney at Hollis Street and Collier at the Second Church have been holding extra week-night meetings.

Dudley takes formal possession of Parker's pulpit next Sunday. May his shadow increase.

The American Unitarian Association is waking up and holding missionary meetings in the various churches. Last Sunday (March 25) one was held at Hale's.

Mr. Hale has preached a series of five "revival sermons," which are being published in a little paper controlled by his young people. His attitude is clear and unmistakable.

Mr. Clarke, in his letter to you on the Unitarian attitude of Boston, made the mistake of intimating that Mr. Savage had charged him or other Unitarian ministers with "cowardice." He has made no charge of any kind. And, since knowing his actual position, Mr. Clarke admits that he has said nothing he had not a perfect right to say.

SILVUS.

Boston, March 29.

IMPORTUNITY.

BY H. C. B.

We knock, O Death, at thy responseless door,
Eager to learn the things we may not know—
To know where all the loved have gone before,
Loth, willing, glad to go!

Vainly we knock! God, who doth know the sound,
Will not that wisely-darkened door undo
Till we, obedient bowed, with *our* eyes bound,
Are tenderly led through.

Or doth Thy love, O God, in wisdom hide
That void abode, to spare the woe, the fear,
That shook our hearts, did Death the door fling wide,
And cry, "They are not here!"

Or would the glory from the opened door,
The joy that certainty abroad would shed,
Such hot impatience through our sad hearts pour,
That Life should seem more dead?

O Thou whose love within that shadow dwells,
Forgive, forgive our often-anguished cry,
And the rebellion of our woe, that swells
To Thee, nor knows Thee nigh!

Thou, Thou the line hast drawn,
Whereat we grope and plead, our vision gone:
But Thou dost lead through darkness to the dawn;
And Thou wilt lead us on!

LITERATURE.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

A WELL-WRITTEN autobiography has always certain attractions and advantages over a simple biography, but it has also certain special drawbacks. Among these the most serious are the peculiar and often false perspective into which events are thrown, and the disproportionate stress frequently laid upon quite ordinary feelings and occurrences. The latter peculiarity must be evident on the slightest reflection; one is reminded of the man who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it; there are so many things which we have all passed through during our childhood without their having left any special, distinct and independent impression upon our minds, which, when we see them detailed in an effective manner, seem to distinguish the one in whose experience they are made to appear as quite an exceptional character or as having been exposed to quite exceptional circumstances. In the matter of perspective, events trivial

in themselves and unimportant in their effect upon the future of the writer, are not seldom credited with quite a fanciful effectiveness. Added to these two considerations there is another, which has to be borne in mind by the reader of such a fascinating work as the one before us—the proneness on the part of the autobiographer to enter into great detail as to occurrences in early life, and to rely with too great confidence upon memory.

A fascinating work this is, and written in a clear straightforward style, with only an occasional peculiarity of phrase, one or two instances of which, frequently repeated, are quite amusing. We are glad that it has been so warmly received, and are sure that it will do good; at the same time we are constrained to believe that in some respects Miss Martineau's reputation will be hurt rather than helped by it. Sitting down to write at the age of fifty-three, under the strong conviction that at the most she had but a few months to live, she undertook to lay bare her life from the dawn of consciousness with the most startling candor, analyzing each thought and deed, and expressing her opinions regarding her friends with the same freedom with which she treated her own personality.

Judging from her account, she must have been, at least in her earlier years, a most uncomfortable person to get along with. She says, "I must have been an intolerable child; I need not have been so." She ascribes her crookedness largely to the stern home discipline customary in those days, but even here we judge that the evil was not so serious as it appeared to her. For her organization was nervous in the extreme; she was morbid and inclined to assume trouble where none existed. Young and old she was strongly egotistic, but her egotism was accompanied, as it often is, by a tendency to depreciate her own powers or character. She says: "As far as I can remember, my conscience was never of the least use to me, for I always concluded myself wrong while pretending entire complacency and assurance." "I tried for a long course of years, I should think from about eight to fourteen, to pass a single day without crying. I was a persevering child, and I know I tried hard, but I failed. I gave up at last; and during all those years I never did pass a day without crying." "All this is very painful; but I really remember little that was not painful at that time of my life." Of a summer spent in the country when she was nine years old she says: "I was not, on the whole, happy there—indeed it is pretty clear by this time that I was not happy anywhere."

Her unhappiness was partly the result of her congenital and increasing physical defects, which however as she grew into womanhood ceased to have so much influence either upon her comfort or her disposition. She never had the sense of smell, and that of taste was exceedingly imperfect. As her girlhood advanced it became clear that her hearing, originally good, was becoming seriously impaired, and by this misfortune she was largely cut off from communication with those around her. For years she suffered intensely also from digestive derangements.

She enters with great particularity into the history of her literary labors. Many of her works are so familiar that it is hardly necessary to mention them, and no list of her volumes would give any idea of the voluminousness of her productions. While she is undoubtedly best known by her illustrations of Political Economy, History of the Thirty Years Peace, Society in America, and Eastern Life, these form really but a small part of what she accomplished. Her account of her first appearance as an author is graphic:

"At this time—I think it must have been in 1821," she was then nineteen or twenty years of age,—*"was my first appearance in print. . . . My brother James, then my*

* Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Edited by Maria Weston Chapman, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

idolised companion, discovered how wretched I was when he left me for his college after the vacation. . . . What James desired I always did, as of course; and after he had left me to my widowhood, soon after six o'clock one bright September morning, I was at my desk before seven, beginning a letter to the editor of the *Monthly Repository*—that editor being the formidable prime minister of his sect—Rev. Robert Aspland. I suppose I must tell what that first paper was, though I had much rather not; for I am so heartily ashamed of the whole business as never to have looked at the article since the first flutter of it went off. It was on Female Writers on Practical Divinity. . . . I took the letter V. for my signature; I cannot at all remember why. The time was very near the end of the month: I had no definite expectation that I should ever hear anything of my paper; and certainly did not suppose it could be in the forthcoming number. That number was sent in before service time on a Sunday morning. My heart may have been beating when I laid hands on it; but it thumped prodigiously when I saw my article there, and in the Notices to Correspondents, a request to hear more from V., of Norwich."

Now this is undoubtedly a statement of the facts as they remained in her memory. Her editor, Mrs. Chapman, says that she has been unable to find this first production, but a critic who has made careful investigation has discovered: first that her brother was not returning to college after vacation, but going for the first time; second, that the year was 1822 instead of 1821; third, that the article was not signed V, but *Discipulus*; fourth, that it did not appear in the next, but in the second number after it was written; fifth, that instead of finding in the September number of the *Repository* her article, and a request to hear more from V., of Norwich, she must have found the following: "When we have received another communication or two from *Discipulus*, we shall be better able to judge of his proposal; but our correspondents are none of them of the description that he seems to suppose;" sixth, that the October number did contain the first article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity; and seventh, that in the Notices to Correspondents in the November number, appeared the following: "The continuation of *Discipulus* has come to hand. His other proposed communications will probably be accepted."

It will thus be seen that the rapid dramatic action as it appears in Miss Martineau's description, rather fades away under the cold light of investigation. We have stated these facts, however, not with the least intention of conveying the impression that she consciously colors her statements, but simply to draw attention to the danger of placing too great dependence upon memory in recalling the occurrence of by-gone years, and to utter to readers the consequently needed caution. With regard to the general history of her literary career, exceedingly interesting as it is, we have no reason to doubt its substantial correctness.

Born in Norwich in 1802, and entering the field with her pen in 1822, she was still quite a young woman when her name had become known all over England—all over the civilized world in fact, and in the years of their issue her books, especially the *Political Economy Tales*, had a wonderful popularity and wide-spread and beneficial influence. While some of these are still familiar in our mouths as household words, others have been wholly lost to sight and memory. Her capacity for work was enormous and she drove it at a gallop. Her connection with the Whig government was very close and confidential, and the support which she was conscientiously able to give to their leading measures was of the utmost value to them. In 1852 she became connected with the

Daily News as a leading editorial writer, at first sending one or two articles a week, and afterwards increasing her labors until she contributed an average of five or six articles. In this way she was brought into direct relation with transpiring events at a most interesting epoch, and she enjoyed that relation very much. She threw herself boldly into each conflict as it came up, fighting for the true cause of the weaker party in the trade difficulties, in the Corn Law struggle, slavery, the Contagious Diseases Act, in all taking the position which she felt called upon to assume, irrespective of its probable effect upon her personal reputation.

During this active life, for a number of years a resident of London, she was brought into contact with many of the leading people of her time, and as we have already intimated, she is unrestrained in her criticism of them. To judge from her accounts the literary society of London from 1830 to 1840 was of a singularly mixed description, and most of the members of it were anything but heroic in character.

Upon Macaulay she is particularly severe. "His review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty, as well as in his capacity for philosophy." In his speeches "some one element was sure to be left out, which falsified his statement, and vitiated his conclusions; and there never was perhaps a speaker or writer of eminence, so prone to presentments of cases, who so rarely offered one which was complete and true. My own impression is, and always was, that the cause of the defect is constitutional in Macaulay. The evidence seems to indicate that he wants heart." Of others she says: "There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey flirting with clever women, in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries—he and they dizenod out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground—only the indifference or hauteur of the lord of the harem being absent. There was poor Campbell the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, amidst a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous. He darted out of our house, and never came again, because, after warning, he sat down in a room full of people (all authors, as it happened) on a low chair of my old aunt's which went very easily on castors, and which carried him back to the wall and rebounded, of course making everybody laugh. Off went poor Campbell in a huff; and, well as I had long known him, I never saw him again: and I was not very sorry, for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid to let him be an agreeable companion."

"I must own that I have known scarcely any political men who were not as vain as women are commonly supposed to be."

Of Fanny Kemble she is unsparing, and of many others who were living when this work was written, and some of whom, as in the case of this lady, are living yet, she speaks quite as freely. It would seem that it was hardly necessary for her to have been quite so nimble with her pen as she was in some cases, for it must be remembered that although the book was written more than twenty years ago, it was immediately put into type, and printed in anticipation of her death, which did not occur until last June.

Her judgments, however, were not all so severe. Upon Mrs. Chapman to whom she entrusted the completion and publication of her memorials, she is lavish in her praise; of Miss Brontë she speaks with discrimination; of "Joanna Baillie, whose serene and cheerful life was never troubled by the pains and penalties of vanity—what a charming spectacle

was she!" Of Bulwer she has better words than we have quoted above; of Hallam and Wordsworth and Channing and Hunt, editor of the *Daily News*; of Garrison and Carlyle and Malthus and many others at home and abroad she speaks with warm regard.

To this country she came in the midst of the fierce struggles of the early period of the Anti-Slavery conflict, and she was thrown into the thick of the battle. For the younger part of her American readers therefore, this portion of her narrative will have a very peculiar interest in the strange contrast which her narrative shows between the present situation and that of forty years ago, between the Boston of to-day and the Boston of 1835. There are doubtless some among whom she visited at that time who will not relish her frank strictures upon American society, and her sharp criticism of some leading American citizens, and probably in these, as in her characterization of her English-born associates, allowance must be made for a constitutional tendency to overstatement and occasionally for unfounded prejudices. Coming to America in the heyday of her home popularity, she was received with open arms by the best people in the land, North and South. She was at home in Washington when Washington numbered among its official population men of extraordinary ability; she visited the slaveholder on his plantation; she entered into the closest social intercourse with the abolitionist in his Northern home. She experienced the reaction from an enthusiastic welcome to a cold avoidance and malignant calumny. And in the quickly-changing scenes of which she was a witness, while she perhaps imagined some things, she doubtless saw many others of which America had no need to be proud. But our people at large have ceased to be quite so sensitive to criticism as they once were; they do not now consider themselves quite perfect, and they can submit to the overhauling of their fathers and uncles with nearly the same equanimity with which the humorist was willing to sacrifice his nephews and friends during the war. That Miss Martineau was an indefatigable and intelligent worker in the anti-slavery cause, and that after her return to England and up to the close of the Rebellion she was of immense service in the advocacy of friendly relations between her own country and the United States, there can be no question.

We have said that this Autobiography was written about 1855. At that time she was failing in health and upon examination it was found that she was suffering from an affection of the heart and might die at any moment. Returning from London to her quiet cottage at Ambleside, thinking her work was done, she yet lived on for twenty-one years, not an interested spectator only in the doings of the busy world around her, but for much of that time participating actively in the work with her pen. And notwithstanding confinement, disease and pain, this period of which Mrs. Chapman furnishes memorials must have been nearly, perhaps quite the happiest part of her life. Full of years and honors, with a small competence for her declining days, at peace with herself and having full confidence in the rich future of the race, and still able to aid with her counsel in many emergencies, she had reason to enjoy life in her rural home.

We have said nothing as yet of her religious faith and of struggles which she considered the richest part of her experience. Much of this is of course familiar to our readers. Born and brought up among Unitarians, when Unitarianism meant little more than a protest against Trinitarianism on Biblical interpretations, and the Biblical interpretation consisted often in setting aside as spurious all those portions of the Scriptures which did not seem in accord with a precon-

ceived idea, her earlier years classed her among their efficient literary workers. But after reaching womanhood she could not content herself with her old faith, and she gradually ceased to co-operate with its active adherents. Her new ideas took more definite form through her association with Mr. Henry Atkinson, joint-author with her of "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," and this book and her "Eastern Life," written on her return from the East in June, 1847, contain the most definite statements of her new views. In 1850 she made acquaintance with Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, in which she took great pleasure, and shortly afterward she undertook a condensed translation of the bulky work, which she finished in October, 1851. In considering the apparently undue importance which she attributed to those of her works which refer more particularly to her theological views, the period at which this autobiography was written and printed should constantly be borne in mind. The works themselves were then fresh and the religious outlook was very different from what it is to-day, or from what it was at the time of her death.

Her change of views and his criticism upon them raised a barrier between her and her younger brother James, with whom her intimacy had always been close. Doubtless she was herself in good part responsible for this, since she was quick to resent opposition, while she seems to have been unsparing in her own criticism of many of her former co-sectarians, with whom she had been so closely associated for a long period that the heart-burning was all the greater when the separation came. But while this was the case it is quite clear that as she grew older and her faith broadened her character mellowed more and more; she lost the morbidness and unfortunate temper which had been the bane of her early years, and she is shown by the testimony of many witnesses to have become a most delightful companion and friend to those with whom she was thrown.

In her latest years she found entire repose in the form of faith which she had reached. She had passed a busy and eventful, but withal a useful life; she had made blunders and done good service; she had enjoyed much and suffered much. She was content to leave her work there; content to feel that when she should lay down her life it would be for her the be-all and end-all, while her thought was for the race, and she could say: "The world as it is, is growing somewhat dim before my eyes; but the world as it is to be looks brighter every day."

W. P.

A RIDE TO KHIVA. Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred. Burnaby. Harper & Brothers. 1877.

As a popular account of Russian manners and customs in Asia, this book may be recommended as interesting and amusing. It is written by a Captain of the Royal Horse Guards, and the style is that of an unpretending and manly soldier. The difficulties of travelling through Central Asia are very great, owing principally to the real but concealed efforts of the Russian Government to keep foreigners and especially Englishmen from penetrating into their recently acquired possessions. Captain Burnaby was all the more intent upon getting to Khiva, a small territory just on the borderline of Russian conquest. His travels lead him through a country still uncivilized, and retaining a picturesque barbarism usually quite spoilt by the introduction of the railroad. Part of his journey was made by posting and the rest on horse-back, and it was, only by great persistency and some unavoidable traffic in horses, and bribery of guides, that he finally reached Khiva. He finds the Russian steppes intensely bleak and cold, and the country monotonous and uninteresting. The inhabitants of the few towns are dirty, childish and ignorant, but picturesque in language, dress and appearance. A thousand miles of slow progress through the country takes him from Orenburg to Khiva, and avoiding the Russian fort, Petro Alexandroosk, he finally enters the Khivan

country. The Khan of Khiva receives him with open arms, and asks many anxious questions about the English and their policy in regard to Russia and India. A child would know more of the geography and customs of the world than this simple Khan, who grudges paying tribute to Russia, but cannot understand why the English allowed the Russians to conquer his territory. Suddenly recalled by Russian authorities to their neighboring fort, our gallant Captain is obliged to retrace his steps to Orenburg, as he cannot obtain permission to return by the way of Tashkent and Western Siberia. The whole journey was made in five months, and is made intelligible by several very good maps enclosed in the cover of the book. The statistical appendices are also valuable and apparently carefully prepared.

RAMBLES AND STUDIES IN GREECE. By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

A very delightful book, written by a man of culture, who knows his ground thoroughly, and moves over it with great ease. It is to be hoped that, at some future day, American writers will approach the English in conciseness and finish of style, but at present there is no comparison between the quick and careless mode of expression in ordinary American books, and the dignified composure and self-possession of English writers. Mr. Mahaffy's style has the merit of attracting no attention to itself, and is indeed the natural mode of expression common to most cultivated Englishmen. There is a great charm in following through modern Greece, a man who is thoroughly conversant with ancient history and classical literature, and who has with him the material for genuine and useful comparison on all pertinent subjects. The art notes are perhaps the most delightful part of the book, and the illustrations are taken from photographs obtained at Athens; they are confined to specimens of archaic art, and pictures of the principal temples in Greece. The last chapters are especially interesting, as giving the Greek ideas of music; these have a singular resemblance to those of Wagner and his school, although the chief use of music in Greece, according to Mr. Mahaffy's investigations, was moral rather than intellectual or æsthetic. The instruments were quite different from ours, but the forms of the scale were more numerous, and many subtle combinations were contrived to arouse different phases of feeling, in the same way that Wagner employs peculiar modulations to denote delicate shades of thought and sensation. The book closes with observations on painting and sculpture, and the preference of the Greeks for the latter form of art. Any one studying Grecian history would do well to read this account of the present condition of a country to which we owe so much of our culture and civilization.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, for April, comes to us in a new and greatly improved style of cover, resembling the *Contemporary Review* and having like that the list of subjects and authors for the month displayed upon it. Rev. Henry W. Foote contributes the leading article which treats of "The Taxation of Churches." In this number he very calmly and dispassionately considers whether it is *dangerous, inexpedient*, or unjust to exempt churches from taxation, answering each separate question in the negative and giving some very weighty reasons, for his opinions. Whether the present relation injures either Church or State he will consider in the next number. Dr. Hill indulges in some far-fetched analogies; E. P. Evans contributes an excellent article on Martin Haug, the German Orientalist; Rev. A. D. Mayo is at his best in discussion of the Common School System of Massachusetts, for which he demands a centralized supervision; "Cheap Amusements and Work for the Children of the Poor," is a timely article. Robert Collyer's Palm Sunday Sermon may not be good criticism or exegesis, but it draws out a very noble lesson from the story of the day. Mr. Collyer's naturalism is, however, very bold when he spreads the garments on the the donkey, instead of on the ground, to soften Jesus' seat and infers his emaciated condition from this made-up fact, and from another very doubtful one, namely, that the ass he rode was not yet weaned. Surely he knows that the two animals of the New Testament story owe their existence to a Hebrew parallelism, one of the most common idioms of the Old. Rev. S. J. Barrows' review of Foreign Periodical Literature is a piece of work for which the average reader cannot be too grateful. The best of it is a review of recent studies on the Fourth Gospel a clear showing of the feebleness and dying state of the Johannean theory of its authorship. Mr. Barrows, or the printer, makes the mistake of always spelling F. C. Baur's name "Bauer," an orthography to which Bruno Bauer has an exclusive title in the critical world,

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L., Commander Royal Navy. With numerous illustrations. Cloth.

NORA'S LOVE TEST. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. Paper, 50 cents.

HALF-HOUR SERMONS.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Tragedies—Comedies. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Paper, 25 cts. each.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Parts 11 and 12. Paper, 50 cts. each.

MAGAZINES.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY. April.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. April.

UNITARIAN REVIEW. April.

BANKERS MAGAZINE. April.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

To find some sure interpreter
My spirit vainly tries;
I only know that God is love,
And know that love is wise.

—ALICE CARY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

—JOHN KEATS.

I do not know what makes the flowers so sweet,
The sky so high and bright, the sea so fair,
The grassy earth so pleasant to my feet
And all my happy heart so light as air!

I do not know. I only know that breath,
Sleep, laughter, work and prayer are sacred grown;
All things seem glorified, save only death,
For only death can part us, Love, my own!

—MARY AINGE DE VERE.

It is good to be kin to the noble and great,
It is good to be heir to a vast estate,
But 'tis better yet, I think,—don't you?—
To be able to "paddle your own canoe."

So smile on the humble as well as the great
For dead men's shoes never care to wait;
But strive to be useful and brave and true,
And be proud to "paddle your own canoe."

—SELECTED.

Just a few words, but they blinded
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadows and cast them away.

Only a frown, but it dampen'd
The cheer of a dear little heart;
Only a smile, but its sweetness
Check'd tears that were ready to start.

Oh! that the rule of our living
More like to the golden would be!
Much, oh! so much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and from me.

—GEORGEIANA NOURSE.

THE *American Architect* says: Specimens of Mexican onyx which we have received show us what a valuable material for interior decoration is being introduced by Mr. Manuel Fortuno. Those who visited the Centennial Exhibition will remember the attractive exhibit of this material in the Mexican department, notably a mantel-piece, which we believe was purchased for one of the Summer residences of the Emperor William. The specimens have somewhat the appearance of a fine gypsum, but are manifestly of a finer and firmer texture. The specific gravity is said to be 2.90 and the hardness 4.50. It is a misnomer to call the stone onyx, which is really a species of agate composed of layers of chalcedony of different colors, whereas this is a translucent striated limestone similar in character to the onyx marble, which was first introduced by the French at the International Exhibition of 1862, and which is said to be a stalagmitic formation found in Algeria.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WORSHIP THAT IS SINCERE.

It is sometimes proposed, on behalf of sincerity, to abandon all religious forms, inasmuch as these forms cannot fairly be supposed to represent the convictions or the emotions of all who use them. And others, who would not go this length, yet find the danger of insincerity continually lurking in the use of familiar religious expressions, scriptural or otherwise, which are often evidently repeated with very little, if any, consciousness of their meaning. Now all scruples which lean to the side of sincerity should be respected; and more especially when sincerity in worship is meant. Surely nowhere is hypocrisy more revolting, than in addressing a Being who "seeth in secret," and who desires "truth in the inward parts." And nothing would seem more absurd beforehand, than the attempt to impose upon such a Being by mere pretences of devotion—an absurdity which can only be explained by the fact, that the hypocrite first deceives himself before he tries to deceive his God. Yet with all the confessed liability of men to self-deception, it is still possible that insincerity is sometimes charged where it does not belong. It may be worth while to examine a few of these instances.

Is it, then, insincerity to use words which may be misunderstood, or which convey to others a different meaning from what they do to us? May I not speak of Christ as the Saviour, because to most Christians his salvation is something very different from that which I believe? May I not gratefully own, that the Son of Man came to "give his life a ransom for many," though I do not accept the "Orthodox" view of the Atonement? Words which *may* be misunderstood! how can we speak at all without that risk? But how of words which we are morally sure *will* be misunderstood? I reply: The hearer has his responsibility not less than the speaker. It is not reasonable to demand of the speaker, that he shall be limited in his language by the ignorance or dullness or prejudices of his hearers; nor that he shall always use words that are *colorless*, less his coloring should be different from their's. No sincere man will use any language, in prayer or in sermon, *purposely to mislead*; nay, much more than this, it will be his constant aim to convey his thoughts in such manner and phrase, as he thinks will be most likely to bring home to others what he himself believes. But he must also recognize the fact, that misunderstanding is inevitable, while the same words have different associations to different minds, and while there exist such great inequalities of moral and intellectual culture.

Another and more important question upon this point is: Whether it is insincere to say what we have not fully verified? I do not know that any would deliberately answer this in the affirmative. Yet Christian worshippers have often been charged with presumption and irreverence, because assuming to know what cannot be known of God. But surely it is not knowledge, but simply faith which justifies one in approaching God by prayer. "He who cometh to God, must believe that He is," and that prayer will not be in vain. Such a belief may be founded upon intuition or authority, but in either case it is none the less sincere because it can not be "verified" by any process of logic or demonstration. If there are minds that are unable or unwilling to believe anything that transcends the sphere of knowledge generally so called, to them of course it would be a breach of perfect truthfulness to give utterance to what they cannot verify. With the majority of those who are brought up in Christian lands we trust that this is not so. But there is another aspect of this case, which concerns especially the use of forms of prayer that are prescribed for us. Can we sincerely adopt the language of Scripture, or of any book of devotion, when we are not sure that we understand its meaning, or that we can fully sympathize with it? Or to put it somewhat differently: Can we conscientiously repeat in our colder moments, words which were inspired by the most fervent piety and the warmest gratitude? Sad were it for us if we could not! It is a part of the inestimable service which the true saints render us, that they supply us with a language of faith and prayer, which we could not have invented ourselves, but which may nevertheless meet our own wants and help our struggling aspirations. And surely this service is not made void, because we cannot at once derive the full benefit of it. Keble beautifully says:

"What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe,"

Who can doubt that the expression of feeling makes it more in-

tense? Therefore, though there should at first be comparatively little in some of the words of men who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," to which we could cordially assent, we may hope to become gradually more imbued with their spirit, in proportion as we intelligently and sincerely use their words. True, "the lips should not lead the heart," as Mr. Martineau says, "but follow it." But as one becomes a leader sometimes by first being a follower, so the lips, by waiting faithfully on the heart, may at length be qualified to revive the higher experiences of the heart, the very sounds recalling from their depths the sentiments which once inspired these sounds.

Yet let us clearly understand that insincerity in worship, though one may often be unjustly accused of it, is nevertheless a most real and fatal danger. Whenever we say in prayer what is *not true to us*, we are incurring this fatal risk. It is something frightful to think how many, who take part in Christian worship, assert things which they most certainly do not believe, while addressing Him who is the God of truth. What is the language of confession, for the most part, but a gross exaggeration of one's estimate of himself? And do we all thank God in our hearts for those things which we are taught to acknowledge in words? Is it true to all of us, that the "Kingdom of God" is more than the gratification of any selfish desires? Do we really believe that the Divine Providence is universal and unfailing, and impartial? Or to put it to the most familiar test, how many of us can repeat the Lord's prayer with an absolute sincerity? It was long ago observed by Luther that this prayer was more suitable to the condition of a perfect Christian, than to the ordinary state of human nature. Yet, "after this manner pray ye," was said to men who were very far from perfect. The sincere and intelligent use of it can hardly fail to help any one in his endeavors after the Christian life; but at every step we ought to be quite sure that we are saying nothing which we do *not* desire, however imperfect our understanding of the full meaning of this Divine form. It is hardly conceivable that one who is moved to pray at all should not be able to say sincerely "Our Father!" or to ask that the Divine name may be "hallowed." But when we go on to, "Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done!" do we not already become aware of a conflict of desires? These are the breathings of our higher nature—are they the expression of our habitual life? Who of us does not feel the need of that supplementary petition, so well expressed in the "*Christian Year*:"

"And grant us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray?"

And how shall one dare affirm: "Forgive us our trespasses, as [or for] we forgive those who trespass against us," if he knows in his heart that enmity is still rankling there against those who have done him wrong? He may know and admit that he *ought* to be able to say this—but is he? Better here also, as in every case, to do no violence to our sincerity. Better, therefore, to abstain from saying what is at present not true of us; and so this sense of exclusion from the Divine blessing, this consciousness of being unforgiven ourselves, may lead to more earnest efforts to subdue the unreconciled spirit, so that at last we too may be able to say from the bottom of our hearts: "We forgive." W. S.

FEBRUARY 23.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

VISITING friends a few days since, at Lansingburgh, N. Y., who had travelled lately across the water, one of them showed me a couple of tablets of paper which he had procured from a little working boy in Stratford—Shakspeare's Stratford, for here we know no other. They were fac-similes of the inscriptions over the graves of Shakspeare and his wife. They had been taken by merely placing a piece of paper of sufficient size upon the stone, and then rubbing upon it with some coloring material, as we used when we were boys to rub a piece of paper upon a cent and take an impression from it. To one who had never been abroad, these impressions were full of a living interest; and probably to one who had visited the scene of Shakspeare's monument they would have been more interesting still. The papers gave the very structure of the stone. The letters were clear cut and handsome in form, though now of two hundred and fifty years exposure; and their shape, and the antiquated spelling rendered before the language was fixed by lexicographers, took one back to the time when these stones were first put into position, when the artisan first carved them, and children and men gathered around to see them put in place. Or fur-

ther still, no one can read there without a good deal of curiosity to know what peculiar sentiment or circumstance made the great poet so solicitous about his remains, those well-known lines:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclo'sed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Shakspeare had so little to do with cursing all his life long, that though the pathos of the piece is worthy of the great poet, possibly the lines were written for his tomb by some one of his kindred or followers who had special reason for maintaining the grave inviolate.

The lines inscribed over his wife are not so well-known. But they are worthy of a poet's wife and a poet's child; they show filial affection, which is always of the highest poetry, and an imagination and thought not usually found in mortuary inscriptions:

"Heere lyeth interred the Body of Anne, wife of William Shakspeare, who dep ted this life,—the 6th day of Augu. 1623 being of the age of 67 yeares.

"Ubera, tu mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti,
Vae mihi pro tanto munere saxa dabo,
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angel, ore
Exeat, christi corpus, imago tua—
Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christe, resurgat
Clausula licet tumulo mater et astra petet."

To prevent mistakes, please let me say that the translation (not found on the tombstone), was not made by Shakspeare himself; but for want of a better I subjoin the following:

Dear mother, milk and life thou gavest me;
Woe's me,—for such a gift a stone I pay.
Would the good angel roll the stone from thee,
And like the Lord's, thy firm return, I pray;
Prayers nought avail: undo, O Christ, the bars
And raise my mother with thee to the stars.

I know a religious newspaper, intended especially for circulation among the people is not the most appropriate place for Latin, and a talk about Latin; but I thought that not a few of your readers have some familiarity with that language, and would enjoy some allusion to it, or use of it. So I am led to ask, have you seen the admirable works of our friend, Rev. Joseph H. Allen, prepared for young students of that language? I chanced upon one of them a few days since, and thought I had never seen anything in its line so good. I was exceedingly interested in finding in it the old Testament story, whose simple language I studied when I was nine years old, and translations from Longfellow's "Hiawatha;" and was still more amused by finding many extracts from "Mother Goose." How the babies, Cicero and Cæsar, would have laughed and chirruped, if they could only have been dandled to these songs. And will not boys and girls of the present day get a new interest in the language, and find it far more easy to learn, when they read in that solemn and ancient tongue, which, dead itself, is scarce now ever read except upon a tombstone:

"I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb."

E. B.

MY QUEST.

Long had I wavered 'twixt belief and doubt,
This way and that, turning my faith about,
To keep the truth, and sift the error out.

But which was truth—which error? Could I read
God's hidden meanings in his word and deed
Straight on, and squarely fashion out my creed?

Could I lift up my daring gaze on high
And clearly his infinitude desory,
Whose earthly government I read awry?

Seeking with anxious heart, though still in vain,
To solve the mystery of sin and pain,
Holding God's image bound in earthly chain,

"I would" forever shackled by "I must,"
Souls made for Heaven all fouled with earthly dust,
And sin and sorrow rife—while He is just!

Such thoughts as these were ever at my side,
Blind questionings that would not be denied,
Problems I could not solve, nor thrust aside.

Until at times I scarce could look above,
And recognize his Fatherhood of love,
Who made the vulture as he made the dove,

And when in page of Holy Writ I sought
Rest for my troubled and bewildered thought,
I found more puzzling questions than I brought.

Could I the prophet's awful gift define,
And with unerring finger draw the line
Between man's teachings and the lore divine?

Rightly the word of truth divide, and know
Which things are types that heavenly forms do show
And which but shadows of the shapes below?

Yet where both saint and sage had sought in vain
Evangelist and prophet to explain,
My troubled spirit needs must seek again.

I longed to hold a faith by reason tried,
And, casting every half-belief aside,
In certainties at last rest satisfied.

But who can clear His motives' tangled maze,
Sure that no prejudice nor passion sways,
Nor habit and the love of early days;

So that with single heart and steady aim,
Unswayed by human ties, or fear of blame,
He may take on him the disciple's name?

Too hard the task for me—I could not bind
The throng of hopes and wishes in my mind,
And calmly seek the truth I feared to find.

So, sore perplexed, I wrestled with my heart,
Loving the old beliefs too well to part,
While fearing yet affection's subtle art.

My hold on truth seemed lessening day by day,
The ancient landmarks failed to point the way;
I could not reason, I could only pray

That he who gladly hungry souls doth feed
Might give me what was lacking to my need,
And into ways of truth my footsteps lead.

And while my strong desire to God I brought,
That he would grant the light and peace I sought,
These words of Christ sprang sudden to my thought

"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."
No more—no mystic dogma to believe,
Only a thread in each day's life to weave;

Only a common duty, in such wise
Transfigured by new light, that straight my eyes
Saw how above all truth true loving lies;

Saw that, forgetful of my own soul's need,
Filling my life with gracious thought and deed,
I might leave time—and God—to shape my creed.

My prayer was answered; not as I had thought,
I had not found the knowledge that I sought,
To live without it was the lesson taught.

The end of all my long and weary quest
Is only failure; yet a sense of rest,
Of deep, unwonted quiet, fills my breast.

And though some vexing doubts still hold their place,
Yet is my faith no measure for His grace,
Whose hand still holds me though He hide His face.

And day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and pain,
No life that God has given is lived in vain;

But each poor, weak, and sin-polluted soul
Shall struggle free at last, and reach its goal,
A perfect part of God's great perfect whole.

My heart believes—yet still I long for light;
Surely the morning cometh after night,
When Faith, the watcher, shall give place to sight!

—*Littell's Living Age*

R. A. PROCTOR has just given a lecture before the London Society of Arts showing an increase of the earth's crust by periodical showers of shooting stars; this however must be an insignificant addition because the meteors are generally so small; though in autumnal months the golden rain may be perpetual, still millions of years must pass before a foot is added to the earth's diameter.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

MADISON SQUARE.

ON trees all a-throb and a-quiver
With the stirring pulse of the Spring,
Your tops so misty against the blue,
With the buds where the green not yet looks through,
I know the beauty the days will bring,
But your cloudy tops are a wonderful thing!

Like the first faint streak of the dawning
Which tells that the day is nigh;
Like the first dear kiss of the maiden,
So absolute, though so shy;
Like the joy divine of the mother
Before her child she sees—
So faint, so dear, and so blessed
Are your misty tops, O trees!

I can feel the delicate pulses
That stir in each restless fold
Of leaflets and bunches of blossoms—
The life that never grows old;
Yet wait, ah wait, though they woo you—
The sun, the rain-drops, the breeze:
Break not too soon into verdure,
O misty, beautiful trees!

—Anna C. Brackett, in the *Evening Post*.

SOME time ago a Mrs. D'Orbeney acquired in Egypt a papyrus, which ultimately found its way to the British Museum. On it was written: "May the god Toth [god of literature] guard all the words contained in this scroll from destruction!" The papyrus is a novel in two parts. One part is the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, under other names. The other is the story of Cinderella, except that the prince traces out the girl with a lock of shining hair, which matches hers alone, instead of with the shining slipper which fits her foot. One volume, possibly taken away by Moses along with Joseph's bones, found its way into the Bible; the other, which perhaps was thought too secular, floating around the world, developed into the most popular of our fairy tales.—*M. D. Conway in Cincinnati Commercial*.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT was known to few persons, and intimately to very few. Those few alone knew that as he was one of the wisest, so he was one of the most attractive of men. He was, beyond most men who are called philosophers, a sincere and devoted lover of truth. His intellectual powers were extraordinary, and they were thoroughly trained. His faculty of acquiring knowledge was such that his vast scientific information was both a marvel and a delight, and he had, as Mr. Norton says, "a genius for reflection," so that he was not only a reporter of other men's thought, but an original investigator. His paper on the "Genesis of Species," in reply to Mr. St. George Mivart's attack upon the theory of natural selection, was republished in England at the instance of Mr. Darwin, with whom Mr. Wright had the most friendly correspondence.—*Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Weekly*.

Do parents know the effects of bad literature upon their children's health, both of mind and body? It seems not, for they permit them, or often subscribe themselves, to such periodicals as the *New York Weekly*, *Saturday Night*, *Fireside Companion*, *Saturday Journal*, *Family Story Paper*, *Chimney Corner*, *Waverly Magazine* (the most injurious of all,—let parents carefully read the advertisements it prints), *Boys of the World*, *Boys and Girls*, *Monroe's Girls and Boys*, *Boys of New York*, *Weekly Story Teller*, and others too numerous to mention. In these the reader's imagination is fed with tales of extraordinary adventure, daring exploits and sickening sentiment. The authors and editors of such works, to whom God has given talent and the devil application, spread among the young people of the country a moral poison which brings boys to State prisons and the gallows, and girls to the brothels. It is not the fault of the young that they read impure tales and books, but that of parents, who fail to provide proper amusements at home, and who allow these periodicals to enter in their homes.—*Correspondent of the Springfield Republican*.

"THE Ritualists," says the *London Echo*, "have decided on the formation of an entirely new communion, and to secede from the existing Church of England, it is said, on the 29th of May next." "An archbishop and two bishops" are to be consecrated by "two foreign prelates"—we suppose these must be Mr. Reinjens and the

Jansenist bishop—and, "in order to avoid transgressing the law of the Church," they will take "English episcopal titles which have lain long in desuetude." Mr. Tooth is to be one of the three. The missal and manual of the new sect has been printed. It contains directions for the administering of the Seven Sacraments "appointed by the Roman and Greek Churches, with the three creeds now in use, and the Decalogue after the English form, thereby closely resembling the Liturgy in use by the Irvingites." It is the inevitable fate of all non-Catholic sects to split up into fragments, and sooner or later this must be the fate of not only the Anglican church as it now is, but of the two bodies into which it is by this movement to be divided. The Ritualists have as good a right to set up in business on their own hook as had the founder of the sect from which they are about to separate. They number many thousands—their clergymen are highly educated, very zealous, and greatly beloved by their people. Their withdrawal from the Establishment will be a severe blow to that institution, and will no doubt hasten the day of its disestablishment.—*Catholic Review*.

MILLENNIAL doctrines and expectations have nearly always been prolific of mischief. Their evil impress is often manifest in our day. I mean the notion of a great change, a mighty revolution, which shall suddenly bring "good times," and deliver men without any toil or struggle of their own from the hard conditions of ordinary life. The chief modern development of the millennial idea is the worship of laziness. Many persons of uneducated and undeveloped minds are doing what they can to produce the belief that work is really unnecessary, and that if "things were managed as they should be," nobody would have to work very hard. They have exalted indolence into a kind of philosophy. They call their fancies by fine names, and talk about what science will do for us, and how machinery is to do most of the world's work. The influence of these fantastical notions appears again and again in our time, in connection with "views" regarding Finance, the relations between capital and labor, and various subjects belonging to Political Economy.

The study of History would inform such teachers that no great improvement in the condition or character of human life can come suddenly. Anything that we can possibly have in the near future must come by growth out of the present state of things. All hope of a millennium in the popular sense is idle and mischievous. The dreams of undeveloped souls are ignoble. The world needs more work; work directed wisely and done heartily. No matter how rich a man is he ought to work, ought to earn his right to live by some useful employment. People who will not work ought not to have anything to eat.—*Rev. J. B. Harrison in Vineland Independent*.

JOTTINGS.

MR. RUSKIN says that to be wise does not mean knowing how big the moon is.

REV. C. H. TINDELL has received calls from the Unitarian Societies in E. Wilton, N. H., and Athol, Mass.

WE are compelled to postpone the publication of our second article on "The Halt in the March of Organized Liberalism," until next week.

TIVERTON, R. I.—Rev. J. H. Wiggin is to supply the pulpit of the Liberal church in Tiverton, R. I., three months. He commenced his labors April 1st.

BRIGHTON, MASS.—Mr. Brunton of the Cambridge Divinity School has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the 1st Parish, Brighton, Mass., till June.

THE publication of a new newspaper, which will express the views of the High Church party in England, will be begun in London on May 1. It will be called *The Daily Express*.

REV. L. H. MEADE, of 2320 Catharine Street, Philadelphia, is anxious to settle as pastor of a Unitarian Society. He refers to Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia, and to John Fretwell, Jr., 15 Laight Street, New York. Mr. Meade has until recently been a minister of the Episcopal Church.

WE wish to call attention again to the "Hospital Boxes," at the ferries and railroad stations for the reception of papers, magazines, etc., for gratuitous distribution. Do not fail to remember these when you find yourself overloaded with what is useless to you, but often of great value to others.

THE North Middlesex Ministerial Association met in Lowell, Mass., Tuesday, March 27, with Rev. Mr. Seward. An able essay, on "Ideals," was read by Rev. W. R. Spencer of Haverhill, Mass. This was followed by an interesting discussion participated in by all the ministers present. A bountiful collation was served in the ladies' parlor of the church. The next meeting of this association will be held in Ashby in June. Rev. J. J.

Twiss was chosen essayist for that occasion, and Rev. F. E. Kittredge substitute.

AN advertisement in a recent London *Times* shows the practical form which the efforts to suppress extravagance at funerals has taken in England. The notice reads thus: "Funeral Company (Limited), 28 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars. Reformed funerals without appointments; broughams instead of mourning coaches; improved cars instead of hearses." Another advertisement in the same number of *The Times* calls attention to the "patent earth-to-earth coffins" of another "reform burial" company.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York, will publish hereafter a quarterly record of current literature with the title *Putnam's Library Companion*. It will be in effect a quarterly continuation of this firm's well-known bibliographical hand-book, "The Best Reading," and its purpose will be in each number to give a complete classified list of the best and most important books in each department which have been published during the quarter, with the authors' and publishers' names, prices, etc., and with brief notes where notes are necessary.

SOME startling revelations have lately been made by Bishop Dupanloup respecting the supply of priests for village churches in France. He stated that in twenty-seven out of the seventy dioceses into which France is divided, no fewer than 1,933 congregations are without priests, and the state of things in the remaining forty-three dioceses is no better. He believed that 3,493 priests were required to fill the vacancies over the whole country, and since the Church had become poor there was no hope of getting rich men to take orders. He deplored the fact that the average income of a country curé was not above 900 francs, although 1,500 francs (£80) was the least on which a man could live with any degree of comfort.—*Exchange*.

THE meeting of the New York and Hudson River Conference yesterday, at the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, was largely attended and interesting and spirited throughout. The sermon was preached on Tuesday evening by Rev. Geo. L. Chaney of Boston. All Souls' Church, Newark,

is about to occupy a new hall. Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church in Troy. The Unitarian Churches in Newark, Newburgh, Harlem and Montclair are at present without pastors. A scheme for the better organization of the Conference was reported by the President and a committee of five appointed to consider it and report at the next meeting. After luncheon an interesting paper on Miss Octavia Hill's work among the London poor was read by Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr. We shall give a more detailed account of the meeting next week.

DR. WINES in sketching the different systems of prison discipline now in existence, claims that the Crofton is far better than any of ours. He shows the necessity of work, education and religion for the prisoner's reformation. He insists that the prisoner should be allowed to choose his work; should be permitted to lay up some of the fruits of his toil; should have a broader education than at present, so that he may at last be released with a little money to begin life anew, with fixed habits of labor, with a force of character he never knew before. It is claimed that the existing system is the worst ever known. It is needlessly wasteful of money, wasteful of opportunity, wasteful of discipline, wasteful of everything. No ordinary prisoner can be patient under it when he sees greater criminals than himself feasted, indulged in laziness, luxuriating with drink—all of which was proved at Sing Sing in regard to Stokes, Simmons, and Rea. H.

Advertisement.

We were exposed last week to a pitiless storm, that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our person all over. In fact we took a cracking cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet in hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take and did the job. We slept soundly through the night and awoke well the next morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Teahuacana (Texas) Presbyterian*.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, in the Park Bank Building, 214 Broadway, New York.

To be in season for insertion the same week, communications intended for publication must be forwarded in time to reach this office not later than Tuesday. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. We require the name and address of every writer, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantees of good faith.

Communications relating to the editorial department of the paper should be addressed, "Editor of the Inquirer, P. O. Box 109, New York City;" all others to "Publisher," same address.

No person is authorized to collect money or make contracts for the Inquirer who cannot show written authority from the Publisher.

The Inquirer of course is not responsible for any opinion expressed by its advertisers.

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Protestant Leaders.

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BY

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

AT THE

Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn,

Corner of Clinton and Congress Streets.

1876—77.

LECTURES:

VIII. Channing and Unitarianism.

Sunday evening, April 15, 1877.

IX. Theodore Parker.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.

Hour of Lecture, Half-Past Seven.

Morning Service at 10:35 precisely. Vesper Service, Third Sunday Evening of each Month, with the above exceptions.

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is about to establish an

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY

in England, and to undertake the representation of American Manufacturers at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, seeks an American partner with a capital of from 5,000 to 10,000 dollars. Address FIELD, care of James Littlejohn, Esq., P. O. Box 2703, New York City.

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AT PHILADELPHIA.

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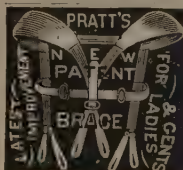
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Unrivalled for the toilet and the bath. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. After years of scientific experiment the manufacturer of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap has perfected and now offers to the public THE FINEST TOILET SOAP in the world. Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture. For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal. Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christendom. Sample box containing 3 cakes of 6 oz. each, sent free on any address on receipt of 15 cents. Address B. T. Babbitt, New York City. For Sale by all Druggists.



Made of best material, in all sizes, for Adults and Children of both sexes; expands the chest, straightens up stooped shoulders; worth ten times its cost for Children and Students. Sold by the Trade and Cleveland Shoulder Brace Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Send \$1.25 and chest measure. Ask for Pratt's new Patent Brace.

Madame Foy's
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INCREASES IN POPULARITY EVERY YEAR.

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READY AT LAST!

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT
-OF THE-
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE:
Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

JANUARY, 1st, 1877.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$30,166,902 69
REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$5,910,540 87
Interest received and accrued.....	\$2,164,080 81
Less amount accrued January 1, 1876.....	257,130 86—1,906,949 95—7,817,790 82
Total.....	\$37,984,693 51

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death.....	\$1,547,618 42
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,516,681 16
Life annuities, matured endowments, and re-insurances.....	234,230 22
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physician's fees.....	373,001 67
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	376,694 33
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	140,232 32
On other stocks.....	65,307 19—\$5,253,795 31
Total.....	\$32,730,898 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Trust Company, in banks, and on hand.....	\$1,427,933 18
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks, (market value \$10,311,045 67).....	9,730,529 91
Real estate.....	2,541,576 46
This includes real estate purchased under foreclosure, amounting to \$773,402 32, a recent appraisal of which by competent parties shows that, when sold, the company may reasonably expect to realize at least its cost.	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for \$15,321,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	17,354,837 84
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,659,490).....	781,585 39
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	432,695 40
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection, (estimated reserve on these policies \$505,000 included in liabilities).....	125,027 15
Agents' balances.....	36,154 19
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68—32,730,898 20
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	580,515 76

CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1877..... \$33,311,413 96

Appropriated as follows:	
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.....	\$314,440 98
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.....	201,152 21
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle, net premium.....	29,634,461 61
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	517,504 84
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,038 32—30,684,597 96
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	\$2,626,816 00

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over \$5,500,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,626,816 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus. The cash value of the reversion may be used in such settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

During the year 6,514 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,062,111.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.

Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119 00
Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473 00

TRUSTEES:

MORRIS FRANKLIN,
DANIEL S. MILLER,
ROBERT B. COLLINS,
CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D.,
J. F. SEYMOUR,
HENRY BOWERS,

DAVID DOWS,
JOHN MAIRS,
WILLIAM BARTON,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
C. R. BOGERT, M. D.,
EDWARD MARTIN,
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It restores gray or faded hair to its
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It removes all eruptions, itching
and dandruff. It gives the head a
cooling, soothing sensation of great
comfort, and the scalp by its use
becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores
the capillary glands to their normal
vigor, preventing baldness, and mak-
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As a dressing, nothing has been
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Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

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cretion. It is easily applied, being in
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extraordinary cases it is a vegetable calomel, yet perfectly
harmless to all, and more than pleasant to take. Sample
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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and
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LAMAR INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.
Broadway, cor. John Street.

Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.

WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

HOME Insurance Co. of New York,

Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
January, 1877.

Cash Capital . . . \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
Dividends . . . 243,402 24
Net Surplus . . . 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS. \$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 286,632 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,631 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 72,997 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. . . . 153,416 65
REAL ESTATE. 6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st
JANUARY, 1877 \$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID. 1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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as a busy practitioner, in the best Consumption Hospitals
of the Old and New World, has taught me the value of this
Medicine in the cure of all Throat and Lung Complaints.

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maladies, by addressing me, giving symptoms, they shall
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shall have the benefit of my experience in thousands of
cases successfully treated. Full directions for prepara-
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PHENIX

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OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

January 1st, 1877.

Capital \$1,000,000 00

Gross Surplus 1,792,902 92

Gross Assets \$2,792,902 92

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JAS. F. BURNS, Sup't. Agents.

Nos. 345 and 347 BRADWAY, N. Y.

Assets, Jan. 1, 1876. \$4,981,573 73
Surplus to Policy-Holders. 523,652 69

All forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued.

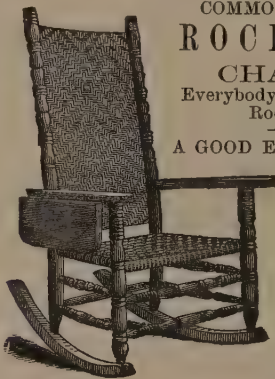
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THE INQUIRER.

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On the First of May next, **THE INQUIRER** will remove to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library.

ANOTHER terrible calamity occurred yesterday morning in the burning of the Southern Hotel in St. Louis, entailing the loss of many lives—how many it is as yet impossible to guess. It is a singular incident of the affair that Kate Claxton, the grand-daughter of a survivor of the Richmond Theatre disaster, and herself recently saved from the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, should also have been among those delivered from death on this occasion.

It will doubtless be refreshing to many others as it was to us, in taking up last week's issue of *Harper's Weekly* to find Mr. Nast with a thoroughly good honest subject for his frontispiece. The amount of wrong-headed foolery of which he has been guilty within the past three or four years, is frightful to realize. To those who have not seen the special cartoon to which we refer, we will say that it is a crude representation of Uncle Sam pointing to the White House as the symbol of civil power, and replying to two deputations, one of Irish and the other of Germans, "If you come simply as Americans, this is the place. But if you persist in your distinct nationality, you must call at the State Department, where all foreign affairs are considered."

THE decision of the U. S. Supreme Court reversing the decision of the Court below, and finally decreeing that a million and a half of dollars must be returned to the National Treasury before any distribution is made to the stockholders in the Centennial Exhibition enterprise, will probably not be relished by our Philadelphia friends, but will be recognized elsewhere as in accordance with the common understanding of the law authorizing the loan. It is perhaps also not an inappropriate judgment upon the policy which first obtained a charter on the express condition that no money should be called for, and then lobbied zealously until the money was obtained. However, we have good reason to be thankful to these same Philadelphia friends for their magnificent pluck, and can afford to forget the other thing.

ACCORDING to a statement made by the Commissioners of Accounts, the Treasurer of St. John's Guild has had a singularly free and easy way of keeping his record of the money contributed by a generous public for distribution among the poor. It appears further that the said Treasurer considers that much injustice has been done him by the Commissioners, and that he thinks he could at any time have stated precisely what amount of money belonging to the charitable fund remained in his hands. It is however very justly hinted on the other side, that in modern times it is considered desirable that accounts should be so kept that a disinterested party, or a party adversely interested may be able to understand them quite as well as the official, and that where accounts are not so kept the party who is negligent lays himself open to what is popularly called "misconstruction."

A LARGE meeting was held on Saturday evening to take action in support of the Constitutional Amendments recently proposed by the Municipal Commission. The principal address was delivered by Secretary Evarts, and a committee of fifteen, composed of Dorman B. Eaton, Jackson S. Schultz, Abram S. Hewitt, Oswald Ottendorfer and other distinguished citizens, was appointed to give expression to the feeling of the meeting, spread information among the people, etc. The movement in favor of the proposed changes in city government is becoming quite strong, and is apparently nearly unanimous, notwithstanding that the signers of the call for the meeting above alluded to are said to represent accumulated capital to the extent of three hundred millions of dollars, and are therefore presumably all "robbers."

Meantime we learn from the *New Age* that a movement is on foot in Boston looking to the abolition of taxation, so there is still some possibility of a return to a state of absolute barbarism. Let not the friends of untrammelled freedom be discouraged.

It is a subject of rejoicing that Mr. Chamberlain finally decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and determined quietly to withdraw from the contest for the South Carolina Governorship when the day arrived for the removal of the squad of United States troops which formed the basis of his administration. That he used the occasion to make a violent partisan address instead of doing what in him lay to aid in the restoration of harmony among the people of the State is perhaps natural and may be pardoned him considering the difficulties of the situation in which he has been placed and the kind of men with whom he has been most closely associated, though it cannot but be regretted. We have every disposition to believe that he has been conscientiously endeavoring to do his duty. And knowing how foolish conscientious men can sometimes be under the most favorable circumstances, we ought not to be surprised when they prove themselves unwise under the most unfavorable.

At latest accounts the determination of Mr. Packard seemed to be weakening under the persistence of the visiting commission, and we are strongly in hopes that the time is not distant when there will be no longer a Southern question, but simply a question of good government through the length and breadth of the land.

We republish this week the whole of Dean Stanley's interesting valedictory address at St. Andrews. It will not be assumed that we do so because we endorse all his opinions, as for instance those with regard to the Establishment, and others which it is unnecessary to particularize. We publish it because as a whole it is sound and good, but more especially because it seems to indicate that the biographer of Arnold has regained some of the vigor of his youth, and because we think his address significant of the present attitude of an important section of the Established Church. There is nothing narrow in his insistence upon the essential progressiveness of religion, or in such words as these: "We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. It is not reconciliation that is needed, but the recognition that they are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God." "Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the purity, the generosity of the student, is his religion. Whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is infidelity of the worst sort." "Not to the Synod of Dort, but to the aspirations of the excommunicated Spinoza, was vouchsafed the clearest glimpse into the nature of the Deity."

Next week we hope to be able to give parts of Principal Tulloch's valuable essay in the *Contemporary Review* for March, on the "Progress of Religious Thought in Scotland."

SILVER has advanced again to 54d. per ounce in gold. The price of gold has been slowly rising for some days, and it is now quoted at 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 105 $\frac{7}{8}$. At the same time we learn that there is a prospect of a resumption of the sale of gold for the purpose of providing the Treasury with needed currency. This is bad news for those who see the necessity of accumulating gold, but it is offset in a degree by the determination of the Secretary to set apart a sufficient amount of greenbacks to provide for the redemption of silver issued in excess of the fractional currency destroyed. We shall be happy to hear of the first sale by the Treasury of bonds for gold, independent of the funding operations. In the meantime it is not satisfactory to hear from Washington that future appointments to positions in the Treasury Department are to be made from the West and South until the balance of power is reached; in other words, until a proportional distribution of positions has been made. It seems, however, that this is in accordance with the law, and we are for the enforcement of the law while it remains upon the statute book, even though it be as silly as this one is.

A heavy fall in the Stock Market took place yesterday, with large sales of coal and other speculative stocks, the heaviest dealings having been in Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. The trouble was precipitated by a break in Northwest and the failure of a prominent Wall Street house, and at the close of the day the market was feverish, with much uncertainty as to immediate results.

DELIBERATE OBFUSCATION OF IDEAS.

ONE of the most alarming signs of the times in the sphere of thought is the habit prevalent among educated men, who certainly ought to be above such double dealing, of deliberately obscuring, by a resort to loose figures of speech, or by the use of words of doubtful meaning, the lines by which alone one idea may be clearly distinguished from another. The difficulty of thinking clearly would seem under all circumstances to be naturally sufficiently great to keep people of superior intelligence from deliberate attempts or complicity in attempts to make it more so. But what do

we see? Prominent men in religious and even in scientific circles persistently lending themselves to the very unworthy and pernicious business of giving aid and comfort to the popular fallacy that "one thing is as true as another, and no truth is of much importance any how."

For such confusion of thought as is natural, from the general imperfection of human knowledge, experience and powers of perception, mankind can feel only a submissive regret which should have in it something of quickening to better thinking. But however such confusion may be regarded, it is not necessarily our fault, however much we may consider it our misfortune.

But what shall we say of that "confusion worse confounded" which is neither natural nor accidental, but the result either of a deliberate attempt to mislead and perplex or of a lazy and cowardly habit of shirking the labor of exact statement? Are those who persistently lend themselves to this sort of work, whether with or without purpose, to be regarded as worthy of the fullest confidence and esteem? Can they properly be recommended as safe teachers and guides for the young? Does not the habit of suppression and evasion in thought lead naturally and inevitably to suppression and evasion in conduct? To blurt out our opinions at all times and in all places, regardless of surroundings and possible consequences is certainly most selfish and unwise, but when appealed to for our private judgment or opinion, why should we lie about it either by suppression or evasion? It is disheartening to think how common this sort of cowardly and thoughtless dishonesty is, and how evil and pervasive in its consequences.

To say that the motive which prompts this deliberate obfuscation is generally a good one does not excuse the offender for culpable infidelity to the obligation of intellectual honesty. For example:—Your friend comes to consult you concerning some important point of religious faith, about which he has grave doubts. You are perfectly clear in your own position, and full of a living faith in its correctness, but through fear of shocking and undermining still further his tottering and superficial faith, you shirk the labor and responsibility of a full and frank talk with him, emphasize the unities and suppress the differences of faith, and send him off with the false impression that you are as much at one with him in your theology and philosophy as you are in your hearty good will. Have you thus dealt wisely or honestly with him? Have you helped him out of his intellectual difficulties, or simply helped to thicken his mental fog? Are the bonds of true friendship strengthened or weakened by this sort of false dealing? Have you not been false both to yourself and to him, and all for the sake of saving yourself and possibly your friend a little passing discomfiture at the expense of his intellectual and spiritual life?

It would be easy to multiply such illustrations indefinitely, but this one will serve for all. The question we wish to put to our readers is, Are we not in great danger of ignoring, in our zeal for religious fellowship with all mankind, the equal obligation of fidelity to our intellectual convictions. Does charity to the opinions of others require that we should carefully obliterate the letter of our opinions and fall back upon symbols as the only important or tolerable expressions of ideas?

WALTER BAGEHOT.

By the death of Walter Bagehot at the age of forty-five not only the financial but the more general reading and thinking world has suffered a grievous loss, and one for

which few in America were at all prepared by any knowledge of his failing health. Our natural expectation was that he would live at least another score of years and add considerably to the amount of benefit already represented by his name. The particulars of his death have not yet come to hand, nor any biographical notice of him, and yet I cannot forbear to write at once some little testimony of my gratitude to one who has been to me, as I am sure he has been to many, a real helper in the range of topics which was characteristic of his mind.

Best known in England and America as the editor of the London *Economist*, the general reader in America has had more direct acquaintance with him in the pages of his three books, "Lombard Street," "Physics and Politics," and "The English Constitution," than in the editorial columns of the paper which has been the principal organ of his usefulness. Of these books "Lombard Street" is of course the most characteristic, being the outcome of his editorial and practical experience of financial operations for many years. It is a comprehensive and luminous exhibition of the monetary principles and practices of the London business world. The *Economist* was started in 1843 by Mr. Bagehot's father-in-law, James Wilson. It represented better than any other journal the ascendancy of material interests in the politics of Great Britain, between the reform measures of forty years ago and those of the last decade. Mr. Bagehot succeeded his father-in-law as its editor in 1860, and in his hands its influence and authority have been even greater than in the hands of its founder. His position with regard to our own affairs during the civil war is well expressed in an article concerning him in the *Nation* of April 5, to which I would refer the reader for a careful estimate of his services as a financial journalist. "America," it says, "owes him great respect and gratitude for his honest treatment of her civil war. He began on the Southern side, on the same general grounds which influenced Mr. Gladstone at that period, but his eyes were gradually opened to the true nature of the contest, his sympathies enlisted on the side of right principles, and his calm judgment satisfied not only that the North must certainly prevail in the end, but that it was better for England and for the world that it should prevail. The integrity of this uninfluenced conversion won for Mr. Bagehot the warm friendship of many Americans. Since the war the *Economist* has, in America, entirely supplanted the *Times* as the representative of financial opinion in Europe; yet during all those years of heated railway speculation, when a word in its columns would have made the fortune of any enterprise seeking English capital, the integrity of its judgements was never questioned, and it has never even been suspected of improper influences. Nor has its place in American confidence been won by any flattery of our country or its institutions. In all its discussions of our affairs there has been a manifest desire to get at the truth and to speak it fearlessly."

My own acquaintance with his writings dates from the days of the admirable *National Review* to which he and Martineau and Hutton were the three contributors, for whose contributions a little band of us at Cambridge watched with the liveliest interest. Several of his contributions were published in a volume after the death of the review, as also were Martineau's and Hutton's. Latterly the *Fortnightly Review* has been the organ of such more extended expression of his views as was not so well suited for the columns of the *Economist*. His "Physics and Politics" having the good fortune to be printed as one of the *International Scientific Series* has probably had the widest circulation of any of his books, and yet not so wide a circulation as it deserves. It is by far the

most suggestive, if not the most instructive volume of the *International series*. The substance of the book is not very exactly prefigured in its title. It is in reality the application of the Darwinian ideas of natural selection and the survival of the fittest to the development of communities and nations. Under such chapter-headings as "The Preliminary Stage," "The Uses of Conflict," "Nation Making," "The Age of Discussion," and "Verifiable Progress," Mr. Bagehot sets forth his philosophy of history and of prehistoric times, and really manages to throw more light upon the underlying principles than Buckle and Lecky and Draper *et id omne genus*. The more is the pity that he could not have lived to fill out such a noble plan with the appropriate details. The book is too well known to require any detailed account of it at the present time. At the time of its appearance it was my privilege to gratefully salute it in the columns of this paper, and subsequent perusal has only made me more convinced of its abounding excellence.

The work upon "The English Constitution," though not so widely known as "Physics and Politics" is of much greater practical importance. It must not be confounded with such works as Hallam's and May's and Stubbs', or even with the smaller work of Freeman on the same subject. It is an account of the British constitution in its present stage of growth, not an account of its genesis and development. As a comparison of "cabinet government" with presidential government it advances ideas which have already had a good deal of influence on political discussions of the higher sort in this country. In some cases there has been a tendency to accede to them more readily than the occasion demands. We shall be better able to judge of their value so far as America is concerned some four years hence. Then, if in the meantime our new President does what the more sanguine of us hope and expect, we shall be better prepared than we are now to judge what defective working of our system is essential to the system and what the result of mere mal-administration. But Mr. Bagehot's book is almost perfect as an account of the practical working of the British system at the present time, and the relative importance of the various factors, parliamentary, ministerial and royal, that make up the governmental machinery.

Mr. Bagehot, dying, it is not evident upon whom his mantle as a political economist and authority on financial questions will fall. It is not likely to fall upon any one who will wear it with more grace and modesty than he. It may be that his untimely death will bring his work into new prominence. Now that the agile pen can write no more we may turn to what it has already written with a zeal, made sharper by regret, to make the most of its instruction. Such is my feeling of its importance that I can but hope that such will be the testimony of our gratitude and the sign of our appreciation.

J. W. C.

From annually selling 366,000 Swiss watches in the United States, the importation has fallen off to less than one-quarter of that amount, and because the Swiss workmen are not willing to come into factory drill, are fond of strikes and prefer to do their work at home by hand labor, there is no resource left for the failing trade but immigration to America. Partly this is the old, old story of half-skilled against perfected labor—of the cunning hand against the cunning machine—of the independent workman using his odds and ends of time against the factory-hand who seems no more a voluntary agent than the machinery he employs. The Swiss workman in his old-fashioned way produces a little more than a quarter as much work as his American rival; nor is that way nearly so perfect. The same uniform excellence that has given the Remington rifle a world-wide superiority, so that without the need of being numbered every piece fits every other rifle of the same style, rules in the Waltham watch, and can only be secured by just such wonderful machinery as the world saw with delight at the great Centennial.

H.

REPROVED.

BY "RIPPLE."

I SIGHED because I was weary,
 Weary with all of my care,
 Yet my home was full of sunshine
 No shadow had fallen there;
 The children were full of frolic—
 I heard their voices so sweet,
 And a merry face oft followed
 The patter of little feet.

And yet I sighed and was weary,
 The sunlight served only to show
 Defects in all things around me
 Wherever I happened to go,
 While my troop of merry children
 Littered the floor in their play,
 As carelessly as wind scatters
 The apple blossoms in May.

And I thought of endless stitches—
 Stitches that never were done;
 Of the round of household duties,
 From the rise to the set of sun;
 So thus as I sighed and felt weary,
 Nor counted my blessings o'er,
 I looked across to my neighbor's
 And saw a white knot on the door.

And then I knew death had entered
 That circle across the way;
 Had taken a mother's darling
 While mine were merry at play;
 I pictured the darkened chamber,
 The form so silent and fair,
 And my heart was touched with pity,
 As I thought of the mourner there.

How changed to me in a moment
 Seemed this happy home of mine;
 I looked with new love on my treasures,
 And welcomed the bright sunshine;
 I knew that instead of sighing
 Over my petty cares,
 My heart for untold blessings
 Should be moved with grateful prayers.

DEAN STANLEY'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS AT ST. ANDREWS.

ROCKS AHEAD.

ON the occasion of my former address to you the Principal of St. Mary's College asked me to speak a few words to the theological students under his charge. It was not within my powers to comply with his request at that moment, but now that the time draws near to take farewell of an office which I have valued so highly I thought I might properly touch on some subject which, though of general interest, has special reference to theology.

The topic which I propose to take is one of which I slightly hinted at the conclusion of my last address to you, and which was suggested to me afresh by the instructive address delivered in the course of the late Winter to the students of Aberdeen by an eminent statesman, one of the foremost of our time. He spoke with the fulness of his varied experience, and with the strength of true humility and moderation chose as his theme "the rocks ahead" in the political and social world indicated some years ago by a distinguished publicist. But besides the political and the economical rocks, there was a third rock which the prophet of ill had pointed out, the religious or theological rock—namely, the danger arising to religion from the apparently increasing divergence between the intelligence and the faith of our time. It is this topic, touched for a moment by Mr. Forster, handled more fully but still in a rapid survey by an accomplished countryman of yours, Mr. Grant Duff, at Edinburgh, which I propose to dwell upon more at length on the present occasion. You know the story of the Inchape Rock, almost within sight of these shores; how for many years it was the terror of mariners, until an enterprising Abbot of Aberbrothock ventured to fasten a bell upon the sunken reef. Will you permit the

successor of the Abbot of Westminster, after the fashion of the Douglas of your own Scottish history, to attempt to "bell this rock?" The waves of controversy and alarm will still doubtless dash over it, but perchance, if my advice contains any truth, you will catch from time to time henceforth, amid the roar of the billows, faint chimes of a more cheering music; and even if some rash rover should tear off the signal of warning and encouragement, yet the rude shifts of the Abbot may suggest to some wiser and scientific inventor to build on the rock a lighthouse which will more effectually defy the storm and illuminate the darkness of the time to come. I propose, then, to speak to you on the ground of hope for the religion and theology of the future. Latterly there has been an increasing conflict between the fiercer factions of the ecclesiastical and the scientific world, each rejoicing to push the statements of its rival to the extremest consequences, and to place on them the worst possible construction. There have arisen new questions which ancient theology has for the most part not even considered; there is an impetuosity on both sides which to the sober sense of the preceding century was unknown, and which threatens to precipitate conflicts once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted. There are always indications that we are passing through one of those periods of partial eclipse which from time to time retard the healthy progress of mankind. In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind. Of this wasting, withering influence, theology has had its full share. Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things, which the calm judgment of the last century would have scattered like chaff, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world, and this calamity has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which falls most keenly and presses most heavily on the weaknesses of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief. It is no doubt conceivable that these dreadful forms and fiery forces might portend for England the same overthrow of faith as has overtaken other countries. If a separation were indeed impending between the religion of the coming age and the progress of knowledge, between the interests of the Christian Church and the interests of the European States, there would be a cause for alarm more serious than the fancies of religious journals or the assaults of enraged critics. But, no! there is good ground for believing that the difficulties of National Religion and Christian Religion are the results of passing maladies, either in its professed friends, or supposed foes. We may fairly say with the first Napoleon, "We have, perhaps, gone a little too fast, but we have reason on our side, and when one has reason on one's side one should have the courage to run some risks." It is a large inquiry. I can but touch on a few salient points.

THEOLOGY PROGRESSIVE.

First, there is the essentially progressive element in religion itself. Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes," maintains with all the exuberance of logic and rhetoric that Theology differs from all other sciences. In this respect it was in the days of the patriarch Job, such it must be in the 19th century and to the end of time. No doubt, in religion, as in all great subjects of human thought, there is a permanent and unchanging element, but in everything which relates to its form, in much which relates to its substance, the paradox of our great historian is as contrary to fact as it would be crushing to our aspirations if it were true. In the practice of theological controversy it has been too much the custom to make the most of differences and the least of agreements, but in the study of the past it has been too much the custom to see only the agreements and not the differences. Look in the face the fact that the faith of each successive epoch of Christendom has varied enormously from the faith of its predecessors. The variations of the Catholic church, both past and present, have been almost if not quite as deep and wide as the variations of Protestantism, and these variations, while they show that each form of belief is but an approximation to the truth, and not the whole truth itself, contain

the surest indication of vitality. In the whole body of religious belief the conceptions of the relations of man to man, still more of man to God, have incontestably altered with the growth of centuries. Not to speak of the total extinction of ancient polytheism and confining ourselves within the limits of the Christian faith, it is one of the most consolatory fruits of theological study to observe the disappearance of whole continents of useless controversies which once distracted the world. What has become of the belief once absolutely universal in Christendom, that the waters of Baptism were an indispensable condition of salvation; that innocent children, if not immersed in the font, were doomed to endless perdition? Or where are the interminable questions respecting predestination and justification which occupied the middle of the 16th and the close of the 18th century in Protestant churches? Into what limbo has passed the terrible conflict between the Burghers and anti-Burghers, the now United Presbyterians? What do we now hear of the doctrine of the double procession or of the light on Mount Tabor, which in the 9th century and the 15th filled the mind of the Eastern church? These questions were for the time the whole of theology, they occupied the whole horizon; but they are now dead and buried, and for us, standing on their graves, it is idle to say that theology has not changed. It has changed. Religion has survived those changes, and this is the historical pledge it gives that it will survive a thousand more. Even the mere removal of what may be called dead matter out of the path of living progress is of itself a positive sign; but the signs of the capability of future improvement in theology are more direct than this. No doubt theologians have themselves to thank for its rigid immutable character. Strict philosophers like Lord Macaulay ascribe to their beliefs the Jesuit's maxim, "*sint ut sunt aut non sint*," which has been too often accepted in all churches for any church to complain if they have been taken at their word; but already, as far back as the Reformation, there are many indications of a deeper insight, exceptional and quaint, but so expressive as to indicate for Christianity even then the widest range. It was clear to John Knox, the reformer, the preface to whose first Confession contains the following:

"We conjure you that if any man will note in this our Confession any article or sentence repugnant to God's Holy Word it would please him of his gentleness and for Christian charity's sake to admonish us of the same in writing; and we upon our honor and fidelity, do promise him satisfaction from the Holy Scriptures of the due reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss."

And, perhaps, even more striking is the like expression in the well-known address of the first pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers before embarking on the enterprise which was to issue in the foundation of new churches and new commonwealths beyond the Atlantic:

"I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truths yet to come for us, yet to break forth out of His holy word. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; the Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. Though they were burning and shining lights, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of our church's covenant that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God."

"Noble words," says the eloquent historian of the Dutch Republic; "words that bear fruit after centuries shall go by." They are, indeed, the charter of the future glories of Protestant, and, perhaps, of Catholic Christianity. Well did Archbishop Whately, in the course of a proposed change in the constitution of the Church of England, exclaim: "I will not believe that the Reformers locked the door and threw away the key for ever." It is in the light of this progressive historical development that the Confessions and Liturgies, doctrines and usages of former times find their proper place. Any of them taken as the final expressions of absolute truth are misleading; each of them, even the most imperfect, may be taken as the various phases and steps of a church and a faith whose glory it is to be perpetually advancing toward perfection.

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

And when we examine in detail the materials of Christian

theology, they give abundant confirmation of this general truth. Theology has gained, and may gain immensely, by the process which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge—the process of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations. In the ancient Pagan religions of Greece and Rome it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent in forms of which the influence long ago might seem to have died out. A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended or because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case with Christianity, which is not only like Mahomedanism, the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life. Putting aside for the moment all question of authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and the dogmatic systems built upon them, is it not certain that their original force and grace is far more keenly appreciated now than it was when they were overlaid with fanciful allegories and scholastic perversions? The spirit of the time, the *zeitgeist*, as Matthew Arnold says, has turned the light of his lantern full upon them; and in the fierce light that beats upon the structure through this process if some parts have faded away, if the relation of all the parts to each other has been greatly altered, yet there can be no question that by its influence, which has penetrated all modern theology more or less, the meaning and the grandeur and the beauty of the sacred volume have been brought out with a fulness unknown to Hume and Voltaire, because it had been equally unknown to Thomas Aquinas, and Cyril, and Augustine. Whole systems of false doctrine or false practice, whole fabrics of barbarous phraseology, have received their deathblow as the Ithuriel of modern criticism has fixed with his spear here a spurious, there an untenable interpolation, here a wrong translation, there a mistaken punctuation. Again, with regard to our increased knowledge of the dates and authorship of particular books, much, no doubt, remains obscure, but this partial ignorance is as the fulness of knowledge compared with the total blank which prevailed in the church for a thousand years or more. All the instruction, inward and outward, which we have acquired from our discovery of the successive dates, and therewith of the successive phases, of St. Paul's Epistles was lost almost until the beginning of the last century, but has now become the starting-point of fresh inquiry and fresh delight in every historical or theological treatise. The disentanglement of the Psalter, the Pentateuch, and the book of Isaiah from the artificial and fallacious monotony in which, regardless of time and circumstances, a blind tradition had involved them, gives a significance to the several portions of the respective books which no one who has grasped will ever willingly part with. The parables, as has been well of late described, have by their very nature an immortality of application which could never have been perceived had they been always, as they were in many instances at the time of their first delivery, shut up within the gross, carnal matter-of-fact interpretation of those who said, "How can this man give us this flesh to eat?" or, "He rebukes us because we have brought no bread." In short, from the moment that it was perceived, in the noble language of Burke, that the Bible was not a dead code or collection of rigid dogmas, but, as I have said, a living and multifarious literature—from that moment it became as impossible in the nature of things that the educated portion of mankind should cease to take an interest in the Old and New Testament as it would be that they should cease to take an interest in Homer, or Shakespeare, or Dante, or Scott. The Sacred Books which were once regarded as the stars were regarded by ancient astronomers, as spangles set in the sky, floating masses of nebulous light, a galaxy of milky spots, have now been resolved by the telescope of scholarship into their component parts. The same critical process which has opened eyes to the beauty and wisdom of the sacred record has been revealing to us the large infusion of the poetic element, enabled us to distinguish between the temporary and the essential, between the parabolical and the historical. Thus, at the moment when science and ethnology are pointing out difficulties which on a literal and mechanical view of the Bible are insuperable, a door of escape has been opened by the disclosure of a higher aspect of Scripture, which

would be equally true and valuable were there no scientific difficulty in existence.

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY.

Leaving the grounds of hope furnished to us by the original documents of our faith, let us turn to those which are supplied from the study of its doctrines and institutions; and here I would use two bridges, as it were, by which the passage of a brighter prospect may be effected. One is the increasing consciousness of the importance of definition. It was a sagacious remark which I heard not long ago from a Scottish minister on the shores of Argyshire, that the vehemence of theological controversy has been chiefly in proportion to the emptiness of the phrases used. So long as an expression is employed merely as a party watchword, without inquiring what it means, it acts like a magical spell; it excites enthusiasm; it spreads like an infectious malady; it terrifies the weak; it acts as a stimulant to the vacant brain; but the moment that we attempt to trace its origin, to discover in what other words it can be expressed, the enthusiasm cools, the panic subsides, the contagion ceases to be catching, the cloud disperses, and clear sky appears. I will confine myself to two instances of this. One is that of which I have spoken, the doctrine of the double procession, which was sufficient to tear asunder the Eastern and Western churches, to produce the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed, to precipitate the fall of the Empire of Constantinople, and therefore, to sow the original seed of the present formidable Eastern Question. This controversy has in latter days, with very few exceptions, fallen into entire obscurity; but where it has occupied the attention of theologians its sting has been taken out by the attempt, simple as it would seem, but to which resort had never been had before, of inducing the combatants to endeavor to express their conflicting opinions by other phrases than those which had been the basis of the original antagonism. This, and this only, is the permanent interest which attached to the conference at Bonn between certain theologians of the Greek, Latin, and English churches three years ago. Another instance is the Gorham controversy, which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base, and which produced the widest theological panic of any within our time. The whole question hinged on the word "regeneration;" and yet, as Bishop Thirlwall showed in one of those Charges which I would recommend to all theological students whatever, who wish to see the value of severe discrimination and judicial serenity as brought to bear on the successive controversies of our time, it never occurred to either party, or to any of the disputants, that there was an ambiguity in the word itself. It never occurred to either of them to define or explain what either of them intended to express by it. What is there said with withering irony of "regeneration" is true of the larger number of theological phrases by which truth has been veiled and charity stifled. Differences and difficulties remain, but the fight is chiefly concerning words—is what the Apostle denounced as a battle of words. Explain these, define these, and the party strife collapses, the bitterness exhales, the fear is cast out. Another ground of hope is the growing sense of the doctrine of proportion. It is a doctrine which has dawned slowly and painfully on the theological minds of Christendom. "In God's matters," said Samuel Rutherford, "there is not, as in grammar, positive and comparative degrees; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle," said Ebenezer Erskine, in his amazement at the indifference which Whitfield displayed towards the Solemn League and Covenant, "is precious." What Rutherford and Erskine thus tersely and quaintly expressed is but the assumption on which is rested the vast basis of the Rabbinical theology of Judaism, the scholastic theology whether of Catholic or Protestant Churches; but to all the better spirits of Christendom there has penetrated the conviction that these maxims are not only not sound, but are unsound to the very core. There is a true, a more true, and a most true. Every pin of the tabernacle is not equally precious. Richard Hooker and Richard Baxter had already begun to perceive that religion was no exception to the truth expressed by a yet greater genius than either in the magnificent lines of "Troilus and Cressida," which tell us how essential it is in all things to "observe degree, priority, and place." This, if not the ultimate, at any

rate, is the proximate, solution of some of the difficulties which have threatened, or which still threaten, the peace of Churches and the growth of Religion.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

Take that vexed question of Church government. The main source of the gall which once poisoned, and still in some measure poisons, the relations between Episcopal and Presbyterian churches was not the contention that one or the other form was to be found in the Bible or in antiquity, or was more conformable to common sense and order. These are innocent and unexciting propositions. It was that one or other was exclusively right and was essential to the Christian religion. It is for the rectification of this misplaced exclusiveness that we owe so deep a debt of gratitude to such men as Hooker in England and Leighton in Scotland. There is much to be said for Presbyterianism, there is much to be said for Episcopacy, but there is much more to be said for the secondary, temporary, accidental character of both when compared with the general principles to which they each minister; and in the light of these principles we shall view far more justly and calmly the real merits and demerits both of Bishops and of Presbyters than is possible for those who, like your Scottish or my English ancestors, uphold the constitution of either Church as absolutely indispensable. A black gown may in certain cases be far superior to a white one, or a white one to a red one, but far more important than any of these and other positions is the persuasion that at most they are all but means toward an end—very distant means toward a very distant end. In measure as we appreciate this due proportion the scandals will diminish, and the church of the future will leap forward in its course, bounding like a ship that has thrown over its supercharge of cargo or quelled an intestine mutiny.

MIRACLES.

Or take a yet graver question—the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called wonders, or miracles. There is no doubt an increasing difficulty or incredulity of the educated section of mankind, there is the ever growing unbelief of the half-educated. It is a question on which neither science nor religion, I venture to think, has yet spoken the last words. But the point on which I would desire to fix our attention is this—that whatever view we take of these physical portents, their relative proportion as grounds of argument has altogether changed. There is a well-known saying of St. Augustine in one of his happiest moods, which expressed this sense of proportion long ago. "We believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles." Fill your minds with this saying; view it in all its consequences; observe how maxims both of the Bible and of philosophy conform to it, and you will find yourselves in a position which will enable you to treat with equanimity half the perplexities of this subject. However valuable the moral of extraordinary incidents may be in other respects, however impressively they may be used to convey the truths of which they are confessedly the symbols, they have, in the eyes of the very men whom we most desire to convince, been stumbling blocks, and not supports. External evidence has with most theologians receded to the background, internal evidence has come to the front. Let us, then, learn by experience to use with moderation arguments which, at least for the present, have lost their force. Let us acknowledge that there are greater miracles, more convincing miracles, than those which appeal only to our sense of astonishment; let us recognize that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that whether the preternatural is present or absent, the supernatural—the true supernatural—may and will remain unshaken. And what is supernatural? What are those essentials in religion which have been the purifying salt of Christianity hitherto, and will be the salt hereafter—which, raising us above our natural state, point to a destiny above this material world, this commonplace existence? It is surely one great advance which, on the whole, theology has made in these latter centuries, and which it may be expected still more to make in the centuries which are to come, that the essential, the supernatural elements of religion are recognized to be those which are moral and spiritual. These are its chief recommendations to the reason of mankind. Without them it would have long ago

perished; so far as it has lost sight of these it has dwindled and faded. With these it may overcome the world.

REASONABLE THEOLOGY.

Other opportunities will occur in which I shall hope to draw out at length both the means by which these spiritual elements of Christianity may be carried from generation to generation, and also the characteristics which distinguish them from like elements in inferior religion. It is enough to have indicated that in supremacy of these, and in their supremacy alone, lies the hope of the future. And observe that in proportion to our insistence on the moral greatness of Christianity as its chief evidence and chief crown, there accrues an external weight of authority denied to the lower and narrower, but granted to the higher and wider views of religion. When we look over the long annals of ecclesiastical history, we often shall find that it is not within the close ranks of the so-called orthodox, but from the outlying camp of the so-called heretic or infidel that champions of the true faith have come. Not from the logic of Calvin or the rhetoric of Bossuet, but from the great scholars and philosophers of the close of the last century and the beginning of this have been drawn the best portraiture of Christianity and its founders; not to the Synod of Dort, but to the aspirations of the excommunicated Spinoza, was vouchsafed the clearest glimpse into the nature of the Deity. It is, indeed, one hope, not only for the solution, but for the pacific solution, of our theological problems, that in this, more than in any previous age in our country, more than in most countries, the critical and the conservative should overlap, interweave, and shade off into each other, "Ionians and Dorians on both sides." The intelligent High Churchman, the moderate Churchman melts, almost imperceptibly, into the inquiring scholar; the serious Puritan or Nonconformist is, more than one thinks, a latitudinarian, even half a Churchman. Very few philosophers have so entirely parted with the natural feelings of the human heart or the natural aspirations of the human mind as to be indifferent to the sane or insane direction of so mighty an instrument for good or evil as the religious instruction of mankind, and thus the basis of a reasonable theology, even if shaken for the moment by the frenzy of partisans, is intrinsically wider and more solid than it was in former times and in other countries. We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. It is not reconciliation that is needed, but the recognition that they are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the author of the universe gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad in theology is also bad in science; whatever is good in science is also good in theology. In like manner we sometimes hear of the reconciliation of religion and morality. The answer is the same, they are one and indivisible. Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the purity, the generosity, of the student, is his religion. Whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is infidelity of the worst sort. There are, according to the old Greek proverb, many who have borne the thyrsus and yet not been inspired prophets. There are many also who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle or bearing a mystic wand. And all these, whether statesmen, philosophers or poets, have been among the friends, conscious or unconscious, of the religion of the future. They are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free. What is our duty in this interval of waiting, of transition; what is our duty and what is yours?

THE ZEIT-GEIST.

Oh, students of St. Andrews, future pastors of the famous Church of Scotland, rising generation of the great Scottish nation, which in former times was the firmest bulwark of a national, Protestant, venerable Christianity! You, no doubt, in this secluded corner of our island, feel the breath of the spirit of the age. How are you to avoid being carried about with every gust of its fitful doctrine? How are you to gather into your sails the bounding breeze of its invincible strength? There is nothing to make you despair. Our Church may have to pass through many transformations; but a church which has not only stood so many shocks, but con-

tinues to gather into its ranks the most liberal thinkers of the nation, is too great an institution to be sacrificed to the exigencies of party, if only it be true to that fine maxim of Archbishop Leighton of leaving to others to preach up the times and claiming for itself to preach up eternity. The principle of a National Establishment which Chalmers vindicated in the interests of Christianity and philanthropy has in these latter days more and more commended itself in the interests of Christianity and liberty. The enlarging, elevating influence infused into a religious institution by its contact, however slight, with so magnificent and divine an ordinance as the national commonwealth, the value of resting religious institutions not on some special doctrine or institution, but on the highest welfare of the whole community, are not less, but more appreciated in these times than they were in a less civilised age. It is the growing conviction of all reflecting minds that there is no ground in the nature of things or in the Christian religion for the sharp division drawn between the spiritual and secular. In proportion as those larger and nobler hopes of religion of which I have been speaking penetrate into all the communions of this country their retrograde distinctions will fade away, and the policy of improving and reforming institutions, instead of blindly destroying them, will regain the hold which it once had upon the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

There is, perhaps, a danger which threatens the Church of Scotland in common with all the Churches of Christendom—the apprehension which we sometimes hear expressed that the more gifted and cultivated minds of the coming generation shrink from the noble mission, the supposed restraints of the clerical profession. Far more dismal than any secession of old lights or new lights would be the secession of the vigorous intellects and nobler natures which of old time made the Scottish Church, though poor in wealth, rich in the best gifts of God. But it is precisely this tendency which it is in your own power to cure or prevent. The attractions of the Christian Ministry, the opportunities which it offers to untried usefulness, are not less, but greater in proportion as the questions religion involves become larger and deeper than when they ran within the four corners of the Confession of Faith. Nor is there any reason in the constitution of your Church or in the prospects of your country why that Confession should be an obstacle to the expanding forms of religious life. I am not here to criticise or disparage that venerable document, which, born under my own roof at Westminster, alone of all such Confessions, for a short time represented the whole national faith of Great Britain. If it has some defects or exaggerations from which our own Thirty-nine Articles are free, yet, on the other hand, it has soared to higher heights and struck down to deeper depths. To compare the failings and the weaknesses of each, and to illustrate from them the condition of our respective churches would be, if this were the time or place, a most interesting and instructive task. Even the Confession of the Westminster Assembly is not the essential, is not even the best characteristic of the Church of Scotland, any more than the Thirty-nine Articles are the essential or the best characteristic of the Church of England. Nor are the present forms of adhesion to it more sacred than the ancient forms of adhesion to the English standards, which a few years ago, by the kindly intervention of the Imperial Legislature, were so largely modified, and might at any moment, without any loss to the Church or the State, be altogether removed. But neither in the retention nor in the abolition of these local impediments is the main interest of the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the times that are coming. Confession or not Confession, subscription or not subscription, Established Church or Free or United Presbyterian, in the moral evils which you have to combat, the barbarism, the intemperance of large numbers of your citizens; and, on the other hand, in the high and pure traditions of former times which you have to maintain, the appropriation of whatever examples of pastoral activity or keen intellectual ardor may be seen in other communions in those works of greatness to which I formerly referred, there is enough, and more than enough, to occupy and exalt yourselves and others, and to show that the Church of Scotland is still able and is still proud to hold its head among Churches of Christendom. It

is for you to view with a just pride its acknowledged glories. Place before yourselves the noble thought which have been enkindled not by German, not by Anglican, but by your own pastors and teachers. Remember how one has taught you, in language never surpassed, the connection of religion with common life, and the claims of the one universal religion to acceptance by the very reason of its universality; how another has taught you that, however great is the Church Militant or the Church Dogmatic, there is yet a greater Church, the Church Beneficent; how another has shown to you how high is the value of theology viewed in its lay historical aspect, and yet how much higher is the grandeur of religion; how one has endeavored to represent to you the relation of religion to culture, another of religion to philosophy, and another of religion to ritual; how many an eloquent voice is yet heard in ancient abbey or populous city or native village; how inspiring is the example of the venerable teacher whom the Church of Scotland sent out to India some forty years ago, and who still, if not of us, yet among us, bears the greatest name of living Indian missionaries; how invigorating and stimulating is the memory of that foremost Scottish minister of our age, who, though gone, yet still seems to live among us in his own flesh and blood, and whose commanding voice still exhorts us, as with his dying words, to be broad with the breadth of charity of the Almighty God. I might enlarge the roll. I might go back to those of earlier days, might speak of your most famous of living countrymen, who, though winding up the threads of his long and honorable life at Chelsea, has never disdained the traditions of the Scottish Church and nation, still warms at the recollection of his native Annandale, still is fired with poetic ardor when he speaks of the glories of St. Andrew's. There are words which often come into my mind when I look at an assemblage like this—words spoken by a gifted poet, endeared to some among us, and who loved your country well—a cry desponding, perhaps, yet also cheering; wrung from him by the dislocations and confusions of his time when he looked out on the contending forces of the age—

"Sound, thou trumpet of God;
Come forth great cause to array us;
King and leader appear,
Thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee."

We may already hear the distant notes of the trumpet; we may catch, however faintly, the coming of that cause, the King and leaders surely will appear at last if their soldiers will but follow them on to victory. It was once said in mournful complaint of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, "For the sake of gaining to-day he has thrown away to-morrow for ever." Be our policy the reverse of this; let us fasten our thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow. The day—the year—may, perchance, belong to the destructives, the cynics, and the partisans; but to-morrow is the coming century, the catholic comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise not of this present—

"O fortes pejoraeque passi
Mecum saepe viri;
Oras ingens iterabimus aequor."

Come, my friends, souls that have taught and wrought and thought with me, 'tis not too late to seek a newer world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE organ of the most determined moral laxatives boastfully points to the ovation received by Beecher in his Western tour as an endorsement of its free-love social principles. But it does not take account of the vast amount of emotional religion, based on no intellectual action whatever, that has flooded the country during the Winter. Beecher endorsed Moody, Moodyism endorses Beecher. Let it be considered that the awakening or revival has produced not one single new conception of God or man or duty; not a fresh thesis in theology or religious polity; that unlike Calvinism, Lutheranism, Wesleyanism or Foxism, it has no definite and definable thought; that it in fact ignores the intellect entirely and demands a more absolute credulity than any religious movement on record; that it is wholly an appeal to the emotional nature; and we can be prepared for the consequences. The burden of this

crusade is love, and if the tendency be evil it will certainly be natural. It may be that the most important principle in religion is not love, but honor. It is certain that love as we now use the term does not at all cover the thought of Jesus. When he summed up the commandments it was in a word that always involved commendation and honor. Religious life that is based upon affection only is liable to all the moods of the seasons, and is quite as subject to torrid dangers as to frigid. It plays between the extremes of chilled indifference and fervid ecstasy. It is a good soil for loose social principles.

The *Advance* is melancholy over the tone of your Boston and Chicago correspondents. But how should that be. Your humble Chicago scribe takes weekly a careful survey of one of Talmage's sermons, as a sort of moral cathartic, which is sure to leave him without malice toward any one. Besides I am in receipt of a letter from one of the frequent correspondents of that excellent journal, asking for advice and sympathy. He dares not open his mind to one of the brethren of his association lest they may consider him an infidel. Well! of the five Unitarian ministers located in Chicago four have had reason to understand what that means. But to-day Collyer's book is published at his old home by one of the good old orthodox brothers whose hands used to rise in holy horror at the mention of Robert the pervert. We should be glad to please the *Advance* if we were not in hopes some day to see its editors converted and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Hunting and the School Board at Davenport, of which he is a remarkably efficient member, have excluded the Sankey love-songs from the schools. This has stirred up an amount of music that may avoid the necessity of singing at all in the schools. They declare the songs to be perniciously sectarian, and they are right about it. Singing convinces without logic. It precedes preaching and teaching. But it is in reality theology set to music. The basest conceptions of theology are not in Moody's sermons, but in the songs sung by his partner. It would be as reasonable to allow the sermons to be read in public schools as the songs to be sung. Pathos does not disbar bathos and cant and superstition. If any one likes such songs sung by his children, let him provide them an opportunity at home. The average public sentiment does not endorse them.

A pretty specimen sheet of the proposed Service-Book for Sunday Schools has come in. But is it really certain that

"There is a land where the roses are without thorns,
Where no brambles grow among the flowers.
In that land there is eternal Spring
And light without any cloud."

What would Turner or Claude Lorraine say to a sky that never had a cloud. It might be hypercritical to ask how Spring could be produced or sustained without an occasional shower. However we will suppose that supernaturalism can accomplish it, and so give up cheerfully our delight in cloud land and cloud scenery. But when it comes to "flowers that never fade" it is too suggestive of millinery altogether. If it is *truth*, of course let us teach it. If any one can swear to such roses, such skies and such a Spring let us be content if possible to go there and leave our own dear mother earth where we have learned the value of thorns and cloudy days. There is a slight consolation in the line—

"And nothing that is wicked shall enter there."

Art in Chicago is represented just now by a superb collection of rich and rare engravings offered for sale by Keppel. The collection includes the best work of the best masters in engraving and etching. It affords an invaluable opportunity for culture as well as additions to our portfolios. The courtesy of Mr. Keppel makes the study of his engravings especially valuable. My eye runs away from the letter to *THE INQUIRER* to a grand selection that he has sent for more careful examination.

Ministers' meeting was lively last Monday with a full group, and a practical chat. The discussion turned on the work of the previous day, and a helping-hand for Sunderland's new movement.

Snyder's paper comes in for April every way improved.

There is no other news, except that "The New Reformation" is announced by the *Appeal* to be the movement of Bishop Cummins. The work of Luther is to be promptly finished. Two things lag unaccountably—the Cologne Cathedral and the Reformation of the 16th century. We are glad that the latter is to be completed at once.

POWELL.

RECENT ARGUMENTS FOR THE TRINITY.

ON Monday noon, March 26, Mr. Cook made a lengthy defence of his definition of the Trinity, and replied to some of James Freeman Clarke's criticisms. This lecturer who is now drawing so much attention in New England is doing good even where he fails to convince, by arousing theological ideas from their slumber in the Unitarian mind; by showing how weak Calvinism has become; by drawing attention to "the nature of things" as the source of rational religion; and not least, by exhibiting in his strong bent towards metaphysical refinements, the fragile character of a theology constructed in the air.

I wish to glance cursorily at some of the arguments employed in this last lecture. The time is hastening when Mr. Cook will be met by able opponents and answered. In the meantime a private in the ranks, like myself, may possibly pick off some of his errors.

I. The lecture opens with a reference to Charles Kingsley, and words of his are quoted to show that he believed in the Trinity and found practical benefits in the belief. To this the careful reader of Kingsley's Life may reply: there is no proof that Charles Kingsley believed in the Trinity as Mr. Cook does. Further, this argument drawn from Kingsley's experience only goes to prove how useful in the spiritual life such a three-fold division of Deity *may* be; but the absolute validity of the doctrine as a fact is not proven by it; nor is it shown that no other view of Deity insures similar benefits.

II. The next affirmation was: "The doctrine of the Trinity has *always* been held by orthodoxy for its practical value." The common history of the church disproves this broad assertion. Viewed philosophically as a doctrine embodying the redemptive scheme of God, no doubt the statement is true; viewed historically as a matter of ecclesiastical record, it is erroneous. The "always," which we have italicised, breaks down.

III. "It was the doctrine of the Trinity which excluded from power in human cultured beliefs the thought of God as fate, and brought in the organizing and redemptive idea of God's Fatherhood, and especially of the possibility of the communion of men with God as personal." Here Unitarians join issue, not on logic or metaphysics, but on facts. St. Paul did more to diffuse Christianity than any other early leader; did he believe in a Trinity as understood by Mr. Cook? No! The Fatherhood of God became better known through Christ, but that is not at all proving that he, as part of a co-equal Trinity, was necessary to the world-wide circulation and acceptance of that precious belief. Did Stephen commune with God in his dying or living hours because he had learned to know a Trinity?

IV. Mr. Cook has met a friend, a scholar, who told him that he had documentary evidence in his possession to prove that the lecturer's doctrine of the Trinity is the view held in the first four centuries. There is no reply possible to this except to say, Produce the evidence! The best proofs so far are against you. Set up at once this new discovery in ecclesiastical history.

V. "What is the definition which this lectureship has presented?"

"a. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one God.

"b. Each has a peculiarity incommunicable to the others.

"c. Neither is God without the others.

"d. Each with the others is God."

Following this definition is a fine specimen of scholastic logic—I mean such as delighted the schools of the middle ages. Once grant the ground to build on and Mr. Cook will erect a dazzling structure of logic. If it is asserted (as Hegel claims) that a Trinity inheres in the very nature of things, and that Christianity only embodies a primordial law of nature, then we know where we are, what we are talking about, where we start from. Mr. Cook is not a Hegelian; does not interpret phenomena and religious history by that system of thought. What then is the rock on which he bases his arguments; the rock of a substantiated or well-assumed postulate of the *fact* of a Trinity? I do not know. I have not been able to find out. An accurate definition of my Trinity should be so and so, says the lecturer. Very likely. I think the distinctions and defined "peculiarities" as set forth are remarkably subtle and able. No small brain could have formulated them. But the plain, honest thinker knocks down the whole card-house by asking the question: Is there any such Trinity? Strike at the base and all the rest ceases to bewilder. Mr. Cook claims to speak in the name of scientific accuracy. Science first accumulates facts. Let us have the convincing proofs that a Trinity such as this exists. Its mystery is no bar to accepting it; we will not haggle over scattered

texts. Let the Unitarian have sound philosophic argument that such a Trinity exists in the "nature of things" (Mr. Cooke's private arsenal of crucial tests), and he will accept the doctrine. But until it is evidenced in some such way, of what value is the schoolman's intricate reasoning as to the "substances" and "peculiarities" of a metaphysical Trinity?

VI. Mr. Clarke said in his criticism: If you worship Christ because he manifests God, then you ought to worship nature, for God is revealed there. To which Mr. Cook replies: If you mean the Infinite Intelligence and Will seen *in* nature, I do adore it. He trips himself. By this, then, Mr. Cook worships *not* Christ, but the Infinite Intelligence and Will revealed in him. Is that orthodoxy?

VII. The stronghold of orthodoxy in this controversy about the Trinity has never been shifted from the Bible to any philosophic wrestling-ground. Insufficient as were the proof-texts to support the doctrine; meagre as might be the general testimony of the Scriptures for it, orthodox orthodoxy clung to the revelation of Holy Writ. Mr. Cook shows a desire to pivot his arguments on another base. He quotes Kingsley approvingly where he says: "If the doctrine of the Trinity be not in the Bible it ought to be." This is the philosopher's voice, not the orthodox; if Mr. Cooke and his followers intend to make a philosophical subject out of it, it behoves them to pursue a clear and scholarly path. We want to know where they are; how they are equipped, with texts or with philosophy; if the latter, what system and school. Let things be done decently and in order.

VIII. All this argument for a Trinity must meet the searching questions not only, Is it so? but does a Trinity as expounded by Mr. Cook fill the niche as no other doctrine can?

Let us try the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ, but not his Deity in the sense of co-equality with the father. He is not like any other being; he is essential to God's plans. He brings to light, in the order of divine events, the love of God, the law of righteousness, immortality, the hideousness of sin. The Holy Spirit is the effluent phase of the immanent God. Is there any presumptive objection at the threshold against such a doctrine held by numbers of worthy Christians in all ages? No; there is nothing derogatory in such a view to God, there is nothing unscriptural in it, there is nothing unphilosophic in it, there is nothing self-contradictory in it; there is all in it necessary to effect the ends of Christianity, viewed as a gospel of salvation. For this doctrine as for Mr. Cook's the one important question is: Is it the truth, speculative or revealed? It certainly meets the case as completely as his. I am not bringing it forward as my belief, but to show that there is nothing in the "nature of things" which precludes this hypothesis or many others.

IX. The lecturer is severe upon those who assert that the New Testament teaches not the "nature of things," but the "sovereignty of divine love." "What is the nature of things," he asks "but the total outcome of the divine perfections?" Will God go against Himself?

Mr. Cook does not hit the mark. We may believe in the "total outcome of the Divine perfections" as far as we know them; we may fully accept the sovereignty of law; at the same time we may confidently expect to see the supplement of present law in future enlargements; and our anticipations of the character and drift of those future completions will take their tone from the character and drift of the present world-movements and world-revelations. The drift in Christian revelation is love; benignity towards all. One of the promises we have, written in nature and the Book, is, the supremacy and guidance of love as a force in God's kingdom; not "making short work of the nature of things," but rounding out, carrying forward, and ripening the reformatory and restoring powers known to exist in the infinite discipline.

X. Our friend, (for our antagonist is our helper, says Burke, and therefore is our friend) does not clear up the logical and self-contradictory confusion resting on the tri-theistic phase of his definition. He asks: "Are there not in God such subsistences that when it is said that the Father sends the Son, and that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the father and the Son, *some portion of the action involved in these events may not be common to all the three subsistences?* I think so." (The italics are Mr. Cook's.)

Is this metaphysical clearness? Is this scientific accuracy? I think not. The same old fog is here. "Some portion of the action" implies will. Now we never heard of a partnership will, where a fraction was possessed by each element of the combination. It is treasonable to morals, to the best we know of moral responsibility; it is demoralizing to monotheistic conceptions to let a Trinity in on the idea of a tripartite will, complete in no one case,

but held responsible in each case. Kant would have rejected such an idea; and I am not aware that Hegel, in his passion for Trinities, indulges in such nebulous fancies. A will to be a will must be free; at least as free as man's. By this definition not one—God, Holy Spirit or Christ—is free. I invite the analysis of my reader to these words: "If you will be careful in your phraseology, and not say that there are literally three wills, three sets of affections, three intellects; if you will simply say some portion of the action involved in the sending of the Son, or in the shedding forth of the Holy Spirit may not be common to all the three subsistences, you will be asserting only what is affirmed in the second proposition of this definition, namely, that each subsistence has a peculiarity incommunicable to the others."

Here is the old, futile attempt renewed to make the Sent equal with the Sender; that which proceeds equal with the source. Mr. Cook is really a schoolman, as I have said; a lover of syllogisms, but not philosophic and scientific; a great reader and dogmatic, but not reliable. Compare his Trinity, in which he seeks to stay the ebbing life of modified Calvinism, with this of Hegel's. The Divine Nature (or Idea) unfolds itself in three forms: 1. Being eternally, in and with itself; the Kingdom of the Father. 2. The form of manifestation in physical nature and in the finite Spirit; the Kingdom of the Son. 3. The Deity in the sphere of the religious community; the Kingdom of the Spirit. In such a definition there are no quibbles, no self-contradictions. It is philosophic: we recognize lucidity and mental integrity in the premises, though our acceptance may not be given any more to Hegel's Trinity than to Mr. Cook's.

XI. "It is not a definition that I wish to give, but a life," says the lecturer. Which expression when probed means, I imagine, this: I wish to make evident that Christ must be worshipped as God or else our way is dark. It is the same ground Beecher has long taken. He says: I cannot know God as He is, but Christ has been revealed that I may have something personal to worship. He is God in that sense; our best idea of Deity. An object for finite grasp to seize. The Unitarian finds no such necessity in his nature; he desires to worship the one living God, and finds it possible. His Scriptures do not direct him to address prayers to Jesus; his idea of the "nature of things" conflicts with any such assignment of rank to him. As a Way, as a Life, as a Guide, he leads to the Father. The Son is but the servant of the Most High whose will he came to do.

E. A. H.

LITERATURE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF HIS LIFE.

Edited by his wife. Abridged from the London edition.

New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

We have delayed reviewing this book until now, hoping to be able to give it an extended notice commensurate with its interest. But the crowded condition of our columns admonishes us to be brief, or to postpone unduly such mention as we may make.

Probably few of those who have been actively interested in the fresh life of the last thirty years have failed to be impressed by the warm, rich humanity of Charles Kingsley, which produced in so many who never met him a feeling of real personal love. None of those of whom we speak will fail to be more strongly attached through acquaintance with this volume. They will be interested and surprised by the curious contrast between his artificial theology and his natural sympathies, between his interest in man as man and his outspoken loyalty to established authorities and institutions, and perhaps be troubled at the inconsistencies into which these were constantly plunging him. But the thorough manliness of the man, his unselfish devotion to and incessant labor in the causes which one by one called upon him, coupled with his thorough belief in and enjoyment of the fullest physical and mental life, must inevitably bear sway over the hearts of readers. Notwithstanding his orthodoxy he was in intimate association with the men who have constituted the so-called Broad-church party, who, whatever their short-

comings or inconsistencies, have done far more to liberalize the people of England than contemporary professed Radicals. He considered himself a pupil of Maurice, and was a co-worker with Thomas Hughes, to whom he seemed scarcely able to write a line without "getting on a high horse." We shall always remember it as our great good fortune to have heard him tell of Westminster Abbey and the Northmen in his quaint, awkward, outlandish fashion, and to have heard the tender words in which he alluded to the news of Sumner's death, which had just startled us all. We have read the volume with the greatest interest, and wish it were possible to quote a few of the many passages which we have marked. As it is not, we can only invite our readers to a greater enjoyment in the perusal of the work itself.

LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST—THOMAS EDWARD, ASSOCIATE OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY. By Samuel Smiles. Portrait and illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

Most of our readers have probably by this time attained some acquaintance with the subject of the biography before us and with his curious experiences in the prosecution of investigations into which he was driven by a passion for various branches of natural history, *Harper's Magazine*, *Nature* and many other periodicals having aided in attracting attention to it. We cannot avoid a slight skepticism as to the strict accuracy of some of the details which Mr. Smiles records, especially in reference to the earliest years of young Edward, but no doubt he has adhered as closely to facts as a considerable dependence upon tradition would allow him to do, and he has unquestionably succeeded in making an entertaining narrative.

Thomas Edward's home upon the wild Scottish shore in some part made up by the facilities which it offered, for the drawbacks of his position in life in other respects, but one cannot help thinking how little use is made by most, of the opportunity which afforded him so much employment and so much pleasure. We are glad to see that the attention drawn to him by Mr. Smiles' work has already called forth two or three offers, either of which will enable him to pursue his congenial occupations with greater comfort and ease than during his earlier and stronger years.

Mr. Reid's portrait and illustrations are rather hard in their lines, but are forcible and effective.

THROUGH PERSIA BY CARAVAN. By Arthur Arnold, author of "From the Levant," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

The journey which Mr. Arnold here records was made two years ago by himself and Mrs. Arnold. At the beginning and end of his narrative there are fringes of Russia and India respectively, which serve as a setting for the main story, which concerns a ride of more than a thousand miles through the whole length of Persia from North to South. The journey was not an easy one, and many circumstances which are related will serve as disenchantments to the reader.

A good portion of the travel was made during the Winter season, but even so we are hardly prepared for the snow and ice and deep icy mud which freely figure on these pages. Of the essential barbarity of the Persians we have many instances. A sub-governor, taking shots one evening from the roof of his house, cannot resist the temptation to fire at a shepherd. Within two days the shepherd dies from his wounds, but no punishment is inflicted on his slayer. Other stories are of a similar character. But the Persians are not the only barbarians. "It was not until I travelled in Asia that I became fully aware of what is done with rotten steamships; they are, in fact, the pilgrims' coffins. From Japan to the Red Sea, the superannuated and dangerous steam vessels, useless in a supervised trade, in which it is not permitted to drown passengers and crew by glaring neglect in regard to the seaworthiness of the

ship, are engaged in what is known as the native carrying and coasting trade." These vessels go to pieces at the shortest notice, with the loss of any number of lives up to all on board. The exterior of buildings is usually about as unattractive as is conceivable. "No *giaour* can see even the eyes of a Persian woman of the middle and superior classes. She moves through the streets and bazaars on her white donkey or on foot, in complete disguise. Even her husband would not recognize her." "She raises, at some mud-walled house, an iron knocker upon a door like that of a fortification; is admitted; the door is closed; and what goes on within the house, what is the fate of the women, the children, and the slaves no one outside can know." "That which is truly interesting in Persia is the extended scenery, and the out-door life, for no European can see much of the indoor existence of the people. Persia is *par excellence* the land of magnificent distances. In Summer the mountains, always in sight, and in many places strongly colored with the metallic oros which they contain, glow with wondrous beauty in the rose-light of the morning sun, and harden into masses of deep purple and black, where the clear and pleasant starlight is substituted for the glare of the blazing sun of Persia. In another season, when looking from the snow-covered mountains, we have seen the plains resembling an arctic sea, the apparently perfect level covered with a dazzling expanse of untrodden snow; and again, when the white hills loomed through the blinding storm like icebergs of polar regions."

Mr. Arnold's deductions have sometimes been questioned as not especially philosophical, but we believe his veracity has not been assailed, and he here presents a vivid picture of some phases of Eastern life.

HARPER'S HALF HOUR SERIES. The latest issues of this series give Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare," the Tragedies and Comedies in separate volumes, containing respectively 208 and 279 pages—certainly either of them a good half-hour's entertainment for a moderate reader. The work in other editions is too well known to require any comment; we need only repeat our commendation of the neatness and cheapness of this series.

SALVATION HERE AND HEREAFTER. Sermons and Essays by Rev. John Service, Minister of Inch. Second edition. Macmillan. 12mo, 267 pp., price, \$1.50.

This volume is one sign of many that the Established Church of Scotland is undergoing wonderful and rapid transformation. We can give an idea of the spirit and temper of this highly interesting volume in no better way than by quoting one of the most characteristic passages. It is taken from a sermon on "Authority of Truth and Authority of the Scribes." "Away with attempts to serve God by long prayers or many prayers, by fasts and penances, by sacrifices, by orthodox belief, by works of the law which have no root in the soil of truth and goodness. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you. Be like God the Father in His fatherly love. Be pure, be true, be just, be generous, be magnanimous, be unselfish and unworldly. This is the sum and substance of what Christ says. In a word it is morality, of course the highest and purest, and connected with faith in God as the Father and Saviour of all, but still it is morality. Blessed are the good, cursed are the evil. This is what all Christ's sayings here, His blessings and His reproofs and His exhortations amount to. Not a word about justification by faith, or the doctrine of the Atonement, or church membership, or conversion in a moment, or a death-bed repentance, or any one of all those things of which, as concerning salvation, we hear so much. Not a word about any of these things. It is all—Blessed are the good, the pure, the true, the meek, the kind; cursed are the unjust, the impure, the worldly, the selfish." This is a fair sample of Mr. Service's style of thought and feeling. The subjects of the different sermons and essays are all interesting and the book is one of many cheering signs of a more rational faith about to spread itself over the parched and arid surface of Protestant Christianity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Macmillan & Co.

LAST ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND RELIGION. By Matthew Arnold. pps. 228. Cloth, \$1.50.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIN'S. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks; pps. 269. Cloth, \$1.50.

HOW TO CAMP OUT. By John M. Gould. Pps. 129. Cloth, \$1.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. 1. Pps. 704. Cloth, \$2.50.

NOMISMA; OR, "LEGAL TENDER." By Henri Cernuschi. Pps. 167. Cloth.

LITERATURE PRIMERS.

PHILOLOGY. By John Pells, M. A. Pps. 154.

CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By H. T. Tozer, M. A. Pps. 127.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN EXPLORERS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo., cloth, illustrated. \$1.50.

From Mucklow & Simon, New York.

HE WILL COME; OR, MEDITATIONS UPON THE RETURN OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST TO REIGN OVER THE EARTH. By Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D. D. Pps. 208. Cloth, \$1.25.

From S. R. Wells & Co., New York.

A HAND BOOK OF FRUIT CULTURE. By Thomas Gregg. 12mo., cloth, illustrated, pps. 183, \$1.

HOW TO TEACH ACCORDING TO TEMPERAMENT AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT; OR PHRENOLOGY IN THE SCHOOL ROOM AND THE FAMILY. By Nelson Sizer. 12mo., cloth, pps. 331., \$1.50.

From D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth St., New York.

AN ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By Viscount Amberley. From the late London Edition. Complete.

From Little & Gay, Boston.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. Fifth Series. Vol. 17.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

Do you ask what the birds say?

The sparrow, the dove,

The linnet and thrush say: "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;

What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms,

And sunny warm weather,

And singing and loving

All come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,

"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—SELECTED.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost—that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—THOREAU.

"PRINCIPLES will penetrate where the bayonets of armed men cannot; they ride upon the elements, and defy the whirlwind and the storm."

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—EVERETT.

HALF the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.—GEORGE ELIOT.

"I LIKE cultivated people, but I detest intelligent ones. I can only endure intelligence in the second generation, when it has been softened down into the habit of knowing."—KISMET.

THE whole force and pertinency of the example of Jesus consists in supposing that he was a sharer with us in the same dangers and sorrows, that he was tried as we are tried, that he suffered as we suffer, that he triumphed as we might triumph. Unless we begin by assuming this, his virtues, much as we may admire them, are no more an example to us than his miracles.—REV. DR. JAMES WALKER.

PURITY.

"ALL the pool is black and grimy,

Green and slimy,

Foul with mud;

Nothing pure can ever blossom

On the bosom

Of this flood."

While I spoke, my error found me;

All around me

On the flood

Were white water-lilies, blooming

And perfuming,

In the mud.

—Salem Register.

CONTENTMENT.

WHAT use of a great house? None; be it full or bare;

Who keeps a great house, needs a host of servants there.

A host of servants naught but heavy pay can hold;

And heavy pay requires a private shaft of gold.

A shaft of gold requires much care and toil to save;
A small house only I on earth will therefore crave.
The largest house is close, the smallest amply wide,
If there a constant crowd, and here content abide.

—RUCKERT—(Translated by C. T. BROOKS.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THREE IN A BED.

GAY little velvet coats,
One, two, three;
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsy and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cozily,
Three in a bed.

Woe to the stupid mouse,
Prowling about!
Old mother Pussy
Is on the look-out,
Little eats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor
Three in a bed.

Mother's a gypsy puss,—
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
Highminded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed.

—Christian at Work.

MUCH TOO LOUD.

It was house-cleaning time, and the wooden clock, whose place was in the dining-room, found itself on the library table, face to face with the black marble clock that belonged in the parlor.

"Why, where in the world did you come from?" asked the wooden clock, in a harsh, loud voice. "I never heard you tick, or strike. Have you been in the house long?"

"Fifteen years," replied the marble one, in low tones.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the wooden clock, holding up its hands in wonder. "That's a long time. I've only been here three. And did you never talk louder than you do now?"

"Never," said the marble clock.

"And don't you ever strike?"

"Often more than you do; for I tell the half-hours, as well as the hours. Listen, I'm going to strike twelve in a moment." And at the end of the moment rang out a sweet tinkling sound, like the chiming of wee silver bells.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the wooden clock, rudely. "Do you call that striking? Just hear me!" and it struck the mid-day hour with such a brazen clang that the bronze lions on each side of the marble clock started and put their paws over their ears.

"There, what do you think of that?" it said, as the last stroke died away. "And my ticking can be heard all over the house. How much more valuable I must be than you are."

"There's where you make a great mistake," said the marble clock, quietly. "You are much too loud. I am worth at least, twenty of you."

"Twenty of me!" said the wooden one, so indignantly that its tongue—in other words, its pendulum—nearly fell off.

"Yes," said the marble clock, "exactly twenty. The more refinement one has"—

"Refinement!" interrupted the loud talker. "What's that?"

"I mean," answered the marble clock, "the nicer one is the less noise one makes."

"O, indeed!" said the wooden clock, scornfully. "Well, for my part, I like to hear myself speak, and like others to hear me, too. I don't believe in clocks being seen and not heard."

"By-the-by, weren't you shut up in a closet last evening?" asked the low-voiced one, slyly, "because somebody had a new book and wanted to read in peace? Then you couldn't have been either seen or heard."

"I wish they'd take me back to the dining-room," said the wooden clock. "I always did hate house cleaning—putting out of its place, and forcing a clock into the company of stuck-up strangers."—*Margaret Etyinge in the Independent.*

FATHER AT PLAY.

SUCH fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!

We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London Town,
When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she'd be p'lice man now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how!

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was CHARLIE and which was me,

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix
You'd think three people had turned to six.

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

—*Youth's Companion.*

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THIS historical incident is solemnly commended to the attention of all subscribers in arrears, in the hope that they may be warned in season of the fate awaiting them: "An editor once applied at the door of Hades for admission. 'Well, sir,' replied his sable majesty, 'we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers, and, as we have more of that class of persons here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of editors.'"—*The Index.*

"THERE wass another story," continued Peter, with a twinkle in his eye, but the same grumbling tone in his voice, "ferry wicked; but man's the time I will hef a laugh at that story. That wass about two men in a boat, and the night it wass so black that they could not find their way into the harbor at all, and the wind it wass blowing ferry hard. And the one he says to the other, 'Duncan,

you must gif a prayer now or we will nefer get into the harbor at all.' And Duncan says, 'I canna do it; you maun do it yourself, Donald.' And Donald he will say, 'Tam you, Duncan, if you do not gif a prayer we will be drooned as sure as death, for I can see nothing but blackness.' And so it was that Duncan will stay in the stern of the boat, and he will kneel down, and he will say, 'O Lord, it iss fifteen years since I hef asked you for anything; but it will be another fifteen years before I will ask you for anything more, if you will tek the boat into the harbor.' And then, sure enough, at this moment there wass a great sound of the boat going on the beach, and Donald, that was up at the bow, he will cry out, 'Stop, Duncan, do not pray any more; do not be beholden to anybody, bekass the boat's ashore already.'—*William Black's "Madcap Violet."*

THE lesson hardest to learn in all reforms is to exercise a reasonable patience. We are so impatient to have the right succeed that some loose thinkers have been betrayed into teaching that nothing is necessary to reform beyond faith and courage. But such teachers, if they chance to become leaders, soon learn that wisdom is the most valuable element in public affairs. It often requires supreme courage and the highest integrity to proceed as calmly as the situation demands. The crowd whose clamor is excited by partisan and selfish consideration almost always mistake deliberation for weakness or stubbornness, and this complicates the adjustments necessary to secure justice to all.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

THE Brooklyn Times reports the proceedings of the Congregational Council that examined the Rev. C. E. Helmer, D.D., on Wednesday of last week, before installing him as pastor of the Tompkins Avenue (Brooklyn) Church. From this report it would seem that the doctor does not cling to the good old fashioned orthodox doctrine that probation ends at death; for, in answer to the question if he "considered that there was any chance for a sinner in the next world?" he said, "I believe that God will save a soul whenever he finds a time or place in the eternal ages." Heresy, Doctor, rank heresy! We don't see what they were thinking about when they consented to install you. Such an expression of belief, when coming from a Universalist, is generally held to be the doctrine of the evil one himself.—*Christian Leader.*

THE NEW YORK AND HUDSON RIVER CONFERENCE.

OUR paper went to press last week too early for any but a very brief report of the recent meeting of this Conference at the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn. The most important feature of the meeting was the adoption of a plan, reported by a committee of which Dr. Bellows was Chairman, for the better organization of the Conference. This plan is as follows: To appoint a committee of, say one from each church; said committee to select five men and four women from each of our churches, to be approved by the churches before acting, to constitute a financial committee in each church, of three years duration, whose duty it should be to collect a contribution each year, based upon the minister's salary, say 10 per cent. of the amount thereof, towards the support of the missionary operations of this Conference; that said committee should meanwhile be for three years the official delegates to this Conference; that the amount of money so raised should be used by the Board of Directors under the advice of the Conference, but subject to the final approval of the Board, in conducting missionary operations, either in the feeble Societies already begun, or at new points.

In reporting this plan, Dr. Bellows said: "I would have no church in the Conference excused from the rule. This would keep in each Society an active and responsible body of laymen at work in our interests, and secure a body of persons in attendance at our public meetings directly concerned in the use made of our money and the best method of economizing it. I think Harlem, Newark, Montclair, Yonkers and Newburgh would all be re-animated by this movement.

"It seems to me that a committee of five ought to be created to inquire *seriatim* into the condition of our churches, for the purpose of discovering their wants, wishes and prospects. To prevent anything like offensive interference or a meddling temper, no church should be visited except on its own invitation, after notice given to all that such a committee existed, and for the very purpose of conference with church committees who wished their condition

or difficulties to be known to the Conference, that they might receive its counsel and sympathy. I think I can anticipate the decision with which some of our churches would meet this suggestion and the immediate alarm it might arouse as to the infringement of their strict independence in the management of their own affairs. It is, however, much like the jealous independence of banks and insurance companies that finally go to ruin, by an *uninspected* or at any rate *uninspected* rot, the consequence of trusting wholly their own wisdom and boasting their resistance to all responsibility to the public outside the directors' parlor. I think we could point out dozens of churches in our Unitarian body that have been absolutely sacrificed to the folly of keeping their affairs strictly to themselves and letting nobody advise in their troubles. I have seen valuable church properties melted away into bankruptcy by the lack of full openness and frank conference, first with their own members, and next with churches of their own sisterhood, whose good name and usefulness are involved in their failure and decay."

JOTTINGS.

TENNYSON, the poet, has left the Isle of Wight and has gone to London to make his home there.

FORTY THOUSAND copies of Littré's French Dictionary have been sold. Mr. Welford thinks England would have absorbed only 5,000 copies of a similar work.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS. have now just ready the second of their "Town and Country" volumes, "From Traditional to Rational Faith," by Rev. Andrew Griffin, formerly a Baptist minister in England, and now a Unitarian.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* announces that Rev. Robert Laird Collier, of Boston, and son-in-law of Hon. Hiram Price, Member of Congress elect from Iowa, is a candidate for the position of U. S. Minister to Switzerland Salary, \$7,500.

MR. MUNDELLA, in his speech at the Cooper Institute four or five years ago, could say: "I stand before you the representative of the largest constituency in England, and I have not the power to control the appointment of the lowest excise officer."

B. Y. M. CHRISTIAN UNION.—Rev. R. Laird Collier, D.D., will preach on "Worldliness and Unworldliness," next Sunday evening. "The Hidden Talent" was the subject of a practical sermon last Sunday evening by Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton, of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

THE Skinner-McCune trial for heresy at Cincinnati has resulted in a verdict for the defendant by an average vote of 21 to 6. Mr. McCune, however, immediately after his acquittal, following Prof. Swing's example, withdrew from the Presbyterian body. It is said he will join the Congregationalists.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have invited twelve leading clergymen of different denominations in this city to contribute each a representative sermon on "The Nature and Work of Christ" for a volume which they propose to publish. The invitation has been accepted by nearly all, and the book may be expected late in the Spring.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, of the Boston Public Library, gives it as the result of his experience that morocco is the best material for binding books, and calf the worst. He has found gas to be very injurious to leather bindings, the whole upper range of books in Bates Hall having suffered from this cause.

AN English lady, Mrs. Cadell, is preparing a new edition of the *rubayat* of Omer Khayam, the Persian poet, who has been of late so widely read in Mr. Fitzgerald's translation. Her translation is said to have the merit of faithfulness to the original, which the latter's lacked, and she has collected 820 *rubayat*, or verses, credited to this poet, while the previous collection numbered but 101.

THE music publishing firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. seems to be insatiable, and one publishing house after another finds its quietus in the capacious receptacle without appearing in the least to affect its appetite. Like Oliver Twist it continually cries for more, and for aught that can be seen at present, it will not cease to do so, until the deglutition of all has been completed.

At a regular meeting of the Unitarian Church, in Quincy, Ill., the resignation of Rev. F. L. Hosmer was accepted at his request, and some very appreciative remarks made by various members present concerning the relations which have existed between pastor and people for the past five years. It was announced that Rev. James Vila Blake of Boston, a classmate and friend of Mr. Hosmer's, would fill the pulpit for the remainder of the unexpired year, until July 1, 1877.

THE Channing Conference will hold its Annual Meeting in the Unitarian Church, in Fairhaven, Mass., on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24th and 25th. The exercises will open on Tuesday evening, with a sermon by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, of Providence. On Wednesday an essay on

Revivals will be read by Rev. W. H. Beeby, of Dighton. The annual election of officers will also take place. Arrangements have been made with the Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg and New Bedford Railroads, and with the Old Colony Railroad for free return passes, for delegates in attendance who pay full fare one way.

EDWIN M. STONE, Secretary.

THE Unitarian Church in Cincinnati observed Easter with special services. The church was exquisitely adorned with flowers, and the congregation reinforced by the Sunday school. The music was given with charming effect by the children and choir, and included a carol written for the occasion by Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton. The responsive reading was taken from the new S. S. Service Book, now completed in MS. by Rev. F. L. Hosmer. The address by the pastor was of a memorial character. In the evening Mr. Wendt gave the fifth lecture of a course on liberal religion, the topic being "Immortality." The attendance at both services was very large.

A SOCIETY has been formed which announces as its object "the simplification of English orthography." Among the officers of this Spelling Reform Association are the names—honored in philological science—of Profs. F. A. March, W. D. Whitney, and S. S. Haldeman. The circular which announces the formation of the society incloses a specimen of what is called "Revised Spelling." Of this a single sentence may suffice our readers: "Their being so litt difrens between the apearans ov the fonetic and the ordinary print and script, thoz hoo can reed and riet the later will reed the fonetic print and script ezily, and the new spelling can be introdeust gradeualy without hinderans to bizness or friendship." Ordinary people will be apt to see in this a remarkable likeness to the effusions of Nasby and Josh Billings. Before yielding to the hope that the new "spelling" can be introduced without hindrance to friendship, it may be well to recall the clinching argument of old Major Pendennis: "What I marry a woman who spells affection with one f?"—Tribune.

REV. DR. DUDLEY preached his opening sermon as pastor of the 28th Congregational Society Boston, to a full house last Sunday. His sermon was of a general nature—a sort of definition of his position as their minister of their mutual relations, and their relations to other churches. He said he wanted to live on neighborly terms with others, and he should probably introduce some old school orthodox men on his platform during the course of the year, if they were willing to stand there. He urged the Society to be united, and social and cordial with one another and strangers. His able discourse abounded in wise and practical sayings, and the future of this Society seems to open auspiciously under the leadership of Dr. Dudley. In giving notice of the repetition of Mr. Wasson's able opposition paper on Theodore Parker, next Sunday P. M., he remarked that he had heard Mr. Cook lecture on Parker once, when he made the assertion that the Society Parker had tried to establish in Boston was like a last year's bird's nest hanging on the boughs of time. Dr. Dudley thought that if a man of Mr. Cook's ability couldn't be in better business than to throw stones for six months at a last year's bird's nest, he had better engage the boys to pelt it.

K.

REV. FRED'K L. HOSMER has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Illinois, in order to take a year's rest and vacation in European travel and study. For nearly five years he has been the de-

voted minister of this parish and under his guidance it has grown to be one of the strongest churches of the liberal faith in the West. Only those who know by experience the mental drain and responsibility of this frontier service in a community either hostile or largely indifferent to religious liberalism, can appreciate the need of an occasional change and release from the cares and duties of such a parish. With two services a Sunday, and but two or three exchanges a year, with little professional interchange of thought and sentiment, and a general exclusion of higher opportunities for study and culture, Mr. Hosmer has done a noble and notable work, not only in his own city, but in the Western field at large. He leaves behind a strong united society, who part very reluctantly with one whose private character has endeared him to them no less than his ability in the pulpit. The Western Conference loses in him one of its most zealous friends, and the approaching meeting at Toledo will greatly miss his reconciling presence and words. It is the fervent prayer of all our ministers and laity who have learned to love his modest and amiable, but always true and manly part in our denominational gatherings, that he may have a year of happy and profitable experience, and return to the Western work with renewed heart and strength.

W.

In the Janesville (Wis.) Gazette of April 3d, Rev. Jenk. L. Jones comments in lively fashion, upon various floating allusions to the church with which he is connected, and to statements reported to have been made by him. We quote two brief paragraphs:

"Bro. Sawin is reported to have well said 'that Easter is not a Church but a Christian Festival.' With still larger truthfulness it might be said: It is not Christian but an Universal Festival. Says a writer: 'Ages before there was a Christendom or a Christ the people of antiquity, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans had their spring festivals; they celebrated the annual miracle of the re-awakening life. Our sacred festivals are of antique human origin, so ancient that no man knows when they began.' Our very word Easter is pagan. The church word for the feast is Jewish. The decorations, garlands and carols come from the ancient Greek and Roman festivals more than from Judea. Easter is the richer festival on that account, and we celebrate it not 'in a manner' but to the manor born. Ours not by Ecclesiastical sufferance, ours by the right of our common humanity."

"* * * 'You commend a 'healthy rivalry in the decorating art,' but that may border on the unhealthy which inspires some such conversation as the following which I overheard on Saturday evening last.

"1st boy—'I say our church is the nicest fixed.'

"2d boy—'Taint neither. Our folks got five callas, yours got but three.'

"1st boy—'You lie.' They square off in defiant attitude.

"Little girl—(interrupting) 'Neither of yours are so nice as ours. You've got no motto. Mamma says you've got no "Lord" in the other churches.'

"One of the boys mutteringly 'guess we've got as good a Lord as yours.'"

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VIII. Theodore Parker.

IX. Thomas Paine: the relation of his Religious Faith to his own and earlier times.

Sunday evening, May 6, 1877.


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 Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
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 Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 2,465 94
 Premiums in course of collection. . . 8,830 43
 New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64
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 Reserve for Re-Insurance . . 1,858,464 68
 Reserve for Unpaid Losses and
 Dividends . . . 243,402 24
 Net Surplus . . . 1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$342,311 21
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,113 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	286,812 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	183,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$703,379)	519,681 85
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	72,997 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.....	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,330 25
Total - - - -	\$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00
Total, - - - -	\$243,402 24

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THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1877.

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On the First of May next, **THE INQUIRER** will remove to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library.

We suppose it is not to be expected that the members of the "National Reform Convention," which met at Chicago last week, should be aware of the exquisite folly of the position in which they placed themselves before the civilized world. They are doubtless all earnest and well-meaning men, and as such are doing what they hold to be their duty, for which God bless them! But there are always some well-meaning advocates of a return to barbarism, and their advocacy now takes one form, now another; yesterday we heard a cry, "Do away with taxation—abolish government!"—to-day it is "Legislate God into the Constitution!" It is good to get these things out into the air; should they be kept within the physical or mental organism (whichever may be the source from which they emanate) they might do damage to the individual, whereas, once uttered, they are known to be simply wind.

THE rapid increase in the use of postal cards, and their great convenience for some purposes where privacy is no object, combined with the impossibility of using them where it is an object, lead us to wonder why a very slight modification should not be made which would increase their value and usefulness a hundred-fold. It is suggested that instead of the present flat card, a thinner one may be made with a fold in the middle and a narrow line of gum all around the edge. This would cost no more than the present card, it would be no heavier, but it could be written upon and then sealed up and sent through the mails with all the sanctity of the present enveloped letter. The value of such an arrangement for the instantaneous dispatch of private intelligence cannot be estimated and the public interest would be directly consulted in its adoption.

Brethren of the Press, help the movement along!

MR. TWEED has made further revelations, said to involve the names of men some of whom are still in public office, though perhaps not very high in public repute. The particulars of his statement have not yet been advertised and whether current rumors are or are not correct, it is not to

be wondered at that the men who are pointed out are disposed to deny the soft impeachment. Considering that the man who assails them is a convicted felon, it is fair for the present to give them the benefit of the doubt. Tweed is said to claim, however, that he is able to substantiate his assertions out of the mouths of several witnesses, and certainly the public is fairly disposed to credit all that is likely to be said against some of the individuals involved. A thorough house-cleaning at Albany and at the City Hall would not be out of place during these fine Spring days, while the same process is going on in Washington, at the New York Custom House, and elsewhere.

SOME of our most active Orthodox contemporaries are busily engaged in showing that members of Orthodox churches are not required to believe the creeds of the bodies with which they are connected,—indeed, are not expected to believe them. In fact, if we understand their meaning correctly, the word "creed" is now to be defined as *that which you do not believe*. Creeds are held in a certain Pickwickian sense. It is very convenient to have these matters clearly understood, and to know that when your neighbor says, "I believe that the Siamese twins were created one and indivisible" he is only speaking in a certain anatomical sense, or when he says, "I believe that God for his own glory has predestined some men to be saved, but that all the rest of mankind He has predestined to damnation and everlasting torment in hell," he is only speaking in a certain historical sense. Talk about five senses! Why there are more senses in these things than you can shake a stick at—or no sense at all.

MRS. MARY E. CALHOUN makes a bold bid for the public favor by advertising a lecture to be delivered this evening in the Academy of Music. Her subject, "Wooing as a Fine Art," reminds us of De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art;" but a woman teaching us dull masculine creatures how to win her sex, is surely entitled to a hearing as generous as her confidence in our docility is marked. And "Wooing" is surely a finer theme than "Murder." We hear extraordinary accounts from Philadelphia of the delicacy, skill and eloquence, with which Mrs. Calhoun treats her theme. She walks on eggs without cracking a single shell. She leans over the abysses, and neither gets dizzy, nor makes anybody else shudder. We doubt whether it is to be deserved that she should make "wooing" any more popular than it is, but we shall rejoice to have it put among "the fine arts," for it has a fatal proclivity to fall into the mechanical and commercial.

THE price of gold continued pretty steadily to advance, doubtless mainly on account of the news from abroad, until Tuesday, when it reached 107 $\frac{7}{8}$, falling off afterward to 106 $\frac{3}{4}$. The general market, which had been irregular since the disturbance last week was again seriously agitated by the same news, and the movement has extended with some vigor into commercial circles, causing a considerable rise in bread-stuffs. There is a disposition on the part of some of the press and also in business circles to draw comfort out of the troubles of others, and to predict a revival of active business

consequent upon the prospect of a great European war, but the intimate and complicated relations now existing between this and foreign countries, the great uncertainty with regard to the course of gold and the disposition of foreign holders of miscellaneous American securities, render the results to American business men very doubtful, to say nothing of the principle that when one member suffers all the others suffer with it, which in the long run is as true of countries as of other things. There has been a further advance in the price of silver to 55d. per ounce in gold, the latest quotation.

THE European situation, long critical, is now such that it is difficult to imagine any occurrence likely to prevent immediate war, and a war of great magnitude, and having far-reaching results. We are not of the fiery kind; we do not love war, and we cannot look upon war or violence of any sort as other than a curse to be evaded if possible by all honorable means. But some knots are so hard and complicated that impatient men hesitate not to cut them as the simplest solution, and in such cases we are compelled to look for the compensating advantages.

The Turk in Europe is an anachronism and sooner or later the calendar will be rectified. That there are many Christians worse than many Mussulmans, many Russians worse than many Turks, we can well believe; that there are other barbarous residents in Turkey and the provinces beside the followers of the Prophet, we make no doubt. But that the Mohammedan theory is evil in its effects and unprogressive in its tendency is as unquestionable. For five hundred years the Turks have been alien residents of Southeastern Europe, without approaching any nearer to assimilating with other races with which they have thus been brought in contact, and their relations with those races have caused constant friction. To us, viewing the situation from afar, there appears no doubt that this friction is about to produce a consuming fire.

THE situation in Louisiana has not yet been wholly relieved of its unsatisfactory features, but it appears to be generally understood that an agreement between the Commission and the supporters of Nicholls has been reached, and that a few days at latest will see it carried into effect. As one testimony to the satisfactory nature of that agreement we are bound to accept the resolutions passed on Monday by the Nicholls Legislature, resolutions as broad, comprehensive and manly as any one could ask. That Packard should be dissatisfied with the character of the proposed settlement was to be expected, and of course it also was to be expected that he would put his dissatisfaction into a letter. That Blaine should have boiled over again however was hardly looked for, for he has usually been credited with a fair share of foresight. The stalwart republicanism of Wendell Phillips, Ben Butler, W. P. Kellogg and Senator Patterson, even when reinforced by that of the old "war horse," Ben Wade, will hardly be sufficient to contend successfully against the great conservative majority of American citizens North and South, who are now united in favor of peace and the Union, and against the policy of undying hate.

We wonder whether it has ever occurred to certain gentlemen who talk so glibly about the duty of the Government toward the Republican party of the South, to consider that there are just two constitutional forms of administration in the United States during a time of peace—the Territorial and the State; that one means government by Congress and the other home rule. As we understand it, President Hayes proposes that the States shall regulate their own internal

affairs in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution; if they fail to do this it will be time enough to try the territorial system again; and if it is tried it will be tried, pure and simple, and not on the rotten-borough basis which the Republican party has so long supported.

THE circumstances of a recent reprieve, almost at the foot of the gallows, under circumstances which lead to the hope that a man about to be executed for murder was wholly innocent, are extensively used, and properly used as an argument against capital punishment. The advocates and opponents of capital punishment have been parties to a long and very exciting debate over a matter which it seems to us is susceptible of a very simple solution. The chief purpose of human punishments (which under any circumstances must be arbitrary) is undoubtedly to preserve society by preventing the criminal from repeating his crime, and by deterring others from imitating him. Laying aside all minor considerations, and speaking briefly, it may be said on the one hand that juries are reluctant to convict where capital punishment is the penalty, and the criminal is in danger of going free though his crime is undoubted, and on the other that fear of imprisonment is seldom of any great weight as a deterrent, because long imprisonments are impossible—officials change, the memory of a criminal act becomes weak, and political and social influences are potent to undo the prison bars. It is a very simple thing to say, and yet to our mind it tells the whole story, that what is needed is as we suggested a short time ago, *the inevitable*. Take away the right to pardon from the Governor, in whom it is wholly misplaced, and let it be reposed in a Board of Pardons, consisting of judges or other competent citizens, organized on a wholly unpartisan basis, the members serving for long periods. Allow this Board to grant pardons only in the most exceptional cases, and upon grounds which they are prepared to spread before the public. Then, with sentences imposing terms of imprisonment graded in length so far as practicable in proportion to the enormity of the crime for which they are imposed, we shall have no need of capital punishment (the resort to which is now a simple confession of our own folly), and we venture to say the bracing effects of the change will very shortly be visible, not only in the case of the most serious, but also of lighter infractions of the public peace.

Has any one the slightest argument to oppose to this?

DECENT HOMES.

WE have just received a small pamphlet that gives an account of an enterprise which we have watched with great interest for several months past, with a desire to call the attention of our readers to it as soon as we might be permitted to do so. The pamphlet is entitled "Improved Dwellings for the Laboring Classes," and after some preliminary remarks upon the well-known dangers of over-crowding and the perhaps equally well-known vile construction and condition of the ordinary tenement houses in which a large portion of the population of New York and Brooklyn reek, and a considerable space given to a general description of the efforts for reform in cheap dwellings made in London by Sir Sydney Waterlow and others, the remainder is devoted to an explanation of an effort in the same direction just made in Brooklyn, with brief details of the immediate results.

Mr. Alfred T. White, the author of this pamphlet, of whom personally it is not necessary to say anything more than that his work has fallen into the hands best suited to it simply because the hands best suited sought the work, is a New

York merchant and a citizen of Brooklyn, of ample means, who by his personal knowledge of the way of life of that part of the community with least means was strongly impressed that their first need was greater privacy, cleanliness and decency in living, and was equally well convinced that any great change in these regards could only be attained by the adoption of some plan which should not be eleemosynary in any respect, but should be commercially successful. Giving much time and thought to the subject, visiting London and inspecting for himself the various model tenements which have been erected by others, he determined as a first experiment to put up a block of buildings substantially after the Waterlow plan, with the determination, if this should not be successful, to proceed to erect another and still another until success should be attained. At this time we can only briefly note his experience, hoping to return to the subject with fuller details on a future occasion.

The lot chosen for the experiment is on the corner of Hicks and Baltic Streets, Brooklyn, and the building as constructed is six stories in height, the lower story being arranged for stores, with apartments in the rear of each. The plan adopted provides for an external fire-proof spiral stairway open to the air in front, so built that it cannot become a draftway for flames, and by this stairway only can the upper floors of the building be reached. The stairway connects upon each story with an iron and slate balcony about thirty feet long, from each end of which a hallway runs back through the depth of the building, communicating on each side with a suite of three rooms, a parlor and bed-room—a bed-room with a large ventilating flue, and a living-room, with an extension attached to each suite, having on one side a coal box, a window, and an ash-flue door; and on the other side a sink, a stationary wash-tub and a water-closet with separate outside window. Thus *within the building* the members of two families only come in contact with each other. Even this slight association it is intended to render unnecessary in the next building.

Any one at all familiar with the ordinary tenement house will not need to have the contrast presented to him more vividly than it will be by this brief description. Yet there are other important details which we cannot now particularize. And what of the condition which at the outset appeared a vital one—does the enterprise pay? The building was completed about the first of February, and the forty tenements which it contains were immediately occupied by thirty-nine families, one family having two sets. The employments of the heads of these families are as follows:

Mechanics.....	5
City Weigher.....	1
Engineers.....	2
Cooper.....	1
Carpenter.....	1
Store Porter.....	1
Tailor.....	1
Salesman.....	1
Painters.....	2
Hostlers.....	2
Towboatman.....	1
Seaman.....	1
Washerwoman.....	1
Dressmaker.....	1
Day Laborers.....	18

They are required to pay their rent weekly in advance, are governed by stringent but not unjust rules as to cleanliness, etc., and are under the supervision of an agent who lives in the building, and who being on the spot is able to respond immediately in case any repairs are needed. The rents average \$1.70 per week, the ordinary rent paid by day laborers for the ordinary accommodations in the same neighborhood being from \$6 to \$7 per month. These rents were so arranged as to provide for a gross revenue of twelve per cent., and a net

revenue of seven per cent. per annum upon the sum invested, and Mr. White says that after making allowance for taxes, insurance, repairs and all other contingent expenses, the result will be even more favorable than he had anticipated. He says further that he finds no drawbacks in practice which he had not already anticipated in a building so constructed and he is immediately proceeding to erect a block upon another portion of the same lot, which shall furnish somewhat more commodious, and a great variety of quarters, and where every room is to be provided with an outer window.

We do not now make any comment upon the facts which we have presented above. We believe there are none among our readers to whom they will not tell their story, and we earnestly hope that there are not a few who will be ready to respond to the suggestion: "Go thou and do likewise."

OLD AND NEW.

A recent critic of a book of discussion on religious themes objected that the author's learning was "a little old."—The author, it is likely, purposely made it seem old in order to satisfy critics of this particular order, who, had he quoted the newest books, would have accused him of ignorance of the "great masters" in his field of discussion, and of a rash acceptance of the fanciful theories of new fangled authorship. Antiquity did, in reality, commend opinions to the reviewer in questions. His own system rested on its antiquity, and would be very insecure without its support; but it served his immediate object to consider antiquity an objection, and he did not hesitate to fling his pearl at the head of his opponent, no other pebble being at hand. Some years ago one of our own men reviewing some opinion of Swedenborg, characterized it as identical with an ancient doctrine that had been declared heresy by the church—a circumstance evidently considered by him sufficient to condemn the doctrine, the critic, unthinkingly perhaps, (for otherwise he was a brave and candid man) falling into the prejudice that whatever the church of any period rejected as heretical was false and reprehensible. It was but the other day that another reviewer of a "liberal" book from the "orthodox" point of judgment, classed the writer's opinions with certain of those entertained by a particular school of gnostics (which he failed to specify) thereby conveying the impression that as these "gnostics" had been stigmatized by a bad name, the conclusions under review were undeserving of regard.

This use of the argument from antiquity, either for opinions or against them, is awkward and may be dangerous. Strictly speaking, no opinions are altogether new; strictly speaking, no existing opinions, *as they are held*, are altogether old. The new doctrines have old roots; the old doctrines have new applications. The completed systems had a beginning; the germinal systems receive a development. The original stock of stories, tales, fables, parables, legends, is said to have been very small; but the "Arabian Nights" hold their own; the originality of La Fontaine is unchallenged; Shakspeare receives full credit for genius. It is no fatal reproach to "Evangelical" Protestantism that its doctrine of Adam and the Fall comes from Calvin, that Calvin took it from Augustine, that Augustine owed it to Paul, that Paul borrowed it from the Talmud. The Jewish Cabala, a collection of books, the earliest of which are of very remote antiquity, as old, some think, as the Captivity in Babylon, contains an unmistakable hint of the spherical form of the earth; intimates that the globe revolves in a circle; that creatures change front and aspect without altering position; that one portion of the sphere is in shadow while other por-

tions are in light; that when it is day in one place it is night in another; that in certain regions it is always day or nearly so. Thus our modern opinion is made to look "a little old;" but is its correctness compromised? Is reflection cast on the originality of Copernicus? Does the discovery of the Cabalistic surmise invalidate the scientific demonstration? The same Cabala contains a shrewd conjecture touching the division of the human brain into three distinct parts, connected by thirty-two distributing canals. Is this a fact that David Ferrier must try for the honor of his investigations to conceal? John Tyndall advocates the "atomic theory." So did Lucretius; so before him did Epicurus. What of it? The doctrine is neither more nor less true on this account. The doctrine is one thing as taught by Lucretius and quite another as taught by Tyndall; one thing as entertained speculatively, another thing as entertained scientifically; one thing as conjectured, another thing as demonstrated. The power to prove and illustrate the doctrine makes it new. Because Baur, Strauss, Schwegler, Zeller and a score of others held opinions in criticism thirty years ago that have been covered up since by the deposits made by an Orthodox reaction, which buried them temporarily out of sight, it is not to be concluded that their opinions are erroneous. The mere circumstance of their being thrust into the background does not discredit them. To call them *obsolete* is not to *disprove* or even *reprove* them. Were they a thousand years older than they are they would be equally respectable and equally deserving of respectful treatment. If their views have not been disposed of by refutation, they are still open and should be kept open.

The old contains the germs of the new; the new is the mature development of the old. The *method* may be modern; the conclusion, though merely conjectural, may be foreshadowed among the rudiments of speculation. The scientific *method* of investigating nature, history, literature, opinions, works its way gradually and slowly. Its first achievements, as in the case of Paulus and Strauss, may be crude and unsatisfactory, but the unsatisfactoriness of the *experiment* does not cast reproach on the *method*. Strauss may come out victorious yet, though his "Life of Jesus" be riddled with shot. The "Tubingen School" may prevail at last, though the founder of it be forgotten. The method is just. Its validity has not been successfully impugned. Whether its opinions be new or old is neither here nor there. Are they reasonable, is the sole question. Do facts support them? Have they the weight of argument on their side? Does the latest research confirm their positions? Are they entitled to be received by new men, though broached by old ones? These are the vital considerations, the only considerations that are vital. Appeals to sentiment, popularity, number of votes polled, the prestige of imposing names, are quite foreign to the purpose. The *truth* is the only thing finally worth thinking of. And that must be *sought not assumed*.

O. B. F.

FAITH.

ON this question of faith we have no contest with the most Orthodox. We believe in faith, in religious faith. We do not, however, believe in that shiftless notion of the soul, that after it has assaulted the questions which pertain to its nature and its future, and found them difficult, it should hide itself in a thicket of confidence, in authority, and call that religious or saving faith. Neither do we believe in an ostrich faith that is more confident the darker it is, until it absolutely sneers at reason, is afraid of scientific investiga-

tion and abhors a rationalist. We believe that the soul must have faith in something and somebody, or be wasted and lost. We find this need creating that marvellous ideal of moral beauty, the love between child and mother. It begins in the cradle; it extends to the grave. It begins with the babe; it extends to the philosopher. A pure skeptic never did exist; and logically, never can. The measure of faith is the measure of strength. It has fought the best battles; done the manliest deeds, and made death radiant with glory.

We must rely on something. An age is steady and strong just in proportion to its steadiness of faith. Religious faith is not strongest in our ignorance or senility; but in our prime. In morals faith has the universality that gravity has in physics. It is not water and steam power alone that run our looms and make the practical music of a million spindles, but faith power also. An intellectual and a moral confidence underlie all industries. The farmer sows because of the axiom of Divine geometry that the early and latter rain shall never cease. The laborer does not drop his spade, or the housewife her kneading-bowl, because they believe in the maxim that ante-dates all written philosophy, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without God's notice. In proportion as a people is inspired with strong religious feelings you can measure its industry and prosperity. In proportion as a man has a moral courage based on a confidence in a Supreme Power will you find him colossal in his achievements.

There is something wrong about a man that does not grow peaceful as he grows old. There is so much more granted than there is withheld; so much more certainty than uncertainty; so much more love than hate; so much more sunshine, if one will take it, than there is storm. The harvests average up comfort, and fill the bins with reasonable regularity. To be sure, nature has never devised any method for satisfying selfishness. But any one who will fit into the seasons and into the laws and ordinances of the universe can be exceedingly happy. Disasters are not certainly disastrous; failures are often the highest success; disappointments are the appointments of God.

We have then no contest with the most rigidly Orthodox concerning the need and power of faith; yet we may be wholly at odds as to what we are to trust; or possibly, as to what religious faith is. It is clear at once that we shall not allow this superb power of the soul to be merely a belief. It is confidence; it is trust. It is an enlargement of the trust which the child reposes in its father. It will not save a thief from thieving, if God be in three persons or six. It will not cool the passions of a libertine if the devil be a person, or only the sum of sin. Each man has his creed, but he must trust something else. Creeds do not fill his cisterns or his soul. Faith as a saving force is a widening confidence in the underlying moral principles of the universe. Physical science demonstrates the fixedness, and yet the adaptability of the laws that control matter. We do not pray, as we used, for wind and weather to suit our personal wishes. We do not pray for special interpositions for our gratification. On the whole we prefer that the wisdom that penetrates nature should control us without our private dictation. But religious faith goes further. It is a faith for the religious nature. It believes in what Jesus calls profoundly the Kingdom of God. It believes not only in the stability of universal laws that govern matter, but in the moral government of the universe. It has not only a certainty in the processes of Jupiter and the orbit of Saturn; or the return of the bird months; but a deep confidence in justice, honor, truth, love,

temperance; the constellations of the inner heavens. Religious faith brings a man into a quiet, trustful relation to these things, as he is brought in relation to the seasons. These are his science, his data of life, and salvation—his creed.

This involves by necessity trust in God. It is not belief in this or that assertion concerning God, but pure absolute confidence in the Divine character. Believing in God the soul believes in godliness. God is trusted, not because of rain-bows or pledges to Abraham, Noah or Moses, but because being God he must be godly. "As one of your own poets hath said, 'We are all his children.'"

It is the overshadowing to-morrow that bothers our souls. It is the unseen future that distracts us. And the world, wherever man exists or ever has existed has been above all wracked with terror concerning the next life. What is to come out of the dark before us—the unrevealed? And distrust, a lack of faith, has charged the future with frightful judgment days, judges, impending disasters to-morrow, and impending doom after death.

Underlying all the philosophy of Jesus was the idea that there was only one way to overcome sorrow in the present, and get rid of torment concerning the future, near or remote. He sweeps away the whole difficulty with the word *faith*. Believe in a well meant, well executed moral government, as you also believe in benevolent physical government. God is one. He rules the unsensed as kindly as he rules the world of sense. This is the one single central power of the Galilean teacher—a sneer for the temple; a sarcasm for sacrifices; a sidelong look at public prayers; a secular use of the Sabbath; contempt for the whole routine of salvation; but trust in God. No trust in man's devices and rituals and days and creeds; but utter trust in *The Father*. Unfortunately the history of Christianity has been mainly a suppression of the grand principles of its founder. It has been the history of distrust and fear; of terror and hells. Take the Sermon on the Mount, or the general run of the story in Matthew and you see Jesus walk literally as a Son of God. Let to-morrow see to its own cares. God who cares for the sparrow will much more care for you. "O ye of little faith." Constantly *faith*—not in Paul's Epistles, or in the catechism of the future, or of the party, but in God. Right or wrong, Jesus emphatically and forcibly advises not the suspension of any industry; but the carrying on of all industries with trust in God. Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all other things will come in as a matter of course. Give us simply *this day* our daily bread. It is the Christ doctrine; who can ascend unto it?

E. P. POWELL.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

A RECENT number of *The Contemporary Review* contains an article upon "The Progress of Religious Thought in Scotland," which emanating from any trustworthy source would be profoundly interesting and significant as a statement of certain facts. But as the work of Principal Tulloch, a man whose character is not less eminent than his position, its interest and significance are greatly enhanced, especially as the facts reported are evidently encouraging to the writer. He sets them forth, not to animadvert upon the tendency they indicate, but to express for it a degree of sympathy that is really more significant of what is going on in Scotland and more prophetic of the good time coming than any of the opinions quoted from the writings of less influential, even if more learned people.

There are many signs, he says, that the old and hard crust

which so long enclosed the religious thought and life of Scotland is breaking up. These signs ought to surprise no one who has had eyes to see beneath the surface of events since the Disruption Controversy which resulted in the establishment of the Free Church in 1843. The wave of dogmatic enthusiasm which had this result exhausted its force in accomplishing its immediate purpose. Before 1843 a new state of things was already preparing at the universities. Drs. Robinson and Lee at Edinburgh were conscious of this and in the decade following the disruption took the first steps away from dead traditionalism and hyper-orthodoxy in the direction of a more liberal or less sternly Calvinistic faith. But influences external to the Scottish Church and universities did more than anything within these limits to educate the youthful Scottish mind. These influences were from the writings of Coleridge and the Hares and later those of Maurice and Kingsley, together with German criticism and philosophy and the enthusiasm excited by Carlyle. The religious books of Mr. Erskine helped in the same direction in a more quiet way. But the same years which tally with these influences were years of hyper-orthodoxy in the Free Church whose favorite rôle was that of defender of the pure confessional faith of Scotland against the Established Church and the United Presbyterians who gathered themselves together in 1847 out of the Secession and Relief Churches which had left the Church of Scotland in the previous century.

"These were the palmy days of Free Church Orthodoxy when Dr. Cunningham was the chief as he was the ablest representative of doctrinal opinion in the body; and Candlish adventured as far south as London to deliver the English mind from the snares which Mr. Maurice had woven for it in his "Theological Essays." Dr. Chalmers although associated with these men until his death, and nominally their leader, was very different from them; no mere churchman, theologian or preacher, the natural breach between him and the purely theological and ecclesiastical spirits associated with him, would probably have widened had he lived longer. One of his last publications before his death in 1847 was a half-sympathetic review of Morell's "History of Philosophy," one of the signs of new and larger life. Cunningham and Candlish were the real representatives of the Free Church and when Tulloch, then a young theologian, published a book on the Reformers, the former sounded the alarm in characteristic fashion. It was "objectionable and dangerous." And those of us who are acquainted with the book cannot wonder that it was so regarded and must accord to it a significance in the movement of thought depicted by Principal Tulloch which his natural modesty prevents him from assigning to it.

"In the second decade following the Disruption the new spirit of Christian thoughtfulness which had been long working beneath the surface made rapid progress and began to show itself in various directions." In this connection Principal Tulloch gives to Norman Macleod the credit he so richly deserves, as "in all senses a large man," who "liked to escape from the trammels of ecclesiastical office and disport himself in the wider spaces and the freer air of nature and all the humanities." Taking his chances with the establishment at the time of the Disruption various influences contributed to liberalize his thought; some of them English, some German, and some purely personal, as those of his relative and friend Dr. John Macleod Campbell, to whom he was principally indebted for an enlarged conception of the Atonement. In 1863 the *Record*, doughty protagonist of the purest Orthodoxy, attacked his *Good Words* for "low and unsound" views of Christian truth. In 1865 his views of the

Lord's Day, as something very different from the Jewish Sabbath, aroused a storm of indignation. His table was loaded with letters of remonstrance and his head with curses. About the same time Tulloch published a pamphlet criticizing the Confession of Faith as a document of human composition belonging to the 17th century, and bearing the stamp of a "religious party." Great was the ado, ministers of the Free Church leading the onslaught of intolerance. Since then the Confession has been attacked again and again and its modification or supersedure demanded.

But more recent developments of liberal theology in Scotland are of much more importance than any so far named, and what is most remarkable the Free Church has been the scene of the most startling manifestations. Dogmatically bound but critically free, the pent-up energy of thought has found a vent in Biblical studies of the most radical description. Two masters of these studies have within a few years been made professors in Free Church theological chairs. One of them has furnished an article on the Bible for the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The article has very naturally excited a great deal of disturbance. And yet it has not been thought best to thrust Professor Smith from his position as a teacher of the future ministers of the Free Church. This fact is even more significant than Professor Smith's articles.

"Here, now, was a Free Church professor, who not only questioned but denied the Mosaic authorship of the Book of Deuteronomy, although this book bears *ex facie* to be the record of the utterances of Moses; to whom the Song of Solomon is 'a lyrical drama' representing merely the love story of a Shulamite maiden, and the fifty-first Psalm, so pathetically associated with the repentance of David, 'is obviously composed during the desolation of the temple' in the later times of Hebrew psalmody; to whom, more than all, the Synoptical Gospels 'according to all the earliest external evidence' seem to be 'non-apostolic digests of spoken and written apostolic tradition.'

"Nor can it be denied, from the most liberal point of view, that Professor Smith's views are greatly in advance of any that have hitherto been maintained in any of the British Churches on the subject of Scripture. Anything that was said on the same subject in 'Essays and Reviews,' which convulsed the country from Cornwall to Caithness, was nothing in comparison. The mere idea then that the Bible was to be interpreted 'as any other book' made many an Evangelical throat hoarse with denunciation. And the speculations of Colenso as to the post-Mosaic authorship of the Levitical legislation drew rebuke at once from Episcopal and literary authorities. Even Matthew Arnold took up the weapons of Biblical defence, and Charles Kingsley waited not to raise his voice against what he took no pains to understand. It is, when we remember all this, truly a marvel that Professor Smith's views have been received in Scotland after all so quietly, and that the College Committee of the Free Church have found that there is no 'ground sufficient to support a process of heresy against him.'"

Principal Tulloch does not overrate the importance of Professor Smith's article in conjunction with the treatment he has received. He may well say "Changes of all kinds must come with a changed view of Scripture—as an uncertain and progressive literature rather than a literal code or transcript of the Divine Mind." Prof. Smith will certainly find that there have been larger consequences in his criticism than he himself now imagines.

Another significant event in another branch of the Scottish

Church, the United Presbyterian, is a motion made at a meeting of the Presbytery of Paisley in January last by Rev. David Macrae, of Gourrock. The motion was supported by an address from which the following is a characteristic passage:

"The Confession teaches that God for His own glory has predestined some men to be saved, but that all the rest of mankind He has predestined to damnation and everlasting torment in hell. It teaches that, while there is no fear of the elect, there is no hope for the non-elect. . . . It teaches that by reason of the sin of Adam, apart from any fault of their own, men come into the world wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body, utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil. It teaches that because of this sin, which they could not and cannot help, they are bound helplessly over to the wrath of God and the curse of the law, and so made subject to spiritual, temporal and eternal death. It teaches that even in heathen lands, where they have never heard, and therefore have had no opportunity of accepting the Gospel, they cannot be saved, no matter how earnestly they may frame their lives according to the light of nature, or the laws of that religion which they profess. . . . It teaches that of the countless myriads of babes who have died and are dying in infancy, only the elect are saved. For the non-elect, young or old, it has no fate but the unending and unspeakable torments of hell. *I ask the fathers and the brethren of the Presbytery to say honestly if this is the theology which they preach?*"

These words were spoken and there was no threat to excommunicate the speaker. There is no likelihood that he will be disturbed. Why but because he spoke to sympathetic ears? Still later Dr. Cunningham, parish minister of Crief, criticizes the Confession in a calmer and more historical manner, but with as clear an eye to its exaggerations and deficiencies. What he proposes is that it be left alone as "an old document—a monument of seventeenth century piety," but not considered as a standard of belief or church admission. The sermons of Rev. John Service, Minister of Inch, of which a brief notice appeared in last week's INQUIRER, are not mentioned by Principal Tulloch, but they are another brilliant and important sign of the direction in which thought is sweeping on.

"None can tell," says Principal Tulloch in concluding his review, "what may come of the present movement of thought in Scotland. The results are in the meantime incalculable. But one thing may be safely said, that none of the churches, as they now exist, will make much capital out of the movement. The current of free thought is running deep and sure in all the churches, even within softened and exclusive precincts where it makes no noise at all. It will make its way towards the light by-and-by, from all quarters of the ecclesiastical horizon; and the church which will have most chance may possibly not be any of the present organizations, but a church more excellent—because at once more liberal and catholic—than any of those now existing." J. W. C.

MR. RUSKIN says that his father left him \$600,000, besides a great deal of real estate and many valuable pictures. His mother also left him \$185,000. He gave \$85,000 to his poor relations, sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of \$75,000, spent another \$75,000 on harness and stables, and has given \$70,000 to St. George's Company, besides having spent \$350,000 variously. He is at present worth \$270,000, and announces that he intends to give his valuable Marylebone property to St. George's Company, his Herne Hill estate to his cousin, and the \$60,000 which will remain to him he will invest and live and die upon its interest.

LITERATURE.

SIX LITTLE COOKS; OR AUNT JANE'S COOKING CLASS. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

This is a capital cookery-book made by a capital story-teller, who puts all that needs to be known about the more delicate parts of cookery, into a form most attractive to young folks and readable by the most experienced housekeepers. Since Miss Martineau taught political economy in charming tales, and the author of "Kismet" has smuggled Egyptian archæology into a pleasant love story, we need not wonder that the ingenious writer of "Six Little Cooks" has, for the first time (we believe) made wit and anecdote and children's prattle a vehicle for imparting the very wisest directions about cookery, in a language suited to children and domestic servants. It takes the best of sense to understand other people's ignorance and anticipate the questions they would ask if they were present, in our account of how practical things are to be done. Usually, books of all kinds designed for popular instruction assume in their readers the wisdom which if it existed would make their books needless. Cookery books usually are made for experienced cooks, who already know the general rules of cookery—but the writers forget that young housekeepers are often as ignorant the children at whom the author of this book has wisely leveled her instructions—being too polite to say to her grown readers, "I am going to treat you *all* as children!" this is a great stroke of wisdom, and deserves a great success.

There is hardly a question which even a man in his stupid ignorance could ask about that fine feminine art called cookery, that this little book does not answer in a way to meet the densest stupidity of his inept masculine brains. If a set of young men, camping out for a summer, wholly ignorant of cookery but near enough to eggs and flour and milk and butter, to get supplies, were compelled without ever having been in a kitchen, or ever having seen a cup of coffee made or a loaf of bread mixed and baked, to be their own cooks, they must be exceptionably dull and indocile, not to be able to make themselves comfortable after a week's practice by the directions here given.

The art of putting it is finely illustrated in this book. It never leaves its subject, and so the dialogue is always helpful and furthers the end for which it is written. It is the first cookery book we could recommend wholly to an absolutely green housekeeper who had to be her own cook, and which we imagine a very old housekeeper would not very soon find herself outgrowing.

"How People Dine" is one of Mr. De Quincey's tests of their civilization. But the lady—for plainly she is a lady—who writes this book apparently does not *dine* at all! She breakfasts and lunches and *teas*. But *dinner* is hardly spoken of, and we don't recall anything about joints, and find little about meats, except as relishes. Is dinner, out of cities, a decaying institution? Are meats growing a less important part of even American diet? We judge so by her clever book. Really, Warburton's suggestion that Moses' inhuman omission of the doctrine of a future life from his religion is a proof of its *divine* origin, is hardly more pertinent than our inference that a cookery-book in which *dinner* is not mentioned, must have had an angelic source! We know that all young ladies, and most wives prefer lunch to dinner! Is it only a perverse masculine brutality that keeps dinner still in existence? Are we about conquering this obstacle to civilization, either by the extinction of the baser half of creation, or the conversion of their tastes into that of mild-lunch-eating women?

ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

In this handsome octavo volume of about 500 pages, Commander Cameron has modestly recorded the experiences of a brave and perilous journey across tropical Africa, the first ever made by a white man. He started from Zanzibar in command of a party for the relief of Dr. Livingstone on the second of February, 1873, met the caravan which carried Livingstone's body to the coast at Unyamwe on the twentieth of the following October, and pushing on under the greatest difficulties, finally reached the western coast at Bongoula early in November, 1875,—suffering from scurvy and worn down by hunger and travel, having been obliged to leave a great part of his retinue at several days' journey inland, to await provisions and other assistance from the coast.

Repeatedly detained for long periods by the fevers incident to the country and by lameness caused by foot-travel through marshy regions, meeting at every turn some petty potentate who demanded tribute or laid an embargo upon further progress, embarrassed by

inefficient treacherous or quarrelsome guides and carriers, nothing but the greatest prudence and self-control, and impregnable "grit" could have enabled him to accomplish the journey. His description of the appearance, dress, manners and customs of the various tribes among whom he was thrown are curious and instructive, and the value of his narrative is largely enhanced by the introduction of a great number of illustrations. Accompanying the volume there is a handsome map of his route and the adjacent country, the portion off the line of travel being indicated provisionally according to the best attainable statements from the natives with whom he mingled, and in relation to certain portions according to the records of other explorers. The plan adopted by the Messrs. Harper of introducing such maps into a pocket in the cover instead of binding them by the edge, cannot be too much commended.

This is one of the most satisfactory books of African travel which has come under our notice and its story of what can be accomplished by the civilized man against the greatest odds is a new and valuable contribution to the accumulating testimony that civilization is of more worth to the individual, even physically, than many have been inclined to believe.

BRIEF NOTICES.

NOMISMA; OR "LEGAL TENDER." By Henry Cernuschi, author of "Bi-Metallic Money." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

This small volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of the currency discussion, since it expresses the views of one of the most reputable and scientific of the advocates of a bi-metallic "standard." Two thirds of the book are taken up with his evidence before the United States Silver Commission; then come some detached papers, and in an appendix are given three letters on the same subject by Samuel Smith, President of the Incorporated Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool.

M. Cernuschi is an ardent hard money man, but is as ardent a supporter of the joint use of gold and silver—indeed he considers that the universal adoption of a mono-metallic standard is impracticable. But he really has no comfort for our domestic silver money men, the men who so plaintively grieve for "the silver dollar of our fathers;" the dollar that he advocates is one which bears to gold the ratio of 1 to 15½ instead of the dear old dollar which is worth only 1 to 16. The prospect of cheating upon this basis is hardly great enough to be inviting. Moreover M. Cernuschi argues that the double standard, to be a stable one, must be agreed upon by joint convention between the several governments of Europe and America, and the basis of adjustment must be one common to them all, undoubtedly the only basis upon which such a standard can be scientifically defended. Frankly, we do not agree with our author as to the bi-metallic standard and are unequivocally in favor of one of gold alone; but we are free to say that he has carefully studied his subject and makes a strong argument in favor of his theory.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN EXPLORERS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1877.

Col. Higginson has managed to make a curiously interesting book, not for the young folks only, but for their elders likewise, by combining in one volume extracts and translations from early narratives, some of them authentic, some perhaps apocryphal, of the various explorers whose names mark the romantic epoch of our history. His successive chapters treat of: The Traditions of the Norsemen; Columbus and his Companions; Cabot and Verrazano; The Strange Voyage of Cabeza da Vaca; The French in Canada; Adventures of De Soto; the French in Florida; Sir Humphrey Gilbert; The Lost Colonies of Virginia; Unsuccessful New England Settlements; Captain John Smith; Champlain on the War-Path; Henry Hudson and the New Netherlands; The Pilgrims at Plymouth; The Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Among the chronicles drawn upon are the Letters of Columbus, the Will of Diego Mondes, "Hakluyt's Voyages," Champlain's "Voyages de la Nouvelle France," Edward Winslow's "Brief Narration," etc. The spelling has been modernized, but construction, though sometimes ungrammatical, has not been altered, so that the freshness of the several stories has been preserved.

The volume is neatly printed on tinted paper and contains a number of illustrations, the more interesting of which are copies of old prints or sketches.

HOW TO CAMP OUT. By John M. Gould. New York: Scribner Armstrong & Co. 1877.

A capital little book, arranged and written in business-like fash-

ion. While intended for those who are to have experience in camp life, it is to be remembered that there is nearly as much, sometimes more, pleasure in plans and anticipation than in accomplishment, and we are quite sure that many a hard-worked man who is not likely to get out of sight of civilization for ever and a day, will get a whiff of country air and enjoy a certain ideal Bohemianism in simply reading Mr. Gould's judicious advice and noticing his practical suggestions.

The admirable last chapter, "Hygienic Notes," is extracted from Dr. Elliott Coues' "Field Ornithology;" we wish we had room to reprint it. The following extract is a fair sample:

"In crossing a high, narrow foot-path never look lower than your feet; the muscles will work true if not confused with faltering instructions from a giddy brain. On soft ground see what, if anything, has preceded you; large hoof-marks generally mean that the way is safe; if none are found, inquire for yourself before going on. Quicksand is the most treacherous because far more dangerous than it looks; but I have seen a mule's ears finally disappear in genuine mud. Cattle paths, however erratic, commonly prove the surest way out of a difficult place, whether of uncertain footing or dense undergrowth."

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA. By Henry Wilson. Vol. 3. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

This concluding volume of Mr. Wilson's work, which covers the period from the election of Abraham Lincoln on the 6th of November, 1860, to the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, was in great part prepared prior to his death, and many of the chapters had already been written. Arrangements were then made with the Rev. Samuel Hunt, who from his long acquaintance with Mr. Wilson was supposed to be peculiarly fitted for the task, and the volume has been completed by him and printed under his auspices.

The various events of the war having vital relations with the "institution" are detailed at great length, with citations from speeches and papers, and the events after the closing of the war touching the interests of the negro race are no less fully recorded. The volume closes gloomily under the influence of a real or fancied reaction, and we can but believe a reaction which was the direct result of measures vigorously supported by anti-slavery men. It would not be surprising if the highest interests of the colored race would be much promoted by the practical retirement from administration of the men on either side who were active participants in the early conflict.

"THE JRKES." By R. L. Dugdale. With an introduction by Elisha Harris, M.D. Paper; pp. 115. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

This exceedingly trying, but very useful and interesting pamphlet is "A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity," and should not be overlooked by any one interested in sociology, or any of the branches of that science. It is the result of a careful examination, through prison and other records, of the history of a family famous in the criminal annals of the State. The facts as ascertained have been carefully tabulated with much elaboration, and these tables will be really startling to any one who has not already taken pains to inquire into the contagion and transmission of crime.

HOW TO TEACH. By Nelson Sizer. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 1877.

This is an attempt to utilize Phrenology in the practical work of the school-room and the family. Of the special value of the "bumps" in this connection we will not presume to speak; but we have no question that much needless heart-burning and even more serious damage results from a culpable inattention to peculiarities of organization and natural endowment.

A HAND-BOOK OF FRUIT CULTURE. By Thomas Gregg. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 1877.

A book not intended for scientific fruit-growers, but rather for amateurs, giving cuts and descriptions of many varieties of apples, pears, peaches and smaller fruits, with particulars of suitable soils and treatment. The appendix contains brief instructions for propagation.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's Monthly. The art contribution to the May *Harper* is on "Florence," by O. M. Spencer. The illustrations are varied and fairly illustrative. Wirt Sikes gives a second paper on the land of "King Arthur and the Table Round," under the title, "On the Usk." It could not fail to be interesting, relating as it does to

Caerleon and the neighboring country—the nucleus of the romance of our race. Ernest Ingersoll describes life at "The Gateway of the Catskills;" Dr. Guernsey sums up "Cameron's Journey Across Africa;" Dr. Draper continues his Exposition of Scientific Experiments. There are installments of "A Woman Hater" and "Erema," but no "Garth." Horace E. Scudder gives some amusing and entertaining anecdotes of recent old times in Boston, gathered from the papers of Samuel Breck, a merchant who died in Philadelphia in 1865 at the age of 81. Mary Treat has a second illustrated paper on "Our Familiar Birds," and Frances L. Mace contributes a long poem called "Israfil" the angel of death. Of shorter poems there are several, by De Forest, Maurice Thompson, Dr. Elliot Coues (a peculiar version of "The Song that the Blue-bird sings"), Kate Hillard, Nina Lafargue and M. G. V. R. The "Drawer" contains a funny story at the expense of Dean Trench; "At a recent dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his Grace sat on the right of his hostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim, in a dismal and sepulchral tone, 'It has come! it has come!'"

'What has come, your Grace?' eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

'What I have been expecting for twenty years,' solemnly answered the archbishop—'a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation.'

'Pardon me, my dear archbishop,' said the duchess looking up to him with a somewhat quizzical smile, 'Pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *I that you have been pinching.*'"

THE Popular Science Monthly has for a pleasant frontispiece an attractive portrait of President Barnard. This is accompanied by a brief sketch and a list of his most important publications. Other contributions of value include a reprint of Sir John Lubbock's extremely interesting article on "The Habits of Ants," an article by Dr. Carpenter on "Mesmerism, Odylism, Table-Turning and Spiritualism," an illustrated article on "Aqueducts" by William E. Simmons, an article on "Antique Marbles" by J. D. Champlin, Jr., and an article by A. E. Outerbridge, Jr., of the Philadelphia Mint, on the "Divisibility of Gold and other Metals" as illustrating the distich:

"E'en little fleas have lesser fleas upon their backs to bite 'em;
And these again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum.*"

The editor expresses his views on Pleasanton and blue glass in the following vigorous terms:

"We think that the man is a pestilent ignoramus, and his book the ghastliest rubbish that has been printed in a hundred years."

THE New Englander. The leading article in the April number of the *New Englander* is a long and exceedingly able review of the work and position of Dean Stanley, by Edwin D. Mead, of Boston. Its liberality is remarkable, and if this is Orthodoxy we are all in the greatest danger of becoming Orthodox without knowing it. G. J. Stoeckel, of Yale College, describes at great length "The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth;" Rev. William Crawford discourses on "Expository Preaching;" Professor E. E. Salisbury, in a lecture delivered before the Yale School of the Fine Arts, defines the "Principles of Domestic Taste," a subject long neglected but now receiving deserved attention; Rev. A. S. Twombly treats of "The Apocryphal Period of Hebrew History in its relation to Christ;" and Rev. B. W. Dwight discusses the question now agitating some of the churches: "Woman's Right to Public Forms of Usefulness in the Church," on which question he takes the affirmative side.

The number closes with several book notices, the most important of which is devoted to "Daniel Deronda," which the author finds a disappointment at least if not a failure.

THE Catholic World contains an article upon Bismarck, founded upon Julian Klaczko's "Two Chancellors"—not specially devoted to his treatment of the Catholic church; the "Up the Nile" papers are concluded in this number; the "Letters of a Young Irish Woman to her Sister" and "Six Sunny Months" are continued; Aubrey De Vere contributes "Two May Carols" of no general interest; canto fifteenth of the "Purgatorio" is translated by T. W. Parsons; "Veronica" is a very *Holy Catholic* "Legend of Médoe;" and there are articles on "The Lepers of Tracadie," "Testimony of the Catacombs to some of the Sacraments," "The French Clergy during the late War in France," etc. The writer of the critical notices thinks that O. B. Frothingham's "writings are characterized by a pervading placidity, which is only occasionally ruffled by

a mocking skepticism that suggests the two close proximity of Dr. Faust's intimate friend."

THE *American Library Journal* for March comes to us with cut edges, the editors having learned as we had learned previously, that an American public desires to be relieved from trouble in this respect. It is thus we are compelled to sacrifice our own good taste to the will of a perverse generation!

Nevertheless this journal holds its own as one of the handsomest periodicals issued from the American press, and now that it is fairly launched it is difficult to understand how the libraries have managed for so many years to get along without it. Much of the current number is taken up with matters pertaining to the "American Library Association," but there are also a continuation of A. M. Pendleton's article on "How to Start Libraries in Small Towns," a descriptive list of "Reference Books in English" by Justin Winsor, and other contributions of general interest.

THE *Phrenological Journal* contains the usual variety of its characteristic contributions, with portraits of Vice-President Wheeler, George Sand and Frederick Froebel. An article on "Rhynology, or the Science of the Nose" is graphically illustrated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From James Miller, New York.

LETTERS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, ADDRESSED TO RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With a Memoir by R. H. Stoddard. Cloth, pps. 323.

THE BOOK OF THE POETS. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Cloth, pps. 224.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

NOTES ON GENESIS. By the late Frederick W. Robertson, M. A. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Vol. V. of the Old Testament, containing the First and Second Books of Samuel. By J. P. Lange, D. D. Translated and Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D. Octavo, cloth.

From H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston.

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE. April. Paper, 50 cts. Published quarterly. \$1.50 per annum.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

TOWN AND COUNTRY SERIES.

FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH. By R. Andrew Griffin. 16mo. Pps. 219, red cloth. \$1.

A WINTER STORY. By the Author of "The Rose Garden," &c. 16mo., pps. 257, red cloth. \$1.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE SWEDENBORG LIBRARY. Edited by B. F. Barrett. Vol. 3. FREEDOM, RATIONALITY AND CATHOLICITY. 12mo. Cloth, pps. 268, \$1.

From Macmillan & Co.

SCIENCE LECTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

TECHNICAL CHEMISTRY. By Prof. Roscoe, F. R. S. Paper, illustrated, 20 cts.

MANCHESTER SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE SUCCESSION OF LIFE ON THE EARTH. By W. C. Williamson, F. R. S. Paper, illustrated, 25 cts.

WHY THE EARTH'S CHEMISTRY IS AS IT IS. By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. Paper, illustrated, 25 cts.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

TWO MEN OF SANDY BAR. A Drama. By Bret Harte. 16mo., cloth, pps. 151, \$1.

DEEPHAVEN. By Sarah O. Jewett. 16mo., cloth, pps. 255, \$1.25.

MAGAZINES.

AMERICAN LIBRARY JOURNAL. March.

HARPER. May.

NEW ENGLANDER. April.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. May.

ST. NICHOLAS. May.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. May-June.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. May.

CATHOLIC WORLD. May.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. May.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

SELF-OBLIVION is God's remembrance.—C. A. BARTOL.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.—SHAKESPEARE.

HEAVEN is for those who think of it.—JOSEPH JOUBERT.

WANT of thought is not invariably the reason why folks whistle.
—*Universalist*.

THE CHILDREN'S QUARREL.

"LET'S kiss and make friends," the child-lips said,
And the little brown head and the little blonde head
Nestled up to each other as doves might do,
With the same soft billing and inward oo;
And when two little faces looked up again,
They were bright as an April sky after a rain.

—*Golden Rule*.

THAT IS ALL.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart wherein Hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears,"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;
A little grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps him safe through his eternal years"—
And that is all.

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

GET but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

—LOWELL.

BUT God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.
To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.
So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary.

—FABER.

"GREAT, wide, beautiful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow—
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all.
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot—
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!'

MEAL OR PEARL?

FOR sifting meal we use coarse sieves and finer ones;
From each new sieve the grain the finer, cleaner runs.
The coarsest meal is that which in the first is caught;
And that's the choicest which the last sieve captures not.
Pearls, too, in several sieves, both coarse and fine, men sift;
But here, the best is that which in the first is left.
Poorer and poorer still from sieve to sieve they're passed;
Poorest of all are those that linger in the last.
If thou, then, art the Pearl, greatest is best of all;
But, if thou art the Meal, thou canst not be too small.

—BUCKET—(Translated by C. T. BROOKS.)

WOMAN is more likely to be well-behaved than man, but less likely to be tolerant of ill-behaviour. When she feels particularly virtuous, she is apt to condemn swiftly and fatally where man would suspend his judgment till all the qualifying facts were put

in the case. Human development has in this respect conferred upon man a great advantage, that dates from the barbaric rule of the stronger, and has been reinforced by the varied experience of every generation.—JOHN WEISS.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HÆMONY.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

"Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bere a bright golden flower, but not in this soil; . . .
He called it Hæmony."—MILTON.

A LITTLE dust the summer breeze
Had sifted up within a cleft,
A slanted raindrop from the trees,
A tiny seed by chance airs left,—
It was enough, the seedling grew,
And from the barren rock-heart drew
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud,
And dewdrops that did the bare rock stud;
And crowned at length her simple head
With utter sweetness, breathed afar,
And burning like a dusky star,—
Sweetness upon so little fed,
Ah me! ah me!
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear love, such seedlings are,
That need so little, ah, so less
Than little on this earth, to bear
The sun-sweet blossom, happiness;
And sing,—those dying hearts that come
To go,—their swan-song flying home.
A touch, a tender tone, no more,
A face that lingers by the door
To turn and smile, a fond word said,
A kiss,—these things make heaven; and yet
We do neglect, refuse, forget,
To give that little, ere 'tis fled,
Ah me! ah me!
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little, nay,
Not for the golden fruit thy bough
Ripens for thee and thine who day
By day beneath thy shadow grow;
Only for what, from that full store,
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor,
A drift of blossom, needed not
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.
A touch, a tender word soon said,
Fond tones that seem our dead again
Come back after long years of pain,
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled—
Ah me! ah me!
Sad hearts that go uncomforted.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

LOSS AND GAIN.

[Translated for the Inquirer from the Swedish of Marie Sophie Schwartz]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

"Buy some strawberries, dear good lady," said a little maiden as she stepped into the kitchen of a large farm-house where the house-wife was busily engaged in baking.

"Good heavens! where did you come from child? No one ought to send his dog out in such weather as this!" exclaimed Mother Green; nevertheless she nodded in a friendly manner to the little one, who was afraid neither of wind nor rain.

"The berries are perfectly dry, good lady; I picked them when the sun was shining bright and covered them up well."

"I am speaking of you, not of the berries; you must be wet through and through."

"Oh no! it's not so bad as that," said the maiden merrily. "It's only a little way from the village here; besides, you don't get wet through immediately unless it rains pitch-forks."

"Come in and dry yourself! You'll catch your death of cold in those wet clothes."

"Will the lady buy my berries?" asked the maiden coaxingly. "I cannot stay and dry myself a moment, for I must go back to the city and sell the rest of them. Or, perhaps the lady would like them all?"

Mother Green declared herself ready to make the proposed purchase, and in great glee the delighted strawberry girl went to the kitchen fire, dried her clothes, drank a cup of her benefactress' rich coffee, and finally, when she started on her way home it had stopped raining and the sun shone in a cloudless sky.

When she had gone about half way an inviting resting-place, in the shape of a large stone directly in front of a thicket, presented itself, and as she felt somewhat tired she sat down to rest a little while and to dream.

She took out the money which she had received for the berries, and which she carried carefully in a leather purse in her bosom, turned each piece over and over, put it back into the purse and reckoned it again and again, while her face glowed with joyful anticipation.

Jeanne was building air-castles, which had a somewhat firmer basis than those of the milk-maid, since they had for a foundation the ready money safe in her purse instead of the milk-pots, but in their general features they were not essentially different. She concluded to keep her treasure in the very bottom of her little trunk and to add to it during the Summer by picking all kinds of berries, weaving baskets, making up wreaths and nosegays, which she would sell in the city for cash.

In this way she would get together a capital, and with it she would buy hens and bees that would supply her with eggs and honey, by the sale of which she would become rich.

And did she want these riches for herself alone? Far from it. Jeanne was, to be sure, an orphan, she had never known father or mother, nevertheless there were people whom she loved dearly and by whom she was loved in turn.

First, there was the old grandfather Lasse, who had brought up Jeanne and Andrew, her cousin, the playfellow of our childhood, her best-loved friend. Both of these played a prominent part in her air-castles.

Her bees, hens, baskets and berries brought in such a large sum that she dreamed on and on, and bought a pretty little house with a garden and field; then Andrew need not go out to work any more, but he could work in the garden and she would take care of the house while her good old grandfather sat in his arm-chair smoking his pipe, and he need not sit all day at the loom letting the shuttle glide untiringly through his hand, when he was so old and feeble.

Thus one dream succeeded another. How many or how few of these imaginary pictures could and would be realized was another thing, and is a question which older and wiser people do not stop to consider when they give the reins to their imagination, much less a maiden sixteen years old brought up in the solitude of the country.

As if she possessed in reality what her waking dream had just pictured, Jeanne started joyfully up and was just going on her way with quicker step in order to make up for the time she had lost—for she knew that some one would be waiting for her at the cross-road—when a rustling caused her to look round. She saw a young man who stepped quickly

out of the thicket behind the rock on which she had been sitting.

"What's your name and where did you come from?" asked the young man.

"My name is Jeanne" replied the maiden, "and I came from Bramma. I live there with my grandfather, old Father Lasse he is called. Our cottage is close by the church," added she.

"You have money with you," continued the young man as he came a step nearer the maiden, "I saw you counting it; have you any bread?"

"Yes, I have a piece here in this basket which I brought from home and have not eaten," replied Jeanne, who did not yet know what to think of the stranger.

"You'll not be hungry if you give me the money and the bread, so be quick, give them to me, I must have them!"

Jeanne stared in utter astonishment at the stranger who wished thus to rob her of her treasure without any ceremony.

She pressed her hands tightly over her belt as if to protect her little purse and took some steps in order to flee from the threatened danger, but the young man seized her by the shoulder. "Give me the money!" he exclaimed with a wild look in his eyes and a hoarse voice.

"Don't think I'm a robber, I'm only a beggar! You must give me the money, girl, or you will have the guilt of a man's death on your conscience!"

Frightened by these words, especially by the tone of despair in which they were uttered, Jeanne looked searchingly into the stranger's face and read there the confirmation of what he had said. It was evident, even to the frightened and inexperienced maiden, that he did not look like a robber and highwayman.

Those wasted features, those pale and hollow cheeks, and the dark ring about the eyes gave proof of the deepest misery, a misery which had endured to the extreme before extreme measures were made use of.

Without saying a word Jeanne drew out her little purse and handed it, together with the basket, to the stranger.

He put the former in his pocket, opened the latter, took out the bread, broke off a piece and ate it, then giving the basket back to the girl said in a trembling voice: "God bless you, child. This is not the last time we shall meet." With this he disappeared hastily into the thicket.

Jeanne stood, with the empty basket in her hand, looking sorrowfully after her vanishing fortune and the air-castles melting away with it. Unable to start on her way immediately she sat down on the rock again, covered her face with her hands and great tears trickled down between her fingers. It was some time before she gained courage to start.

At the cross-road Andrew was waiting with a bag of meal, which had been ground at the mill.

"Jeanne, dearest Jeanne!" he cried in the distance, "where in the world have you been so long? I've been waiting here for you an hour, and they'll say at home that I staid too long at the mill, but I couldn't go back without you! Now how has it been with you, did you get good pay for your berries?"

"I received good enough pay for them, Andrew; good! Mrs. Green bought them all and paid well; but I've fared very poorly, my money is all gone." Jeanne's eyes filled with tears.

Andrew did not ask where the money had gone, he only saw tears in the eyes of the girl he loved, and tried to comfort her.

"There are plenty more berries in the wood," he said con-

solingly; "between now and next Saturday evening you can pick a good many, I shall drive to the city then with some grain, and will take you and your basket; you can sell them there at a good profit, and then you will have as much as you have lost."

The tears disappeared from Jeanne's eyes and she smiled gratefully at the friend of her youth, and with this smile there came into view some of those air-castles which had been so summarily dispelled.

Andrew, who was twenty years old, helped her to build them, and they gained wonderfully in brilliancy and variety of colors. He bought a mill of his own and took Jeanne to keep his house, and both of them like good children took care of old Father Lasse who lived with them.

The two young people reached Bramma just at twilight. Before separating from each other they shook hands, vowed never to desert one another whatever the future might bring, and sealed the promise with a kiss.

How easily youth makes promises and how ready it is to trust!

Two years had passed. It was Summer again and Mrs. Green was in her kitchen cooking, and again she opened the door and Jeanne stepped in with the request:

"Buy some berries, dear lady, they are the first I've found this year."

"Ah, Jeanne, at last you let me set eyes on you again," cried Mrs. Green. "What have I done that you've not been here for such an age?"

"I have not been by here before; I have not been in the city for a long time," replied Jeanne.

The tone in which this answer was given was so sad that Mrs. Green looked inquiringly at Jeanne. A great change had taken place; the merry laughing child had grown into an earnest, quiet woman.

"But heavens, child, how you look,—how pale you are," cried Mrs. Green.

"I've been sick and had besides to suffer a great trial," said Jeanne. "But thank God; the worst is over now, and all will yet be well."

She did not give any more particulars about the nature of her suffering, and seemed to evade purposely all questions concerning it.

To the inquiry after her grandfather she replied that he was well and was still a weaver, although he could only make four or five yards a day.

"But there's no need of it," she added clearing her voice, "I have twenty hens and two bee-hives, and earn quite a handsome little sum by selling eggs, honey, baskets and berries. I hope to arrange it so that grandfather needn't work at all and can have a happy old age."

Mrs. Green bought her berries and Jeanne went her way.

The sun shone brightly, the sky was blue, the flowers exhaled their rich perfume and the birds were singing, it was a day when all nature seemed to rejoice; but the brightness of her surroundings was not reflected on Jeanne's face. The look of hope and joy had vanished and weariness and sorrow were stamped upon it.

She stopped and sat down on the same rock on which she had rested two years before and with which she had so many associations. But she did not take out her money and let it slip joyfully through her fingers as before, neither did she give herself up to bright, dazzling dreams of the future, she rested her head sadly on her hand and stared into vacancy.

A cloud of dust swept along the road. A vehicle came at

a rapid pace from the city. Jeanne had no sooner seen it and recognized the occupants than she quickly turned away her head.

It was a new wagon, painted green, drawn by two strong horses. In it sat Andrew, and his young wife with a face round as an apple and brown as a berry.

The nearer Andrew came to the place where Jeanne was sitting the higher the color mounted in his face; in his embarrassment he pulled so hastily on the reins that the horses pranced and his frightened wife started up from her seat.

"Good heavens! Andrew, what are you doing?" cried she. "I should think you were afraid of weaver Lasse's beggar girl."

The wagon made such a noise Jeanne could not understand Andrew's reply. She heaved a deep sigh and watched the wagon until it disappeared in a bend of the road.

Two weeks before this Andrew had married the daughter of Eric, the rich miller. As far as he was concerned the dreams they had pictured of the future had been fulfilled.

He had a mill house and farm of his own; but he did not have his own industry to thank for these possessions, neither did Jeanne and her old grandfather share them with him.

Andrew's faithlessness was the deep sorrow Jeanne had experienced; it was that which had thrown her on a sick-bed, paled her cheek and destroyed her happiness. But now she vowed to regain strength and try and forget him who had once been so dear to her.

(To be Concluded.)

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

I QUESTION very much whether the formal reading by rote of the Bible in schools as a school-book does so much good as to be justly regarded as essential. The children are not generally in a state of mind to receive instruction from it. Its meaning cannot be explained where its style is archaic or the sense obscure beyond the comprehension of children. Still something valuable may be gained by the children through familiarity with the Gospels, and some influences even from a perfunctory formal treatment of this school exercise may pass over into the child's future life. If any of the inhabitants of a school district should object to this for conscience's sake, I would grant every indulgence consistent with school order; for instance, would allow a lesson from some other book to be substituted in its place. To cling tenaciously to the reading of the Bible against a considerable minority in the school district, or the State, could be insisted on, I should think, only on the ground that this exercise is of vast importance for the moral and spiritual welfare of the children, which I am not prepared to admit."—*Ex-President Woolsey.*

THE American masses desire, we believe, simply three things of their national rulers,—specie payments at the earliest moment; the settlement of the Southern question, so that local government shall exist in every State of the Union without support of Federal bayonets, and the rights of all classes be placed beyond jeopardy; and the elimination of every taint of corruption from the Government service. So long as the Administration bends its best energies to the accomplishment of these purposes, the hostility of the Butlers, the Spencers and the Pattersons will only increase its prestige and popularity.—*Transcript.*

THE Unitarian is not text-bound. He is as free as air. Except in the case of Talmage, there is nothing like this liberty among the Orthodox. If the text will hold all the man wants to say, all right; but if the man has much, and the text little, then the text is crushed under the load like the traitorous bad girl, upon whom a whole Roman legion threw their shields. In the Unitarian literature authority being little, reason is large, and all the steps in speech are full of argument. These preachers seem to like what they call logic more than they love a "Thus saith the Lord," and hence you will find them on the lookout for major and minor premises.—*The Alliance.*

LET the clergy leave the Jews alone, and endeavor to improve the Christianity of their hearers. "Peace on earth, good will to man," is a basis upon which they can build a beautiful and substantial structure, and they can apply it to general advantage. "Faith, hope and charity," is another; the golden rule a third. Let them remember that, in quoting the pithiest sentences of the new dispensation, they are but presenting in a changed form the teachings of the old, and they are not adding to the glory of their own faith by decrying that upon which it is based.—*Jewish Messenger.*

THERE is one sense, a high and worthy sense, in which politics ought to be regarded as a trade or profession—that is, a pursuit calling for skilled labor.—*Watchman.*

THE *Evening Post* quotes this flattering description of Abraham Lincoln made by Mr. Phillips in 1861: "He may be honest. Nobody cares whether the tortoise is honest or not; he has neither insight nor prevision nor decision." We think that "the slavehound of Illinois" was an earlier compliment.—*Christian Register.*

OF all the men talked about for foreign mission appointments, George William Curtis ought to stand at the head in Mr. Hayes' thought. He has the character and the culture for the very best place, and no man has labored longer, more devotedly and more unselfishly in the reform Republican vineyard. He deserves to be made a bright particular star in the diadem of the Hayes administration.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE example of the Puritan Congregational Church of Brooklyn is to be noticed. It owes \$93,000 and hasn't the wherewithal to pay its debt. It now, like any other bankrupt, turns over its property to its creditors. The organization is to go ahead, however, as before. Thus it would seem that the newest feature in church enterprise will be voluntary bankruptcy. It opens a queer sort of future when one thinks of it. It holds out a hope that an able and energetic church can begin with nothing, and after losing two or three buildings and squandering a few pastors, can end handsomely with Brussels carpet and have a new minister.—*The Alliance.*

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL., CONFERENCE.

THE semi-annual meeting of "The Fraternity of Illinois Liberal Religious Societies," held at Shelbyville on the 10th, 11th and 12th instant, passed off very pleasantly. The attendance of delegates was not indeed nearly as large as we desired, and we missed greatly Dr. Elliot, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Hosmer, Mr. Hunting, Mr. Bailey and other earnest brethren whom we had hoped to see and hear, but the friends in Shelbyville and from the vicinity were present in good numbers, and entered very cordially into the Conference work. The hospitality extended to visiting friends by Br. Douthit and his associates was hearty and generous, and the religious earnestness manifested by all connected with the Shelbyville Church and the Shelbyville Mission was very cheering.

The Conference was opened Tuesday evening by Rev. Brooke Herford in a sermon of great manliness, directness and power on "The Bible Way of Salvation." Devotional meetings were held Wednesday and Thursday mornings. Interesting reports upon the condition of the churches were made by the Western Secretary and others. Essays were read upon "Honesty, Generosity and Economy in Church Finances," by Mr. Geo. Partridge of St. Louis; on "Co-operation and Responsibility," by Mr. Thompson of Bloomington, Ill.; and on "Liberal Christianity as Distinguished from Indifferentism," by Mr. Heywood of Louisville, Ky. The reading of each paper was followed by frank, vigorous discussion.

Illness in his family having prevented Mr. Snyder's attendance, Mr. Herford kindly consented to give the Conference some thoughts upon the subject on which Br. Snyder was to have written, "What shall we Teach our Children?"

Wednesday evening's meeting was made doubly-interesting by platform addresses from Brs. Partridge and Thompson and from Br. Young of Indianapolis, and by the ordination of Mr. Brown, a young brother, whose interest in spiritual realities has been awakened under the ministry of Brs. Douthit and Ellis. Br. Brown, like many of the earnest men whom Wesley gathered around him,

works hard through the week and preaches on the Sunday, and on some of the week-day evenings also.

The writer of these hastily written lines was obliged to leave Shelbyville before the meeting of Thursday evening, but the whole-souled hospitality manifested in private homes gave full guarantee of a delightful "Social Re-union."

Many interesting things were presented at the Conference, but the most interesting things, by all odds, were the Shelbyville Church and the Shelbyville Mission as positive results, and as demonstration of what can be done by solid, religious, genuinely-Christian work.

J. H. H.

JOTTINGS.

REV. CHARLES A. Hayden, of the Unitarian Church in Lawrence, has resigned, to accept a call to Gardiner, Me.

THE Syracuse, N. Y., *Evening Herald*, of April 10th prints an able sermon by Rev. E. W. Mundy, on "Free Salvation."

BOSTON, MASS.—Rev. M. J. Savage preached Sunday morning on "Faith and works," and took occasion to criticise with some freedom the utterances of a certain Mr. Moody now preaching in Boston.

"VILLAGE Improvement Societies" and "Village Reform" are to be discussed in *Scribner* for May by George E. Waring, Jr., and Dr. Holland. What these writers have to say on these themes will be worth the reading.

"HARRY," a new poem by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" will be issued in this country by Macmillan & Co., 22 Bond Street, New York, who have prepared in cheap and elegant style an edition made specially for the American market.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in press a new and completely revised edition of Mr. W. H. Pater's "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," which will contain an engraving by Jeans from a celebrated drawing of Leonardo da Vinci in the Louvre. The book will appear very shortly.

ADMIRERS of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will be glad to learn that Scribner has several of her short stories on hand awaiting publication. One of these, entitled "Esmeralda," is to appear in the May number. The scene is laid in Paris and the *dramatis personæ* are chiefly a family from the mountains of North Carolina.

REV. A. S. NICKERSON has read his resignation as pastor at Charlestown N. H.

Rev. Mr. Gibbs, of North Dana, is called to Athol Centre.

Rev. J. W. Fitch has resigned the pastorate of the church of West Bridgewater and gone to Uncasville, Conn.

PEBSONS in Brooklyn looking westward about half-past seven o'clock on Sunday evening last, had the pleasure of viewing a brilliant meteor which moved horizontally at an altitude a little greater than that of the moon, and exploded very much like a rocket, with a white light. Had the position been such as to make it possible, it would undoubtedly have been considered a rocket only.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—On Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Chadwick delivered before a good audience in the new chapel, a lecture upon Theodore Parker. It was characterized by his usual force and incisiveness and was as might be expected, a labor of love. We have just received another of Mr. Chadwick's sermons, "The Moral Aspect of a Belief in Immortality," which can be obtained on application to Mr. C. P. Somerby, 138 Eighth Street.

MR. COOK's doctrine of the Trinity is a work of the imagination. The Bible contains no such doctrine. The Bible contains no doctrine of the Trinity whatever. Therefore no such doctrine can be any essential part of Christianity. That is the way in which this centuries-long controversy is to be settled and made no more a hindrance to Christian union and progress.

O. N.

SUNSHINE IN ENGLAND.—"The astronomer-royal having undertaken to register the hours of sunshine in comparison with the number of hours the sun is above the horizon, some interesting results have been obtained. Thus last week [February 11-17] the sun was above the horizon 69.3 hours, but his light was intercepted, and he shone on London only 9.3 hours; four days not at all; Sunday 5.3 hours; Friday 3.5 hours, and Saturday half an hour."

The Inquirer.

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1876-77.

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THE Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Western Unitarian Conference will be held at Toledo, Ohio, May 15-18, 1877. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Kenosha, Wis. Papers will be read by President A. A. Livermore, Revs. Robert Collyer, J. S. Thompson, A. F. Bailey and others. The Western Ministers' Club and the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society are also preparing interesting programmes.

On behalf of our cause I bespeak your interest and invite your presence. Brothers and sisters let us have a hearty rally.

Yours, for the Conference,

JENK. LL. JONES, Cor. Secretary.

MR. RUSKIN recently commenced the formation of a museum at Walkley, a suburb of Sheffield, for the benefit of students among workmen, and he purchased for it a large folio Bible of the thirteenth century. By some mistake a smaller work, distinguished for its exquisite penmanship and beautiful illuminations, was during his absence sent to the Walkley Museum, and although it was a favorite object of study with Mr. Ruskin, he has determined to leave it where it is, under the impression that it will be of more benefit to the world if placed in the hands of the students of St. George's schools than if retained for his own personal enjoyment. A part of Mr. Ruskin's present work at Venice consists in selecting and getting casts from the most beautiful types of sculpture to be found there. These are chiefly from the Ducal Palace, and in order to prosecute the work he has had scaffolding erected at the most salient points. The result of his labors will be placed before the students at the Walkley Museum.

A RHODE ISLAND MYSTERY.—A letter from Smithfield to the Providence Journal says: Can any of your readers or scientific men tell me what should cause the following phenomena: On a piece of land owned by Zalmon T. Williams, lying about one and a half miles north of the village of Greenville, is a large excavation made in the earth either by lightning, by water, or some explosive material. The excavation was made on the side of a hill where now it is perfectly dry and always has been to my knowledge. It occurred on the night of Wednesday, March 28, at the time of the heavy rain. The man who lives close by says the commotion made a report as loud as thunder, the sound being far more long and rumbling. The amount of earth removed may reach from fifty to seventy-five cart loads, with stones mixed in with it weighing over one hundred pounds. The earth removed on the back side will extend to a depth of five or six feet, and is carried down the hill near one hundred and fifty feet, looking as though a large stream of water had run through the centre, leaving the earth on both sides of it.

WOMEN IN THE DOULTON POTTERIES.—The studios in the Doulton potteries are very extensive. One would think that this art movement dated from 1800 rather than from 1870 or 1872, so numerous are the artists, and so composed and self-confident are they in their work. About fifty young ladies are employed in these studios, and all are paid well. They are not restricted to hours, like the operatives at the wheels and in the kilns below. On the contrary, it is understood that they are artists, dependent largely upon the condition of their mind for the spontaneity of their pro-

duction, and not to be controlled. They are active, though, these little ladies, and they keep the great kilns filled with the products of their pencils, baking night and day. I do not think any of the women employed in these studios are from the lower classes. They are from the middle class and are girls who had the advantages of a good education before they developed taste for drawing and coloring. They are very like 50,000 girls that one might find in Massachusetts—intelligent, dainty, predisposed to be hard students the moment they are directed toward their special aptitude. Their ambition knows no bounds, and as some of them have already won national reputations, they are all diligent in rivalry.—Edward King in Boston Journal.

THE annual meeting of that thoroughly popular Boston institution, the Young Men's Christian Union, was held last week, Wednesday evening, and the interest of the members was shown by a large attendance at the Union Hall. William H. Baldwin presided and Mr. H. H. Sprague was secretary. Reports were presented from the officers and from the various committees who have in charge the detail of the work of the Union. The statement of the Treasurer, W. L. Richardson, shows that, including a balance of \$185.39 from last year, the receipts were \$21,361.58; the expenditures were \$21,069.77, leaving a balance on hand of \$291.76. The library and reading-room have been largely patronized during the year. The classes have been well sustained, the entertainments much enjoyed, the sermons and lectures instructive, the gymnasium well frequented, the outside work active and efficient, and altogether the year's service has proved most satisfactory. Officers were elected by ballot by a substantially unanimous vote as follows: President, William H. Baldwin; Vice-President, Henry H. Sprague; Secretary, Frederick S. Clark; Treasurer, William L. Richardson; Calvin G. Hartshorn, Wm. B. Clarke, Benjamin N. Bradt, Joseph T. Brown, Jr., James F. Thomas, Wm. F. Whitecomb.

B. Y. M. CHRISTIAN UNION.—The "Country Week" for 1877. For the past two Summers, as it will be remembered with much satisfaction by many residents of Boston and neighboring country towns, the wisely organized plans for sending children (whose vacation otherwise would have been "the doorstep life of alleys or straying round the streets") from the city into the country for a week of healthful enjoyment, were most successfully carried out. The results have been far more gratifying than could have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of the movement, and the "Country Week" has been proved to ladies and gentlemen familiar with its methods and results, a positive, practical Christian charity.

By the earnest request of the original movers in this work, the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, 18 Boylston street, has assumed the duties, responsibilities and full charge of "The Country Week" for this season. A special committee of ladies and gentlemen has been appointed, with Mr. C. P. Lombard as chairman. The report of the work for last Summer is now in the printer's hands, and when ready will be sent to former actively interested friends, and will also be given (or mailed if requested) to all ladies and gentlemen who may express a desire to become familiar with the plans and methods of carrying on this work in the interest and welfare of very many needy and worthy children and parents in this city.

"THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY."

In fulfillment of previous announcements, **St. Nicholas for May** will be the leading number of the year, the Loveliest and Liveliest yet published. It has 24 additional pages.

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Cash on hand and in Bank . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value . . . 300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwellings . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . . . 19,725 00

\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital . . . \$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance . . . 1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends . . . 243,402 24
Net Surplus . . . 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS . . . \$342,311 22
BILLS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,394,000 2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) . . . 286,902 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 . . . 72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS . . . 153,416 58
REAL ESTATE . . . 6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE . . . 8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 . . . \$242,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID . . . 1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus . . . 1,792,902 92

Gross Assets . . . \$2,792,902 92

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Surplus.....\$5,508,793.41

The Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, in relation to an examination into the affairs of the Society, which has just been made, concludes as follows:

"The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subjected to severer tests than this Society has, nothing having been taken for granted, but every item, both of assets and liabilities, conscientiously and exhaustively scrutinized. To accomplish this, a force of ten persons, under the Chief Examiner of the Department, has been steadily engaged for nearly three months. The Superintendent is much gratified at being able to state that the result of this investigation shows the complete solvency of the Institution; and that if the same energy and ability are displayed in its management and conduct from this time, as in the past, a career of solid commercial prosperity is before it."

JOHN F. SMYTH,
"Superintendent."

The Report of a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders (after an examination extending over a period of more than two months; assisted by a full corps of experts and accountants) concludes as follows:

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"All of which is respectfully submitted.
"E. D. MORGAN,
"WM. A. WHELOCK, B. E. SHERMAN,
"CHARLES S. SMITH, MORRIS K. JESSUP,
"CORNELIUS N. BLISS, J. M. MOHRISON,
"C. G. FRANKLYN, F. D. TAPPEN."

The full Report of the Superintendent of Insurance, and the full Report of the Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, have been printed, in pamphlet form, and may be obtained by application to the Society or to any of its agents throughout the United States and Canada.

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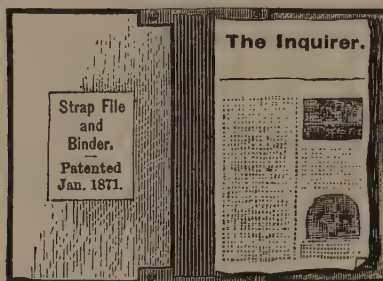
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 21.
WHOLE NO., 1591.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS A COPY.

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On the First of May next, **THE INQUIRER** will remove to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

WE trust that our friends will remember that we desire to have the names of all contributors, not necessarily for publication however.

THE failure of so many of the insurance companies has had at least one good effect. It has impressed upon the solvent companies the absolute need of making a perfectly clean breast of their affairs, without equivocation or reserve. No company seems to have done this more thoroughly or with a better showing for itself than the Equitable Life Assurance Company, whose full statement appears in our advertising columns to-day. According to this statement the net cash assets of the company exceed thirty millions of dollars, the surplus alone exceeding five millions.

THE following figures relative to taxation in France, condensed from the *New York Times*, will be found interesting. The total amount called for in the Budget is \$557,123,342, or about \$15 for each member of the population. Of this fifteen dollars, \$5.63 goes to pay interest on the national debt; \$2.66 to support the army; the Finance Department costs \$1.55; public works, \$1.15; the navy, 98 cts.; pensions 67 cts.; the Church, 31 cts.; public instruction, 28 cts.; internal administration, 25 cts.; the gendarmerie, 22 cts.; the Department of Justice, 19 cts.; agriculture and commerce, 16 cts.; Algeria, 14 cts.; prisons, 13 cts.; incidentals, 10½ cts.; foreign affairs, 7 cts.; police, 7 cts.; the legislature, 5 4-5 cts.; penal establishments, 5 1-5 cts.; fine arts, 4 cts.; the Executive three-fifths of a cent. An inhabitant of Paris must pay \$6.35 per annum additional for interest, sinking fund and lottery prizes.

THE Czar, having taken all the winter in which to complete his preparations, has at length blown his trumpet and sounded to the onset. The telegraph informs us that the Russian troops have crossed the Pruth, that the advance

guard is in Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, and within thirty miles of the Danube, and that large armies are on the march. Meantime the Montenegrins are also in motion, England proposes to send troops to Egypt to look after the Suez Canal, and generally speaking, the whole Continent is agitated. It would be idle to attempt prediction, and doubtless the progress of events for the next few weeks will be sufficiently rapid to satisfy the most exacting. In the interest of civilization we can but hope that the campaign will be short, sharp and decisive, and that it will be terminated before sufficient time has elapsed to seriously compromise the other European Powers.

WHAT staggers the politicians is the President's persistent fidelity to the policy he deliberately determined upon and then so clearly defined in his letter of acceptance. What these anxious patriots mistook for amiable inaugural platitudes they have now to their sorrow discovered to be guiding principles of action to be observed for the present at all hazards, regardless of immediate consequences to parties or their minions. The disappointed place-hunters are actively engaged in noisily declaring that "the President's policy will ruin their party," but the party refuses to be ruined, saying that it much prefers to be thoroughly reformed! This is cold comfort for the place-men, whose only deadly enemy is genuine reform, but it seems to be about the only sort of comfort they are likely to receive for some time to come. The President's policy works so provokingly well, and "the party doesn't scare worth a cent!" Poor "patriots!"

IN what the *World* published last week as a synopsis of the statement made by Tweed of matters concerning the history of the Ring, George Morgan of Dutchess County is named as one of those who profited by some little pecuniary arrangement anent his vote on the Tweed Charter. Mr. Morgan virtuously and indignantly denies the truth of this statement and says: "I voted for the Tweed Charter on precisely the same principle that I voted for measures of other members whom I desired to vote for my measures, such as the State appropriation for the Hudson River Hospital and the Poughkeepsie Bridge Bill, making in my own mind each member responsible for the measures in his district, as I was responsible for those in my district."

That is to say, there was no fraud, corruption or improper action on his part at all. He simply helped Tweed to get the treasury of New York City into such a position that he could let down buckets into it and draw up what he liked, in return for such assistance as Tweed and his friends could give him toward laying a free-flowing conduit from the Treasury of the State to Poughkeepsie.—Corruption? Why, bless your unsophisticated heart, it was patriotism, sir,—pure patriotism, and there were millions in it!

THE price of gold again advanced to 107½ on Tuesday, afterward falling off gradually to 107¼. The advance seemed to depend wholly on the news from abroad, and could not be sustained notwithstanding the definite information received. During the week silver has fallen off again to 54½d. per ounce, with entire uncertainty as to its future course.

Some predictions of a healthy revival of business are based upon the increased amount of wheat and corn now coming forward, a very fallacious sign, considering the circumstances inducing the immediate activity. The demand abroad for our $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds continues good, and such as to keep the price there a fraction above par, but not such as to induce the belief that a 4 per cent. loan could be floated advantageously just at present.

Meantime large sales of stocks of all kinds, but especially of railroad stocks, are being made by those who have held them for investment, and under these sales it is impossible for prices to hold their own. When investors begin to apply "the historical method" and to compare the nominal cost to-day in stocks and bonds, of certain railroads which were in existence twenty years ago, with their capital and indebtedness as they stood at that date, it is time to look out for some inferences not by any means in the interest of a "bull" movement. Now that the tower has been built—and is found to be a trifle weak in the foundation—there is evidently a tendency to begin to count the cost.

THAT sensible men can do very silly things is no new discovery. As apt an illustration of this fact as we have recently seen is the letter addressed by Charles Francis Adams to Samuel J. Tilden, dated March 5th, though only recently published, in which he gushes a little over the late Governor, and then alluding to Hayes, says: "I could never have been reconciled to the elevation, by the smallest aid of mine, of a person, however respectable in private life, who must forever carry upon his brow the stamp of fraud first triumphant in American history. No subsequent action, however meritorious, can wash away the letters of that record."

Now, whatever may have been the actual result of the election in November, disgraceful as may have been many of the occurrences during the winter's contest, and we hold as we have always held that the election was vitiated by fraud on both sides, and that there was enough in the transactions of the winter to subject to perpetual scorn and contempt certain adherents of each party, nothing seems to us more certain than that it was Mr. Hayes' bounden duty and the requirement of the highest patriotism, to accept the decision of the tribunal of last resort, and to strain every nerve to settle upon an equitable basis the disordered administration of the Government. If no American citizen shall hereafter ever wear a worse stain upon his brow than that which marks Rutherford B. Hayes to-day, we need not mourn much over our degeneracy. And we cannot but think how exquisitely ridiculous in its application the above paragraph will appear to any one who may unearth it twenty years hence.

On Tuesday, at noon, the United States troops quietly marched out of the Orleans Hotel and proceeded to their barracks. We hear of no great slaughter of negroes by bonfire or other process, and shall have to believe either that the telegraph operators have been effectually "bulldozed," or that the ceremony referred to has been omitted.

Of the policy which may be said to have culminated in this movement of the troops, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison says: "It is not a new policy, but the old one, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution up to the time of the Rebellion—the policy of compromise, of credulity, of weakness, of subserviency, of surrender. It casts an unmerited stigma upon the preceeding national administration, to the frantic delight of a bastard 'Democracy,' that deserves to be hissed out of the country and out of the world. It has already de-

moralized the Republican party, inducing it to dishonor its patriotic record, disregard its solemn pledges and take a 'new departure' that, if adhered to, must inevitably lead to its disintegration and overthrow."

We have the highest regard for Mr. Garrison, and he can do nothing which will lessen our respect for the valiant and noble way in which for so many years he devoted his life and all his powers to a just cause. We think that he may be correct in his opinion that the "new departure" if adhered to will lead to the disintegration and overthrow of the Republican party. But in the interest of humanity, of justice and mercy and peace we are constrained to ask—if it promises to lead to the protection, education and elevation of white and black, to the devotion of the General Government to its own concerns, and to the promotion of honesty, economy and a judicious administration—what of that?

AFTER some hesitation and delay the Legislature has passed the Amendments proposed by the Municipal Commission by a good majority and thus the first and perhaps the most difficult step toward their adoption has been taken. It is certainly much to be regretted that in the discussion and vote upon the clause which was really the kernel of the plan, the qualification of the suffrage affecting financial management the Democratic members of both houses ranged themselves so unanimously on the wrong side, thus apparently assuring a party contest upon the Amendments for the popular vote notwithstanding the cordial support given to the clause by the most reputable and intelligent members of the Democratic party outside of Albany. It was of course to be anticipated that those who live by "politics," those to whom without the control of the purse-strings the science of government would become a dry and uninteresting study, would oppose any restrictions upon their operations, but it is not pleasant to think that this feeling could be sufficiently wide-spread to produce the effect above noted.

There are probably very few intelligent people who see anything unrepugnant in the restriction proposed and very few intelligent people who would not cheerfully vote to deprive themselves of the right of suffrage, if by so doing they could advance the cause of good government. The opposition we may be very sure will come with scarcely an exception from the unintelligent, and from those who wish to use these.

Ex-Governor Tilden who appointed the Municipal Commission, it is said had not read its report at a period some weeks after the completion of it, and it is also stated that he opposes the endorsement of its recommendations. It is singular how many blows Mr. Tilden has succeeded, during the past six months, in showering upon the faith of those who have been anxious to think well of him.

EVOLUTION AND REFORM.

"THE historical method cannot answer directly the inquiry either What is true? or, What is expedient? and . . . these two questions are the most vital that can be asked or answered."

We have heretofore expressed unequivocally our acceptance of the doctrine of evolution as exemplified in the development of society in the past and as the important factor to be considered in measuring changes projected in the future. At the same time we have endeavored to show that by human agency mainly, so far as we can see, must these changes be made, and upon the character of the individuals engaged must

the character of the resultant institutions depend. It remains to state somewhat more definitely the relation in which the individual reformer stands or should stand to the history of the past and the work of the present and future.

It is quite evident then, that "the historical method cannot answer directly either the inquiry What is true? or, What is expedient?" What then, in the sphere of social development and for the benefit of society other than as an excitant to curious speculation, can it do? It seems to us that its value is two-fold. In the first place the careful study of institutions, of moral codes and of ethical theories, in their past relations, affords valuable though not conclusive evidence on the question of truth and expediency, and evidence which cannot properly or safely be ignored, by the faithful student. In the second place, and this is a much more vital point and one of controlling importance, the study of the development of ideas and institutions, gives us reliable information, and the only knowledge which we can possibly obtain of the lines upon which ideas move, the methods by which changes have been effected, the channels by which only certain results can be attained.

There are thus two points to be considered: First, for example, the question may be submitted to us, is it best to remain on this side of the river, or is it best to cross to the other side; Second, if it should appear to be best to cross to the other side, what is the proper method of doing so—by bridge, boat, balloon or by jumping—by a single stride or by means of a slowly-constructed causeway? The historical method will not settle the first point; it will however throw a strong light upon it: the second point cannot be reached but through the historical method, except by the merest accident. The evolutionist—so we understand the term as used in connection with social movement, is one who believes in the orderly progress of the race, the orderly development of ideas and institutions among and by the agency of sentient beings of increasing knowledge and experience. He believes that as civilization ripens the control of mind becomes more direct and absolute, the resulting institutions approach, though by very slow stages, nearer and nearer toward the abstract, but perhaps still undiscoverable best, and they change less spasmodically, more in accordance with certain settled principles, and more nearly in the manner in which organic varieties are formed under normal conditions of climate and environment.

It is said that reformers are an "uncritical and not an historically-minded race," "that the historical mode of thought saps indignation at moral evil and aversion to intellectual error," and that "a generation who more than half believe that institutions 'grow,' like plants, are not likely to be vigorous reformers." That reformers have been frequently eminently uncritical and supremely illogical, and at the same time veritable reformers cannot be gainsaid. For one thing, the historical method is of comparatively recent application. Moreover, the reformers who have been recognized as such have not by any means always been the most efficient instruments in giving practical effect to the reforms of which they were the advocates. The suggestion that a generation believing in social evolution "are not likely to be vigorous reformers," because "the historical mode of thought saps indignation at moral evil and aversion to intellectual error," we think on careful examination will be found, so far as it is true of the well-instructed, the highly-cultivated, of whom only as true exponents of the historical mode can we speak, to mean that there will be less unreasoning denunciation of individuals, less thoughtless and unhealthy insistence upon certain single points as of supreme and exclusive importance, than among a more ignorant and im-

pulsive class, while on the other hand there will be a long-sighted vision of principles which must constantly be held in view, accompanied by a teachable spirit and willingness to accomplish their embodiment in institutions by the most natural methods and in the most enduring form. We conceive that the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution as true of social movements during consecutive periods does not necessarily imply the belief "that institutions grow like plants" in the whole length and breadth of that statement, inasmuch as the social evolutionist accepts as the controlling factor of social growth a certain voluntary action upon the part of the integers of the complete organism, a condition which would hardly be accepted as true with regard to the vegetable kingdom, and the modifying force of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

SCIENCE AND TRUST.

THAT which is deepest in religion is the feeling of trust. Without this there could be no true religious life. This is the original power and impulse of it. Whatever else may be necessary to religion this is absolutely necessary. Religion may thrive without other things, but deprived of this, the very heart of it is gone, its heavenly energy, its immeasurable hope, while with this it must have some life and progress. It may grope along, but will not utterly perish. So long as man has confidence in the Ultimate Being his religious joy is indestructible.

In view of the conflict between Science and Religion on many points, most of which are purely intellectual, it is well to note the relation which the former bears to this feeling of trust which is the very soul of the latter.

Ceasing all speculations about the origin of things and the mode of procedure, what sentiment does Science unfold in regard to Ultimate Being? As we look along the orderly sweep of stars; as we penetrate to the atom and see it quivering with prolific might and ever leaping into crystal ranks, ready for new possibilities, as we see the fire-mist through innumerable years changing to this magnificent cosmos does any feeling of distrust arise? Are we made suspicious of things? Is our confidence shaken? Does the "persistent force" look vicious? Do Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, reveal more hatred, or more benignancy?

Admitting that modern Science overthrows many of our cherished religious convictions, does it overthrow or even disturb this sentiment of trust? Does it not indeed make it more glowing? Science creates scepticism of former *thought* of things, but does it create scepticism of *things* themselves? If the old ideas vanish and the universe takes upon itself an entirely new front, does it lose its benevolent aspect? Does evolution proclaim vengeance or love, death or life, destruction or advancement? Will not the constant reader of scientific works realize a growing trustfulness? However much he may disown the theologies of the past he will not disown the confidence his fathers felt in the nature and course of things. He may reject the methods by which it has been sought to justify this confidence, but he will admit the feeling itself in its most imperial affirmations. Behind a "frowning Providence" a "smiling face," he too will see.

If all truth is one, and if the substance of Science and Religion be truth, there can in the abstract be no conflict between them; but as humanly developed and pursued they do clash and sometimes bitterly. Hence it is important to notice that in this feeling of trust which is the very starting point of Religion, there is not simply abstract harmony

but concrete. As a matter of fact the scientist and the religionist do both agree to trust the Ultimate Being. They do not question its veracity or kindliness; they accept it as orderly and progressive. It is a mighty help, is it not, to know that these two vast tendencies while they oppose each other at so many points with loud resounding waves, agree in this grandest point of all, *that on the whole things are trustworthy?* And if we detect concordant music here can we not wisely and patiently hope that with increase of knowledge and sympathy there will be harmony at the lesser points? Why should Religion be afraid of the modifications of Science, when Science holds as unquestionable its most vital principle?

While old beliefs and customs are being rooted up, and new thoughts are flashing somewhat luridly across our way, and Science is making prodigious and to many discouraging changes in the religious outlook, one should still deeply remember that with all its fierce innovations Science creates trust, and trust is the very soul of Religion.

S. P. PUTNAM.

CONCERNING TRUSTEES.

It is said they always keep the stereotype plates of a dictionary ready for emendations, and that, not having arrived at perfection, there is frequent occasion to make changes and improvements. Let us suggest a new meaning or a change of meaning for the word at the head of our article.

This is an age of associations, societies, unions, companies for every purpose under the sun. And a part of the formal constitution of each is to have trustees, *i. e.*, as the dictionary would have it, men who are *intrusted* with the care and management, men whom other men and women trust. They are supposed to know the affairs of the organization whatever it may be, to see that they are properly and honestly managed, and if not legally, they are at least morally responsible for the conduct of its affairs.

But, in time we may learn wisdom, and perhaps read, instead of the old definition, something like this: "Trustee—one who trusts." For so far as one's observation and experience go, most things are managed by two or three people and the rest "lend their names." The experience of many moneyed institutions ought to be a lesson, where it has been found that the trustees, the men on whose names the people relied, on whose faith they trusted their money, knew no more really of the affairs than themselves. They "trusted" and two or three men did as they pleased. Was not the Freedmen's Bank, the history of which is a blot upon our national faith, a burning shame to this day, a notable instance of this trusting where no trust was?

It is the commonest thing to say to a busy man, who pleads that he has already more than he can do, "O, we do not want your time, we only want your name." Precisely, in many cases they would *prefer* that he should only be a trustee in name, it is all they want.

This trouble extends to our charities, and is even more marked. "Only let us have your name, we do not expect any service!" How commonly this is said to men and women too. And from the frequency with which some names appear, it is certain in the nature of things that the owners of the same can give little else.

In the first place we are over-done with institutions, and running wild over organizations. The half of them might drop out with benefit to the world, and many of them do. Some of us have lived to see the rise, decline and fall of whole generations of them.

Now as individuals who are charitably disposed have no time to investigate every case, they must of necessity trust to names as a guarantee. But with the present *status* of trustees, in nine cases out of ten, *they also* go upon faith, and have no more knowledge of the actual working of things than the subscribers. They *trust* to the chief managers and they may be wise, or not—may be honest, or not.

Perhaps the cases are few of intentional dishonesty, but there is plenty of carelessness, of "taking for granted," of neglect where money flows freely.

We want a new dispensation of honesty, with a new definition of "trustees;" that men shall not lend their names, unless they do the work. H.

"A LITTLE LAUGHTER."

BY H. C. BUNNER.

DEEP in our nature God hath set the fount,
Sweet and mysterious, whereof joy is born:
It is His hand that teaches smiles to mount
To lips that long have known but how to mourn.
Our pleasures are not idle in His sight;
Our laughter not unwelcome to His ears;
He gave the tears of woe to dim our sight;
He also gave the smiles to dry the tears.
And he is King of this world's pain and grief
Who by the roadside plucks God's flowers of joy:
Who only looks to find the withered leaf
Shall find the cold that did that leaf destroy.
And the world crowns with chaplets green and fair,
The brave sweet souls that smile and conquer care.

LITERATURE.

FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH; OR, THE WAY I CAME FROM BAPTIST TO LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY. By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

This little book of seven chapters, clothed in the pleasing vesture of the "Town and Country Series," is very fortunate in the time of its appearance, happy in its authorship, and gives an autobiographical charm and dramatic interest to an old and somewhat worn and dull theme. The conflict between traditional and rational Christianity had been so long going on and had been so ably fought on both sides yet with such indecisive results that most thinking people were weary of the reports of its battles or doubtful if any fresh powder were not wasted upon it. It had appeared that men convinced against their will were of the same opinion still; that Scriptural or historical criticism produced little change in the creeds of the Church, and that habit, use and wont, or denominational drill, or the force of names and numbers decided the allegiance of the people. Lately however an unexpected interest has shown itself in the old question. Orthodoxy, dropping its long and prudent policy of ignoring rational Christianity, has begun to rationalize in defence of its fundamental ideas; instead of receiving the fire of Liberal Christianity without notice and finally without alarm or injury—it has apparently determined to carry the war into Africa, and Mr. Moody is waging it in the very city where Liberal Christianity is alone identified with the general life—by an appeal to the never-absent elements of superstition in the masses, which Rational Christianity never condescends to use, and by Mr. Cook among the more-instructed and reading class, in an effort to show that science, philosophy and experience are on the side of the old dogmas which Liberal Christianity has discarded. Meanwhile a whole generation has grown up since the controversy between Cambridge and Andover burnt itself out and died down. Few or no posi-

tive advances have been made by Liberal Christianity since of a territorial or ecclesiastical form. Indeed, so little practical consequence has seemed to attach to the question in furious debate forty years ago that Unitarians now in preference often attend Trinitarian churches and insist that liberality and rationality are found there.

It looks as if the old controversy were again to have some life put into it, as if it would again become a matter of some earnest feeling whether the Trinitarian theology were to be perpetuated or the Christian church admit the sway of reason within its creeds. We are not sure that there is faith and earnestness enough on either side to have an honest fight, but we hope so. At any rate it looks more like it now than it has for thirty years back. The anti-slavery cause used up the earnestness of liberal-minded people for half that time, and the war and its consequences ever since; while the scientific question has meanwhile made its bid for the chief place in polemics.

Mr. Griffin's little book will do something to test the interest of the public in the matter. It is the plain, straightforward history of the author's mind and heart in making a way from a pronounced form of Orthodoxy—the Baptist—to Unitarianism. In seven readable chapters, each a somewhat distinct essay, he gives us: 1. A very generous idea of the "Early Influences" in which he was educated among a superior congregation, under a very excellent and intelligent Baptist minister, and shows how the fundamental spirit and free teaching of his venerated leaders, planted the seeds of rational Christianity in his heart, in spite of the gloomy creed which overlaid their fine purposes and noble words and imposed its taxes on his mind. The inconsistency of the Baptist theology with the Baptist love of liberty and free prophesying has long been a riddle which we had given up. But Mr. Griffin from the inside explains it very tenderly and yet very courageously and gives a clue to the mystery. In his second chapter, "Unrest," we have a fine sample of his subtle thinking and originality of expression. He describes the frame of tormented feeling in which his grapple with truth—with his orthodox armor off for the time—left him, and gives a very animated account of the oscillations from daring inquiry to humble acquiescence in authority, in which he was tossed up and down and bruised against the old and the new—his memory and his aspiration, his attachment and reverence for persons and friends and religious associates, and his own eager desire to know and obey the truth. Mr. Griffin is not always perfectly clear. He loves a bold and paradoxical form of words, and a transcendental subtilty of thought, and there is no lack of hard reading in this chapter. But it will repay close attention and is full of honey if a little clogged with wax.

The 3d chapter, "Review of Church History," is a clever and useful summary of facts and reasonings touching the nature of the authority on which Baptist and Orthodox creeds rest, with a very successful overthrow of the hypothesis that the opinions of the reformers are binding upon their heirs. This with the next chapter on "The Scriptures," will furnish capital food for unlearned minds, that desire to see the argument for freedom in the use of the Scriptures, or the origin of the canon, or the history of the superstitious veneration in which the words of the Bible are held. Mr. Griffin has condensed a great deal of information, argument and light into these chapters. The most eloquent and we think the most characteristic chapter is the 5th, "How I found Him"—that is Jesus. There are passages of great beauty and power here, full of spiritual insight and passion, and which would carry all the rest of the book, if it were less buoyant or less

capable of going on its own feet than it is. The second part, "What He is to Me," is nearly as good, but it is all involved in the previous part, and only a soft echo of a more direct and powerful cry. The 6th, "Temptation," gives in the form of curt sentences the accumulated sophistries, by which the author was tempted to abide in the old paths and hide his new convictions in the sheath of a familiar face. The vigor and honorable courage with which he conquered this temptation must command respect and give tone to many halting and timid consciences. The 7th chapter, "Rest and Re-equipment" is a statement of the repose which he found in the rational faith, and the freedom which he, a passionate lover of liberty, felt that he found in the Unitarian body. The book may be commended both to those in the Orthodox and those in the Liberal ranks, as instructive, catholic, bracing and eloquent.

H. W. B.

MISS MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SECOND NOTICE.

MISS MARTINEAU's autobiography has attracted deservedly great attention. It will doubtless remain in the estimation of thinking people one of the most remarkable accounts ever given of a person's own life; and the life, labors and character of the person it describes are surely among those best worth studying. Few souls have ever been willing to lay themselves so bare, or have had with singular exceptions the same self-knowledge, or the same power of clear expression. Her autobiography, like her real life, is so business-like, free from sentimentalism, unreality or digression—so bent upon telling the truth as she saw it and serving its interests only, that it may be said to be wholly free from rhetoric, diffuseness or uninteresting matter, and to leave no doubt any where of its sincerity and simplicity. Her life was surely one of the busiest, most earnest and faithful lives ever lived. Woman as she was, and without rank or office, few men have ever done more masculine work, and few queens, exerted a wider public influence. Indeed, unlike the few women the world has produced, who might be named as her peers, her labors and influence were like her mind independent of her sex. Largely spent as her life was in retirement and solitude, she yet lived in the great affairs of her country and the world, devoting herself to such questions and interests as usually occupy only the minds of statesmen and publicists. She was wholly absorbed in the questions and wants of her time. To grapple with the evils that quenched the life and happiness of the masses in England, or wronged the manhood of the slave or kept down the status of woman, was her daily business. Endowed with an indomitable will, extraordinary powers of self-concentration, great capacity of labor, unweariable painstaking—with almost universal talents—doing easily what she was ready to do under any difficulties—finding her highest reward in the pleasure of exercising her faculties—loving power and influence for themselves and not for the name of them—independent in judgment and mistress of her own fate—self-reliant without over-valuation of herself—she was enabled in spite of deafness, disease and solitude to fill her life with labors and achievements that few of the strongest public men have equalled in importance and dignity. She was versatile without losing singleness of aim or scattering her faculties—having written books of devotion, tales, novels, poems, travels, reviews and above all sixteen hundred leaders for a daily newspaper—and succeeded in all without ever surrendering her purpose of maintaining the cause of human

rights, or her own sense of what was true and needed to be said in the interests of her race. Her economic tales, turned off for about three years, at the rate of one a month, gave as striking an example of fertility, industry, the acquirement of materials and their use in a new form, as was ever exhibited in authorship. Her "Eastern life" is still perhaps the best account of the East yet obtainable in a highly literary form. Her history of the thirty years' peace comparable with Louis Blanc's "Dix Ans," is probably as fair and faithful an account of contemporary history as was ever written. Her letters, unhappily mostly withheld, show her to have been a delightful correspondent. Her conversation was as instructive, fresh, copious and fascinating as any woman's of her time. She seems to have commanded, in spite of the dislike her religious opinions aroused, the respect of her best contemporaries. Nobody doubted the dignity of her moral nature, disputed her great talents, or was unappreciated of the weight of her influence. That was eagerly sought by statesmen, philanthropists, authors, publishers. She had every inducement to spend her life in salons, and to become a London lioness. Few have had a fuller cup of praise held to their lips, and none have rejected it more nobly when it threatened intoxication or diverted from better service or endangered self-respect. Harsh, unjust and partial as her judgments of persons often were, nobody's friendship, nobody's flattery, nobody's affection was ever suffered to affect her estimate of principles or conduct, or to turn her aside from the path of her duty and her destiny. She lived as little as any woman that ever lived a public life, in the breath of men. Self-sustained, self-dependent, self-estimating but without vanity, she was a thoroughly real person; great in the eye of her generation, but greater in herself than in her fame.

But, all this said, she had great limitations. That she was an intensely proud person—too proud to be vain, or ostentatious—is very plain. There was intense pride in the blood, not of family, or race, but the pride that comes with consciousness of superiority, and is independent of others' judgments. She laments the want of domestic tenderness in her childhood. Her mother was a strong, decided, proud woman, and the daughter inherited her qualities. It seems to me that she returned upon her mother at the last very much the same sort of treatment which her mother had given her in her childhood. She naturally loved best those who did not thwart her will nor contend with her judgment, but her pride did not allow her even to do justice to the qualities of those who crossed the path of her queenly will. She was kind to the dependents near her, the poor neighbors, and the kindred that did not differ from her, or withstand her opinions, but I see no evidence that she could do justice to temperaments or convictions she did not share. After all, her tribunal was her own individuality. She finally measured every body in America by the relations they had to the anti-slavery cause. No matter what fine qualities they possessed, or what their characters were in other respects, if they failed to be faithful to her abolitionism, she spoke contemptuously of them.

Miss Martineau describes herself as a very religious child. That she was conscientious and devoted to her religious teachers and religious sect, is clear. But that she was ever religious in any other than the ethical sense, I see no evidence. Indeed that is the very quality of which she seems least capable, the sense of dependence upon a superior power. She looked up to nobody on earth except those she installed and made superior by her own will, and whose superiority none but herself acknowledged. But to her real

superiors, if any, I see no evidence of her ever bending her knee. She saw no greatness in Channing, or Webster, or Clay, apparently little in Wordsworth, her neighbor. Her greatest people are people she made great by her preference, and kept great by her choice. That any will should exist any where, in heaven or earth, in God or man, that had the right to over-rule her own, I think was an intolerable thought. Laws she would obey, principles she would reverence; but a will strong like her own, but above it, she rejected as a tyranny that was not to be thought of. Not that she was wilful, or indisposed to correct and control her own inclinations. Nobody could be more obedient than she to any light or evidence she could receive. That she ever consciously took the bit in her teeth and refused to feel the check of the rein of duty, I do not credit for a moment. I esteem her among the most moral and conscientious of women. But she seemed entirely devoid of that constitutional piety, which leans upon God and worships His will. In her ripest years she thought all piety empty and superstitious. It was perhaps the fruit of her necessarian philosophy, that she never seems to have recognized the very large freedom of her own will, or the excessive diminution of freedom to which she reduced the will of others. It is with contempt rather than blame that she regarded the weakness of character she observed in all who did not agree with herself.

It is curious that such an intense personality as hers should have attached so little value or permanency to the personal idea as applied to the First Cause or to human beings. It is not perhaps wholly out of rule for those of whose immortality others are most sure to doubt or deny their own. Souls that have a great earthly fullness, a career here below large enough greatly to employ their powers, find reason enough and completeness enough in their present existence, to feel less claim on any future one. And indeed they gratify a subtle pride in conquering and publishing their conquest over any desire for it. Seated monarchs have willingly laid down crowns they securely wore, but aspirants to thrones seldom resign their pretensions. It is the incomplete, unfulfilled lives that cling firmest to the hope of immortality. The common people heard Jesus gladly in his day and in ours, but the men and women of shining talents and high fruition seem, many of them, to think that they do not need his life nor his promises. It was Miss Martineau's pride not to be indebted to any one; to her mother, her country, her party, her publishers, her Maker! She was a generous giver of her time, strength, talents, money—of everything but her gratitude and her worship. She wished to acknowledge as few obligations as possible except of the impersonal kind.

One great sophism I think vitiated her reasoning. She assumed that self had in it the inevitable taint of selfishness, which is the disease of self, not its health. If man could have been a force, a principle, an idea, and not a person he would have been more after her mind. She seemed to imagine that thought could exist without a thinker, love without a lover, and a First Cause without a will or a personality. To get rid of personal hopes and wishes seemed to her the condition of broad and comprehensive views. If to have them and control them, if to feel them and yet rise above them, were what she meant we should agree with her. But I wholly dissent from her notion that the disinterestedness of human character depends on indifference to its own fate, or carelessness about its future. Indeed, those who care little for themselves usually care little for others. It is not without meaning that we are taught to love our neighbors as ourselves. Self-contempt or self-oblivion are poor qualifications for faith or benevolence.

Great as Miss Martineau's talents were, and she knew it, she says she had no genius, and I agree with her. She was a materialist in grain. A spark of genius might have saved her from this conclusion. But all the improvable, imponderable elements in our knowledge she despised. She reasoned everything out, while reason itself in her was limited to the understanding. This is necessarily fatal to spirituality, without which not only religion dies, but morality degenerates into utilitarianism. No profound judgments, no large sympathies, no poetic insights into varied types of character, no true tolerance, no sweet humanity can flourish in this top soil. Miss Martineau is the greatest and I think the last of her secularistic school. She will not have lived in vain if only to have shown us the best that can be grown in that field. It is a great harvest she has gathered in, a great name and a great character she has left, but with all her talents and all her usefulness she will remain rather as a warning than as an example! H. W. BELLOWES.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* opens with an illustrated article by Edward H. Knight, the first of a series on the Centennial Exhibition. This gives drawings of some of the curious musical instruments gathered at the show. There are more extracts from the diary of "A British Officer in Boston in 1775;" C. F. Adams, Jr., in "The Maypole of Merrymount," relates the facts concerning a serious infringement of the decorous gravity of the Puritan commonwealth; Colonel Waring continues his valuable contributions to the improvement of ordinary life in an article on the "Life and Work of an Eastern Farmer," in which he has something further to say on farm-villages; Henry T. Finck tries his hand at the Bayreuth Festival; and the "Contributors' Club" presents its usual variety of off-hand opinions. James puts an end to the "American," who subsides in a marvellously quiet fashion; and Sarah J. Pritchard tells a good story of fishing life. Whittier appears pleasantly among the poets, but we are inclined to think that W. W. Story has more to say, and says it better, in "Girolamo Detto il Fiorentino," an artist's desponding plaint over his unattained ideal.

In *Scribners'* Clarence Cook has more to say about "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," neither of which articles appears in the illustrations. Here is a sound thought: "We ought to seek (at least so it seems to me) the individual expression of ourselves, of our own family life, our own ways of living, thinking, acting, more than the doing as other people are doing, more than the having what other people are having." "Smith College" at Northampton is described and illustrated, also "Sea-Trout Fishing;" John Arbuckle writes about "Greece and Greek Museums;" another curiously illustrated-article gives some "Reminiscences of Washington;" Colonel Waring is here also with good words for "Village Improvement Societies," like the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge; a good confidence game is well told in "A London Adventure;" and Mrs. Burnett appears not only in an instalment of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," but also in a good short story of a much-managing mother and a much-managed father and daughter, who had strayed away to Paris from the mountains of "North Callina."

And we also feel young again when we read:

"Again upon the river's brink,
A freckled urchin, spare but spry,
With rod and line I sit and think
I'll get a nibble by and by.
The sun goes down, the court house dome
Grows dimmer in the fading light,
And I at last am driven home
To get a bite."

St. Nicholas and *Wide Awake* both do well for May, particularly the former, which furnishes an especially good number. The titles form quite too long a list for us to copy them all, but we must call attention to Whittier's "Red Riding Hood;" to Julius A. Truesdell's "Making a Fairy Story," with its lively illustrations by Frederics; to Ik. Marvel's Condensation of *Ivanhoe*; to Lucy Larcom's second paper on "Songs of Spring;" to Saxe

Holmes' capital story of a lie "The First Time;" and to "La Bouche de Mademoiselle Louise."

In *Wide Awake* Mr. Stoddard reaches Bayard Taylor in the talks on "Poets' Homes," and he gives us a pleasant picture of "Cedar Croft." Poor Miltiades Peterkin Paul meets with more mishaps, which are quite undeserved; Child Marian visits the Pope; H. A. Morey gives some information about lace making; Patty Kingman tells "Something about Turtles;" and the little ones have their large print as usual.

THE *International Review*, May-June. The leading article is on "The New Federal Administration," and like most of the well-considered writing of the day it is in support of the administration so far as it had gone at the time of writing. The Life Insurance Question is considered by Charlton T. Lewis, whose views would be read with more satisfaction had he made a different figure before the recent investigating committee at Albany. James H. Rigg writes on "Disestablishment of the Church of England;" Gen. F. A. Walker, than whom probably no one is more competent, contributes the first of a series of articles upon the Centennial Exhibition, treating now of its "Mechanism and Administration;" Bayard Taylor reviews Tennyson; and John Jay overhauls "The American Foreign Service." In his ninth letter Mr. Hamerton calls attention to the difficulty which the English and French people find in recognizing each other's artistic merits.

THE *North American Review* for March and April contains a fine analysis of the Eastern Question in an article by Laurence Oliphant, entitled "Christian Policy in Turkey." Mr. Oliphant's view is quite different from the ground chosen in the many criticisms we have seen of this vexed question; he takes the Turkish standpoint and endeavors to show the reasons of the resistance of the Porte to the efforts of the "Christian Powers" to settle the matter for her and her subjects. Mr. Oliphant has lived in the East and understands the Turkish mind and its natural attitude and contempt towards Christian modes of thought and action. To the Mohammedan "civilization means religious fanaticism; to the Christian it means material progress, not unmingled with religious skepticism." Hence the inherent antagonism and entire want of sympathy in policy or government.

An excellent although short article on William H. Seward is contributed by Richard Grant White, and Ralph Waldo Emerson gives us his views on "Demonology," a title which to use his own words, "covers dreams, omens, coincidences, luck, sortilege and magic." Politics are treated by Charles R. Buckalew in "The Electoral Commission and its Bearings;" the "Maish Amendment," as introduced in the House of Representatives on the 7th of February in regard to the Presidential election is clearly stated and recommended for approval. Dr. Osgood gives us valuable information and criticism of Spinoza, who died just two hundred years ago. Other interesting articles are "The Insurance Crisis," by Sheppard Homans, and "The Silver Question," by J. S. Moore.

Blackwood's Magazine, reprinted by Leonard Scott Publishing Co. The April number opens with an article on "The French Army in 1877," the author claiming that the total available force including forest and coast guards and territorial army now amounts to 1,825,000 men, as against 550,000 in 1870. "The Woman-Hater" is in the thick of it. "Pauline" is continued. "Crete" is considered as a desirable territorial acquisition by Great Britain. A contributor furnishes a scathing review of Harriet Martineau, of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography and of "the volume of Mrs. Chapman, a muddle of folly, false enthusiasm and still more false sentimentality from beginning to end." Critics differ, and Miss Martineau's memoirs have given them a capital opportunity to show their differences. Theodore Martin contributes some translations from Heine, and an improbable story of a railway journey and a glance at "the Political Situation" complete the number.

THE article of special popular interest in the April number of the *American Naturalist* is Captain Howgate's explanation of "The Polar Colonization Plan," which he sums up as follows: "It is proposed to ascend a well-known and practicable channel to an equally well-known point where exploring parties have previously wintered, and there form a colony. From the post so formed no time will be lost in needless quests along the shore, either east or west, as surveys there have already been completed; but starting afresh, the point of our beginning being the closing point of former expeditions, with all the information of our forerunners to commence with, better provisioned, equipped and disciplined, with better means of intercommunication, thoroughly acclimated, and without the refuge of the ship to paralyze energy and sow the seeds of discontent and sloth-

fulness. In other words, to use alike the partial successes and the partial failures of others, added to the utmost foresight, experience, and scientific aids to form the fulcrum of the Archimedean lever which shall move the Arctic world." The suggestions made are of a character to readily commend themselves to the judgment of the reader.

An extract is given from a lecture by Professor Huxley "On the Study of Biology," in the course of which he states the single distinction which may now be "drawn between the lower creatures and ourselves," as follows: "As far as I know, there is no sculpture or modeling and decidedly no painting or drawing of animal origin. I mention the fact in order that such comfort may be derived therefrom as artists may feel inclined to take." The other articles in the number before us are: "The Use of the Antennæ in Insects," by L. Trouvelot; "Aboriginal Funereal Customs in the United States," by Edwin A. Barber; "The Sledge Microtome," by Charles Sedgwick Mirot; "On the Peopling of America," by Aug. R. Grote; a review of Wallace's Geographical Distribution of Animals, and an interesting summary of notes and news.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

PERU: INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION IN THE LAND OF THE INCAS. By E. George Squier, M. A., F. S. A. Illustrated, 8vo., pps. 588. Cloth, \$5.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. With engravings. Cloth, pps. 260.

HALF-HOUR SERIES.

THE LIFE, TIMES AND CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P. Paper, pps. 108, 20 cts

MISS NANCY'S PILGRIMAGE. A Story of Travel. By Virginia W. Johnson. Paper, pps. 136. 50 cts.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. ITALY. 3 Vols. Cloth, pps. 278, 262, 256. \$1 each.

OUT OF THE QUESTION. A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Cloth, pps. 183. \$1.25.

From Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By F. W. Farrar, D. D. Ill. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8. Paper, 25 cts. each.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE SUPERNATURAL FACTOR IN RELIGIOUS REVIVALS. By L. T. Townsend, D. D., author of "Ordo," etc. 12mo., cloth, pps. 311. \$1.50.

ABROAD AGAIN; OR, A FRESH FORAY IN FOREIGN LANDS. By Curtis Guild. Crown Octavo. Cloth, pps. 475. \$2.50.

From Charles P. Somerby, New York.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY AND OTHER PAPERS. By Josie Oppenheim. 12mo., cloth, pps. 93, \$1

THE ANONYMOUS HYPOTHESIS OF CREATION. By James J. Furniss, 12mo., cloth, pps. 54.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR. By A. Mahan. 8vo., cloth, pps. 461. \$3.

From E. Steiger, New York.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF EDUCATION. Edited by Henry Kiddle and Alexander J. Schem. 8vo., cloth, pps. 668. \$5. Sold only by subscription.

MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. May.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. April.

THE NURSERY. May.

WIDE AWAKE. May.

AMERICAN NATURALIST. April.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

A FAR SHORE.

ON a far shore my land swam far from sight,
But I could see familiar native stars;
My home was shut from me by ocean bars,
Yet home hung there above me in the night;
Unchanged fell down on me Orion's light;
As always, Venus rose, and fiery Mars;
My own the Pleiades yet, and without jars.
In wonted tones sang all the heavenly height.
So when in death from underneath my feet
Rolls the round world, I then shall see the sky
Of God's truths burning yet familiarly;
My native constellations I shall greet;
I lose the outer, not the inner eye,
The landscape, not the soul's stars, when I die.

—Selected.

IT is error, only, and not truth, that shrinks from inquiry.—
THOMAS PAINE.

THE day of days—the great day of the feast of Life—is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity of all things and the omnipresence of law.—R. W. EMERSON.

As to sudden death, I never could pray to be delivered from it, but only to be ready for it. God alone, who knows our frame and

temperament, knows by what death we can best glorify him. Sudden death may be to many a great blessing.—NORMAN MACLEOD.

"WHEN a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him."

"This thought I give you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap.
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

THE man who cannot jest is a poor wight at best;
None poorer,—save the man who naught can do but jest.
Earnest is weak, that shuns a jest with jealous eyes;
And jest is weaker still, in which no earnest lies.

—RÜCKERT—(Translated by C. T. BROOKS.

For these things tend still upward—progress is
The law of life—man's self is not yet Man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness; here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows; when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then
I say, begins man's general infancy! —BROWNING.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF A MINUTE.

It died, the little, bright-eyed thing,
Just at the dawn of day;
Ere Faith awoke, behold, it slept!
And thus it passed away.

Faith sent with weeping eyes to Hope
To come her grief to share;
"Oh, yes, I'll come," said bright-eyed Hope,
"But, sister, Love—beware!"

"You've many precious children left,
And many more to come,
Now watch and see their work is done
Before Love calls them home."

And so they took their wee, small thing,
And bore it to the grave;
And godly Fear and Zeal came in,
And wept, but could not save.

The place where Faith her treasure left
Is very bleak and vast;
Myriads of precious things lie there,
And it is called the PAST.

With weeping eyes Faith left her love,
And wrote with bitter tears:
"Stranger, the passing moments nurse,
And thus preserve the years!"

—W. POOLE BALFERN, in *The Unitarian Herald*.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges:—"A great deal has been said, says the London *Echo*, as to the inventor of the art of printing, the period when the invention itself first saw the light, and the locality where it was born. Two or three out of these points need not, however, excite discussion. It is a good while since the remark that "there is nothing new under the sun" was made, but anterior to that remote period—namely, some 4,000 years ago—the first printing machine existed in Babylon! If proof be required of this rather startling assertion it may easily be found, for it exists no further off than Trinity College, Cambridge. In that place there is preserved a solid cylindrical figure about seven inches in length and three inches in diameter at each end. On the surface of this miniature cask-like cylinder minutely and finely-wrought characters are engraved, and these are arranged in vertical lines. It is, therefore, a striking example of the ingenuity of the ancients, and shows their method of preserving and multiplying national or family records. It is quite evident from the indented lettering of the Babylonian printing machine—for such it really is—that some means of applying pressure to it was in use among the Ninevite "typos;" this being so, the primitive appliance at Cambridge must be said to embody the identical principle of the newspaper machines of the present day."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"WOULDN'T!"

She wouldn't have on her naughty bib;
 She wouldn't get into her naughty crib;
 She wouldn't do this and she wouldn't do that,
 And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat,
 She wouldn't look over her picture book;
 She wouldn't run out and help the cook;
 She wouldn't be petted or coaxed or teased,
 And she would do exactly whatever she pleased.
 She wouldn't have naughty rice to eat;
 She wouldn't be gentle and good and sweet;
 She wouldn't give me one single kiss—
 Pray what could we do with a girl like this?"

—Nursery.

COULDN'T QUARREL.

IN the depth of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language:

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one. "Two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we'll quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"WHY DID ELFRIDA GO TO SLEEP?"

THAT was the question, "Why did Elfrida go to sleep?" She had been sent to the grocer's in the village, and the grocer's was only half a mile off from Brook Cottage, where she lived with her aunt and five cousins. She had been sent to buy a pound of sugar, half a pound of coffee and five small rolls of bread. Usually she would go to the shop and return in less than half an hour. Now a whole hour went by and no Elfrida was to be seen. What could be the matter? Had she run a thorn into her foot and been lamed? Had she stopped to talk with the children on their way home from school? Had she been run over by a fast horse?

"Let's go and find her," cried James the eldest of the three boys. "Let's all go!" echoed Susan, his youngest sister. "Shall Sport go with us?" asked Emma. "By all means!" said James. "Here, Sport! Sport! Where are you, old fellow?" A big black and white Newfoundland soon rushed frisking in, wagging his tail, and seeming ready to eat up every one of the children, just to show them how fond he was of them all.

Then the children all set out for Mr. Spicer's shop. There they learned that no Elfrida had been seen in the shop that afternoon. "Where can she be," cried James a little anxious. "Sport, where is Elfrida?" Sport stopped his nonsense of playing with a stick and began to look serious. Then he made a bee-line for the nearest turning on the right on the way home. This was an old lane, on which some old gar-

dens backed, and which led, by a little longer way, to Brook Cottage.

By the time the children had arrived at the head of the lane Sport was seen galloping back in a state of great excitement. "Bow-wow!" "Oh, you have found her, have you, old fellow?" "Bow-wow!" "Well and good! You are a jolly old Sport!"

On the step of the gate of an old garden sat Elfrida, fast asleep, with her empty basket in her lap. Emma proposed to tickle her nose with a straw. "No! I will pull that thick braid of hair," said Susan. "No! let me whisper in her ear," said James. But, before anybody did any thing, Sport settled the question by putting his paws up on her shoulders, and crying, "Bow-wow!" Elfrida started and looked around as if in a dream. "What does it mean? How long have I been here?" cried she. "Why did you go to sleep?" asked the two girls. "Yes, why, why did you go to sleep?" echoed all the boys. "Oh, that's my secret," said Elfrida. "Now, who can catch me in my run to Mr. Spicer's?" So off she started, followed by Sport and all the children.

"Now tell us why did you go to sleep?" said the children as they were on their way home after she had made her purchases. "Will you promise not to tell anybody if I tell you?" asked Elfrida. "We promise, we promise!" cried all the children. "Now, then, why did you go to sleep?" "Hush! I went to sleep because—because—because I was sleepy," said Elfrida.—*Nursery.*

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

It is a singular fact that Rev. Dr. Dudley, who was settled last Sunday over Theodore Parker's Society, is still a member in good standing of the Hartford (Conn.) South Association of Congregational Ministers. Mr. Dudley lately sent the Association a number of his more recent sermons, with a request that they might be perused, and such action taken in regard to him as the circumstances warranted. The reply came last week that nothing was found calling for Congregational discipline, that he still stood in good repute with the body, and inviting him to be present at the convocation this month!—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THERE is one reflection that goes to reconcile us with the change made at this time. It is that it is made under the restraining influence of a conservative administration, known to be friendly to the colored race. If Hampton had come in on the wave of a Tilden victory, it would have been like a charge of Confederate cavalry, and in the enthusiasm of a class victory the old spirit of an insolent mastership would have swept all the privileges of freedom out of existence. It would have been regarded as a Confederate triumph. The change now comes in the guise of an economic revolution and with sober pledges of moderation and justice to the colored races. It makes all the difference in the world with Southern sentiment and the condition of the Freedmen that Hayes is in the Presidential chair.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE practice of using extravagant epithets in prayer descriptive of the great sinfulness of mankind, but especially for those assembled for public worship, has often been commented upon and properly condemned. Sometimes it has been humorously reproofed, as in the case sent to us by a friend. He says: "A sea officer was prevailed on to accompany a friend to a certain assembly. When he arrived the first thing which struck the son of Neptune was the 'prayer,' in which the minister, with foaming vociferation, and the countenance of a fury, set forth himself and his congregation as the vilest of sinners, and that in such opprobrious terms, as induced the honest tar (convinced by the earnest manner of the preacher, that all he said was literally true) to whisper to his companion, 'Jack, d'ye hear that scoundrel? Come, let's get off, before the roof comes down upon their heads.'"—*Christian Life.*

THE Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, says: "It is probable that many Episcopalians partake of it [the Lord's Supper] whenever it is administered in any large Unitarian church in this city."

It is highly improbable that any Episcopalian ever does so. If

might be more possible in Boston than anywhere else, but even there it is extremely unlikely. In the first place, any Episcopalian who desired to receive the Communion could do so in his own church. In the next place, not one in a hundred would consider that it was administered in any Unitarian church, large or small. Lastly, it is not probable that Episcopalians are so fond of denying the Divinity of their Lord, as to join in a service which could have but that one construction to any fair-minded person.

But Mr. Hale puts in a claim that, because the Holy Communion is the Lord's Table, he has a right to go to it wherever he finds it, and intimates pretty clearly that nobody has any business to exclude or deny him. Forms are nothing; Greek Church or Roman Church or any other—he is free to come to any of them. There is a certain consideration which might possibly keep men of less catholic breadth of temper aloof. We have already touched upon that. We can only say now that it would keep any Churchman, who deserved the name, from attending the communion of a body whose principles he disbelieved.—*Churchman*.

LET me tell you about a "service of love" to which I was recently invited. A young man passed away from us in the prime of his life, and his friends came together at his mother's house, a day or two after, some of them bringing beautiful floral offerings, and all bringing sympathy and love. One breathed a short prayer; another read a few passages from the Bible; two told of their high regard for the departed; others sang such hymns as "Your Mission" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" and of all these one only was a minister, and he came, like all the rest, out of the friendship with which even a brief acquaintance had inspired him. Nearly two hours were spent in telling what we knew of him who had passed from sight, how much we thought of his character and worth, and why he had become so dear to us; and with all this was mingled the assurance of immortality. When all public speech was over, family and friends moved in and out from room to room, still speaking of the departed as one who had been summoned to duty elsewhere, and had just started on his journey with a "God be with you" from all who knew him. Gradually the guests went to their homes in this and other towns; and on the next morning the family quietly bore the body to its resting-place, and left it there with the calm faith that the spirit also had found its rest in the higher life which had already opened before it. The whole service comes so much nearer than the common funeral customs to the ideal set forth in our Easter sermons, that I have written you this brief account.—*R. M. in Christian Register*.

How to treat the Turk and enforce just punishment for his unheard of outrages is a question the English humanitarian leaders seem not yet to have answered with unanimity. Mr. Bright, and possibly Mr. Freeman, would leave Russia unimpeded in its designs against Turkey; Mr. Gladstone would oppose a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Other shades of opinion appear among the Liberal leaders. But the humanitarian element of the controversy has apparently conquered, and even the Tory leaders in England are afraid to avow a design to support the savage Turk in all his enormity. At first inclined to maintain the "traditional policy," resolved to sacrifice the impulses of humanity to the safety of the English possessions in the East, even Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby have at last shrunk from the fatal step. They dare not place themselves by the side of the murderous monsters and savages of Bulgaria. They are afraid to compromise with the men who have whipped or murdered school-teachers, burned school-houses and villages, treated with infamy Christian men and women and brought into the nineteenth century barbarities which would have shocked the moral sense even of the Dark Ages. And not for the first time the English party of reaction stands awe-stricken and powerless before the common conscience of mankind.—*Eugene Lawrence in Harpers' Weekly*.

TUNGSTATE of soda has been much talked about lately as valuable, when mixed with ordinary starch, for rendering muslin dresses unflammable. Professor Gladstone and Dr. Alder Wright have both brought it before audiences at the Royal Institution, Dr. Wright showing its efficacy by having a muslin dress so prepared for one of his assistants to wear, in which he walked about over flames. In repeating the demonstration in the course of a lecture at South Kensington, on Saturday evening, it was fortunate that Dr. Wright had the dress placed on a dummy instead of being worn by an assistant, for no sooner was a light applied to it than it blazed up and was consumed. Why this happened could not be explained, as it is believed no mistake had been made in the preparation. No doubt the exact conditions under which the tungstate is reliable will be a subject for further investigation.—*Nature*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SERMON IN A PRETTY FACE.

I SAT in the reporters' pen,
A short-hand writer, short of tin,
Employed to take the fiery words
Launched out against a world of sin;
And, listening to the holy man,
Dull and dry-hearted like the rest,
My own evangel came at last,
Though not the Great Evangelist.

Full fervent spoke the chosen one,
How Satan's wiles had never ceased,
But how, despite his fiendish arts,
All men were bidden to the feast;
And never for a moment thought
That close beside him was outspread
A heavenly banquet far beyond
His sacramental wine and bread.

He told of things that faith could do,
How it could make the wounded whole;
How like a balm its healing grace
Brought vigor to the sin-sick soul;
And all the while he never knew
That just beyond him was a face
That more than all his saintly talk,
Baptized our souls in saving grace.

The good man spoke of his good heaven
All paved with gold, as he had heard,
With jasper walls and crystal streams,
Lit by the splendor of the Word;
And all the while our vagrant hearts
Went throbbing to an alien spell;
For while he prated of the Word
We saw the Word made visible.

He ended; then a brother rose,
Who prayed that sinners might be won
From ways of darkness and of death
To the full glory of the Son;
And all the while we gazed at her
About whose brows the sunlight stole
And wove a coronal of beams
As fair as Christ's own aureole.

Ah, Mr. Moody! well you preached,
And well you ran the gospel race;
But all your eloquence was vain
Against the glory of that face.
Your brow was lowering when you told
Of death and hell's avenging rod,
Her face rained mercy like a cloud—
It was a sermon fresh from God.

Ah, Mr. Moody! life is hard
And many men are tempest-tossed
In doubt, still striving for the truth,
Yet, therefore, do not count them lost;
And though your sermon touched us not,
Yet her's has cleared away the mist;
We all are won to God by her,
That violet-eyed evangelist.

—J. B.

LOSS AND GAIN.

[Translated for the Inquirer from the Swedish of Marie Sophie Schwartz]

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

(Concluded.)

THE years roll on one after the other, bringing joy and sorrow; and four had now gone since Andrew deserted Jeanne and married Greta the miller's daughter.

Jeanne still lived with her grandfather in the little house near the church.

In regard to herself as well as Andrew her dream was fulfilled. With her earnings she had bought a little garden, and she earned so much from her hens, bees, baskets and berries, that her grandfather was not obliged to work any longer

but as she had desired could sit comfortably in his arm-chair smoking his pipe.

Jeanne was now twenty-two years old and was beloved by the whole village for her industry, piety, beauty and virtue.

Her sorrow had become chastened by time, but she could not wholly forget her early affection. Perhaps this would have been easier if she had known he was happy, but his breach of faith had brought him no good fruits. His wife who had insisted with all the wilfulness of a spoiled child on taking the handsome young fellow for her husband, now that she was married ruled him with a rod of iron. On every occasion he was obliged to hear that she had made a man of him, and that without her he would have been nothing at all; so home was no home to him and he sought shelter at the inn and took to drinking.

Forgetting the wrong that had been done to her, remembering only the early friendship Jeanne would gladly have tried to help the erring one and with a saving hand draw him back from the abyss, but she did not dare to.

Greta who was not ignorant of Andrew's early relations towards Jeanne had a deadly hatred of the young girl, and every approach she made to Andrew roused her anger and jealousy and was the cause of fresh outbreaks.

So Jeanne must let that happen which it was not in her power to alter.

One bright pleasant day in the middle of Summer, Jeanne was sitting alone in her little room busy with the braids of her pretty baskets which were much liked in the city, and for which there were constantly increasing orders.

"Old weaver Lasse lives here," she suddenly heard a neighbor say in the quiet street. "The old man is in the garden, he still insists on cutting the cabbages, but his grandchild is in, I am sure."

"Thank you, thank you," replied a voice unknown to Jeanne, in reply to the information.

Jeanne got up and went to the window to see who was there, but not discovering any one, looked towards the door. That opened in a moment and a young man stepped in whose dress showed him to be a clergyman.

For some moments he looked at the girl silently and fixedly, then asked:

"Don't you know me?"

Jeanne gazed at him for a long time. She could not remember where she had ever seen him, yet his face did not seem wholly strange to her; but as she could not remember where, replied:

"No, reverend sir, I do not know you."

"Think again; recall to your mind a dark moment in your life and you will remember me."

Jeanne thought of the Sunday when sitting in church she had heard it published from the pulpit that Andrew and Greta intended entering the holy state of matrimony. That was the darkest moment of her life, but her old well-known pastor had conducted the service at that time.

She shook her head, no.

"Don't you remember the day when a young man took away your money?"

"That was my first grief!" cried Jeanne, "Ah I have suffered so many heavier and bitterer ones since that I do not look upon that as a dark hour, for it taught me that we ought to love our neighbors better than money."

"Now examine me closely and see if you can recognize the highwayman in me. O, you little know what you did for me. But I am here now to repay you and give you my heartiest thanks."

With these words the young man seized the hand of the

astonished girl, and laid in it a purse containing fifty dollars, a sum which Jeanne could hardly hold in her hand. Then he bade her sit down near him while he told her the story of his life and how he happened to be in the frightful condition in which she had found him and from which she had rescued him.

Ringeberg, as the young divine was called, was the son of a poor cottager, and it was only by dint of the greatest industry and aid of liberal men that he was able to fit himself to enter the ministry. There he supported himself by teaching, and sacrificed part of his nights to his studies. The over-exertion which this necessitated finally brought him to a sick-bed and he was carried to the hospital; he had hardly recovered when he received from home the intelligence that his mother was dying and longed to see her son again.

His sickness had entirely exhausted his purse; he had only a few friends and they were as poor as he.

With great difficulty he managed to get together a few dollars and started on his way, going on foot except when some passing traveller took him into his wagon.

In this way he got along slowly, and exerting himself beyond his strength he was taken sick again before he had gone half the way. For several days he lay in a miserable inn, and when he left this and resumed his journey his cash was reduced to a few copper coins.

That day, just before Jeanne came along the road and sat down on the stone, he had thrown himself, hungry and tired to death, on the ground behind the thicket, asking himself whether he should await starvation there and let his mother die without the consolation of seeing him again, or go into the village and beg. At this moment the clink of the coins fell on his ear. Carefully coming out of the thicket, he saw a maiden sitting on the rock playing with some money. He was tempted to rush out and seize the purse, but resisted the impulse. But when he saw her start to go away it seemed as if his last hope was about to vanish.

Rendered desperate, he stepped into the road and implored her to give him the money.

"And in doing this," he continued, "you did an act the greatness of which cannot be measured, and which I can never, never repay. The bread saved me from starvation and the money enabled me to continue my journey, and I arrived in time to receive the parting kiss and blessing of my mother and to close her eyes."

He succeeded as he afterwards told her in obtaining a tutorship which enabled him to continue his studies and pass the examination. He had first been appointed assistant pastor in Brämma and arrived there the evening before. The first thing he had done was to go to Jeanne, whom he had held in remembrance, and for whom he had saved from his income those fifty dollars as a compensation for the loan which had been exacted at that time.

After that Ringeberg frequently came to old weaver Lasse's dwelling. At first he went occasionally on Sundays after service; by degrees his visits on Sundays and feast days at the little house near the church came to be a settled thing, and finally he considered it his duty to go and see his parishioners in Brämma some time during the week, as he might very well do on the strength of his earlier acquaintance with the old man and his grand-daughter.

To be sure the gossips and neighbors who did not know that his path had already crossed that of weaver Lasse's Jeanne, made other conjectures, and this time the gossips and neighbors seemed to have hit the truth.

Before two years Ringeberg was the second preacher in

— and led Jeanne as his wife into the cosy little parsonage, and her old grandfather lived with them.

Thus the first money which Jeanne earned with her berries became the foundation of her happiness. And she was happy with Ringeborg, and was so beloved by him she often regarded it as a blessing that Andrew had deserted her.

But although he deserted her, she did not desert him. What she did not venture to do, her husband could. His exhortations as pastor and friend succeeded in rescuing Andrew from the path of ruin. He also obtained a good influence over Greta, Andrew's wife, so that her conduct towards her husband was gentler and wiser; she laid aside her unjust jealousy towards Jeanne, and peace and harmony, which had so long been wanting, were at last restored to this union.

Jeanne still annually gathers berries in the woods, but she does not carry them to the city to sell; they are eaten by the family and the day is regarded as a festival.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

THE INQUIRER of March 29th contains the following statement: "Modern criticism, so far as it is worthy of the name, is universally agreed that the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse could not have been written by the same person." "*Universally agreed.*" This is a strong statement. As the common reader must rely upon such information on subjects of this class as appears in our journals in a popular form, it is very important that it should be accurate. Now it is not far from the exact truth to say that nine-tenths of the Christian students of to-day believe that John wrote both the Gospel and the Apocalypse. It is hardly modest for those scholars who believe differently to answer that their fellow-students are not "worthy of the name." Eminent scholars differ on this subject and will continue to differ till some new historical evidence is found to settle the question; but the vast majority of Christian students accept both the Gospel and Apocalypse as genuine.

Again, in the same article it is said that "A majority of critics have come to the conclusion" that John was the author of the Apocalypse and not of the Gospel. Here again the same remark may be made. Probably nineteen-twentieths of the Christian students of to-day believe that John wrote the Gospel. A certain school of critics deny it, but they fall vastly short of the majority; they are a small minority. And it should be said further, that of this school a large portion have changed their minds from accepting the Johannean origin of the Gospel and denying the Johannean origin of the Apocalypse to denying the Johannean origin of the Gospel and accepting the Johannean origin of the Apocalypse. Such revolutions in critical opinion, where no new evidence is adduced, shake our confidence in the sound judgment of the critics, and make us cautious how we follow their uncertain lead. No new evidence of an historical character has been found for nearly half a century, and no basis for a change of opinions has been furnished. A class of restless souls are shifting from side to side on this subject, but the great body of Christian students of to-day accept the Johannean origin of the Gospel. They may be mistaken. Majorities are not always right. But the question now is not who is right, but which is the majority? If the question related to the eminence of scholarship it would be easy to name as many believers in the Johannean origin of the Gospel whose fame is world-wide and will be world enduring, as of the contrary class.

R. P. S.

[The statements criticized by "R. P. S." in the above communication occurred in a notice of Dr. MacDonald's "Life and Writings of St. John." The obvious answer to the objection contained in the first paragraph of "R. P. S.'s" letter is that very much of what is called criticism is not "worthy of the name," because upon its face it bears the mark of special pleading. Eliminate all that has this mark and to say that the rest is "universally agreed" that the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse could not have been written by the same person is to make a statement which we believe to be no stronger than the truth. In fact a contrary opinion in the light of all that has been written on this subject would be sufficient to convict the criticism embodying it of not being worthy of the name. Were these writings not contained between the covers of the Bible,

would any critic or any man of common (literary) sense think it possible that they were written by the same person? The critic who could would be on a level with the musical critic who could not distinguish between "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle."

The statement objected to in the second paragraph of "R. P. S.'s" letter in its connection meant that of those critics who allow the dual authorship of the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse the majority incline to the opinion that John wrote the Apocalypse and not the Gospel. Is not this true of critics even tolerably free from prejudice? The "revolutions" to which "R. P. S." refers, so far from impeaching the sound judgment of the critics are but the natural result of an expanded liberty and culture. The simple fact, which he allows, that the tendency of criticism is away from the Johannean authorship of the Gospel to that of the Apocalypse is one of the most convincing signs that this is the more just conclusion.—ED.]

FROM CHICAGO.

THE month of April is one of the year's transitioned periods. It is like a young girl in her teens, fickle and wayward, full of laughter and tears. The trouble with the girl is that she has not yet grown used to herself. Girlhood is fast flying away, and womanhood is slow in approaching; and in the meantime she can do nothing but take to hysterics. With us April is behaving charmingly. She has brought us nothing but soft trickling showers and warm Southern breezes. Soon "Nature will be laughing with her blossoms, and slipping softly and easily into her new spring dress." That is a rather pretty simile, and makes one wish that all feminines could settle the question of a Spring outfit with so little trouble. Now is the time when mundane affairs claim to receive the most attention. Crowds still attend the noon prayer-meeting at Farwell Hall, but the papers give less space to a report of the meetings, and more to the city elections and the coming crops. Spring is the great renovating season, when we gather up our energies for a fresh start. You may have heard that one half the population of Chicago is nomadic and lives, as Bayard Taylor once said, not in houses but in rooms. He added that the 1st of May found us all on the streets. This year every one seems shrewdly bent on taking time by the forelock, and already small processions of loaded furniture-wagons are seen moving slowly along, and it is feared that the time-honored institution—May-Day—will not be observed with the usual solemnities.

Another of the pleasant excitements of the season is house-cleaning. This is the day of woman's triumphs, when with broomstick and dust-brush in hand she sways the world. The male members of the family turn their backs vengefully on the scene, and take their suppers down town, not more to their own satisfaction than to hers. The mental disparity between the sexes is nowhere more manifest than in the manner in which each views this important matter of house-cleaning. The utter and sublime unreasonableness of the masculine mind in this respect is amazing. Holding as a pet theorem that the ideal woman is she who looketh well to the ways of her household, no sooner does she enter upon her annual investigating tour in search of dust and cobwebs than he begins to revile and persecute her and say all manner of evil things against her. But here if anywhere woman knows what she is about, and steadily and vigorously pursues her way, until somehow out of the din and confusion there is evolved the old and yet a new order of things. There is a fresh and healthful odor of varnish and white-wash in the air, and the piano and sofa have changed places; for until woman can have the ballot she will continue to relieve the monotony of her existence by changing the furniture about. Paterfamilias begins to relax the severity of his countenance, and though privately convinced that the stove has been taken down a month too soon, suspects now that it is well over with, that there may be something in this house-cleaning business after all.

In Miss Martineau's autobiography we read that taking on up her abode at Ambleside, she congratulated herself that she had found a clean country place where house-cleaning need never be done. But it cannot be denied that Miss Martineau possessed some unwomanly traits. One of her friends mentions her "manly stride;" still we can overlook that in consideration of the fact that she liked to do worsted work. It is this doubtless that many of her critics have in mind when they so generously pronounce her a "true woman."

What a wonderful life that was which this two-volumed biography reveals to us. So self-reliant and self-contained—so unafraid

throughout! In reading the book I was reminded of a thought presented by Rev. Brooke Herford in a memorial sermon, preached shortly after her death. It contained a brief and comprehensive survey of her career, and accounted in a strictly impartial manner for her peculiar religious opinions. I mention the impartiality because it is always a difficult matter to explain with strict justice such views and doctrines as we differ greatly from. We are apt to show what another's position is by comparing it with our own. The comparative method is a good one, but it is not the only one; and in the case of Mr. Herford's sermon it was, if I remember aright, noticeably abstained from. To him Harriet Martineau's so-called atheism was not surprising, because hers were those strong heroic mental qualities which dared follow a line of thought to its furthest conclusion, and never once hesitated about the duty of accepting and abiding by these conclusions. She was in fact one who could bear to be an atheist, without becoming either a cynic on the one hand, or a callous-minded simpleton on the other. I use the term "atheist" in the loose popular manner, not forgetting that she herself repudiated any such title. Miss Martineau never allowed the thought of coming annihilation to hinder the immediate and faithful performance of duty. Hers was what to most minds seems but the religion of despair, yet she grew ever more and more hopeful to the end. She had not sought unbelief as a cheap and easy method of disburdening herself of life's obligations. Her infidelity was fidelity to conviction and the fulfilling of the highest trusts. Her atheism does not seem so atheistical when we remember how Dr. Samuel Brown spoke of her "perfect trust in the optimism which lies at the centre of things." And if she did not believe in a future life, what matter, so long as she made such a noble and enduring example of this one—one that shall last the world for years to come?

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

CHICAGO, April 13th, 1877.

The Inquirer.

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JOTTINGS.

FOURTEEN per centum of the Harvard students are Unitarians, twelve per centum are Congregationalists and about twelve per centum are Episcopalians.

BISHOP CLARK of Rhode Island preached in Westminster Abbey last Sunday. He is said to be the first American Bishop invited to officiate in the Abbey.

REV. E. G. HOLLAND has returned to New York City and may be addressed at 146 West Fourth street. He desires us to say that he is ready to supply pulpits temporarily in this neighborhood.

SHAD ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—Six years ago Seth Green placed shad in the Sacramento River, and now they are often caught in the nets of salmon fishermen. The law prohibits their intentional capture before December of the present year.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.—The Boston Journal announces that Rev. D. H. Montgomery, Leicester, Mass., has resigned his pastorate; that the Unitarian Society at Athol has called Rev. J. C. Parsons, of Waltham, and the Society at Northboro' Rev. J. S. Bond.

GOLD.—It is said that gold in sufficient quantity to be worth mining occurs, in New South Wales, in a conglomerate belonging to the coal-measures, and that the alluvial gold of the Old Tallawang diggings has been derived from the waste of these conglomerates.

THE King of Holland intends to show at the Paris Exhibition a collection of forty thousand tulips. By removals of the plants at intervals of twenty days the space occupied by these brilliant flowers is to be kept one bright mass of color while the exhibition lasts.

SEVEN warnings have been sent to Europe by the Meteorological Office established by the New York Herald since the end of February. Six of the predicted storms were felt in Paris, having crossed the Atlantic with a velocity somewhat less than had been anticipated.

HE WILL COME.

BY STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., D. D.

Fourth Thousand Now Ready.

The unprecedented sale of this work by Dr. Tyng, Jr., has attracted the attention of the trade and reading public. Unlike other religious books, it has excited a general popular interest and demand. Within a fortnight after its first issue the publishers have pleasure in announcing that the fourth thousand is ready for delivery. In typography, paper and binding "He Will Come" is all that can be desired by the most fastidious critic. Its contents illustrate the proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction." From the beginning to the end a reader will not flag in his interest and enjoyment. The fourteen chapters are cumulative in their treatment of the topic. They discuss:

I.—The Two Advents; II.—The Glorious Appearing; III.—The Man from the Glory; IV.—The Glorious Man; V.—The Glory Revealed in Us; VI.—The Glorious Rapture; VII.—A Glimpse of the Glory; VIII.—Before the Man in the Glory; IX.—The Four Crowns; X.—The Marriage of the Lamb; XI.—The Coming with Glory; XII.—The Kingdom of Glory; XIII.—The Glory Begun Below; XIV.—Then Cometh the End.
Price, in rich cloth, \$1.25; 216 pages.
The trade will be supplied in orders of any number of copies by D. Appleton & Co., 549 Broadway, New York; Baker, Pratt & Co., 142 and 144 Grand St., New York; The American News Company, New York; Charles T. Dillingham, 678 Broadway, New York; The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York, and for sale by booksellers generally, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, by
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N.B.—THE PRIZE WINDOWS NOW FOR SALE.

R. WORTHINGTON announces the publication of "Ocean to Ocean," an account of Sanford Flemming's expedition across Canada in 1872, by his secretary, Rev. George M. Grant. It treats of a vast and picturesque region but little known to Americans. The volume is to be illustrated and have an excellent map.

THE Central Pacific Railway Company proposes to set out along the five hundred miles of its "right of way" about 800,000 trees, with the object of increasing the humidity of the region, and so lessening the liability to droughts. Arrangements have already been made for 40,000 of the *eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum, for this laudable purpose.

WE learn that the first number of the *Radical Review* will be issued on or before the 15th prox., with contributions from W. J. Potter, B. W. Ball, C. W. Ernst, D. A. Wasson, E. C. Stedman, Joel A. Allen, Lysander Spooner (1), Sidney H. Morse, and the editor. There will be much natural curiosity to see the infant, which certainly carries some good names with it.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE says: "I feel that I am saying very little against English women when I say that, in general, they are the worst-dressed human creatures that I ever saw, except, perhaps, the female half of a certain class of Germans. The reputation that they have in this respect among French women and Americans is richly deserved. Good taste is simply absent."

THE Spring session of Worcester Unitarian Conference will be held with the Church in Brookfield, Mass., (A. J. Rich, pastor) on May 15 and 16. Rev. G. M. Bartol will preach Sermon, Rev. Charles Noyes will read Essay and Rev. A. D. Mayo will conduct devotional meeting. The railroads give either return tickets or make special rates; this, the pleasant season and beautiful town and good cause ought to insure a large meeting.

A. J. R.

BOSTON Y. M. CHRISTIAN UNION.—Rev. James Reed, of the Swedenborgian Church, will by special request repeat his sermon upon "The Heavenly Canaan," on Sunday evening next. Last Sunday evening Eugene Thayer, the well-known organist, gave a very interesting and suggestive lecture on Church Music—illustrated—to a very full audience. Mr. Thayer strongly advocated congregational singing, also urged the importance of a revision of church hymns and tunes, believing that the quantity is too great, the quality too light. Proper tunes with proper sentiment of language of the hymns for Sunday schools, he specially enforced. The lecture was one abounding in interest and advice regarding church music.

DUMAS says that his father was ideal, but that he himself is real, and he adds: "My father began to write inspired by an idea; I began to write inspired by a fact. When I sit down to compose a new play I take ninety-seven sheets of paper. Then I divide them into five lots; the first, second, third, fourth lots contain twenty sheets of paper each; the fifth lot contains

only seventeen sheets. The first, second, third and fourth lots are for my first, second, third and fourth acts. I write fast, stopping occasionally to see to count the sheets still remaining for the act. If I find them greatly diminished while I have still a great deal unsaid, I say to myself: 'Double-quick step, now, friend.' The seventeen sheets are for my fifth act. Experience has taught me two things: First, that the public cannot bear more than twenty pages in any one act; secondly, that the last act should always be the shortest act of the play, and should never, under any circumstances, fill more than seventeen sheets of paper."

MR. CONWAY relates a story of George Eliot and her husband and Dr. Jowett, head master of Balliol College, Oxford, who is almost as independent as Dean Stanley, not owing or paying the church magnates much deference. Some dismay was recently caused by his entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Lewes at his house, but on the Sunday during which those two famous heretics stopped with him an incident occurred which changed dismay to horror. On that Sunday Lewes and his wife went to hear their host preach. Jowett had gone on before them, and he was just ascending to the pulpit when he saw his guests enter the door. The church was crowded, and the guests were vainly looking for seats. Jowett beckoned them to advance, and they did so very timidly, not being much used to churches. They supposed seats would be found among the Dons and solemn folk, but there were none; meanwhile Jowett still beckoned, they shyly advancing, when they were presently established on each side of the communion table, in the large high-backed chairs usually reserved for Bishops, where they sat fronting the amazed congregation, and hardly able to conceal their sense of the novelty of the situation, until absorbed in the magnificent sermon. This may be safely regarded as the boldest thing ever done by an English clergyman.

THE Boston *Journal of Chemistry* thus accounts for the iridescence of the glass in the Cesnola collection:—

"The cunning artificer in this case is Nature, and the exquisite colors are the result of decomposition. When glass is subjected to influences which gradually decompose it, the surface becomes covered with delicate laminae, like those of mother-of-pearl, and the rainbow colors are due to the optical phenomenon known as the 'interference of light.' This change takes place in glass which has remained long under water, or in moist ground, and especially in situations where it has been exposed to ammoniacal vapors, as in the windows of stables or in ancient burial places. The acid vapors given off by volcanic ashes in some localities have been known to have a similar effect.

"According to a paper in a late number of the *Comptes Rendus*, this iridescence or 'irisation' has been produced artificially by two French chemists. It was only after repeated trials that they succeeded in accomplishing it. The process is said to consist essentially in submitting the glass, under certain conditions of heat and pressure, to the action of water containing fifteen per cent. of hydrochloric acid."

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400 Patterns Hard Solder Rings, Stamped and warranted 16 Karats Fine.

Cameo, Coral and Gold Sets, Lockets, &c., &c.

L A M A R INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK. Broadway, cor. John Street. Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-	
ings	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . .	8,890 43
New York Bank Stocks market value .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice-Pres't.

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Unrivalled for the toilet and the bath. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. After years of scientific experiment the manufacturer (B.T. Babbitt's Best Soap) has perfected and now offers to the public THE FINEST TOILET SOAP in the World. Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture.

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For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood,



Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these PILLS may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

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Those suffering with consumption or any of the above maladies, by addressing me, giving symptoms, they shall be put in possession of this great boon, without charge, and shall have the benefit of my experience in thousands of cases successfully treated. Full directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing

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Seventeenth Annual Statement

-OF THE-

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1876.

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1876.....\$27,677,630.87

INCOME.

Premiums.....\$7,514,131 28
Interest and Rents.....1,728,410 39— 9,242,541 67

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by death and matured Endowments.....\$2,201,039 84
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities.....2,970,387 61
Dividend on Capital.....7,000 00
State, County and City Taxes.....70,911 07
Contingent Sinking Fund.....100,000 00
Commissions, Purchase of Commissions, Agency Expenses, and Physicians' Fees.....530,790 89
Salaries, Law Expenses, Postage and Exchange.....329,691 18
Advertising, Printing, Building, and other Expenses.....294,626 04— 6,503,452 64

Net Cash Assets, Dec. 31, 1876.....

\$30,416,719 90

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages.....\$16,237,264 45
Real Estate in New York and Boston, and purchased under foreclosure.....5,615,837 88
U. S. Stocks and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York.....2,970,387 61
State Stocks.....29,300 00
Loans secured by United States and State and Municipal Bonds and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York.....1,081,620 00
Commuted Commissions.....100,819 65
Cash on hand, in Banks, and other Depositories, on interest.....1,256,316 48
Balance of Agents' Accounts.....178,545 84
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....\$348,552 95
Premiums due and in transit.....158,460 00
Deferred Premiums.....670,816 00
Market Value of Stocks over Cost and Premium on Gold on hand.....140,585 56

\$30,416,719 90

Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1876.....\$31,734,934 41
Total Liabilities, including Reserve for reinsurance of all existing policies.....26,231,141 00

Total Undivided Surplus over Total Liabilities.....\$5,503,793 41

Computed Undivided Surplus on Tontine Policies over legal reserve.....\$2,201,500 00
New Business in 1876, 7,988 Policies assuming.....25,020,377 00
Outstanding Risks.....178,040,680 00

From the undivided surplus, exclusive of \$800,000 reserved by the Finance Committee for contingencies, reversionary dividends will be declared available on settlement of next annual premium; to participating policies. The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table, the legal standard of the State of New York.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, } Actuaries.
J. G. VAN CISE,

The Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, (made after an examination into the condition of the Society, which occupied the Chief Examiner of the Department, with ten of his accountants, nearly three months,) concludes as follows:

"The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subjected to severer tests than this Society has, nothing having been taken for granted, but every item, both of assets and liabilities, conscientiously and exhaustively scrutinized. To accomplish this, a force of ten persons, under the Chief Examiner of the Department, has been steadily engaged for nearly three months. The Superintendent is much gratified at being able to state that the result of this investigation shows the complete solvency of the Institution; and that if the same energy and ability are displayed in its management and conduct from this time, as in the past, a career of solid commercial prosperity is before it."

J. JOHN F. SMYTH, Superintendent."

The Report of a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders (after an examination extending over a period of more than two months, assisted by a full corps of experts and accountants) concludes as follows:

"The business of this Society has been conducted with energy, ability and system, and its unparalleled growth since incorporated in 1859, counting, as it does, nearly \$32,000,000 assets, and about \$5,000,000 surplus profits, according to the Society's statement, shows uncommon industry and vigor on the part of its chief officers and directors, and, in the opinion of this Committee, places the Equitable Life Assurance Society in the front rank of institutions of its kind."

"All of which is respectfully submitted."
WM. A. WHELOCK, B. B. SHERMAN, CORNELIUS N. BLISS, J. M. MORRISON,
CHARLES S. SMITH, MORRIS K. JESUP, C. G. FRANKELYN, F. D. JAPPEN."

The full Report of the Superintendent of Insurance, and the full Report of the Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, have been printed, in pamphlet form, and may be obtained by application to the Society or to any of its agents throughout the United States and Canada.

The following is the Report of the Finance and Executive Committee of the Society:

The thorough investigation into the affairs and condition of the Equitable Life Assurance Society by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and by a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, has not relaxed in the slightest degree the customary examinations by the Standing and Special Committees of the Board of Directors.

In presenting the Report of the Society, for 1876, the Finance Committee state that they have during that year given much attention and labor to the consideration of the system by which the business of the Society is conducted and its expenses regulated; and have directed the enforcement of all rules and methods for bringing down the expenses of the Society to, and continuing the same at, the lowest standard consistent with the greatest efficiency in the administration of its affairs.

The undivided surplus fund of the Society is much larger than is requisite for the continuance of dividends to policy-holders without diminution, and in order to guard against even unexpected depreciation in investments the committee have—

Resolved, That eight hundred thousand dollars of the said undivided surplus be withheld from division among policy-holders until the further order of this Committee, or of the Board, to cover any possible loss arising from the value of real estate and other securities.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has, during the past six months (a period of unexampled depression in business and finance), undergone, through its own Committee, the Insurance Department of the State and a Policy-holders' Committee, examinations, for thoroughness of detail and scrutiny in all departments of its affairs, unprecedented in the history of corporations.

GEO. T. ADEE, PARKER HANDY, GEO. D. MORGAN, H. A. HURLBUT, } Committee on
JAMES LOW, WM. H. FOGG, H. F. SPAULDING, J. A. STEWART, } Finance.

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Geo. D. Morgan,	Thomas A. Cummins,	Joseph Seligman,	Joseph Seligman,	Samuel Holmes,
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James Low,	James M. Halsted,	Robert Lenox Kennedy,	Stephen H. Phillips,	Theodore Weston,
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Jas. W. Alexander,	Simcon Fitch,	Cyrus W. Field,	H. M. Alexander,	D. Henry Smith,
Henry S. Terbell,	E. W. Lambert,	B. Williamson,	John J. Donaldson,	T. DeWitt Cuyler,
		Wm. F. Coolbaugh,		

J. W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

SAMUEL BORRORWE, Sec'y. EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D. } Medical E. W. SCOTT, Supt. of Agencies,
EDWARD CURTIS, M.D., } Examiners.

HOME
Insurance Co. of New York,
Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of
January, 1877.

Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.	\$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	286,602 56
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 26

Total \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total, \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
January 1st, 1877.

Capital	\$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets	\$2,792,902 9

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WAY, Cor. DEY St., New York.

Brooklyn Office, 12 & 14 Court St.
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ance against loss by fire are so great and numerous,
when compared with its trifling cost, as to render it an
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protection afforded by the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY
against the destructive ravages of FIRE, which in a few
moments may lay waste the fruits of a whole life of
industry.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Vice President.
WILLIAM R. CROWELL, Secretary.

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FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

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chase. They will bear comparison with any others.

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By H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.

GOOD NEWS,
By R. M. McINTOSH.

THE SHINING RIVER has a pure, sweet title quite ap-
propriate to the character of the hymns, which are well
chosen and skillfully set to music. Representative songs
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 - "Shall we meet with the Loved," page 106.
 - "Sweeping Through the Gates," page 130.
- GOOD NEWS is a most cheerful companion to the other
equally good book, differing only as the tastes of the two
composers, and perhaps the requirements of singers in
each vicinity may differ. Representative songs are:
- "The King in the Manger," page 3.
 - "Sweet Bye and Bye," page 96.
 - "Hear Him Calling," page 120.

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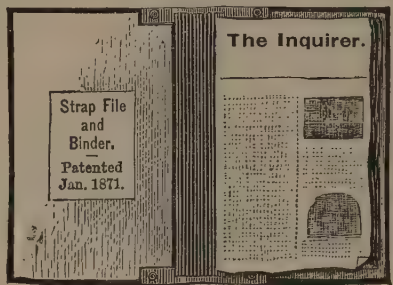
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across the back at the top and bottom of the inside, be-
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The profits of the Company revert to the assured,
are divided annually, upon the Premiums terminated
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 23. }
WHOLE NO., 1592. }

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
{ 10 CENTS A COPY.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

At the suggestion of several business men we have arranged to make collections in future by means of drafts passing through the hands of established bankers. We shall thus in most cases save our subscribers the annoyance and expense of procuring money orders or registering their letters, and at the same time furnish them with evidence of payment and a record of dates and amounts, as the drafts will contain full particulars, and when paid will serve as receipts.

The death of William G. Brownlow, which took place on Sunday, recalls a period of history marked by wonderful changes and crowded full of events, and a life especially characteristic of the period. Parson Brownlow was not the ideal man, but he was eminently a man who had the courage of his opinions.

We were premature in announcing last week the passage by the Legislature of the Charter Amendments. The Senate only has passed them as yet, and there is more opposition to them in the Assembly than we like to see. Probably they will pass ultimately, but not quite without a struggle. Fortunately the Democrats are not unanimously opposing them, and naturally the Democrats who are in favor of them are the men in best repute on their side of the house.

LOUISIANA appears to have been during the week the scene of great rejoicing and the general course of affairs there is satisfactory. In South Carolina the Legislature has not distinguished itself for good judgment, but in that State also matters seem to be regaining the normal condition of semi-civilized communities if not something better. The subordinate State officials whom Chamberlain left behind him have withdrawn from the contest to save themselves from costs, and the Hampton government may now have free scope. It will behoove it to be judicious. The investiga-

tion of the New York Custom House has been begun under circumstances promising more definite results than any other of recent years.

HOSTILITIES have actively begun between the Russians and Turks, but no important engagements have yet taken place unless the reports of Tuesday be confirmed. The Russians are assembling in force on the Danube and have begun the construction of a bridge at Ibrail, and a large army is also advancing across the northeastern border of Asiatic Turkey, near Kars, which, it is rumored, has been attacked by a considerable force. As lying reports will be frequent, all news from the seat of war will need to be accepted *cum grano*. England has proclaimed her neutrality, and action thus far taken by powers other than the immediate belligerents seems to be purely precautionary, the interest mainly centering in questions concerning the Suez Canal.

THE "religious press" is doubtless the proper place for the exhibition of "sweetness and light," (so one whose unhappy duty did not require him to keep himself somewhat familiar with it, would be inclined to say), but we are constrained to remark that those particular characteristics are not always to be found in it. Just at the present time there is a little *unpleasantness* between the *Christian Advocate* and the *Independent* which gives rise to editorial lucubrations which must be particularly edifying to their several readers. We clipped the last delectable contribution to the debate from the *Christian Advocate* with the intention of reproducing it in our columns, but on looking it over we decided that our readers would not thank us for placing before them a kind of literature with which presumably they are quite unfamiliar. It is certainly in the nature of progress that the fishwives appear to have given up this sort of talk when the religious press took it up, for we all have to deal more or less with the fishwives, while we can get along very well without the religious papers.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY of this city has stirred up a hornet's nest by an exceedingly sensible letter in the *Tribune* on the subject of the license laws. Dr. Crosby is a strong temperance man, and writes as a man of strong convictions and great faith in manliness might be expected to write. But not happening to believe that all liquids which contain alcohol are, in the technical sense, always and everywhere poisons, nor that it is either practicable or would be proper if it were practicable to prevent their use universally by the strong arm of power, he has fallen under the displeasure of those who by *temperance* mean *total abstinence*, who, it would appear, would rather have drunkenness take its own chances than run the risk of aiding in the success of any other method of raising the moral level of the community than that upon which they have set their hearts.

We trust that the Doctor will hold strenuously to his own counsel, with full faith that *temperance* is one of the great words of this time and of all times, and that it means more in all departments of conduct and in all fields of life, action and thought than the preacher of a universal total abstinence gospel ever dreamed.

THE price of gold after some fluctuations during the week is quoted a little lower, closing at 106½. Silver has risen to 54 3-16d per ounce. The New York stock market has advanced materially though irregularly, mainly upon speculative purchases. The sharp advance in breadstuffs continues, with heavy sales, and prices are reported higher here than on the other side of the water. Internal revenue receipts for the quarter are about two and a half millions more than for the same quarter last year, nearly the whole of the increase being in the last month of the quarter. This indicates a more active business, of which indeed there are other indications, though not of a specially healthy character. An important auction sale of very desirable building lots up town brought prices showing a heavy shrinkage since 1873.

The long contested suit of the Emma Silver Mining Company, Limited, against Trenor W. Park and H. H. Baxter, has resulted in a verdict for the defendants, the vote in the jury-room having stood at first 7 to 4. What effect the long trial and a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism suffered by one of the jurors had upon the verdict is not stated. The decision was immediately followed by the entering of two other suits against the leading defendant.

THE daily papers indicate that there will be some effort made through criminal prosecutions to bring certain of the officials connected with bankrupt life insurance companies to account for practices which one would think ought after a very moderate time spent in investigations, to consign a fair proportion of those concerned to solitary confinement at hard labor for a term of years. There is something peculiarly infernal in the way in which the most delicate and sacred trusts have been manipulated for personal profit at the risk and to the certain detriment of the helpless widows and orphans of such as, often at great personal sacrifice, have sought to extend the benefit of their protection and support beyond the limits of an uncertain life. May these gentlemen get all the justice they could possibly ask.

We only wish that at the same time every individual whose name ornaments either of the long lists of directors of these and similar corporations, who has not been a director in fact, but has simply been an ignoramus with regard to the business which he assumed to guide, and practically, so far as his influence is concerned, a stool-pigeon, could be made to stand in the dock alongside the better known culprits, and required to take his chances under indictment for breach of trust. Until such an appearance is offered us, it is safe to say that we shall have a good deal more trouble to apprehend.

It is not a pleasant thought that in such a country as ours where it is customary to talk rather loudly of justice, a woman may be compelled to pass more than forty years in litigation, indeed to devote her life almost solely to attendance upon the courts in the endeavor to establish her claim to her father's property. The lawsuits of Myra Clark Gaines have long been historic. Begun in 1834, they have not yet been concluded, although the principal points involved are supposed to be settled. She has just won an important case before Judge Billings, which when confirmed by the Superior Court of the United States, which it probably will be in the course of a few years, will place her in control of the whole estate.

We wonder at the English chancery suits and smile at Jarndyce and Jarndyce, but here we have the same thing at home in all its picturesqueness. Moreover it appears hardly possible now for a large estate to pass directly to those for

whom it was intended. The magnanimous defenders of the law, officers of the courts as they are professionally, must take their toll, and if it should be the whole estate—well it is the law. Then again, a great enterprise is started in the public interest, presto! an injunction; then delay, argument, postponement, decision, reversal, and heaven knows what, until every one is wearied out and at the end we seem no nearer a knowledge of public and private rights than we did at the outset. Must we make up our minds that as we go on increasing in years we shall go on developing more and more the lumbering complexity of our judicial machine until the affair shall actually become so clogged as to be brought to a dead standstill?

It used to be said that all parts of the human body were renewed at least once in seven years, and consequently that one who wished to be secure from small-pox should be vaccinated at intervals of no greater duration to enjoy immunity from infection. At Andover it appears, if we are correctly informed, to be the impression that the human mind changes about once in five years, and that a similar precaution must be taken against infection from unsound doctrine. It is said that the professors who wish to retain their positions are required to sign every five years a declaration promising to open and explain the Scriptures with integrity and faithfulness, "to maintain and inculcate Christian faith as expressed in the creed by me now repeated," in opposition to Atheists, Infidels, Jews, Papists, Mohammedans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, Sabellians, Unitarians and Universalists, and to do various other good and wholesome things in the interest of the seminary. It would be curious to know whether the device is always successful,—whether if the formula should be overlooked and at the end, say of six years, the unfortunate professor should be exposed to a serious case of heresy he would be likely to take it promptly; whether in such event his case would be one of a malignant character or would probably be a sort of *hereoid*, or *heretina*.

Some say that a susceptible person exposed to small-pox will in all probability develop varioloid, and *vice versa*; it is not unlikely that the result may be similar in the case we are now considering. We have been given to understand that as vaccination does not always "take" there may be some unsatisfactory instances where the Andover prescription proves ineffective also. These must be very trying to the good doctors in charge, and in such instances, and perhaps even for others now treated in the old way, we would modestly suggest that inoculation be tried. It is to be presumed that suprising results would follow any faithful experiment in this line, and either New York or Boston could furnish the necessary facilities.

WE are delighted that our brief remark concerning creeds in a late paper has elicited comment and information from the *Christian Union*, which are likely to be of use to others as well as ourselves. It appears upon the authority of so substantial a party as Dr. Schaff that they (*they* being the creeds if we understand our neighbor's meaning) "only regulate the public teaching of the officers of the church." "In short the church is a school; a pupil comes and says: 'What must I know to enter?' The answer is, 'That you are a sinner and that Christ is a Saviour.' 'What will you teach me if I do enter?' The Presbyterian says, 'The Confession of Faith;' the Methodist, 'The Twenty-five Articles;' the Episcopalian, 'The Thirty-nine Articles.' But no one of them requires the pupil to believe all that he is to be taught

before he enters school." We are told that the "Catalogues of most of these schools," meaning we suppose, the creeds, confessions of faith, etc., "were printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and that "the curriculum has changed very much since then," which appears to be a euphemistic way of saying that the creeds are not now true to those that learn them or those that teach them, for the *Union* hopes "that the time is not far distant when some new scheme of study will be printed and published. It is quite time it was done."

It further appears that "the Methodists never require of lay members acceptance of the Twenty-five Articles; probably not one in a hundred knows what they are," and that the same is substantially the case with other denominations. Nevertheless, "The Presbyterian Church . . . requires that its ministers and elders accept substantially the Westminster Confession of Faith," notwithstanding that "the curriculum has changed very much," and that "the Presbyterian denomination does not and never did require of its members any acceptance of that confession."

The *Christian Union* further says: "We suppose that the *INQUIRER* would recognize the fact that the qualifications of a professor in college are somewhat different from those required for admission as a pupil." Undoubtedly, we recognize it at sight. The difficulty we have is in recognizing the propriety of regulating the public teaching of the officers of the church by "catalogues," "printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," when "the curriculum has changed very much since then," and in recognizing the specific value of schools of the rules of which it can be said that no scholar is expected to accept them, and not one in a hundred knows what they are.

The *Christian Union* has made a valuable contribution to this discussion, for which we thank it.

"REMARKABLE EFFECT OF MOODY IN BOSTON."

THERE is a short story which in one form or another has been going the round of our exchanges for a number of weeks, has figured in public addresses by prominent representatives of Orthodoxy, has been crowded over and fondled and dandled and petted apparently as the choicest fruit of the great Moody movement in Boston. This process has been continued *ad nauseam*, and it seems to be about time to prick the inflated bubble with a pen. The story in its latest form is as follows:

"Remarkable effect of Mr. Moody in Boston:—A lady in the Boston dry goods stores asked for English laces. The salesman exhibited the article. 'Are these really English?' 'Well,' replied the salesman a little confusedly, 'they were until Mr. Moody came.'"

Now it is quite unnecessary to stop to inquire whether the whole story is or is not a lie, disseminated for its "moral" effect. It is quite probable that it may be true, and on the other hand it is equally probable that it may not be. Those who are familiar with stories of this character do not need to be told that you may as well toss up a copper upon that point. It is sufficient in this case simply to take the story word for word as it is told and give it a moment's examination. A lady enters a store and asks for certain special goods. The dealer immediately responds by showing some goods. Happening then to be asked whether these are what he has just shown them for, he replies "confusedly, 'they were until Mr. Moody came.'"

The great Moody movement, then, has accomplished this, that while the Boston salesman will effect a swindle if he can

—and keep his mouth shut—he has become a little weak in the knees when there is a question of a *verbal* lie. There has been a good deal of call for "practical effects," and here is the practical effect which is enjoyed with so much gusto by the supporters of the great revival. The truth is undoubtedly valuable, even when you have to *squeeze* it out, and this then may be added to the other great result of the movement—the case of the business man who was a hard drinker "last week," but who "found deliverance" about twelve o'clock at night, "abolished rum and tobacco," had "no appetite for liquor" and was "one of the happiest Christians in the city." We do not wish to intimate that those actively interested in this movement have no interest in moral ideas, on the contrary we suppose they consider them of value, indeed their labors in giving currency to such stories as the above are a testimony to their general friendliness, but they are so much accustomed to consider of prime importance a peculiar attitude toward "the Bible" and "the blood" which they call *religion*, and so little accustomed to realize to themselves any necessary connection between this *religion* and individual conduct in practical affairs, that when in deference to a popular demand they undertake to exhibit "fruits meet for repentance," they fall into the most absurd scrapes and damage their cause in the eyes of all sensible people.

These two results, judging by the frequency with which they are quoted and the stress which is laid upon them, are esteemed as the fruit on the highest boughs, the best moral results of the campaign. The unorthodox infer from them two things: first, the utter unreality of the whole movement; and second, the silliness of the press and of talkers who take up such statements and bandy them about as important indications of a great work, without having the wit to stop for a moment and consider what there really is in them.

They are indeed of importance, but of importance in showing how entirely futile such a movement as this is in the great work of "reforming the world."

CULTURE.

THERE is a disposition manifested at present in many quarters among the smart attachés of the press to write down *Culchur*. "*Culchur*" appears to be peculiarly a Boston institution, a sort of Yankee notion, like brown bread, or baked beans, and there is no end to the fun which is poked at it. It is especially the fair damsels of from fourteen to forty odd, who are supposed to be infected with it, and the manner in which the symptoms show themselves, according to these critics, is vastly amusing.

Doubtless there is a good deal of the disposition which is thus made a butt of to be traced as well among residents of Boston and the neighboring towns as elsewhere. One phase of this is hinted at in that passage in *Kismet*: "I like cultivated people, but I detest intelligent ones. I can only endure intelligence in the second generation, when it has been softened down into the habit of knowing." And one in this from a popular preacher, "There are some men who are so outrageously cultivated that they are miserable the moment they are away from all which is exquisite. It is a pity that such men were born into a rough world like this, where God forgot to finish up the rocks, and to make the trunks smooth, and to slope the ruts down gently to the plains." But if intelligence, and the refinement to which the Plymouth preacher alludes are not culture, what is culture?

It may be said that culture in the individual, is that attitude, condition, disposition of the mind, which enables it to connect every scene, every topic, every occurrence in delicate

spiritual relations with other things, which at the same time gives to each and all of these a finer individuality, and draws an intense delight from and sees a wondrous beauty in what might otherwise speak of nought but commonplace or barbaric roughness: all these characteristics in the most complete culture, being manifested in the individual, not as a garment which he may have put on, but as a part of his essence which assimilates him with all that surrounds him, and makes him a part of all that is and was and shall be. This I conceive to be culture in its truest sense, a sense in which it may be freely said it is rarely reached in its whole length and breadth by the individual, and in order to find which we shall ordinarily be obliged to look not only to the second generation, but to the third, fourth, fifth, tenth generation, when intelligence shall have "been softened down into the habit of knowing," and when the field of "unconscious cerebration" shall have been so enlarged as to include a great part of that which with most of us now consumes the larger proportion of our conscious thoughtfulness.

This condition, however, can only be reached by degrees, by many arduous steps which may have for us all the attractions of novelty and may add to our stock of available life from day to day, but at the same time may not exhibit the beauty of the perfect flower, may in fact at times be anything but attractive to the beholder. As you watch the fingers of the skilful musician while they strike the keys of the piano-forte, or glide over those of the organ, evoking therefrom the richest harmony, while the abstracted player muses in almost total unconsciousness of any direct muscular effort, you find it difficult to connect this spiritual product, with the gross mechanism of the "scales" and the laborious thrumming of the beginner. Yet the one is the outgrowth of the other, developing in a kindly soil. The education was commenced with effort, the earlier steps were difficult and far from pleasant to the listener, but by fine degrees the crudity wore off, the discords subsided, the finer melodies and harmonies made themselves heard.

So in regard to culture in a more general sense, the cases are few where in the first instance it must not consciously be pursued, and often it must be the subject of derision from unsympathetic spectators. Often, indeed, what these spectators see is only a vain show, pinchbeck, an imitation of that which is supposed to be "the thing," the fashionable fancy of the moment, a surface polish which a day's exposure to the searching outer air will rob of its glossy smoothness, to reveal the rough surface and ragged seams beneath. This is the real "culchur." Often, again, mistakes are made by the earnest seeker in methods, in routes: the uncultured inevitably run the risk of an unsuitable choice of means; they select those which are not conformable to their natural organization or acquired habits and helplessly beat with the wings of their spirit against the bars of the cage which they imagine wholly surrounds them, while in fact just beyond is a gate wide open to the infinite. These are the drawbacks, these the transient phases which provoke ridicule from the thoughtless, the uncultured critic who has not yet felt the breath of the spirit.

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But he that has once heard the faintest whisper of "the music of the spheres," to whom the primrose has a story to tell, which makes his heart thrill with a finer joy, will not long fail to see beyond these things through great vistas into a region where the faithful seeker as heir of the ages shall have the freedom of the universe.

WILLIAM POTTS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON CHIT-CHAT.

DEAR INQUIRER:—At last the Unitarians of Boston are to speak in a united and semi-official way. I enclose advertisement, which will explain itself and what I mean:

SUFFOLK CONFERENCE LECTURES.

FIVE QUESTIONS.

1. What is a Christian?
2. What is Salvation by Christ?
3. What shall I do to be saved?
4. What are the Evidences of the Christian Life?
5. What are the Fruits of the Christian Life?

Answered on Sunday evenings, April 29th, May 6th and 27th, June 3d and 10th, in the Boston Music Hall, by James Freeman Clarke, Edward E. Hale, Minot J. Savage and John F. W. Ware, by the request of the Unitarian Suffolk Conference and under its auspices.

The first lecture will be given next Sunday evening, April 29, by James Freeman Clarke, at 7:30 P.M.

Perhaps, now that the revival draws near its close, the town may feel disposed to listen to a calmer and more rational voice.

The last Sunday *Herald* contained a remarkable editorial on "Religion and Morality," which was as clear as a west wind. It came like a fresh breath of life after the daily papers have so long been choked with the stifling vapors and fogs of superstition—all in the way of news.

The same paper contained another editorial on the Revival. It reads a little like an inside confession, and the confession practically comes to this: the settled pastors of Boston did not want the revivalists—at any rate, did not think it wise or best to have them now. The Young Men's Christian Association *did* want them, and they came under the pressure of their urgency. One main motive with them was the hope that the enthusiasm of their work might result in raising money to do for them what had been done in some other cities. They want a new building, and as the *Herald* naively remarks, they feel that the success of the Lord's cause in their hands demands that they have a *little better* building than that of the heretical Young Men's Christian Union.

Thus the tone of the editorial. It looks like a desire to shift any feeling of failure on to somebody else. For, in the sense of moving Boston it has been a failure. The intellect of Boston is ready to get on its knees before God, but even at Mr. Cook's bidding it will not bow to Moody. Of course they will leave with a flourish of trumpets and a claim of success. This beautiful weather helps wondrously, and cars from the suburbs empty the whole country into town. Seven car-loads came in one day from Newburyport. But for this the Tabernacle would long since have been too large.

It will furnish profitable food for thought to see what Moody's methods come to in other hands. I send you a specimen of the *revival gone to seed*. The following extract is from the *Baptist*, the leading paper of that denomination in England. It is all the more effective as coming from an Orthodox source:

"As a result of this system, which, whatever its advantages—and they are certainly made the most of—has very heavy drawbacks, some districts of London, and particularly of East London, are honey-combed by independent and too often irresponsible agents and agencies, that secure and expend immense sums, with what result, in many cases, except the bringing of religion into contempt, it would perhaps be difficult to say. Let us give for instance, a sample of the kind of services that it is thought necessary just now to hold. The following is a transcript of a gigantic poster exhibited last week by one of the most "successful" of the East London evangelists, whose great theory seems to be that a man 'converted' at say 6:55 P.M., should be preaching at the top of his voice at seven o'clock; that character is nothing and energy all, and that to shout the name of Jesus by the hour, though the only result be the ridicule of the passing crowd who will not stop to listen to the incoherent ejaculations, is really to preach Christ:

"'GREAT SALVATION FAIR.—All free. Best Refreshments. Come Early. The Hammersmith Daredevils to-night at 8. The Rugby Sweep to-night at 9. The Happy Dutchman to-night at 8. Blanche Dunage sings at 8. Morrison, the Mission Giant, weight 33 stone. Buy Jesus. Buy Wine and Milk. To be seen, also, Paul, the Ropemaker; Wallace, the Black Prince, the Converted Thief, once a Slave.'

"The following is the hand-bill of another local agency for super-seding pastors and churches:

"'By Command of the King! Extraordinary Salvation Meetings at the People's Hall, opposite the 'Salmon and Ball,' Miss Dunage (the Singing

Pilgrim will sing, and *Miss Davis (the Maid of Kent)* will preach on Sunday, at 11 and 7. A band of Brave Daredevils at 3.

"And yet the working classes are not flocking to the Gospel standard! These announcements, be it remembered, are by no means the most sensational that are issued, nor do they indicate the most perilous features of the work. They are simply given as those of the current week, and may serve to indicate the kind of effort that is being put forth as the result of the enormous funds poured month by month and year by year into East London."

Remember *The Baptist* says the above are not the worst. If this is Christianity, well may we echo the verse of Wordsworth, "I'd rather be a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn."

Gen. Swift, a man of some political notoriety, is the only well-known convert in Boston yet. And the immodest haste with which he is thrust forward to teach Boston about *pure religion* is very suggestive of the East London man, converted at 6.55. and preaching at the top of his voice at 7 o'clock.

Neither the Tabernacle nor the new Back Bay churches absorb all the crowds that are out on Sunday afternoons. For April 8th and 15th, as many as seven thousand four hundred persons visited the Art Museum.

I see, by the daily papers, that an effort is being made, not only to pay the \$20,000 still wanting to cover the running expenses of the Tabernacle, but also to raise \$10,000 more to enable them to hold it another year. Mr. Moody will try and come back to start it next fall, and then procure some of the prominent workers from England.

Allow me here to make a prediction. So many other prophets have failed that it will be no disgrace to me to fall into their company. I predict that rational thought will be at a higher premium in Boston next winter than it has been for years. Those who have brains and eyes are going to see through both Cook and Moody, and demand for mental bread something more substantial than assumption and mythologic blood.

The New Old South, and Trinity (Phillips Brooks') Church are, as you know, the two most expensive churches in Boston. They look very large on the outside. And I had supposed that Mr. Brooks' popularity would lead to the building of a large auditorium. I was surprised therefore the other day at the result of an estimate of their seating capacity. The Old South will accommodate only about 800, some 200 less than the Church of the Unity. And even Trinity furnishes unobstructed seats for but a few, if any, over 1000. The really large congregations in any city could be counted on one's fingers.

I know of nothing calling for special remark in connection with particular liberal churches. All are quietly, faithfully and successfully about their regular work. Dr. Bartol occasionally throws a few hot shot into Mr. Cook's camp; and is somewhat assisted in the work by Dr. Miner and Dr. Clarke. I heartily hope that this winter's experiences will make both Orthodox and rationalist care enough for truth so that there will be earnest search and earnest discussion. If men will only *care* and *seek*, then truth will be a gainer.

Boston, April 28.

SYLVUS.

THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION AND MORALITY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

[Under the title "A Modern Symposium," Mr. Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has induced a number of prominent gentlemen who hold widely different religious views, to discuss questions of interest and importance, each writer being permitted to see all that has been written before his remarks, but nothing that follows them, except in the case of the first writer, who is expected to sum up after the remaining contributions have been made. In the April number the subject taken is "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious belief," proposed by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, whose remarks and those of Lord Selborne and Dr. Martineau preceded those of Mr. Harrison here given. The later writers in this number are the Dean of St. Paul's, the Duke of Argyll and Professor Clifford.]

All this, to me, describes the moral characteristics, not of the Christian, but of the religious temper. With what has

been so finely said in the preceding discourse we ought, I think, most cordially to join. Only for the words "Theology" and "Christian" we must put the wider and more ancient terms "Religion" and "Human;" and again, for the intrinsic consciousness and emotional intuitions, whereby these are said to prove themselves, we must substitute the reasonable proof of science, philosophy and positive psychology.

We have had before us three distinctive views as to the relations of Religion and Morality. Each of the three has pressed on us a very powerful thought. The reconciliation is obscure, yet I hold on to the hope that it may one day be found; that we shall have to surrender neither religion nor science, neither demonstration on the one hand, nor dogma, worship and discipline on the other; that we shall end by accepting a purely human base for our morality, and withal come to see our morality transfigured into a true religion.

It is the purport of the first of the arguments before us to establish: that morality has a basis of its own quite independent of all theology whatever, but that since morality must be deeply affected by any theology, the morality will be undermined if based on a theology which is not true. We must all agree, I think, to that.

The second argument insists that if the religious foundations and sanctions of morality be given up human life runs the risk of sinking into depravity, since morality without religion is insufficient for general civilization. For my part I entirely assent to that.

The third argument rejoins that theology cannot supply a base for morals that have lost their own; but that morals, though they have their own base, and are second to nothing, are not adequate to direct human life until they be transfused into that sense of resignation, adoration and communion with an overruling Providence, which is the true mark of religion. I assent entirely to that.

We who follow the teaching of Comte humbly look forward to an ultimate solution of all such difficulties by the force of one common principle. That we acknowledge a religion of which the creed shall be science; of which the faith, hope, charity, shall be real, not transcendental; earthly, not heavenly—a religion, in a word, which is entirely human, in its evidences, in its purposes, in its sanctions and appeals. Write the word "Religion" where we find the word "Theology," write the word "Human" where we find the word "Christian," or the words "Theist," "Mussulman" or "Buddhist," and these discussions grow practical and easily reconciled; the aspirations and sanctions of religion burst open to us anew in greater intensity, without calling on us to surrender one claim of reality and humanity; the realm of faith and adoration becomes again conterminous with life, without disturbing, nay, whilst sanctifying, the invincible resolve of modern men to live in this world, for this world, with their fellowmen.

And this brings us to the source of all difficulties about the relations of morality and religion. We place our morality—we are compelled by the conditions of all our positive knowledge to place it—in a strictly human world. But it is the mark of every theology (the name of theology assumes it) to place our religion in a non-human world. And thus our human system of morals may possibly be distorted—it cannot be supported—by a non-human religion. But, on the other hand, it is dwarfed and atrophied for want of being duly expanded into a truly human religion. Our morality with its human realities, our theology with its non-human hypotheses, will not amalgamate. Their methods are in conflict. In their base, in their logic, in their aim, they are heterogeneous. They do not lie in *pari materia*. Give us a

religion as truly human, as really scientific, as is our moral system, and all is harmony. Our morals, based as they must be on our knowledge of life and of society, are then ordered and inspired by a religion which belongs, just as truly as our moral science does, to the world of science and of man. And then religion will be no longer that quicksand of possibility which two thousand years of debate have still left it to so many of us. It become at last the issue of our knowledge, the meaning of our science, the soul of our morality, the ideal of our imagination, the fulfilment of our aspirations, the lawgiver, in short, of our whole lives. Can it ever be this whilst we still pursue religion into the bubble world of the Whence and the Whither?

That morality is dependent on theology; that morality is independent of religion: each of these views present insuperable difficulties, and brings us to an alternative from which we recoil. To assert that there is no morality but what is based on theology is to assert what experience, history and philosophy flatly contradict, nay, that which revolts the conscience of all manly purpose within us. History teaches us that some of the best types of morality, in men and in races, have been found apart from anything that Christians can call theology at all. Morality has been advancing for centuries in modern Europe, whilst theology, at least in authority, has been visibly declining. The morality of Confucius and of Sakya Mouni, of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius, of Vauvenargues, Turgot, Condorcet, Hume, was entirely independent of any theology. The moral system of Aristotle was framed without any view of theology, as completely as that of Comte or of our recent moralists. We have experience of men with the loftiest ideal of life and of strict fidelity to their ideal, who expressly repudiate theology, and of many more whom theology never touched. Lastly, there is a spirit within us which will not believe that to know and to do the right, we must wait until the mysteries of existence and the universe are resolved, its origin, its government and its future. To make right conduct a corollary of a theological creed, is not only contrary to fact, but shocking to our self-respect. We know that the just spirit can find the right path, even whilst the judgment hangs bewildered amidst the churches.

To hold, as would seem to require of us the second argument, that, though theology is necessary as a base for morality, yet almost any theology will suffice—Polytheist, Mussulman or Deist—so long as some imaginary being is postulated, this is indeed to reduce theology to a minimum; since, in this case, it does not seem to matter in which God you may believe. To say that morality is dependent on one particular theology, is to deny that men are moral outside your peculiar orthodoxy; to say that morality is dependent merely on some form of theology, is to say that it matters little to practical virtue which of a hundred creeds you may profess. And when we shrink from the arrogance of the first and the looseness of the second position, we have no alternative but to admit that our morality must have a human and not a superhuman base.

It does not follow that morality can suffice for life without religion. Morality, if we mean by that the science of duty, after all can supply us only with a knowledge of what we should do. Of itself it can neither touch the imagination nor satisfy the thirst of knowledge nor order the emotions. It tells us of human duty, but nothing of the world without us; it prescribes to us our duties, but it does not kindle the feelings which are the impulse to duty. Morality has nothing to tell us of a paramount Power outside of us, to struggle with which is confusion and annihilation, to work with which happiness and strength; it has nothing to teach us of

a communion with a great Goodness, nor does it touch the chords of veneration, sympathy and love within us. Morality does not profess to organize our knowledge and give symmetry to life. It does not deal with beauty, affection, adoration. If it order conduct, it does not correlate this conduct with the sum of our knowledge, or with the ideals of our imagination, or with the deepest of our emotions. To do all this is the part of religion, not of morality; and inasmuch as the sphere of this function is both wider and higher, so does religion transcend morality. Morality has to do with conduct, religion with life. The first is the code of a part of human nature, the second gives its harmony to the whole of human nature. And morality can no more suffice for life than a just character would suffice for any one of us without intellect, imagination or affection, and the power of fusing all these into the unity of a man.

The lesson I think is two-fold. On the one hand morality is independent of theology, is superior to it, is growing whilst theology is declining, is steadfast whilst theology is shifting, unites men whilst theology separates them, and does its work when theology disappears. There is something like a civilized morality, a standard of morality, a convergence about morality. There is no civilized theology, no standard of theology, no convergence about it. On the other hand, morality will never suffice for life; and every attempt to base our existence on morality alone, or to crown our existence with morality alone, must certainly fail. For this is to fling away the most powerful motives of human nature. To reach these is the privilege of religion alone. And those who trust that the future can ever be built upon science and civilization without religion are attempting to build a pyramid of bricks without straw. The solution, we believe, is a non-theological religion.

There are some who amuse themselves by repeating that this is a contradiction in terms, that religion implies theology. Yet no one refuses the name of religion to the systems of Confucius and Buddha, though neither has a trace of theology. But disputes about a name are idle. If they could debar us from the name of religion no one could disinherit us of the thing. We mean by religion a scheme which shall explain to us the relations of the faculties of the human soul within, of man to his fellowmen beside him, to the world and its order around him; next, that which brings him face to face with a Power to which he must bow, with a Providence which he must love and serve, with a Being which he must adore—that which, in fine, gives man a doctrine to believe, a discipline to live by and an object to worship. This is the ancient meaning of religion, and the fact of religion all over the world in every age. What is new in our scheme is merely that we avoid such terms as Infinite, Absolute, Immaterial, and vague negatives altogether, resolutely confining ourselves to the sphere of what can be shown by experience, of what is relative and not absolute, and wholly and frankly human.

WEALTH OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—Three men have died in this country within a year, William B. Astor, A. T. Stewart and Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose united wealth would probably amount to \$150,000,000. Some estimate the sum to amount to more than \$200,000,000. The wealth of the Rothschilds, the famous bankers of Europe, is stated by a well-known publicist, to have attained in the past year to the enormous sum of 17,000,000,000 francs, or \$3,400,000,000.

A SMALL replica of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross" was sold recently in London for 1,450 guineas. At the same sale a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds fetched £840, which in 1873 obtained as much as £1,400. The subject was "Felina, a Little Girl with a Kitten," formerly in Lord De Tabley's collection.

LITERATURE.

• **THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

We are glad to welcome in such attractive guise an exceptionally good novel which has already reached a wide circulation in the columns of *Scribner's Monthly*, but which will undoubtedly find its way into a multitude of hands in its independent form. Mrs. Burnett's work is thoroughly well done. Though there is a marked unity and completeness in the story as a story, its highest merit is not there, but in a fine artistic realism, and in strong character drawing.

For the benefit of the few of our readers who may not already have seen it, we will simply say that the field and characters of the story are English, the scene the Lancashire mining region, the *dramatis personæ* include members both of the cultivated and the uncultivated classes, but mainly of the latter, that the interest is increased or not, according to taste, by the introduction of much conversation in the local dialect, and that the sentiment of the book is strong and healthy. We hate to take the edge off a reader's appetite by forestalling the development of a story and we will not here, although this would suffer much less thereby than some. But we cannot refrain from especially noting the firm and consistent character drawing, not only in the leading character "Joan," but also in the Rector and Anice Barholm, in Grace, in Craddock, in Jud, and in poor Liz. Fergus Derick is also a capital figure, but is a more familiar hero. Nevertheless he, as also each of the subordinates, has a well defined individuality.

In a favorable notice by one of our neighbors, which we have just read, we were very much surprised to see the suggestion that the development of Joan's character is too rapid and not such as could readily come in the order of things. This opinion is the precise opposite of that which we had ourself formed. We are free to say that in the management of this part of her work, we think Mrs. Burnett has shown great skill, and that the development of this character is not only artistically true, but is also in the highest sense realistic.

THE NEW CHURCH. By B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia : Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1877.

The purpose of Dr. Barrett's book is to prove that the New Church is the Christian Church in its broadest sense, and not a special sect founded by those who accept the doctrines taught by Swedenborg. There seem to be two schools of thought among the Swedenborgians; the more liberal school accept Dr. Barrett's idea that no visible organization of the New Church is possible without its becoming narrow, and losing sight of the central idea of Swedenborg that the "specific (or true) church consists of all those throughout the world who are in love to the Lord and the neighbor" without regard to special doctrines. Dr. Barrett examines the position of Mr. Reed and Mr. Giles who are of the conservative school and believe that the "New Jerusalem is a visible body, composed exclusively of those who acknowledge the claims and accept the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg. "Both schools accept Swedenborg as a divinely-commissioned teacher. Both believe in the New Jerusalem and its descent from God out of heaven. Both believe in it as a new city, with new walls, new streets, new dwellings, new temples for worship, new laws, new methods." They divide when they come to the question, "Where and what is the New Jerusalem and how is it or how ought it to be builded?" The Swedenborgian phraseology, with its strange and somewhat wearisome mixture of material imagery and mystical correspondences, makes this question seem more new and complex than it really is. The conflict is very much the same as that which has taken place of late years in the Unitarian denomination, between the conservatives and radicals on the question of creed or no creed. Unitarian ideas differ very materially from those of even the most liberal Swedenborgians, but the great central thought that the Christian

Church is founded on Love to God and love to man is common to all liberal sects, and in that sense all true Christians belong to one church and are brothers and co-workers.

We like Dr. Barrett's broad spirit, but cannot help feeling that Mr. Reed and Mr. Giles are less at issue with him than he thinks, for their idea that *sects* are necessary is only the expression of the truth, that some organization for religious instruction and work is indispensable, and it seems to us that as homes and resting places for those who seek the truth and need light and help in their search, sects *are* necessary, but we also believe they may exist with all love and charity, and let us add meekness towards those fellow Christians of no sect who prefer and are able to live and work outside the visible church. Sects are schools, and as we send our children where we think they will find the best instruction, so the more humble Christians and less confident thinkers are apt to seek the visible church in the sect which inheritance or preference has led them to believe contains for them the most spiritual sustenance and intellectual guidance. Far be it from us to drive them untimely into an "invisible church," which, though warm and living to the few, is cold and lifeless to the many.

BRIEF NOTICES.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS OF PLACES—Italy. 3 vols. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

With this latest collection Prof. Longfellow carries us fairly into the land of song, where poetical thoughts should fall as

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High overarched embower."

Ah!—

"Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen?"

The poet is a catholic collector and the poets of all lands are called upon to pay tribute in these dainty volumes to this

"Land of beauty garlanded with pine,"

where

A gentle wind from the blue heaven expands
The myrtle still, and high the laurel stands!"

The air breathes soft about us, the sky is blue with the blue of Italy as we turn the pages, and the yellow Tiber

"Tiber is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes and the Anio
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence,"

while

"There is an isle, kissed by a smiling sea,
Where all sweet confluent meet; a thing of heaven,
A spent ærolite, that well may be
The missing sister of the starry seven."

"Kennst, du es wohl? Dahin, dahin

Möcht ich mit dir, du mein Geliebter, ziehn!"

There is no lack of company here, and company of the best, and one may feel about him rhythmic pulses and sweet and expressive tones, even though, as in the piazza of St Mark at midnight,

"Hushed is the music, hushed the hum of voices;
Gone is the crowd of dusky promenaders."

OUT OF THE QUESTION. A Comedy. By William D. Howells. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

We have already expressed our hearty appreciation of this bright trifle as it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is simply a light character-piece; but it is in Mr. Howells' best vein, and to say that is to give it no small praise. We are glad to see it in this neat, tasteful and convenient form.

TWO MEN OF SANDY BAR. A Drama. By Bret Harte. Boston : J. R. Osgood. 1876.

It is perhaps fortunate for us that we were not called upon to notice this drama a few months earlier; it is not unlikely that we would have been guilty of prophesying its success upon the stage. Not but that it has plenty of absurdities and weaknesses, that in a certain sense it is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, neither comedy, tragedy nor farce; but it has many shrewd and characteristic passages; has some of the peculiarities which have made Mr. Harte's previous writings popular, and is original enough in its development to please many readers. Now that it has failed, we can see in a measure why it failed, and are disposed to think that the result will be to put its author on the track of success in his next venture in the same line.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York : Harper & Bros. 1877.

Mr. Rolfe's edition "is the result of a careful collation of the

Folio of 1623 with all the modern editions that are of any critical value," with special reference to Horace Howard Furness' "New Variorum" edition. His volume contains beside the text, an introduction, embodying the history of the play, its historical sources and critical comments upon it, and also copious illustrative and critical notes, which latter occupy fully half of its two hundred and sixty pages. The form is handy, and there are several fair though rather worn cuts.

DEEPHAVEN. By Sarah O. Jewett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Miss Jewett's sketches of life by the seaside, having already appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that cradle where so many bright babies are rocked, have caught the attention of the public and may be sure of a more general recognition in their collected form. They are among the best of their class—a very good class—they have the smell of the sea about them, and they carry their readers among a set of unsophisticated natives, who are becoming more and more difficult to find in their original simplicity. We can commend them—the sketches—unreservedly.

FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1877.

We have received parts 5, 6, 7 and 8 of this handsome work, and they fully maintain the character made by the earlier numbers. The paper is heavy and good, the type is large, fresh and distinct, the illustrations are attractive, Dr. Farrar writes clearly what he has to say. That what he has to say is founded entirely upon a different method of interpretation from any which appears to us adequate to the work in hand, it is perhaps hardly necessary to remark; that the work will give more pleasure to the uncritical reader who is not afflicted with Thomas' questioning spirit than it will to the scholar or anxious inquirer, cannot be gainsaid.

LITERATURE PRIMERS.—PHILOLOGY. John Peile. **CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY.** H. F. Tozer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Tozer takes up the several geographical divisions of the classical period separately, defines their boundaries and relationships, and gives brief topographical descriptions. The book is very useful as it is, but it seems a pity that a simple map had not been prepared and slipped into a pocket in the cover.

In his Philology, Mr. Peile gives a great deal of useful information upon the formation, growth and diversification of language, starting with the theory, "Speech is the development, through imitation, of a capacity of man—the capacity of making a noise"—supplementing it with the condition "there is no necessary connection between the sound and the thing signified thereby." The eye is greatly aided in rapid reference by the judicious use of a variety of type through the body of the work.

SCIENCE LECTURES. SOUTH KENSINGTON—TECHNICAL CHEMISTRY. Prof. Roscoe. **MANCHESTER—WHY THE EARTH'S CHEMISTRY IS AS IT IS.** J. Norman Lockyer. **THE SUCCESSION OF LIFE ON THE EARTH.** Prof. W. C. Williamson.

The last three of their useful science pamphlets sent us by Macmillan & Co. well sustain the interest of the series. That of Prof. Roscoe is the more practical, and deals with the manufacture of sulphuric acid and alkali. The others are more general in their scope, and more generally interesting, that of Mr. Lockyer dealing with astronomical chemistry as learned through the use of the spectroscope, and the relation of nebulae meteors and comets to the better known celestial bodies, and that of Prof. Williamson briefly rehearsing the successive geologic changes in the earth's surface with the changing animal and vegetable life upon it. Mr. Williamson is not an evolutionist, while he frankly confesses that there are many facts which tend to give color and support to the theory of evolution.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES.—THE LIFE, TIMES AND CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By the Rt. Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P.

This is a lecture delivered before the "Ashford Mechanics' Institute," and seems to have been specially intended to reverse the character given to the Protector in two plays recently acted in London, one written by Mr. Wills, and the other by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen has studied his subject with some care and enters the lists with a vigorous defence of his hero.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. SKETCHES BY BOZ AND AMERICAN NOTES. Charles Dickens. Harper & Brothers.

The admirable illustrations by Thomas Nast and Arthur B. Frost should make this reprint and household edition of Dickens find ready purchasers. The Sketches by Boz and American Notes are very familiar. The "Pictures from Italy" we think are less known,

but are very concise and graphic, and the whole volume contains an amount of fun, humor, pathos and observation, which will keep it from ever becoming trite or unwelcome to the genuine admirer of Dickens.

THE Atlantic Monthly Index, published by the Cambridge Press, has been compiled with much care, and comprises all articles, from the establishment of the magazine in 1857 up to 1876. It is very interesting as a record of the literary labor expended upon one periodical. Beside the general index of articles contributed, there is a special index of authors and their works, and many anonymous articles are credited to their proper authors. The hard workers are easily distinguished and the breadth and ability of the various writers may be estimated by a glance at the number and titles of their contributions.

WEAVERS AND WIFE, OR, "LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By Miss Braddon. Harper & Brothers. 1877.

The conclusion of this novel is the only pleasant thing about it and we are sadly tired of Miss Braddon's melodramatic subjects. She often treats them with more skill and vigor than are evident in this disagreeable story of plots and counter plots, and even her admirers would scarcely read many such products of her pen.

THE PLAINS OF THE GREAT WEST. By Col. Dodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

A general synopsis of this book is given in an introduction by William Blackmore, who emphasizes the now common strictures upon the policy of the United States in its treatment of the Indians. Colonel Dodge is a soldier and puts the breezy freshness of his Western experience into his book. The description of the plains is very interesting and instructive to the general reader. This comprises about a third of the volume. The next division is mainly interesting to sportsmen, and is taken up with a description of various kinds of game—buffalo, deer, elk etc., with valuable information and instruction for camping and hunting. The final portion of the book is devoted to an account of the Indian tribes in the great West, and is more painful than pleasant. In many ways the Indians seem on a par with the most savage and lawless tribes of Africa and Asia, and civilization must take ages to reach them if they survive the process, which is extremely doubtful and scarcely to be desired.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD. By the Hon. Mrs. Charles Hobart, author of "The Changed Cross." New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The poetry of this book is better than the theology which we cannot indorse. The complete submission of the will and the trust in a supernatural deliverer from sin is the lesson inculcated in the poem of the "Star," which is said, however, to be taken from a dream of a century ago. It is certainly not in accordance with what we consider the best philosophy and faith of the present day, wherein the *will* is the most powerful factor, and deliverance from sin to be sought in the education of the conscience into healthful action and honest work. The evidence of a true Christian life in our day is to be found in active work rather than in passive faith, and nothing will raise us from the slough of despond but an earnest effort to escape it and a strong pull of the will when we are in it. The allegory of the "Cloud" is exceedingly pretty and full of the delicate sentiment and imagery of the German idea, from which it is adapted.

ANNE WARWICK. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. Harper & Brothers.

Fairly good novels are common now-a-days, and unless a book is really remarkable, it is hard to characterize it, without telling the story and spoiling the pleasure of most novel readers. Premising that "Anne Warwick" is not an exceptional book, we find it written in a good, natural style, and showing earnestness of purpose and some depth of experience and insight. The characters are real people and their lives are genuine and worthy of record; the man and woman to whom somewhat peculiar but perfectly possible trials come, are possessed of strong natures and have an inherent nobility which enables them to conquer all difficulties, and bring their lives into harmony and the book to a happy conclusion, which will be grateful and perhaps useful to the readers.

NORAH'S LOVE TEST. By Mary Cecil Hay. Harper & Brothers.

What can we say of the Irish heroine of this charming novel, but that she is unique and lovely in her simplicity and unworldliness. Her loyalty to her home in Ireland is delightful, for the old mansion is marked by nothing but poverty and a miserly old grandfather. The descriptions of Irish life are interesting, and the trials of this beautiful Irish lassie of gentle birth are told with much humor

and pathos. We can almost see the old jaunting-car crossing the bogs with "Mr. Bull" and "Miss Paddy," while the "young Englishman" keenly enjoys the sweet maidenliness of the uneducated girl, who has such quickness of perception and such entire ignorance of the world. The action of the story is quick and natural, and the interest is well sustained from the first to the last page.

HE WILL COME. By S. H. Tyng, Jr., D.D. New York: Mucklow & Simon. 1877.

This is a book that might have been written two hundred years ago with some reason, but it is difficult to see how it could be written to-day by any one who had not slept during the interval and wakened without the least consciousness of what had been going on in Biblical criticism since. Addressed however to those who never read anything but Church books, and never think for themselves, it may even now find an audience, for alas! this is a very large class. It still seems safe to presume upon the existence of a vast number of people whose eyes are closed to everything which reason or experience or science or spirituality teaches. We presume the author does not reckon without his host, therefore, in publishing this book, which seems to us preposterously behind the intelligence of the best, or even of moderately enlightened churchmen. It is a courageous appeal to superstition and an old-fashioned heresy of literalism in the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is fitted to arouse the self-complacency of all blind believers in the Gospel, and to make them think themselves the objects of a peculiar protection and reward. We have lately read nothing in a decently cultivated literary style so hopelessly below the respect of thinking men and women. It is arrogant, ignorant and foolish—a pile of words that profit nothing to illumine guide and console thoughtful inquiring and earnest-minded people of any church. It is conceived in the spirit of the middle age. It is mournful that such pious nonsense should be popular.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Henry Holt & Co., New York.

IDOLS AND IDEALS. With an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure D. Conway. 12mo., cloth, pp. 214-137. \$1.50.

LEISURE HOUR SERIES. ALOYS. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 16mo., cloth, pp. 263. \$1.25.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes. 12mo., cloth, pp. 306. \$2.

NO NAME SERIES. A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES. 16mo., cloth, pp. 290. \$1.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. May-June.

BRITISH QUARTERLY. April.

NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE. May.

BANKERS MAGAZINE. May.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness—His rest."

CHILDREN are afraid of being left in the dark; men are afraid of not being left in it.—LANDOR.

"THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things."

"IF any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself that his censures may not effect thee."

NOBODY who is afraid of laughing, and heartily, too, at his friend can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and on the other hand it would betray a sorry want of faith to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men, I believe, are much worth loving in whom there is not something well worth laughing at.—JULIUS HARE.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway or open street—

That he and we all men move
Under a canopy of Love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish all are sorrows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day,

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that, in it we live and move,

And one thing further, make him know
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

NO MAN can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE MAN O' AIRLIE.

Oh, there above, yon heather hill
Where footfa' comes but rarely,
There is a house they point out still,
Where dwelt the man of Airlie.
He wore a coat o' hoddan gray,
His hand was hard wi' labor,
But still he had a hamely way
O' standin' by his neighbor.

His burly laugh made men rejoice,
His words the neighbors guided;
But little bairnies loved his voice
And in his smile confided:
The words to-day that left his lip
Became a deed to-morrow,
Hout, man, the friendship of his grip
Would lift the heart o' sorrow.

He was na' loud, he was na' proud,
He lacked in larnin' sairy,
And yet ye'd pick him frae a crowd,
The honest man of Airlie.
His wealth it was na' in his land,
It was na' in the city;
A mint o' honor was his hand,
His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead and gane, this prince o' Fife,
Mute is his burly laughter;
But ah! the music of his life
That bides wi' us lang after.
His memory lives, the man may die
That lingers bright and lovin',
Just like a star lost frae the sky,
Whose ray survives his ruin.

THERE is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally, is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible. The sand, upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau. False pearls are lined with wax and scales of the roach and dace, which have to be stripped from the fish while living in order to retain the peculiar hue. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

TAKE care, Mr. Blaine! A bull is a plucky animal, and powerful in a china-shop; but he is no match for a locomotive.—*Orange Journal*.

MR. MOODY says the world is a wreck, and the only thing to do is to drive the life-boat through the hissing waves and save the passengers.—*Interior*.

WE do not pay for articles except under special contract. Our "usual terms," to which correspondents frequently refer, are gratitude and glory. We give the gratitude, and divide the glory with the writer.—*Methodist*.

THE three Barclay Street gamblers, who are among the most notorious thieves at cards in the country, get off with a fine of \$250 each; the complainant, whom they robbed, gets off with ten days' imprisonment in the House of Detention.—*Tribune*.

THE writer, while in New Orleans a few weeks since, visited both the "Packard" and "Nicholls" Legislatures, and was surprised to find acting as Secretary of the Senate of the latter, a full-blooded negro, who was represented by the Senators as being one of the most useful, well-informed, and thoroughly competent officers that had ever officiated in that capacity in Louisiana. He enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of every member of the Senate.—*Harpers' Weekly*.

IT is very easy to backslide. Nearly all the saints of the Bible backslid. Abraham did when he lied to the king of Egypt; Moses did at the rock of Horeb; Elijah got cold when he fled from Jezebel and sat under the juniper tree; Baalim and David backslid atrociously; Jonah and Peter are conspicuous examples of backsliding. Ah! what frail vessels hold the grace of God! What common clay forms the material of the temple of the Holy Spirit! —*Pacific Methodist*.

THE Unitarian pulpit, reposing greatly upon highly endowed individuals who are contradicting the past, the personality of the speakers comes into the discourse, and the oration abounds in the first personal pronoun. Upon some of the pages of Channing a score of capital "I's" may be counted. The sermons of almost all this school of men are dotted over with this mark of the speaker. It is not the "I" of egotism, but the "ego" of one who does not speak in the name of a philosophy, but in the name of an individual out alone on a career. Inspiration not having been all formulated and closed up in the opinion of the Unitarian, he comes forward with "my thought" and "this is the way the thing lies to me." "To you, hearer, it may lie otherwise" is the meaning of the expression.—*Alliance*.

DEAN STANLEY seems to think he has struck out a new plan of reformation—which is to regenerate Christianity, instead of regenerating sinful men. He would fain have old-fashioned Christianity lower its tone, and broaden its comprehension, till it had fairly embraced not only all sorts and conditions of men, but all sorts and conditions of thinkers. The Church with him must be broad enough for any creed; and then, *mirabile dictu*, heresy and dissent will cease. Infidels of any notoriety, and even pantheists, must be folded in her maternal embraces, and then at last she will be illustriously and immeasurably catholic.

As we said before, we have no inclination to canonize Calvin, or Bossuet, or Dort's once triumphant synod. But we are quite unable to give Voltaire and Rousseau and Spinoza a niche ecclesiastical. If the Dean thinks that all which has hitherto been regarded as at least tolerable Christian theology has become effete or dead—or at least deserves to be treated as if it were so—then he had better make a collection of the works of his new saints, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Spinoza, and commend it as a substitute for the New Testament of times gone by.—*Churchman*.

ONE definition of true economy is, good management, or, that enlightened judgment, by which a person obtains the most benefit from a certain outlay of money. If I buy a pair of boots for \$5, and they last but a third as long as a pair for which I pay \$10, the \$5 pair are the dearest, and the pair which cost the most are the most economical. The same simple rule holds good regarding dry goods, clothing, or almost any article of universal wear or consumption.

A spirit of false economy has been engendered during the period

of "hard times." For instance, people have been led to purchase inferior food, fuel, hats, boots, and other articles of clothing, because they could get them for less money than better articles would cost; and thus they sacrificed real economy to present convenience.

It is a short-sighted policy, however, which manages only for present necessities. A really economical, prudent buyer of anything will look to the amount of service it is likely to afford him for the price he pays, and he recognizes the truth of the old maxim, "Penny-wise, pound-foolish."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

WE do not know if it is possible for a man to understand a sensitive, high-spirited woman's reluctance to ask for money, because he can't put himself in her place. It would require an impossible stretch of the imagination for him to conceive what his feelings would be if he were compelled to ask somebody when he wanted a new hat, or coat, or pair of shoes. Perhaps he might be able to approximate to something near her state of mind if he could recall his abject terror, when, as a boy, he approached his father to crave the boon of a few extra dollars. A lady said to us: "I have lain awake half the night, dreading the stern necessity of asking my husband for money next day." Another said: "If I was absolute mistress of even the paltry sum of one hundred dollars a year, so that I could spend it without feeling responsible to anybody, I should feel that a great weight had been lifted off me." A wife who does her share of work for the family, and by careful management and contriving adds to the common fund, is entitled to her share of the profits, and the division should be justly and cheerfully made by the head of the firm, as with any other partner. If women were so recognized and trusted, many whose souls are now tormented about the vexed question of their "rights" would be contented, happy "keepers at home."—*Toledo Blade*.

ECONOMIC ART IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

"The most genuine delight I ever experienced," said a lady unaccustomed to skilful household management, "was on seeing the naked bones of a piece of meat which had served three meals, first as roast, then sliced cold, and finally as hash, the cook having literally picked the bones. I felt as if my horizon had suddenly enlarged. It was beautiful. I waved her to take them away, saying: 'They have done what they could.'"—*New York World*.

II.

"Cook," said I again, and the excellent of the earth wheeled around, fronted with that platter of bones; "you understand me, cook. When I said 'they have done what they could,' I spoke prophetically. Soup, to-day, cook, and steak—but of the latter hardly more than half the usual quantity will be needed, on account of the delicious, nutritious extract to constitute the first course." O, that day's dinner was all my fancy had painted. It was high-tide in the tureen—at first—and the quality to correspond. Only the initiated will guess. The soup had a flavor of carrot, turnip, and onion, as if one small of each chopped fine, had been simmered well with the bones of the roast, which had yielded an ample stock; and there also mingled a hint of an herb or two, along with the ordinary seasonings; also, I suspect some pieces of bread had been dissolved in it, which had thickened and enriched it a trifle more; then, after the straining, two or three spoonfuls of rice or pearl barley, or some such thing, had been added and cooked very soft. That was our soup; let those who want a better seek and not find. While we were occupied with it, cook broiled the steak, which came to our plates crisp and hissing, with all its juices pent in.

It happened that my friend, Mrs. Undomestic, dropped in and partook of our dinner; and on the way back to the parlor, she said with a half sigh, throwing her arm around me, "Your husband is prospering so in his business, dear. Now I cannot afford even two courses." When I told her that soup had cost less than the sum of six cents, "the horizon of her eyes suddenly enlarged." All I have to add is, that those bones lie buried at the roots of the grape-vine and are doing what they can still.—*Watehman*.

A PROPOSAL to reduce the week from seven days to five, and further, to re-name the days, is enunciated in the last volume of the transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria. The new names are to be—Oneday, Twoday, Threeday, Fourday and Goodday. The author, Mr. H. K. Rusden, alleges that "the week itself was actually altered by the Romans, Greeks and many other peoples: and, in fact, as there is no record of any attempt to alter the week having ever failed, the allegation of impracticability is so far proved to be utterly baseless."

HEARTH AND HOME.

SPRING SEWING.

BY RIPPLE.

How bright the sun does shine to-day,
 How green the grass is growing,
 But I can only sit and sigh
 Beside my pile of sewing:
 For all the things the children need
 Is really past my showing;
 It seems as if I never should
 Get through this endless sewing.

I often rise at early dawn
 When the first cock is crowing,
 And hasten through my morning work
 To sit down to my sewing,
 And here I stitch the whole day long,
 Until—the daylight going,
 I cannot see my needle's eye
 Or yet the work I'm sewing.

Then John comes in at dinner-time
 And tells how things are growing—
 The rye and buckwheat, corn and oats,
 For these were his Spring *sewing*;
 And oft on pleasant afternoons
 The boys and he go rowing;
 I see them skimming o'er the lake
 As I do my Spring sewing.

And by and by I know he'll say
 The grass is fit for mowing,
 And then how sweet will smell the hay
 As I sit at my sewing!
 And merry songs the boys will sing
 While they the corn are hoeing,
 Though 'neath the shade it oft indeed
 Is far more pleasant sewing.

How easy things appear to grow—
 The other day 'twas snowing,
 And even then I tried to get
 Ahead of my Spring sewing,
 And now before it half is done
 The roses will be blowing,
 And then on top of all this pile
 Will come my Summer sewing.

John frowns and says, that too much time
 On dress I am bestowing;
 He can't see why I'm never through
 This everlasting sewing;
 He says that since machines were made
 The women folks are growing
 More fond of frills and furbelows
 And fancy kinds of sewing.

I'm sure our children dress as plain
 As any that are going,
 And for myself, the neighbors say
 I'm very quick at sewing;
 It's well enough for John to talk
 While he the seed is throwing,
 But rain and sun will never aid
 His wife to do *her* sewing.

He eats and sleeps and by the fire
 Smokes while the logs are glowing,
 And wonders why I have not done
 Like him all my Spring sewing;
 And then the man up in the moon
 Looks down at me so knowing,
 As if he saw what John can't see,
 The difference in our sewing.

No one need think that I complain,
 For I am only showing
 Its useless ever to expect
 A mother to cease sewing;
 John says the farm is doing well,
 That not a cent he's owing;
 He never dreams of course how much
 I save with all my sewing.

But when he gathers in his crops
 While Autumn winds are blowing,
 No shirts or pants I'll store away,
 With all my Springtide sewing;
 But like grim signals of distress
 Upon the clothes line flowing,
 Will flutter in the dismal rain
 The remnants of my sewing.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was very sad.

"Your father will be angry," said an aunt who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half-curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father, now!" He started up after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air: "It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O! I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had been only in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable, nor very sympathizing toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness doesn't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech in his aunt.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now for the first time. In an undertone she added—"You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left his seat on the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are troubled, my son; what has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table

before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my boy?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there once—only once in forgetfulness."

A little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see, and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness, so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" and the boy threw his arms about his father's neck.

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but she did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arms closely around his boy.

"Mrs. Gordon threw upon his sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."—*Central Christian Advocate*.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

—GEORGE COOPER.

HOW TO HANDLE ENGRAVINGS.—Every one "who possesses engravings which are neither framed nor bound in volumes is probably aware how dangerous it is to show them to any but a very few exceptionally careful people. One of the most eminent engravers of the English school had a fine collection of proofs which he hardly dared to show to his acquaintances, and he used to say that he very seldom met with any one who could or would hold a print so as not to injure the paper in some degree. What people generally do when they get hold of a print is to break the paper either by taking it up with one hand only, on one side, when the weight of the paper is enough to cause a break, or else by seizing it in such a way as to produce a hollow about the thumb, the edges of the hollow being fractures in the substance of the paper. . . . The proper way to hold a print is to take it with both hands, and the thumb and forefinger of each hand, placing them at half the height of the paper. In this way the paper is so held that its weight will not crease itself, and it is almost impossible to crease paper with thumb and forefinger only." So says Mr. Hamerton in the "*Portfolio*,"

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HINTS CONCERNING THE RESURRECTION.

WHENEVER the question arises in my thoughts, as it often does: "How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" I find that however far and whatever the way I seek, I return always to the old answer given by the Apostle Paul, "The body is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." Here, it seems to me, is the best reply to our question and especially to its long vexed and always perplexing form, that concerning the resurrection of Jesus; the faith in which resurrection was the great impulse to the spread of Christ's gospel, the faith in which was the sustaining power of Christ's followers under the severest persecutions, the faith in which has uplifted myriad souls during the past eighteen centuries with the conviction that the grave has forever lost its victory, and that death is swallowed up in life.

Examine what Paul says about the resurrection, and particularly the rising of Christ from the dead; it is the earliest testimony in the Christian records to the great event, written, so far as we can learn, only about twenty-five years after Christ's crucifixion.

The Apostle had heard from the disciples that Jesus had risen the third day after his death and had appeared five times to his followers. Furthermore, he claimed that Christ had appeared to himself also. But how? Evidently not in the natural body which had been laid away in the grave. Flesh and blood could not inherit the kingdom of heaven, or that which is corruptible inherit incorruption. The whole of the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians and the beginning of the fifth chapter of the second epistle to the same people, shows that Paul did not think of Christ's resurrection body as the one which had been crucified. Examine slowly the account of the view he had had of his risen Lord, and it becomes wholly clear that he did not claim to have seen Jesus with his physical vision. Remember, he tells us of frequent "visions and revelations" granted to him. Once he went up to Jerusalem by "revelation," when greatly excited by the opposition his preaching had met there. Once he was "exalted into the third heavens" and whether he was in the body or out of it, he could not tell, and there he had heard words he might not repeat. And at the time of his conversion, it was he alone who had beheld the glorious vision of the Christ in the heavens. These experiences were all with senses other than those of the physical organism. I am not ready to say that what Paul saw and heard were the projection of the images and sounds of his excited brain, for none of us, however wise, can tell what things would be revealed were the depths of the unseen world in which we live disclosed. History is full of inexplicable phenomena to him whom reasons merely from the known laws of the Universe. There are more things in heaven and on the earth than are dreamed of by any man of science or philosophy. Without discussing that matter now, however, I claim only that Paul's experiences, whatever else they may have been, were not those of the external senses; and claiming that, I claim further that from what the Apostle says, we have no reason to conclude that he thought of any of the other of the five recorded appearances of Jesus, after his death, as different from the one to himself. In this same fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians all these appearances are referred to in the same connection, and in the ninth chapter, where he answers the reproach that he had not seen the Lord, he asserts that he had seen the Lord and bears his apostleship by Divine commission. The earliest and most trustworthy testimony, therefore, to Christ's resurrection, is conclusively to the effect that the risen Christ animated a different body from that in which he dwelt before his death—a body not visible to the eye of outer sense, but to that of a sense within.

But had these visions any objective value? To many persons, under the influence of the tendency of the thought characteristic of the Europe and America of to-day, most serious doubts arise. Many think that the investigations of the present psychologists make it probable, that the frightful mental excitement of the disciples caused by the unexpected death of Jesus, the internal conflict between their belief in Jesus as the Messiah, who as temporal King was to deliver their nation, and their knowledge of his inglorious end, and in brief the general tendency of all minds at that time to confound the workings of the imagination with the impressions made upon the senses by external objects that these are reason sufficient to account for the first facts out of which the later elaborate story of the resurrection grew. I feel strongly the force of

this probability, but at the same time, I think he is overbold who says he knows that this tendency to make objective the pictures of our minds, is a sufficient explanation of all the strange records of human and especially of Christ's history. At the last I am forced to a suspense of judgment. Do we not know that our most important life is passed back of our organs of sense? We live, I doubt not, in a realm of power and life of which this physical universe is but the surface show. Sometimes I think we are more like blind men groping under a full noon of light, like deaf men in the midst of wondrous sounds, than like the seeing, hearing beings we claim to be; and I often feel sure that there will come a time when with cleansed vision and opened ears, we shall know by clear experience things which no earthly eye or ear can discover. Without superstition and with full recognition of the demands present thought makes therefore, I am ready to acknowledge that in all probability there was a real source whence the immortal inspiration of the early church came. I cannot deny that some real objective revelation was made soon after the crucifixion, to force the disciples to believe that their crucified master was not the prisoner of death, and that by this faith, death itself was abolished to them and life and immortality brought to light. But after all we do not depend upon history for the assurance of our own power over death. He who can think of immortality and aspire after an immortal existence, he who begins to feel the meaning of the power with which he is endowed, is immortal. I can not prove and I do not care to prove my essential superiority to change and death. My body is but the changing robe I weave for myself, and when uplifted by the great consciousness of existence I sometimes have, death has for me no sting and the grave, I am sure, can have no real victory. As God lives so do we live and shall live. If we but partake of the spirit of him who said "I am the resurrection," we shall be able by a personal inner witness to know how true his saying was. We shall gain thereby a conscious, eternal life in which mere physical death will be as nothing.

C. McCauley.

THE BOSTON MONDAY LECTURER.

REV. JOSEPH COOK is a dramatist, a poet, a philosopher, but not a theologian, yet he is doing our Orthodox friends a great deal of good. They think they are listening to sound Orthodoxy, but Mr. Cook never appears so awkwardly as when he attempts to stand up literally for some Calvinistic tenet in all its baldness—some doctrine which the best Orthodox minds have moderated so much that Unitarian thinkers can look upon it with considerable sympathy, although they may not be able to accept it.

When Mr. Cook begins to talk about the Atonement—as he did one day before the tabernacle—and declares virtually that God does not forgive sin, the sin is actually there, and has got to be wiped out by the merits of Christ, he argues his case in the stereotyped way of the newest-fledged Andover student of twenty-five or thirty years ago, and makes about as much impression upon us. We know perfectly well that although God freely forgives our sins by the very law of our nature, they cannot be wholly wiped out. Their traces must remain as a warning to us in future. Not that God remembers them, and must, like a pagan deity, have an expiation. He forgets, because we repent and love him. The loving mother pardons and forgets, but even the child understands that the wrong was there, and is there, only it no longer burdens the conscience, after repentance.

Some parts of Mr. Cook's address before the tabernacle were graphic and noble. Those passages where he spoke of the great business and joy of life to be "the coming nearer to God," and the sublime peace which this acquaintance with him brings us in the hour of death. We remember no address that Mr. Moody has made (and he has said a great many good things) which was more simple and effective before that vast audience than that part.

Mr. Cook's use of Theodore Parker's name has amounted to very little in the way of a careful analysis of Mr. Parker's position. Some of his criticisms are very unjust, as when he says that Mr. Parker admired but did not adore God. We know of nothing more adoring, lover-like, transfixed in joyous ecstasy than many of the prayers of Theodore Parker to his God. But the discussion has given Mr. Cook a chance to say a great many fine things, which his audience all the time supposed were attacks on Mr. Parker, but in reality were very good liberal Christianity for his hearers. He does it, however, at the expense of Mr. Parker, sometimes wilfully misrepresenting his ideas; thus for instance when he makes Mr. Parker seem to assert that a man may be a kid-

napper and yet be saved—that is, go immediately into happiness, when he himself before quotes Mr. Parker as actually saying, "Suppose I am the blackest of sinners, as Iscariot I betray him, or as a New England kidnapper I slay him, and with a life blackened with sin I come to die, still I am a child of the infinite God. He had authority over the circumstances and peculiarities which made me so, and do you not think that he has other circumstances and peculiarities to bring me back to Him?" showing plainly that Mr. Parker does not believe in the immediate happiness of the redeemed, but in a course of probation for all, saint or sinner, until they could be saved.

Then follow the usual smart sayings about Boston and Beacon street in regard to their supposed disbelief in sin and punishment, on the score of good taste, which Mr. Moody also indulges in, and which we are already tired of hearing. The audience, the extreme Orthodox part at least, think of course that Mr. Cook is all right and Boston and Unitarianism all wrong, when the fact is Mr. Cook is a cultivated man and a liberal thinker, not far removed from these very Bostonians, only he feels obliged to uphold the ghost of Calvinism; and the only way he can do it is by misrepresenting the views of his supposed adversaries, by his strong and illogical but eloquent antithesis, which captivates, if not the intellect, the large moral sense of his hearers.

Yet he is doing a good and great work. He has the fervor of a saint, the clear vision of a poet, the dramatic power of a revivalist, but he is self-conscious, dogmatic and sensitive. He winces when he is hissed by one or two persons in the audience. He flies at them, and we are afraid he is going to lose his temper. He is too nervous to be a clear thinker or logician, and consequently any cool reasoner could get him to the wall. He sees things in flashes, but we would after all rather have his intuitions than much of other people's logic. He is a remarkable man, and we hope his lectures will leave a permanent impression for good on the Orthodox people of Boston and its neighborhood, and widen their outlook at Christianity.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

BURIED.

We stand upon the churchyard sod and gaze
Into the grave of our beloved dead;
We hear the solemn words of prayer and praise;
We mark the yew trees waving overhead;
We see the sunshine flicker on the grass—
The green grass of the graves—and daisies white;
Adown the lane the village children pass,
And shyly pause to watch the holy rite.
Deep in the earth upon the coffin-lid,
Lies the last gift despairing love could make,
White, scented blossoms, that must soon be hid
With all we loved, from eyes and hearts that ache.
Love, strong as life, was powerless to save;
We can but strew fresh flowers upon the grave.

Yet in this grave, tear-moistened and new-made,
Where we must leave the happiness of years,
May not a worthier sacrifice be laid
Than even our fairest flowers or wildest tears?
If we should bury with the pure white bloom,
A cherished folly or a secret sin,
It might make holier the silent tomb,
Deepen the peace the dead lies folded in.
Oh, mute, cold grave! that doth receive our lost,
And with our lost the offerings of our love,
Take these things also; we do count the cost,
And God in heaven doth, looking down, approve.
Sleep, darling, sleep; pray God that dies with thee
Which might have parted us eternally!

—All the Year Round.

JOTTINGS.

A REMARKABLE edict of the Chinese government, granting toleration to the native Christians, has just been published in consequence of strong representations from the French legation.

ON March 21, Mr. Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, was presented with a public testimonial of \$33 sovereigns in a neat olive wood casket at Aberdeen, in the presence of a large assemblage. He did not see fit to detail the experiences to which he had been previously subjected in that place.

BARON GUSTAVE DE ROTHSCHILD'S mansion in Paris is being decorated with extraordinary splendor. One salon of light carved wood, heightened with gold, will illustrate episodes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." This work is by M. Henry Levy, and, according to *L'Art*, is being done with rare taste.

The product of wax in the United States is stated to be 20,000,000 pounds annually and increasing—worth in money at least \$6,000,000. Of this about \$700,000 worth are exported, and about \$1,200,000 worth of honey also goes abroad. The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly \$15,000,000.

HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.—We are requested to state that the sixteenth anniversary gathering in behalf of the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers will take place at the New York Academy of Music, on Thursday, evening, May 10, at 7:30. There will be glees and songs by the children under the direction of Mr. Theodore E. Perkins, and addresses by eminent speakers.

THIS is the way the fashionable Parisian fasts. He searches the sea for the finest of turbot; he gets a sterlet from Russia; if salmon be in season it also decks his table. The Mediterranean is put into requisition, while shell-fish of all kinds, dressed in the most *rêcherché* fashion, are put before him, the fast winding up with a feast of hot-house and tropical fruits, and the most exquisite of preserves and pastry. Yet this is called fasting! How sorry he must be when Lent is over!

At the last annual business meeting of the Unitarian Association it was voted that the nominating Committee invite, from the members, nominations for officers to be presented for election at the next anniversary. In preparing their list of candidates, the committee now invite such nominations. Any suggestions may be addressed to

REV. J. H. ALLEN, Scribe,
7 Tremont Place, Boston.

BROOKLYN.—Rev. Mr. Chadwick will deliver the last lecture of his course on "Protestant Leaders," at the Second Unitarian Church next Sunday evening at 7:30. The subject for the evening will be "Thomas Paine: the relation of his Religious Faith to his own and earlier times." As in previous years, Mr. Chadwick's lectures have attracted much notice and have been well attended. Being never content to speak on any subject without careful preparation and study, his hearers are always sure that no important views of the matter immediately in hand will be overlooked.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE delivered in the Music Hall on Sunday evening the first of a series of discourses arranged for by the Unitarians, his text being, "And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." He stated the object of the movement to be the same as that of the Tabernacle meetings, "the bringing of men to God through Christ." So far as we can gather from the press report of this discourse its tendency was to claim for a disposition toward the obscuration of definite opinions a merit which belongs rather to a wise tolerance on the part of those who yet claim that clear thinking is of the greatest importance.

BOSTON.—The Moody meetings came to an end on Sunday, the gatherings at each of the meetings, morning, afternoon and evening, according to the *Globe* running up to six or seven thousand. It is said that sufficient money has been collected to defray the expenses up to this time, and that a fund is now being raised to provide for keeping open the tabernacle for another year. The wonderful *drawing* power of Mr. Moody is shown in his faculty for getting fifty dollar bills out of little girls nine years of age. We are inclined to think that from one to ten cents is the ordinary yield in such cases in the Sunday school room.

NEW YORK.—Another missionary work has been begun in this city. Wong Ching Foo who has recently arrived here addressed a meeting in the parlors of Madame Taratski in English, on Monday evening, stating that the Chinese people felt very grateful to the Americans for sending them missionaries, and wished to send some here in return. He took exception to the opinion expressed by the Baptist ministers at a meeting recently held here, that adult heathen who have not had the advantage of conversion would meet with eternal damnation, and seemed to think that "our Almighty Father had not intended to take care of a few persons and leave countless millions to perish." Wong Ching Foo proposed to address the public on Buddhism next Sunday evening and at other times, and "hoped the people would come to hear him when he lectured unless they are afraid of being converted."

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.—For some time a contest has been carried on in letters to the *Norwich Bulletin* relative to the correct manner of converting old style dates into new. It has finally resulted in a manner satisfactory to all the disputants, they agreeing that the following table is correct:

Seven days must be added to any date from February 24th, 1100, to February 23d, 1300.

Eight days must be added to any date from February 24th, 1300, to February 23d, 1400.

Nine days must be added to any date from February 24th, 1400, to February 23d, 1500.

Ten days must be added to any date from February 24th, 1500, to February 23d, 1700.

Eleven days must be added to any date from February 24th, 1700, to September 2d, 1752.

To give the correct year in new style, one year must be added to any date in old style between the last day of December and the 25th of March. For example: Washington was born February 11, 1732, O. S.; and was born February 22d, 1733, N. S.

THE MAGIC CLOCK EXPLAINED.—The "magic clock," seen in jewellers stores consist of a large glass disc, with the hours marked near the edge, and two brass hands, moving on a pivot at the centre, without any visible machinery. The secret is in the counterpoise of the hands, each of which has a heavy arrow-point at the long end, and at the short end a hollow, round box. In this box are the works of a watch, which are so placed as to leave an annular space between them and the circumference of the box; and in this space is a counterpoise which is connected with the works so as to revolve once in twelve hours for the hour hand, and once in an hour for the minute hand; the revolution of the counterpoise inside the box shifts the centre of gravity of the hand, so as to give the hand successively the necessary direction. Thus when the counterpoise is the farthest from the axis, it brings the centre of gravity opposite the arrow-point, and the hand will point upward to 12; when, on the contrary, the counterpoise is between the axis and the arrow point, the centre of gravity will be there and the arrow will point downward to 6. In the intermediate sideward position of this revolving counterpoise the centre of gravity of the whole will be displaced sideways, and the hand point at 8, 9, 10, or 2, 3, 4, according to the shifting. This clock was patented in this country on September 1, 1874, by Henry Robert, a clockmaker of Paris, France. Lately Mr. Robert has considerably improved on the plan, especially by using very light and very heavy metals in combination, so as to have a sufficient contrast in weight for obtaining the right effect. The hidden counterpoise, moving in the hollow box, is of platinum, so as to take up as little room as possible, and the hand with its arrow-point is of aluminum, the lightest known metal.

—*Ex.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S restless activity is the subject of a playful paragraph in *Truth*, Mr. Labouchère's paper. The editor says: "The following has come into my hands: 'A day of My Life.' By an Old Eton Boy. Rose at six. Read Blue Book on Turkish affairs. Went to early service at St. Andrew's, Wells street. Back to breakfast. Read the papers, and wrote several letters in reply to misstatements contained therein. Went through my correspondence. Replied to fifty-two letters, some of the answers being intended for publication; the subjects—vaccination, capital punishment, Plumstead Common, Church Disestablishment, the position of sergeants in the army, the spread of ritualism, and the income tax. Wrote a letter to the *Times* in answer to Sir Wummond Ruff's criticisms upon my speech in the House last night. Hurried down to the Mansion House and delivered a speech on 'Art Needlework'; called at Dr. Parker's Temple on my way back, and spoke for an hour on the relations between 'Pew and Pulpit.' Lunched at home. Wrote an article on 'Current Theology' for the *Nineteenth Century*. Ran off to Lady Strawberryleaf's *matinée musicale*. Looked in at two or three art collections on my way back. Wrote a chapter for my next pamphlet, 'Blazing Bulgaria.' Went down to the House and asked Northcote a few questions. Received a deputation on the opium traffic in the lobby. Dined with Blandeville and Heartytone, and consulted with them as to the future policy of the party with regard to Russia. Went to Burlington House and spoke for half an hour on Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Back to the Commons, and made a two hours' speech on the Eastern Question. Hurried away to a gathering in connection with the midnight meeting movement, and delivered a brief address. Then home, wrote another chapter of my pamphlet. Read the sixth book of the 'Iliad.' Glanced through two or three new theological works, drank a glass of water, and went to bed."

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Cash on hand and in Bank. . . . \$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . . 500,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks, Collateral. . . 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings. . . . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's. . . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value. . . 19,725 00
\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$342,311 22
BONDS-AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$484,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	236,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	189,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.....	6,830 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$312,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

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PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Gross Surplus.....1,792,902 92

Gross Assets.....\$2,792,902 9

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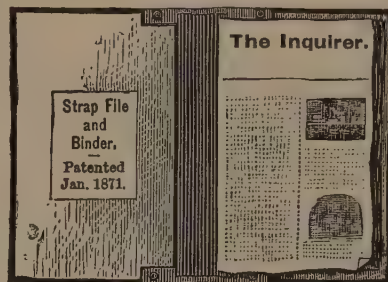
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 23.
WHOLE NO., 1593.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

To-day our Philadelphia neighbors purpose to get out the big drum and open their Permanent Exhibition, to which we wish the most abundant success. We confess we cannot see any great hope for it excepting as a great bazaar, and as such it can hardly avoid taking on too much the color of a purely mercantile undertaking, but we can imagine that our neighbors have felt somewhat lonely in the isolation to which the termination of the late successful show condemned them, and are willing to pay something handsome for the privilege of continuing a vital connection with the world at large. We all owe them a great debt, and should only be too happy to be enabled to do anything in aid of their enterprise.

The "Society for the Prevention of Crime" is engaged in the effort to put an end to the business of low tipping houses under the provisions of existing laws, which as we understand do not materially interfere with the sale of alcoholic liquors as a business, but do lay an embargo upon the sale of such liquors "to be drank on the premises" except under certain conditions. Probably no one will question the statement that a vast proportion of the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors comes from the custom of "standing drinks," and the abuses traceable to low dens where all sorts of villainous and fiery compounds are sold. It is estimated that six thousand of these might be legally closed in New York City alone, and that without touching the sale of ale or beer, or interfering improperly with the rights of the citizen. If this can be done, certainly all good men will wish God-speed to the movement. That it is not a fanatical one the appearance of Dr. Howard Crosby at the head of it seems a sufficient guarantee.

The week has been characterized by a pretty active speculation in both the Stock and Provision markets, the former showing an upward tendency, and the latter in the earlier part of the week exhibiting a sharp decline. Movements

have been quite irregular, with no evidence of reliability or permanence in the near future. Gold is quoted at 106 $\frac{7}{8}$, the same figure reported in our last issue, although the price has ranged higher nearly all the week. Silver is quoted in London at 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce.

The movement in the Western States in favor of the "silver dollar of our fathers," appears still to have some vitality, and we are informed that the next contest in Ohio will probably be waged upon the money question. A little of M. Cernuschi's hard sense would not be out of place there.

Money is abundant on call at from two to three per cent., and upon Mercantile paper at three-and-a-half to five per cent. There is no particularly favorable change in the state of business to report.

A GREAT calm has fallen upon the country with the settlement of the Southern problem, and the Cabinet decision to postpone the meeting of Congress in extra session until the middle of October. The course taken with regard to the extra session will meet with the approval of a large majority of all parties, supposing no legal questions should arise to cause embarrassment. It is intimated that the Cabinet gravely considered a proposition to practically disband the army rather than call an extra session at an earlier date, should such a course be necessary, and that the proposition obtained several votes. Having reached an era of profound peace—apparently even with our Indian victims, it really seems as though it would not be unreasonable to reduce the military force to its lowest possible terms, leaving just sufficient to constitute a nucleus about which to form an army should an emergency arise.

Such a movement, successfully inaugurated, would be about the best evidence we could give to foreign nations of the restoration of peace and harmony, and of the value of our form of government and its safety in reliance upon peaceful methods. The ruinous expense entailed by the standing armies of Europe would appear in its true light when confronted with a strong nation relying upon a militia engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life.

The progress of events in the East is not very clearly understood, but apparently has hardly been so rapid as was at first expected. The battle reported last week as having taken place before Kars probably did not occur. The fall of Kars, in the latter part of the week, has been reported with some positiveness, but the main Turkish army, under Mukhtar Pasha, is understood to be still in front of the Russians, in the gorges of the Soghanlu and Dagb Mountains. A movement of the Russians in great force in this neighborhood would seem to point directly to a desire to acquire territory, since the distance from Constantinople is too great to allow us to suppose a movement upon it from the East practicable. The Russian commander in the West appears to be purposely moving with great deliberation, with *what* purpose remains yet to be seen. It is fortunate for the English Liberals that Mr. Gladstone consented to the modification of his resolutions before the commencement of debate thereon, since a serious disagreement in the party at the present time is much to be deprecated. The

position is anomalous enough, which acknowledges the Marquis of Hartington as the leader, while Mr. Gladstone commands the first attention.

The debate in the French Chambers upon the new Ultramontane agitation in favor of the temporal power of the Pope seems to have been beneficial in its effects rather than otherwise.

We suppose that our subscribers fully understand that it is wholly impracticable for us to be *perfectly sure* that no matter ever creeps into our advertising columns which is in any way objectionable. And we suppose therefore that it is hardly necessary for us to say that we hold ourselves in no wise responsible for any assertions made in those columns. The press is constantly beset by a horde of sharpers, who live upon the credulity of the people, and their efforts are continually changing form, sometimes taking a shape that is calculated to deceive the very elect. Medical advertisements, so-called, form a class by themselves, which the public ought by this time to judge upon their merits. Another class, which is of late origin and rapid development—the “Premium” or “Gift” advertisement—we feel constrained to reject in all cases. Most and probably all of them contain patent falsehoods of a flagrant kind. It is to be presumed that when a man offers something for nothing, and pays handsomely for the privilege of making the offer, most wise people will desire to investigate before accepting it. But we do not propose to appear in the light of the makers of the offer. We believe that, generally speaking, our advertisers are of a class to be relied upon, and we desire that our subscribers may use for reference the portion of the paper devoted to them, and notify us immediately upon the receipt of any reliable information that disreputable enterprises are seeking to reach the people through our columns.

THE Columbia correspondent of the *Charleston News and Courier* furnishes some specimens of the manner in which business was conducted by the government of South Carolina recently displaced, but which we are called upon to mourn in the interest of civilization and justice. Here are a few out of hundreds of letters calling for supplies, and it is to be remembered that some of the accounts were paid by the State and for others warrants were given by the controller general:

“COLUMBIA, S. C., March 8, 1872.

“Mr. George Symmers: Please send one box best champagne.

J. WOODRUFF, C. S.

“Send to finance committee room.

J. M. ALLEN.”

“ROOMS JOINT SPECIAL INVESTIGATING COM., }
COLUMBIA, S. C., April 7, 1871. }

“Mr. Symmers: Please deliver bearer one box best cigars, one gallon best whisky, and one box (pints) champagne for J. Woodruff, per order of above.

J. B. DENNIS.”

“DECEMBER 16, 1873.

“George Symmers, Esq.: Please send a case of champagne to Senator Nash’s residence, and charge

“J. WOODRUFF, C. S.”

“DECEMBER 16, 1873.

“Mr. Symmers: Please give bearer one dozen bottles whisky. Put in a box, as I wish him to take it to Senator Nash’s residence.

J. WOODRUFF, C. S.”

Mr. Woodruff was the Clerk of the Senate, and the orders cover not only the articles above named, but barrels of sugar, flour and other commodities too numerous to mention. We would not be understood to claim that action

like the above has been confined to the carpet-bag legislatures—alas! far from it; but that in the nature of things it is especially characteristic of bodies from which the great proportion of the members of the community of high intelligence, education and social traditions is virtually excluded. We have the best of reasons for hoping that the future will show marked improvement in this respect.

Two things have been done by the Administration within the past week which are distinct reminders of the last Administration, and are wholly inexplicable to the outsider. One of these is the appointment, as a temporary special agent of the Post Office Department, of Mr. George H. Butler, a nephew of General B. F. Butler, who may be said to be typical of the kind of man who ought *not* to be appointed to official position under any conceivable circumstances. Mr. Butler, we believe, was dismissed from the Federal service while misrepresenting the country in Egypt, under the most disgraceful circumstances, and since his return to this country he is considered to have distinguished himself as a bummer of the first degree. That he was able to obtain flattering endorsements from his good uncle, from Senators Spencer and Dorsey, and from Representatives S. S. Cox and Milton Saylor, does not make it any the better for him or for the Administration, but does properly tend to mark them all with the same brush. We must believe that Judge Key, unlike the people of the United States generally, was unfamiliar with the character of this man at the time he appointed him, but it can hardly be that he now remains in the same state of ignorance.

The other action to which we refer is the pardon and release of William M. Graham, late President of the Wallkill Bank of Middletown, who three years ago was sentenced to ten years confinement in the Albany Penitentiary for embezzlement. At first it was represented that this pardon was granted because Mr. Graham had become unsettled in mind, and was old and feeble, and unlikely long to survive his release, but now we are informed that he arrived at his home in good health and spirits and looking much better than was expected. We cannot feel that the practice of pardoning, after short terms, those convicted of the most popular crime of the day has been otherwise than wholly evil, and we most sincerely regret to learn that the President has thus early been induced to take so dangerous a step. We know nothing whatever about Mr. Graham personally but are unwavering in our opinion that crime should be punished rigidly and that no sympathy with family or social connections should be allowed to influence the administration of justice. If the educational and social advantages of the criminal have been great, by so much the more has he been guilty of treason to his trusts in yielding to temptation.

Since the above paragraphs were written the country has learned with the greatest satisfaction of the prompt removal of Mr. Butler as soon as a report of his gross misconduct reached the ears of Mr. Key. This action confirms the opinion which we expressed above, and will be accepted as assurance of a desire upon the part of the Administration to correct errors at the earliest possible moment. We trust that the precedent made in the release of Mr. Graham will not be followed without due consideration.

Our neighbor the *Nation* is known as the heartiest advocate of the retention of capital punishment for the crime of murder. In times past, we have supposed that the ground upon which it defended it was that to which we have heretofore alluded, namely, the uncertainty in the execution of any

law providing for long terms of imprisonment. This is undoubtedly valid ground, and supposing the difficulty inherent in the nature of things we should be disposed to coincide with the *Nation* in approving a punishment which though in itself not pleasant to contemplate, yet had the merit that once begun it could not thereafter be modified; we hold, however, that the ground is untenable because the difficulty is not inherent after, as we think we have shown conclusively already. Latterly, however, our contemporary seems to rest its case upon the superior merit of this particular ignominious punishment itself, and in this position we think it mistaken. Theoretically it is a difficult matter to form a judgment upon, for it is not properly to be supposed that an editor can fairly put to himself the question, Were capital punishment abolished should I probably kill my landlady rather than pay my board bill? Therefore experience must be appealed to but, unfortunately, beside the vital difficulty which we stated at the outset, which is sufficient to invalidate all deductions to the credit of capital punishment from any experiments thus far made in this country, there are sundry minor complications which interfere sadly with the argument. An example of hasty inference occurs in the last number of the *Nation*, where in a letter from a correspondent in Maine intended to confirm some statements as to the effect of the abolition of capital punishment in that State, is to be found this remarkable passage:—

"Another alarming result of the abolition of the death penalty has been a startling increase of high crimes *not* capital. During the year 1876 the number of our State prison convicts had risen from 148 to 171, a gain of nearly sixteen per cent; and the last Legislature, in February, was obliged to appropriate \$15,000 toward an enlargement of the prison, although sixty-eight convicts had been removed from it to fill jail work-shops, built within the past three or four years at a cost of over \$60,000, to accommodate prisoners sentenced for not more than three years!"

This is a grave subject, but the humor of the above passage is wonderfully refreshing. The abolition of the death penalty has been very injurious, because it has not only increased the prevalence of the crime of murder, for which the death penalty was sometimes inflicted, but it has also greatly increased a class of crimes for which that penalty was never inflicted! You will notice that no other circumstance had anything to do with either of these results; it was the abolition of the death penalty that did it all.

We are not altogether fresh upon syllogisms to-day, but we cannot help suspecting a *non sequitur* or an *elenchus*; or some such dreadful thing in the above argument.

PRINCIPLE? OR PARTY?

A FRIEND, in a private note from Washington, takes us courteously to task for the general tenor of our remarks upon political topics, and especially with regard to the South. He thinks that a stranger would not be likely to suspect us of any latent Republicanism. Now, it so happens that quite recently a good friend desired us to stop the paper which was sent to her, on the ground of our strongly expressed sympathy with the usurping Republicans and unjust treatment of the upright Democrats, and in a very vigorous letter gave us a piece of her mind, to the general effect that she had supposed we were interested in the cause of truth, justice and fair dealing, but that experience had shown her the contrary, and she therefore would none of us. This appears to be one of those cases where doctors disagree, and we are disposed to put in a claim that neither of the

practitioners has made an altogether correct diagnosis of our case.

Our Washington friend writes: "In very truth, is the course of the President in regard to South Carolina and Louisiana entirely to be commended? The result attained may have been inevitable, but to my mind the methods adopted to ensure it were those of trade, fraud and treachery, and surely these should not be approved in high places more than in low. There were plain and legal courses (and those in accordance with the theory which gave Mr. Hayes the Presidency) for him to pursue, which would have resulted in the removal of the troops from those States, and which would have preserved the Republican party in those States and protected its individual members. The contrary plan—infamous in its details—was adopted, and murders like the recent ones in Mississippi will follow until free speech and free action is crushed out. You are undoubtedly aware that some of these recent victims gave testimony before Congressional committees, and stated that they feared their lives would pay the forfeit for their temerity in telling the truth!!!"

"Is it not about time that our Northern publications should cease to praise the rebels generally, and for them to add a few words in defence of the Republicans of the South who have perilled and lost their lives in defence of individual liberty?"

Our readers may remember that some weeks ago we stated that we should ourselves have preferred an immediate removal to their barracks of the troops in South Carolina and Louisiana to the course taken by the administration, but that we were well aware of the difficulties of the abnormal situation, and doubted not that the action taken was dictated by the best judgment of those in authority. We are now free to say, and most emphatically, that we believe that judgment was sound, and that the course taken was a judicious one. Had the troops been removed at once, we should have seen in the South—what our correspondent apparently regrets that he cannot now see—two hostile parties, one consisting almost solely of blacks, and the other almost entirely of whites, with the power of domination upon the side of the whites; in the north a hostile opposition party and a convulsed, and probably ere long, a disrupted administration party. Instead of these things we now see (and we confess that it appears to us without any of the lurid glow of fraud and treachery which our correspondent finds in the method) a comparatively harmonious people, composed of an unsuccessful but consenting and courteously treated body of citizens and a successful and grateful and intelligent class, who are ready to co-operate with the others, and have put themselves under bonds to do what may in them lie to restrain disorder and to promote the education and elevation of all classes; while in the North we see on the one side a worsted, divided and powerless opposition, whose proper grievance has been utterly wrested from them, and on the other an administration party substantially unanimous, and now at length disposed to place in their van the men best qualified to lead them upon the real field of honor.

Our correspondent seems to regret this condition of affairs, or to disbelieve in it, and to be oppressed with a feeling that the people of the North are disposed to neglect the interests of their Republican brethren of the South. Let him not torment his soul with any such idea. We think we know something of the feeling of the North, and that we are safe in saying that the interests of freedom and justice, love and mercy, are as safe in their hands to-day as they

have been at any moment since the first of the Norsemen planted foot upon these shores. We believe that it is in the interest of these things that they stand where they do to-day; that after allowing themselves to be kept in suspense for many years upon the plea that the interests of the Southern blacks demanded that *they* should be made a practically distinct party, supported by the Federal power, they have seen that these years showed no fruits but increasing demoralization and an utter impotence in regard to those things which form the proper functions of government, and they have become thoroughly convinced that they have been the dupes of visionary and designing men, and propose at once and for all time that the futile and unsavory experiment shall be ended. They are prepared for disorders; they know that it is perfectly ridiculous to imagine that a scattered population which has had few advantages, which is composed largely of two classes—a class mainly semi-civilized and uneducated, and often brutal, and a class accustomed to the exercise of arbitrary power, and therefore brutal—can live in a condition nearly approaching that which may be reached in the best Northern communities, and they know that, even under the most favorable circumstances, crime is not wholly absent.

But they have learned to believe this, and will continue to believe it until experience proves them mistaken (and experience thus far has only served to substantiate the position), that when the one barrier which has been sedulously maintained between the races shall have been removed, and new questions shall have arisen, as they must unavoidably arise, political reasons will rapidly tend to remove the injustice which in the past political reasons have been most potent to provoke; and pecuniary reasons will not be inefficient allies in the same cause.

This, then, is the ground upon which we stand and upon which we base our action. Putting aside for the moment all questions of Constitutional right, we hold that our position is demanded of us in imperious tones by the interests of liberty and humanity. That so far forth it brings us into cordial sympathy with the administration gives us the utmost pleasure; and many other features of the new *regime* demand and will receive from us the same loyalty and cordial support. Should it be possible for us to walk with it throughout it would be a cause of great rejoicing to us. At the same time our allegiance is due unreservedly to ideas, to ideas which can be practically transmuted into facts of conduct and administration, and we shall not hesitate to criticise all that to us seems evil, in the interest of the lasting good. Government by parties seems to be the only practicable mode of representative government, but parties can only command the continued support of unbiased thinkers by an unwavering adherence to fixed principles.

THE FATHERS AND THE SONS.

THE notion finds expression now and then, that the children of the "Liberal" Faith have departed far from the belief and principles of the fathers. Some of them probably have, but as a rule the allegation cannot sustain itself by facts. We are persuaded that on a full statement of the case, it would appear that the fathers went in *idea* and even in *inference* further than the sons have cared to go since. We have distinct recollections of things said, and of other things quoted as having been said by the early scholars and teachers in the Cambridge Divinity School and elsewhere—said in lectures, sermons and conversation—said deliberately and

with careful consideration—that would be thought extremely bold and radical to-day. It is distinctly in the writer's memory, that one day, more than twenty-five years ago he journeyed several miles, from Salem to Cambridge, in a mood of great perplexity, to consult an eminent doctor of divinity, then high in office in the University, on some matters touching the heart of Christianity. The professor, then and since of most conservative reputation, listened to the criticisms and doubts, and then surprised the young man by not merely confessing their legitimacy, but by going so much *beyond*, that the inquirer went home feeling that he himself belonged to the conservative party. On leaving Salem for a town in this neighborhood, the same inquirer paid a visit to the then most celebrated preacher in the vicinity of Boston, a doctor of divinity, of most conservative reputation likewise, and heard from him words on the subject of the communion service, which fortified the young man's resolution to do away with it altogether thenceforth. He evidently had not reached Mr. Hale's original idea that the table by whomsoever spread was the Lord's table, but averred himself to be of the opinion that the Lord spread no table at all, that the table spread in his name by Unitarians was but a ghost of the scriptural altar, which possessed no intellectual or spiritual substance, and would vanish at once, but for the clinging affections of unawakened liberals, who refused to apply to it a rational test. He said that for years he had observed the ceremony after a perfunctory and heartless fashion, not caring to take issue on it with the Christian community, yet unable to put into it an idea or sentiment over and above those expressed in the ordinary services of the Sunday. He doubted whether his young friend would succeed in dropping the observance, but he was interested in the experiment and hoped it would turn out well. Theodore Parker's passionate indignation against the men who thought one thing in their libraries, and said another thing in their pulpits, was clearly warranted by the facts and was probably directed at more than one eminent divine in Boston and the neighborhood, who, *in his own mind*, carried the principle of free inquiry much farther than he was willing openly to confess. The fact was palpable enough. The explanation of the fact was not so easily discovered.

These men whom it is in some quarters now the fashion to charge with cowardice or timeserving, standing, as they did, on the edge of a new dispensation, whereof they held the outer door key, (the doors being as yet closed), pleased themselves with imagining the contents of chambers they lacked the nerve to expose. They were products of the old system; their sentiments, habits, practical views, mental and moral associations, spiritual temperaments and dispositions were all results of the old order, which could not be abandoned at the summons of Biblical criticism. They were not new men, only *old men with new ideas*. They were essentially conservative, wedded to forms, usages, institutions; they could not break away from things as they were. Sons of the church, their practical allegiance they felt was due to the church and to their calling as ministers within it. In so far as their office committed them to a responsible attitude before the public they felt constrained to conform to the practices that were ordained and publicly honored. Their private opinions were their own. In their studies, they could read and speculate at their pleasure; in their pulpits they represented a general tradition which received many diverse interpretations, but was not outraged so long as the symbolical forms and doctrines were maintained. The rationalistic theologians of Germany, while by lectures and books they were loosening the foundations of

revealed religion, preached on Sunday the instituted system of faith, and did not feel called on at that period to justify the apparent inconsistency; for at that period criticism was purely a personal and individual affair, and did not commit the scholar to antagonism towards the popular religion. The situation has changed entirely since that time. *The men have followed their minds.* Sentiments, feelings, associations, ties of connection, have obeyed the law of movement, and have been transferred to the region once occupied by the critical intellect alone. Now it is exceedingly difficult, many think quite impossible for a truly honest man to live in two places, to belong to two orders, to be member of two dispensations at the same time. One must be either conservative or radical; either free or under authority. The position of the free thinker is established, understood, respected. A new world of sentiment has been created, corresponding to the ideas which are no longer conjectures, but are discoveries; no longer surmises, but verified certainties. The thinker is fairly detached from the instituted ceremonial; he is free and jocund; no more divided against himself, no more distracted between his intelligent notions and his moral prejudices; no more pulled back by his antecedents, and pushed forward by his speculations. Hence the sons are able to do what the fathers could not do, in their generation. The sons suffer if they do not the very thing the fathers could not, by reason of the agony it caused, perform, namely: *abandon the old connections.*

The "conservative" liberals hang like over-ripe fruit on the bough which the law of gravitation will compel them ere long to leave. They are kept in their place by what remains of sentiment and association; by the attenuated cord of feeling which still holds them to the institution that their intellect has abandoned. They resemble the foliage that, even in mid-winter lingers on trees that are sheltered from the wind.

The fathers of "liberal" Christianity were neither time-servers nor cowards, however much they may look like it to a careless observation. They were men, it is more fit to say, of uncommon intellectual courage, but their courage was confined to the intellectual sphere, and of necessity so, for it was theirs to *view* the promised land, not to enter it. It is the privilege of the sons to enter in and take possession.

O. B. F.

PRAYER.

A PRAYER is like one of those trailing vines that flower up out of the earth in a foot or two of leaves and blossoms, and then hasten to hide themselves again in the ground and get a fresh root for a new growth. A prayer is but a few words of aspiration thus blossoming out between the roots of resolve or feeling; the intensest act almost that one can do a true prayer is, and yet an utterly natural act, your nature at its best. An act, I say, yet rather a surprise, a self-forgetting when it passes into words. Nothing so hard; nothing so easy. Spontaneous if the conditions are fulfilled; impossible when not.

How pray? Why, in the most simple, childlike, unthinking way. Prayer has not the same utterance for all ages, nor for all temperaments. Some mothers kiss their children often, some but seldom; with some persons what is within leaps to the outside through tone, look, gesture, word; with others never through gesture, little through look, hardly through word, but deeply, steadily through silent deeds and motherliness. These latter are unfortunate. It certainly seems as if a nature quick and healthy and well rounded, with all its

powers in play would *show* itself easily, spontaneously by many outlets. But let us be ourselves in this matter, not afraid of ourselves, not afraid to let our feelings out,—and is not that the whole reason why many do not pray? And on the other hand let us not try to bring them out in any forced, unnatural, *other-person's way.*

How begin to pray? Start from the last thought, the last sight, the last feeling, just as it lies there in you, and from that look up, look in, and speak, or think till thought breaks into speech of itself. What name to use? Any name that seems truest at the moment—Father, Mother, Friend, Thou Good One—what is your thought? In what is God standing visible to your feeling? That is His true name for you at the moment. And what to say? Why, "Thank you, Father," if that is the feeling. "I trust you, Father," if that is the feeling. "I am ashamed before you, Father," "I long to see you nearer, and with a clearer and more constant sense to see thee in every little thing and work with thee in every little deed," if these are the feelings.

And when to stop our prayer? Let the feeling tell you when. Stop when it stops. Stop gradually, perhaps, as feelings do. Does *Amen* finish feeling, thinking? But do not try to drag on your thought. Remember the God within, that inner self is on good terms with your sincerity. There may be long prayers without one word of praying, the real touch. Sometimes one word, one minute from the depths, that is the whole heart of your prayer; the rest might have been spared, if indeed you could have come to the heart save through this rest of it. Sometimes probably the words will sing themselves with repeats as if to inward music. It would be pain to cease. And sometimes, very, very often I should think, especially as one grows older, the words will die away to silence. "You young ones," said an old negro auntie, "you young ones make too much noise with your Glory and your Hallelu! When you've got the *real* grace, the *real* glory, you will feel so quiet and peacelike, just as if you were in the stable at Bethlehem and the mother had given you the sleeping babe to hold!" Perhaps the words will hardly rise at all above a happy, living silence, in which you find yourself adrift. It is possible to be so prayer-full you cannot, would not speak. And then, perhaps, in place of words your own, some brave verse will come chanting through your mind, or some quiet hymn, like this from Coleridge, will glide in and be a prelude to your night's rest:

"When on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my wont to pray
With folded hands and bended knees.
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose;
In perfect trust mine eyelids close,
And reverential adoration,
No wish conceived,—no thought expressed:
Only a sense of resignation,—
A sense o'er all my soul impressed
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal love and wisdom are."

How good it is to pass from that happy, *conscious* trust into the happy unconscious trust of Sleep and the Night!

And how good it is, in the fresh morning light, before fresh duties, pleasures, trials of the day, to bathe one's self in consecration before we go out into the quick, active hours.

And how good to feel doors open now and then right in some simple duty of the day, at which we can stand, as it were for one moment, look out and see the fresh and friendly God all around, and then go back with a new heart to work! This is prayer.

And now if your feeling should run naturally into the mould of *asking*, nothing can make it wrong to let it take

that way, although most certainly it is not logical. But you are not at logic. You do not mean it for deliberate petition, for you are not deliberating. Almost inevitably it sometimes will so run: "Father, forgive me, help me, guide me," we say. And with many no other way will ever be so natural. But with others as their new thought of God more and more controls their feeling of His presence and relationship, the petition form even for pure spiritual blessings will simply and gradually and naturally part from their prayer as bud-scales drop when the leaves and blossom come; and the blossom will be simple words of trust and praise and thankfulness and shame and longing and communion.

But who can tell another what to pray? Who can pray for others, save as in sympathy he feels that himself is those others, and his one thought interprets many hearts? And let me tell you, friends, that only so is public prayer a natural self-expression, and thus it is most natural. The minister never goes out from himself, but he tries to take all of you into himself. He is those young men sitting there with their life dreams and temptations; is those maidens sitting there in theirs; is those mothers thinking of their children, and those fathers thinking of their business and knowing very well whether that business has been honorable or dishonorable this past week; and so it is not for them, but for *himself in them* and *them in himself* that he offers prayer, and thus what seems, until you have tried it, most formal and unnatural, is as natural as any other piece of self-forgetting. The only trial is that so much self-confession is immodesty, and that is trial.

And pardon one word more. Never ask your minister or another to say grace for you. The word of gratitude which is so beautiful when said by the father or the mother at that moment when the home is most the home, the word which, so said, or which even unsaid in the Quaker's reverent way of silence, turns the common dinner into a household sacrament; that word loses all the beauty of its meaning when you ask any stranger friend to say it for you. It is a *household* sacrament. The beauty of it is that you administer it in your home; I in mine. And the stranger's privilege is sufficient that he is permitted to be present at it. I should as soon expect to kiss your children good-night for you as say grace for you. But it is good sometimes to kiss those children with you.

W. C. G.

St. Paul, April 22, 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

FROM my car window I drop this wail to the INQUIRER. If only my words were as breezy as the attenuated air which is jostling the car, and drifting the snow, in its eastward sweep, over these alkaline plains! We are higher than the summit of Mount Washington, but the earth is as flat as a becalmed sea. Vegetation! there is none—none save here and there a clump of what is falsely called "sage brush." Even the "buffalo grass" has faded out. Westward from the junction of the north and south branches of the Platte we have seen the face of the earth carpeted with bunches of this short, brownish grass. It gives the land an appearance of desolation, and yet it is the most nutritious of grasses. From time immemorial vast herds of buffaloes have roamed over this area of plains which extends eastward and westward five hundred miles and northward and southward a thousand miles and is as large as all the United States east of Chicago! If Nature has denied it trees she has endowed it bountifully with grasses. In the valley of the Platte there are as many as thirty-five species. Traversing this area you will think of Lamartine's description of the

fatherland of the Turk: "This basin which extends, uncultivated, from the frontiers of China to Thibet, and from the extremity of Thibet to the Caspian, produces nothing but men and flocks. It is the largest pasture-field the globe has spread beneath the foot of man. Not a tree is there to cast its shadow upon the earth. Grass is the sole vegetation. Nourished by a soil without stones it finds there its natural climate. It supplies the place of all other plants, all other fruits, all other crops. It attracted thither the ruminants and the ruminants attracted man. Man in such countries needs no cultivation to give him food and drink, nor fixed dwellings, nor fields enclosed and divided. The immeasurable spaces over which he is obliged to follow the peripatations of his moving property lead him in its train."

This description of the plains of Asia, with their life of nomadic herds and men, seems partly descriptive and partly prophetic of the great plains of America. These and not the plains of Asia "are the largest pasture-fields the globe has spread beneath the foot of man." They attracted hither the buffalo, the deer and the elk. Buffalo and deer and elk are passing away, and with them their dependent—the Indian. Instead of buffaloes are cattle, and instead of the wigwag is the ranche. Like conditions develop like men. On these plains a race of American Turks is already in process of evolution. Like the Turk in his tent, so is the "bullwhacker" in his wagon. The "bullwhacker" is differentiated from the rest of mankind by his stiff beard, and long, uncombed hair, by the longest whip man was ever known to carry and the most terrific oath he was ever known to swear.

The next century will see the prairies subdued and cultivated in farms and dotted over with villages some three hundred miles westward from the Missouri. Beyond this meridian the plains will be given over to nomadic herds and "bullwhackers."

As this pasture land has developed herds of buffaloes, so it has developed swarms of grasshoppers. The old-time breeding ground of the grasshopper—it is really a locust—seems to have been the flanks of the Colorado Mountains. We have seen a lump of earth literally white with its eggs. Hatching early in the spring the grasshopper emerges from the ground completely formed in all but the wings. The little fellow—it is only a quarter of an inch long—hops about, a thing of only legs and appetite. It eats and grows. When the young grass it nips has been transformed into wings the grasshopper rises and sets out on its devastating march. It cannot journey against the wind. If the prevailing winds here were not eastward, Missouri, Kansas and Iowa would not have suffered devastations.

In recent years this Rocky Mountain grasshopper seems to have developed a preference for the tender leaves of a growing crop, and forsaking the grassy plains its ancestors had shared with the buffalo, it swoops down on the farms in the valley of the Missouri. Its breeding ground seems to be shifting to the east. Stopping a few days in Council Bluffs we listened with faith but not with what our theological friends call a "realizing faith" to the stories which leading citizens told us of the ravages of grasshoppers. On a warm June-like day we took a walk into the suburbs and from that day—April 21—you may tell us any grasshopper story you please. We saw the young grasshoppers coming forth out of the earth.

"The grassy clods now calved."

"Now half appeared the
Tawny lion pawing to get free
His hinder parts."

Put grasshopper for cattle and lions and we had the miracle of creation as sung by Milton. But Milton's imagination which cowered before nothing in heaven or hell would have stood aghast before the vast fecundity of the clods! The face of the earth was black with the brood. And still they came, brood pushing against brood, as if "hell from beneath were moved" to transform each atom of earth into a hungry mouth and hurl it against the sustenance of man. Tell me that you have seen grasshoppers stop a railroad train and I can believe you. Tell me that you have seen grasshoppers form a cloud half a mile deep and so dense as to darken the sun and I will believe it. When we talk about the fecundity of nature in the lower orders, our conceptions seldom rise to the full measure of the fact. A few weeks ago I had occasion to speak of the fecundity of the codfish and said that if from the 9,000,000 eggs cast into the sea in one year by one fish, were to come 9,000,000 codfish, and that if these were to go on propagating unchecked, within two hundred years all the oceans would be brimmed from surface to abyss with codfish. The professor of mathematics of Iowa University said to me, "You have greatly underrated the

capabilities of your codfish." Allowing twenty fish per cubic foot he made a calculation which showed that the progeny of one fish, if not checked, would in the fourth generation form a globe 11,000 miles in diameter; in the fifth generation, a globe 2,200,000 miles in diameter; in the eighth generation, a globe whose circumference would extend beyond the nearest fixed star. If there was but one pair of codfish in existence, and if you were to drop them into the ocean on your twentieth birthday and then speed away with the velocity of light, the growing globe of codfish would overtake and envelop you in your fifty-fifth year! Now we beg you not to tell this as a fish story unless you supply all the qualifying suppositions.

Such is the fecundity of nature in the sea. Greater than this is her fecundity in the air. The data are not at hand for a calculation of the capabilities of a grasshopper. A rough-handed man whose conceptions of heaven were as sharply defined and as materialistic as those of Brother Moody, said to me: "Give a grasshopper all it can eat, and the twentieth generation will eat up the whole of God's green earth. The fortieth generation will attack the throne and devour heaven!"

Fortunately for man over-production works its own cure. We have seen crows in such multitudes as to blacken the earth, and we were told that with the coming of the grasshoppers has come another bird, in multitudes a hundred-fold greater than the crow.

Fortunately too for man, nature is a system of imperfect adjustments. Grasshoppers come before there is grass. We have seen myriads of the untimely born lying dead of starvation.

Well, if this letter has seemed to stick on the grasshopper, perchance it is because our train has stuck for eighteen hours in a snow-drift. Released by the snow-plow we have passed the summit of the Rocky Mountains, hardly realizing that we had made the ascent. We have sped by the "Point of Rocks," and tried to project our minds into that long ago when this region, so barren now, was clad in a luxuriant forest growth, whose ruins are entombed in these ledges. We have passed Green River and tried to picture in our minds the sea which once rolled over these plains, and some of whose herring are locked up in the sandstone and shale that form the strangely sculptured bluffs along its banks. We have passed "Unitah" and thought of the Unitah-theium which some æons ago, in the bulk of an elephant but with the brains of a kangaroo, strolled here along the margin of what was a great lake. And here we are now waiting in the Weber Cañon for a train to pass. A precious hour of waiting it has been for we have had an introduction to the botany of this wonderful West. Everywhere along the roadside we see clumps of a dwarf cactus, the *Opuntia*. Up along the banks of the cañon we have found a beautiful liliaceous plant unknown to the East, the *Fritillaria pudica*, and by its side the *Mertensia alpina*, a flower which is very beautiful notwithstanding a chromatic discord. It is blue and red. A little Barberry whose acquaintance we had made in the Botanical Gardens in Cambridge, seemed hardly able to lift its yellow racemes above the sand. To see the *Barberis aquifolium* here in a cañon of the Wasatch is like meeting an Indian in his own wigwam. The leguminose order meets you everywhere. Lupines abound and the genus, for some inscrutable whim, named *Astragalus* is represented in nearly a hundred species. This whose short stem lies prostrate on the sand and whose dark-purple flowers are set in short racemes, is the *Astragalus Utahensis*. Utah! To-night we shall see other flowers of Mormondom, and your readers may hear from us in the City of the saints.

W. D. GUNNING.

APRIL 25, 1877.

FROM ITALY.

FLORENCE, April 12, 1877.

THINGS look rather squally in Europe at the moment, and if we may believe the telegrams in our little *Morning Tourist* of to-day, it is hard to see how a war between Russia and Turkey can be avoided, and if it comes, it is equally hard to see how the dreadful game can be confined to these two combatants. What might follow is too terrible and sickening to think of. Let us hope to the last that equity and common sense may yet prevail in the councils of the nations.

So many fine and wonderful things have been said, sung, written, painted, carved and builded here in the days of old that to trace their progress and study their remains is endlessly interesting and delightfully instructive. The minutes that the average traveller spends here might be turned into weeks and yet be full of profit-

able employment to the sincere student. We have been here nearly six months and feel as if we had hardly cut the leaves of this superbly illustrated volume. Oh that the men who have the care and the showing of it were at all like their great sires. Of course there must be some worthy representatives of these great masters of art and science scattered over the land, but they are few and hard to find, while the great majority of those whom the stranger is compelled to deal with seem as devoid of aspiration as of conscience. To discover and profit by the weak points of every stranger is the chief end of their being, and to lie persistently and remorselessly in achieving it is emphatically the fine art of Italy in these degenerate days. No doubt, too, there are some faithful, devoted, self-sacrificing priests to be found in this sunny land, but the main body of those whom the traveller stumbles over in the streets, or listens to in the churches as they drone out their wretched scraps of bad Latin and languidly perform their manipulation before the altars, are worthy companions in fraud and falsehood of their lay brethren. A few aged and indigent of both sexes may possibly look up to them with feeble remains of respect, but the others know them only too well; and indeed if we believe but a tenth part of the tattle told about them, they must be vilest of the vile.

It is sad to think what a pitiful farce the rite of baptism appears as administered here in the beautiful baptistry, whose storied dome and exquisitely-wrought gates of bronze tell of the days when the old Faith still lived. The drowsy way in which the old snuffy first-priest-in-waiting reads the prayer, the absurd grimace of the fat, red-faced clerk, who holds the candle and jerks out the *A* for Amen, and the greedy way in which number three, who powders the poor baby's head, snaps up his portion of the fees, these things remind us only too much of the mummeries of the flames and the augurs in the days of Julius Cesar, himself no doubt quite as exemplary a *Pontifex Maximus* as three-fourths of the elegant gentlemen that have borne that name.

Not only have the officiating priests so sadly degenerated, but the painters of the dome and the modellers of the gates are equally without successors here. Italian art, with a few brilliant exceptions, seems trivial in its aims and devotes itself to the painfully elaborate manipulation of worthless details, instead of trying to illustrate any great event or enforce any lofty truth. We have just lost the best representative of American art in Florence, in Mr. Hart, who has left a precious name behind him as man and artist. His last work, not quite finished, called "Woman Triumphant," is considered by all a noble conception, faithfully rendered.

The music of Italy, too, is in a sadly decadent state. The great composers have left no worthy successors behind them, save Verdi, and it is only the noisiest parts of his operas that the people seem to care for. These and the demoralizing jingle of Offenbach, that perverter of music, they are continually howling all night and humming all day about the streets. It is surprising what superb voices these ragged, dirty men and boys reveal, in spite of the vile style and the vile doggerel to which it is joined. But I must not abuse the poor Italians any more to-day, for after all there are some glorious, large-hearted fellows among them, and they are having a hard battle to fight now, and their taxes are high and their trade dull, and their rulers of little account, morally or intellectually, and their immediate future rather a sombre one.

F. T.

A NOTEWORTHY ESSAY

A VERY able essay has been written by the Rev. Clay McCauley, of Washington, D. C., under the title, *Is Spiritual Science Possible?* A brief synopsis may be of interest to your readers.

Science, says Mr. McCauley, literally means knowledge, technically, knowledge systematized; but for the reason that the question which heads the essay is generally answered in the negative the word science is popularly conceded to apply only to the realm of physical knowledge, as if no other knowledge were possible.

In tracing the cause for this unjust limitation of the word science, we come upon the following facts: That organized religion has been an obstacle to the advancement of physical science, for the reason that its creeds and dogmas have come in conflict with the facts of history and nature, and have been supported at the expense of truth. That the marvellous discoveries in physics during the last three centuries have had the effect of attracting thought almost exclusively to the material world and, fascinated by the subtle wonders of nature, man has almost forgotten that he is the "conscious observer of an unconscious world." That the

sphere of spiritual science has been occupied by and left to the church, which is a sufficient explanation of its undeveloped condition; for the nature of the organization of all religions, as they are and have been, precludes the idea of progress. The spokesmen all claim to possess the true knowledge and, unlike the truly learned, never confess their ignorance nor show a desire to learn.

While all knowledge was intrusted to the care of the Church the world learned but slowly; since the quest of material knowledge has been released from ecclesiastical hinderance and restraint the church has been so distanced that it has relinquished the field. Is not the suggestion irresistible that if we would learn something of our souls we must invade the holy precincts of the Church and substitute synthesis and analysis of our moral nature for the uncertainties of divine revelation?

The impetus which the study of psychology has lately received in Europe shows clearly the growing need of man in this respect. If we would recover from the reaction which has given birth to materialism, if we would check the tendency of thinking men to "merge the observing self into the nature it observes" we must formulate our knowledge of the soul, and lay the foundations for the grandest structure of thought it has been the dream of man to raise, and which will vindicate the higher and most powerful part of his nature.

R. S. P.

LITERATURE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

Having learned from some of our Orthodox contemporaries that Mr. Spencer had demolished the mythical theories of Max Müller which they were themselves just prepared to dispose of, and that the cohorts of radicalism were thus left in inextricable confusion which rendered unnecessary any action upon their part, they holding to the one definite indivisible and self-satisfied theory of perfect knowledge which did not call for further investigation, while their poor opponents, a forlorn and heterogeneous rabble, floated aimlessly about, the sport of every wind under the heavens, we were curious to see the book which had effected all this.

We have seen the book, and we rise from its perusal with the hope that if the good friends to whom we have referred, derive any satisfaction from such contributions to the literature of progress, human development and the development of ideas, they may be favored with numberless opportunities of experiencing the same pleasure, and we feel that it will be just as well for them to reserve their own great destructive powers until after they have thoroughly familiarized themselves with what Mr. Spencer has to say. It takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and there may be those who can read such a volume as this—read it through—and be mentally no richer for the experience, though we personally cannot conceive of the existence of such.

For the book, fascinating in the last degree, and written with the perfect simplicity and clearness which is characteristic of Mr. Spencer's style, is full of information derived from a multitude of sources, which is of the utmost value, altogether apart from the deductions which the author makes from it. Not that he introduces matter irrelevantly. He appears constantly to keep his end in view and his cumulating instances apply one after another directly to the subject in hand. We simply mean to imply that any one who proposes to construct or to apprehend a theory of the cosmos and of human relations without considering the subjects of which he treats, and such details as he gives, is endeavoring to make bricks without straw, to evolve a universe from his inner consciousness; and is utterly unworthy of consideration as a thinker or as a director of the thoughts or acts of others.

We will not go into an elaborate review of the book, for

which we have no space, but will endeavor to give concisely an idea of its contents and drift. The First Part, comprising about two-thirds of this volume, is devoted to an enumeration of "The Data of Sociology," first giving the original external and the original internal factors of social phenomena, showing that as "the behaviour of a single inanimate object depends on the co-operation between its own forces and the forces to which it is exposed," so "with aggregates of men. Be it rudimentary or be it advanced, every society displays phenomena that are ascribable to the character of its units and to the conditions under which they subsist." Three chapters are then devoted to the exhibition of the condition and character of the primitive man—physical, emotional, intellectual—so far as we can divine them from our present partial and imperfect information. Then follow a number of chapters on primitive ideas and their natural and inevitable form of development, as of sleep and dreams; of swoon, catalepsy, etc.; of death and resurrection; of souls, ghosts, spirits, demons; of another life and another world; of supernatural agents, inspiration, divination, exorcism and sorcery; of sacred places, sacrifice, etc. It is unnecessary to say to one having any familiarity with Herbert Spencer, that in treating of these subjects he speaks of all races in the same relative terms, and that a certain series of ideas in one place finds the same treatment from him as a similar series in another place, that he is no respecter of persons, that Barbarian and Scythian, Jew and Greek, Pagan and Christian meet with equivalent treatment at his hands.

Mr. Spencer says, "must we recognize a single exception to the general truth thus far verified everywhere? While among all races in all regions, from the earliest times down to the present, the conceptions of deities have been naturally evolved in the way shown; must we suppose that a small clan of the Semitic race had given to it supernaturally, a conception which, though superficially like the rest, was in substance absolutely unlike them?" Here is the dread secret of Mr. Spencer's offending. "On reading that when the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, the natives, thinking them gods, offered up human beings to them, it is allowable to ask whether the ideas and motives of these people were analogous to those of the Scandinavian king On, when he immolated his son to Odin; but it is not allowable to ask whether like ideas and motives prompted Abraham's intention to sacrifice Isaac." We had marked numerous passages for quotation, both details and synthetic applications, but their insertion would too greatly prolong this notice.

The chapters following those devoted to specific ideas, all being packed full of pertinent illustrations from works of travel and other records of independent research, are upon Ancestor Worship, Idol and Fetich Worship, Animal, Plant and Nature Worship and Deities in general. A little unsteadiness in the handling and application of his materials is quite perceptible, but discrepancies and erroneous and conflicting deductions though there doubtless occasionally are, the general drift of his argument is substantially maintained. His dissent from Max Müller, is thus expressed by Mr. Spencer: "The mythologists hold that the powers of nature, at first conceived and worshipped as impersonal, come to be personalized because of certain characters in the words applied to them, and that the legends concerning the persons identified with these natural powers arise afterwards. Contrariwise, the view here held is that the human personality is the primary element; that the identification of this with some natural power or object is due to identity of name; and that the worship of this natural power thus arises secondarily." We confess that we are not prepared to accept of the orthodox

system because of the speculative difference among the heterodox thus stated.

After a brief recapitulation of the data thus gathered, Mr. Spencer proceeds to define the science of Sociology as including an account of all the phenomena that result from the combined action of the social units whose development we have been considering. His Second Part, "The Inductions of Sociology," treats of Society, Society as an Organism, Social Growth Structures and Functions, System of Organs, the Sustaining, Distributing and Regulating Systems, Social Types, Constitutions and Metamorphoses. In the general course of this paper, we have frequently had occasion to express our views and theories with regard to social subjects in terms similar to those which we find here, and we are very glad to be able to call our readers' attention to a volume where the subject is treated by a master hand. Undoubtedly the parallel which Mr. Spencer draws with such minuteness in regard to organization and function has sometimes the appearance of an elaborate fancy; but his illustrations are so apt and the similarities which he instances are so striking that however fanciful the parallel may be in some of its details the statement of it cannot fail to be instructive. On the general question of the organic development of society, as governed by the constitution of its units and their environment, Mr. Spencer is an authority whose prolonged and faithful study and diligent accumulation of facts make him *facile princeps*.

The Third and last Part of his book treats of the first, simplest and most important form of social organization, "The Domestic Relations," in a series of chapters of the most intense interest, though covering ground latterly made somewhat familiar to the student. These chapters are entitled respectively, "The Maintenance of Species;" "The Diverse Interests of the Species, of the Parents, and of the Offspring;" "Primitive Relations of the Sexes;" "Exogamy and Endogamy;" "Promiscuity;" "Polyandry;" "Polygyny;" and "Monogamy."

The customs cited and traced, with the causes, accompanying circumstances and effects produced, aside from their intrinsic interest, are of vital importance on account of their bearing upon the question of the origin, development and authority of moral ideas, and aid not indirectly in the elucidation of the question propounded by Sir James Stephen in the first number of the *Nineteenth Century*—the influence upon morality of a decline in religious belief.

With the papers composing this important volume, Mr. Spencer proposes to cease the issue of his works in instalments to subscribers; the continuations will be published only in volumes. That his readers will await with the greatest interest his treatment of the more complex social relations it is safe to say.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF EDUCATION. Edited by Henry Kiddle, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, and Alexander J. Schem, Assistant Superintendent of the same Schools. Sold only by subscription. New York: E. Steiger. 1877.

We have examined this handsome and substantial work with much interest, and find it likely to prove of real value to those for whom it is especially intended—the instructors of the young and those who have the direction of public education, as well as to ourselves of the periodical press. Strangely enough, it is the first work in the English language aiming to give in a collected form the information which one would naturally suppose must be sought for with avidity by all enterprising teachers, and to find which such as

have had the opportunity and courage to prosecute the search have been compelled to consult a multitude of authorities, with the loss of a large amount of valuable time.

The object of the editors has been to gather into one compact volume as full details as the space at their command would permit, upon the Theory of Education and Instruction, School Economy, the Administration of Schools and School Systems, Governmental Policy with regard to Education, the History of Education in various countries, Biographical Sketches of prominent individuals whose names are of importance in this connection, Statistical Information with regard to prominent Colleges, High and other Schools, and Educational Literature. To the whole they have appended a convenient Analytical Index, making reference to all the principal topics of the longer articles, and to the separate pages where important subjects are incidentally treated. They have had the assistance of numerous collaborators in their work, among whom we notice the responsible names of Prof. March, of Lafayette College, Prof. W. E. Griffis, late of the Imperial College at Tokio, T. W. Higginson, and others. From the large field which had to be covered, and the numerous and more or less competent assistants upon whom reliance must be placed, the execution of the work is naturally very unequal. Some important matters have been slurred over or slightly treated, while to others of less significance an undue prominence has been given. An example of the inadequate treatment of certain specific topics is to be found in the extremely cursory reference to the "Johns Hopkins University," an institution from which the higher education in this country has, we think, more to hope than from any other enterprise which has been started within a score of years. There is not sufficient excuse for this in the recent organization of the University, because care seems to have been exercised in bringing the information recorded up to a very recent date. Generally speaking, the statements of fact will be found in most instances of more value than the theories elaborated; this however is the less important in that what is needed in most cases by the intelligent teacher who will make use of a volume such as this, is a record of the experience of others, a guide to sources of information, and assistance in the acquisition of material which he can ordinarily be relied upon to utilize to advantage according to the circumstances in which he individually may be placed.

After making allowance for all shortcomings, the work has perhaps been as well done as could have been expected under the circumstances, and it brings into easy reach a fund of information of the utmost value, which no live educator can afford to be without. We congratulate the editors and the publisher upon their enterprise in putting such a work upon the market, and trust that its sale will be large enough to warrant the early issue of an edition modified to meet such proper criticism as this will naturally awaken.

PERU: INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION IN THE LAND OF THE INCAS. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

Mr. Squier and the Messrs. Harper between them have made a sumptuous book upon scenes around which the facile pen of Prescott has thrown the halo of romance, and of which previously we have had little precise description. The same record of Pizarro's conquest, and of the strangely civilized people whom he found, which excited Mr. Squier's imagination and raised in him the ardent desire to do the work which he has now accomplished, long years before

opportunity was offered him to carry his desire into effect, will have provided eager listeners to his story now that it is told.

Mr. Squier went to Peru as a member of the joint commission charged with the settlement of conflicting claims which had arisen between that country and the United States. When his duties as commissioner had been completed he commenced his explorations of the country, in which he spent more than eighteen months, and in the course of which he made more than four hundred plans, sections and elevations, and about as many sketches and drawings, beside which he was able to bring back with him a large number of photographs and a considerable collection of works of art and industry. This handsomely illustrated volume is the fruit of these researches and this accumulation of materials. When we realize that the Peruvian empire at its prime, under the Inca Huayna Capac, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, extended over thirty-eight degrees of latitude, and embraced a territory in length not far from three thousand miles, and in average breadth nearly four hundred miles, and that at that date its people had developed an independent and remarkable civilization with titanic and refined architecture and other arts not unworthy of high respect, their records, so far as they can now be deciphered, assume increased importance. The care which Mr. Squier has used to obtain accurate information and correct plans of buildings, etc., is worthy of the highest praise. His work is provided with a valuable Index and has in an Appendix some interesting tables of craniological measurements.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE EASTERN QUESTION HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED. By James M. Bugbee. With Maps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. have consulted their own interest and the public convenience by bringing out in handsome form with limp covers this brochure which gives a concise history of the Eastern Question in popular style, from its origin to the outbreak of the war now going on, together with a map of Europe and another of Turkey and the Black Sea; an account of the Russian and Turkish Governments and statistics of both nations; and also a synopsis of the treaties between each of these powers and the United States, a statement of the International Rules for the government of neutrals, and of the *personnel* of the legations of the United States at Constantinople and St. Petersburg, and the Turkish and Russian Legations at Washington.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES.

In pursuance of this enterprise Messrs. Harper & Bros. have projected and have already partly carried into execution a series upon "Epochs of English History." The series is designed to consist of eight numbers, of which several are announced as ready, and two have already reached us. These are, **EARLY ENGLAND**, to the Norman Conquest, by Frederick York-Powell, and **ENGLAND A CONTINENTAL POWER**, to Magna Charta, by Louise Creighton. They are provided with little maps, and like their predecessors of the Half-Hour Series are very handy and portable.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE North American for May and June comes with a full freight, Senator Morton leading off with a brief paper on "The American Constitution," preliminary to a more elaborate consideration of the Electoral College which is to follow. Karl Blind contributes a paper entitled "Revelations of European Diplomacy," which of course treats more especially of the Eastern Question. To this succeed a critical article on the poetry of Abraham Cowley, by the venerable William C. Bryant; an examination of the African Explorations of Speke, Grant, Waller, Cameron, Long and Stanley, by Laurence Oliphant; a consideration of "Soul and Substance," by Thomas Hitchcock; an article entitled "The Relations of Debt and Money," by Elizur Wright, who appears to advocate a resumption to be effected by debasing the coin of the realm; an

elaborate review of Harriet Martineau's autobiography, by James Freeman Clarke, who writes as an American Unitarian; a hopeful article on "The Progress of Painting in America," by the editor; some interesting "Political Reflections, by a Japanese Traveller," printed without change of idiom; and a brief synopsis of Recent Progress in Physical Science. The "Review of Contemporary Literature" makes a leap from Wallace's *Russia* to Rhoda Broughton's *Joan*, and then wanders around *ad libitum* among a variety of works, mostly of a substantial character.

THE British Quarterly Review. Reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

The April number of this venerable *Quarterly* contains a variety of solid articles, the opening one of which is a comparison between the systems of the English and Scotch universities. The Eastern question is more or less directly treated or elucidated in three articles—one on "The Genius of Islam;" one on "Reform in Turkey and Coercion," written from a point of view *not* sympathetic with the Turkish rulers; and the third a review of Wallace's *Russia*. There is also a full review of Commander Cameron's interesting "Across Africa," and there are elaborate articles on the discoveries made at Ephesus (including the site and remains of the great temple of Diana) by J. F. Wood, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and on "The Public Works of India." The Review of Contemporary Literature occupies over fifty pages, and covers a multitude of works, many of them of considerable importance.

THE Popular Science Monthly, Supplement No. 1. The Messrs. Appleton have discovered that scientific literature has increased so rapidly since the date of the foundation of their Magazine, that it is impossible to bring within its limits nearly all which properly belongs there. They therefore propose to publish a series of monthly supplements, nearly or quite as large as the magazine proper, which they will sell separately or will send to the subscribers to the magazine—for a consideration. The papers in the number before us are excellently chosen, and include among others, Prof. Goldwin Smith's essay on "The Political Destiny of Canada," from the *Fortnightly*; "A Modern Symposium," from the *Nineteenth Century*; "Giotto's Gospel of Labor," by Sidney Colvin, from *Macmillan's Magazine*, and a very timely article from the *Contemporary*, by Prof. Bonamy Price, on the present long-continued depression in business throughout Europe and America, under the title "One per cent," which appears to have been the ruling rate of discount in England during the past year.

THE Unitarian Review for May opens with the conclusion of Mr. Foote's exceedingly able article upon the Taxation of Churches. His argument is full and weighty, and his conclusion is against such taxation; a conclusion however in which we are unable to agree with him. Professor Evans also concludes his paper upon Martin Haug. Antoinette Brown Blackwell attempts to find a basis for the belief in "Immortality as indicated by Science;" Miss Peabody contributes a third instalment of her "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing;" and Mr. Chaney prints the sermon recently delivered before the Hudson River Conference. The Editor's Note Book is largely taken up with a discussion concerning Rev. Joseph Cook, but considerable space is given to quotation and comment upon Mr. Gannett's sermon, recently published in the *Index*, which we observe has attracted attention in many quarters.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

- THE CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER."** By W. J. J. Spry, R. N. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, pp. 388. \$2.
ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR 1876. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. 12mo., cloth, pp. 609. \$2.
A TEXT BOOK OF HARMONY FOR SCHOOLS AND STUDENTS. By Charles Edward Horsley. 12mo., cloth, pp. 29. 75 cts.
JULIET'S GUARDIAN. A NOVEL. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. With Illustrations. 8vo., paper, pp. 130. 50 cts.
HALF-HOUR SERIES.
EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY: EARLY ENGLAND. By Frederick York-Powell. 4 Maps. Paper, pp. 190. 25 cts.
ENGLAND A CONTINENTAL POWER. By Louise Creighton. With Map. Paper, pp. 113. 25 cts.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

- THE AMERICAN.** By Henry James, Jr. 12mo., cloth, pp. 473. \$2.
THE EASTERN QUESTION, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED. By James M. Bugbee. With Maps. Limp cloth, pp. 81.

MAGAZINES.

- POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.** Supplement.
UNITARIAN REVIEW. May.

ART NOTES.

Quere. Which is the uglier, the chair at the beginning, or the stool at the end of the furniture article in the last number of *Scribner*?

An etching club is to be organized in New York. Only a small membership will be required to cause a rise in the price of copper-plate.

BRIDGMAN's last picture, "The Egyptian Fete," has just been received by Sherk of Brooklyn. It is very rich in color and fine in light effects.

THE Brooklyn Exhibition closed on Saturday evening. The pictures were better than those shown last fall, which is but faint praise. Is it not a mistake to undertake two exhibitions every year, and to have them concurrent with those at the Academy?

NEWSPAPER criticism of the works at the National Academy has been full, exhaustive and explicit to the degree of tediousness. No previous exhibition has received half the attention which has been given to this; and the public is assured that our artists give indication of higher aim and better work.

The distinctive feature of this display is the greater proportion of *genre* pictures; in which we recognize the first sign of the influence of the recent Loan exhibitions. But it is certain that the average merit of these essays is not high. Many young artists, and some older, without controlling purpose or motive of their own, stirred to activity by the excellence of those works, have been trying in a painfully vague and random way, to express their thoughts; and the results show that they have not mastered the grammar of art, and have no skill in the *technique* of drawing or color. Why should they have it? Much aspiration and a year's work are hardly enough to set up a first-class *genre* painter; a better stock would be less aspiration and more years of steady labor spent in acquiring the rudiments. In Europe five or six years are not considered as too long a time for training in black and white work. There is a long period before the student is permitted to try composition; finally the palette is put into his hand. Here the young man makes up his mind to become an artist; and *presto* he mixes flesh-tints before he can draw a nose, and fusses with grouping and balancing, unconscious that there are two horizons and three points of sight in his picture. Our successful *genre*-painters can be counted on the fingers, while in France, Germany and Belgium their name is legion. We need what is hardly possible in view of our national qualities of hurry and dash—schools of art in which there is a long apprenticeship in technical study.

In landscape, American art is at its best; and there are many good pictures on the walls that compare favorably with European work. We note this of our landscape art, that it is fresher, more individual and original than that which comes from abroad. This almost always suggests the influence of the authority of some school, method or master; so that a picture is first recognized as from France, Munich, or Dusseldorf. It is not so in this country. Inness, Church, Bristol, the Harts, Wyant, Richards, Whittredge and others, have nothing in common except excellence.

There has been trouble about the hanging of the pictures, and with reason. There are several very poor pictures on the line, and as many that are good which are hoisted out of sight. There is to be a re-hanging, alleged to be in the interest of the older academicians who wish to have their paintings come down.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the house with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one,
If what we remember and what we forgot
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.

—MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

THERE is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—EMERSON.

M. TAINÉ writes: "A fixed idea is like the iron rod which the sculptors put in the statues. It impales and sustains."

THERE are men whose lives are spent in willing one thing and desiring the opposite.—LECKY.

"GREAT objects produce great men. A man without an object resembles a fly that hums while the sun shines, and drops in the dust without that genial heat."

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.—COLTON.

"OUR life is but a winter day:
Some only breakfast and away.
Others to a dinner stay,
And are full-fed.
The oldest man but sleeps
And goes to bed.
Large is his expense
That lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest
Has the least to pay."

SO FAR is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—JOHNSON.

"THERE is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name."

—LOWELL.

MOST men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.—HELEN HUNT.

"SOME men and women expect immediate recognition, and even pay, if they do something for the public good. Such men and women lack the true spirit and will soon drop from the rank of workers for public benefit."

Let time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,

That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If naught but pain to me remain
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

—CARLYLE.

"THERE is a vale in Ida lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges midway down,
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook, falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning, but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
The crown of Troas."

—TENNISON.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

WE learn that a company has been formed in New York to carry on the business of furnishing to order and on short notice first-class *revivalists*; or, to quote from the printed circular, "This Society, lately incorporated, furnishes revivalists to hold Union Revival Meetings—as the Lord opens fields and supplies means." Now let some enterprising individual go a step further and organize a stock company for furnishing converts—the revivalees as well as the revivalists.—*Alliance*.

THE practice of some of the religious journals in striving to exalt their respective denominations by "counting heads," and making odious comparisons, receives a sharp rebuke from the *Churchman*, which says: "This is a questionable business. On a strict majority vote Christianity would be 'counted out.' Ten tribes belonged to revolted and idolatrous Israel; only two remained constant to the house of David. The real test of a religion is its truth."—*Universalist*.

"I AM informed that \$28,000 was raised in two days to purchase a rare collection of antique jewelry and bronzes recently discovered in classic ground, forty feet below the *debris*. I do not hear of as many pence being offered to fathom the *debris* of our civilization, however rich the yield. I do not complain that men of wealth expend their means as they prefer, but it seems not captious that I should wish crime and pauperism were as rare as the exhumed treasures, that they might arouse equal zeal for deep research. There is perhaps yet hope, for these subjects have a claim to far greater antiquity, inasmuch as they reach back to time immemorial, which assuredly antedates the bronzes."—*R. L. Dugdale's Preface to "The Jukes."*

RABBI GOTTHEIL, preaching in a New York synagogue, declares that there never was a teacher better treated than Jesus was by the Jews. He was welcomed warmly to Jerusalem, and was hailed as the prophet of Nazareth. There was no ill-will shown toward him then. He goes into the temple and drives out the money-changers, though they had as good a right to be there as the merchants of this city have to ply their trade. Still there was no ill-feeling. It was when some injudicious youth raised the cry, "Hail the son of David," that the people were displeased. This was a revolutionary cry; it meant the overthrow of the reigning dynasty—it meant war on the Romans. It was answered by the Roman legions marching into the temple and trampling under foot men, women and children. Then it was that the political complications began which ended with the death of the Nazarene.—*Springfield Republican*.

THERE is a great need that the Christian side of the controversy with infidelity and modern materialism be popularized. The best part of this work is done by scholars. They employ technical language. They make the quarterlies and the heavier periodicals their mediums of communication. That is well so far as it goes.

But it profits, as a rule, only those who are capable of digesting the finest and sometimes toughest kinds of mental food. It leaves out the younger classes. And it is among just these classes that Free-religious teachers are doing some of their most signal work to-day. Their side of the case is popularized. It is made attractive, and so expressed as to be easily comprehended. Now it is these young people who are by and by to be active in society, moulding its thought. Is there not need that they be held especially in mind in preparing some of the anti-materialistic papers of the time? The side that wins their attention now will be likely to have a strong hold on them in twenty years from now.—*Morning Star*.

In the *Tokio Times* of February 24 we find an extract translated from a Japanese cotemporary, the *Kateisodon*, which shows how the Japs themselves are fully aware of the change that has already taken place among themselves, and what its consequences are likely to be on their artistic productions. The article in question candidly says: "Since the import of an extraordinary quantity of foreign articles into our country our own manufactured articles have lost much of that elegance of style which they used to possess in ancient times. We suppose our manufacturers are wanting in intelligence, and are not able to reach the high standard of elegance in producing articles which their ancestors possessed; and so they endeavor to imitate the articles which are manufactured by foreigners, as far as lays in their power. Therefore foreigners are the teachers and our manufacturers are the pupils; and it is not to be expected that the pupils can possess the same skill as their masters, still less are they likely to surpass them. The consequence is that our manufacturers are not able to produce articles in the same quantity and of such elegance as were formerly produced, and will not be able to do so unless they strive to attain that intelligence which was possessed by their forefathers. As things are at present, the ancient beauty of our manufactured articles has been lost, and we have not reached the standard of producing articles equal to those which are imported."—*Independent*.

SOME of the facts given in the report of the municipal commission are startling. The growth of taxation in New York is more marvellous than our commercial advancement. In 1816 the population was over 100,000, and the taxes \$344,804 upon \$82,000,000 of taxable property—less than one-half of one per cent. In 1836 the population was over 270,000. The taxes were \$1,805,130 upon \$309,000,000 of taxable property—35 hundredths of one per cent. The debt in 1836 was \$1,282,103. In 1850 the population was 515,000; the taxes were \$3,230,085 upon an assessed valuation of \$286,000,000. (The custom of low valuations had taken root.) The debt was now \$12,000,000. In 1860, with a population of 815,000, the tax levy was \$9,758,507 on an assessed valuation of 576,000,000, and the city debt was over \$18,000,000. In 1870 the annual tax burden had risen to \$23,361,654, and the city debt to \$75,000,000. In 1877 the tax levy is \$28,484,269, and the debt stands at \$113,000,000. We could not add to the eloquence of these figures. The commission points out that the increase in annual expenditure since 1850, as compared with the increase in population, is more than *four hundred per cent.*, and as compared with the increase in taxable property is more than *two hundred per cent.*—*Methodist*.

PROFESSOR GUYOT, of Princeton College, has been measuring the altitude of the mountains of North Carolina, and has ascertained the height of more than one hundred and twenty-five of them. He finds that there are fifty-four mountains more than 6,000 feet in height; forty-five more than 5,000 and less than 6,000 feet; and fifteen between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. The lowest mountain measured is about 2,500 feet, and the highest, Black Mountain, 6,707 feet high.

THE weathercock on the steeple of the village church in Soudan, France, was time-worn and rusty, and those in authority decided that it should be removed. A man clambered up the steeple, but just before he could reach the weathercock he lost his balance and slid down for 70 feet, then rebounded to the roof of the church, and was precipitated to the ground without being seriously injured. Then a man named Chevalier strove to haul himself up by means of a rope; but at last his hands slipped and he fell backward. His foot caught in the rope, and there he remained, 120 feet from the ground, with his head down, beating the air with his arms, struggling to recover himself, and swaying backward and forward with a high wind. Pierre Péan now stepped forth and volunteered to meunt to the rescue of Chevalier, but, after doing his best for three-quarters of an hour, he had to descend. His place was taken by Moreau, who, climbing higher than Chevalier, slipped a rope round his body and cutting that which held his foot, freed him from the fearful position in which he had remained for three hours.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A CLOSED BOOK.

I READ it long ago, and as I read,
A world of wonder rose before my eyes
And widened into vastness, dimly spread
'Neath solemn skies.

Beyond the page my emulous desire
Divined the marvels of unwritten scenes—
I was ambitious, by the school-room fire,
Just in my teens!

Now, though the book has faded out of mind,
Though all that dreamy pageant I forget,
Its shadow lingers vast and undefined,
And haunts me yet.

The far-off glory dies in pallid gleams—
Cannot a yearning sigh the flame restore?
Cannot I read again and dream those dreams
Once more—once more?

Never. The child has passed away, the book
Is closed, and 'mid my childish memories laid,
With all its magic in it. I would look,
But am afraid.

Men do not name it 'mid immortal works,
And laggard fame is slow to find it out,
Perhaps. And yet within my soul there lurks
Something of doubt.

How if the visions whose dim figures thickened
Round me, and thronged my yet unpeopled air—
How if the fear, whereat my pulses quickened,
Should not be there?

How if the shadow, awful in its gloom,
Were dwarfed and shrivelled when the daylight dawned—
How if I smiled above the empty tomb—
How if I yawned?

How if I marveled at myself, and him
I honored once? Surely the past might rise
In human shape, and look at me with dim,
Reproachful eyes.

Because for his enchantment long ago
I had no thanks to give in later days—
O, dreams that flickered in the firelight glow,
Be his your praise!

He gave my fancy wings, and in its flight,
No fault, no failure, could it stoop to note;
Perhaps I read the book he meant to write,
Not that he wrote.

Why should the knowledge that in awe began
Be ended now in laughter barbed with pain?
And why take back the faith that never can
Be given again?

No, he shall keep it! Do not draw the curtain,
Let my dim wonder be a wonder still—
I will not read it—I am almost certain
I never will!

—MARGARET VELEY, in *The Spectator*.

JOTTINGS.

THE cattle drive from Southwest Texas will be 200,000, and about as great from central and northwestern counties.

THE New York Legislature has passed a bill allowing women to be elect-school trustees, but Governor Robinson has vetoed it.

MILLAIS, the London artist, who gets \$10,000 for painting a distinguished face, began work in his native Jersey with a painter who gave him only his board and \$1.25 a week.

THE work of systematically dredging the bottom of the Tiber, in accordance with General Garibaldi's suggestion, was begun last month, and most important results are looked for.

MR. G. H. LEWES's work on "The Physical Basis of Mind" will comprise divisions on "The Nature of Life," "The Nervous Mechanism," "Animal Automatism," and "The Reflex Theory."

REV. F. E. KITTREDGE, of Lowell, Mass., recently of Fort Wayne, Ind.,

has gone to Michigan to engage in important missionary work, under the auspices of the Michigan State Conference and the A. U. A.

THE State Assayer of Massachusetts has been investigating the so-called "marbleized iron" kitchen ware, and reports that it contains lead in a soluble form, and should not therefore be used for cooking or drinking purposes.

REV. J. HAZARD HARTZELL seems very actively at work in New Orleans, and his lectures are attended by large and sympathizing audiences. His work is greatly promoted by the favorable disposition towards him of the Press of the city.

TO CORRECT misapprehension and prevent the sins of the son from being visited upon the father, it seems necessary to remind our readers that Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows must not be held responsible for any opinions expressed in *THE INQUIRER*, except those to which his name or initials are appended.

BOSTON Y. M. C. U.—Rev. H. G. Spaulding, of Dorchester, preached a very forcible sermon last Sunday evening upon "Leaves and Fruits." The importance of Christian character, a well-stored mind, right living—these were strongly enforced upon the young people who, throughout the entire service, gave the most careful attention. Next Sunday evening Rev. H. A. Shorey, editor of the *Golden Rule*, will address a sermon to business men.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.—The tenth annual meeting will be held in Boston, beginning Thursday evening, May 31st, at 7:45, with a business session at Horticultural Hall. On Friday at 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. sessions will be held in Beethoven Hall for essays and addresses. Subject for the morning: "External Dangers of Religious Freedom." Subject for the afternoon: "Internal Dangers of Free Thought." A social festival will be held on Friday evening at Horticultural Hall.

THE Anniversary Exercises of the Meadville Theological School will take place on Thursday, June 14. On the Wednesday evening previous, June 13th, Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D., former President of the School will deliver the annual discourse. His former pupils purpose to have a re-union at that time with their beloved and venerated teacher of earlier days. Rev. Dr. Brigham will deliver two courses of lectures, beginning on May 18, and Rev. Dr. Stebbins will also give a course of lectures previous to the anniversary exercises.

On Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Hale delivered the second of the course of lectures at Music Hall referred to in our last issue by our Boston correspondent. His subject was, "What is it to be saved by Christ?" and he laid stress upon the theory that salvation consists in a changed and elevated tone of the moral and spiritual nature, rather than in any artificial arrangement by which it was agreed on the part severally of Father, Son and Holy Ghost that by a certain device, namely, the sacrifice of the Son as a ransom, mankind should be saved from the consequence of their sins.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL, BOSTON, 1877.—The Festival Committee, which is composed of gentlemen connected with the Unitarian churches of Boston, has organized for the Festival of this year with W. H. Baldwin, Chairman, and A. A. Call, Secretary and Treasurer. The Festival will be held Thursday, May 31, in the Boston Music Hall, at 5 P.M. Hon. Geo. William Curtis, of New York, will preside. Prominent members of the clergy and laity will address the audience. The occasion promises to be one of special interest, and it is confidently believed that there will be a large attendance, not only from New England, but from the West and other sections of the country.

A notice in another column will give information to the Unitarian clergymen and to the public as to securing tickets.

IT appears that the product of lumber of the Northwest for one year is 2,200,000,000 feet, a quantity of shingles equal to 250,000,000 feet of lumber, and "if we add the pine timber used in home consumption and exported the whole product will amount to some 2,600,000,000 of feet, enough to girdle the globe twenty times over with boards a foot wide, all drawn annually from the lower peninsula, the section of the timber supply of the Northwest with which our lumbermen have to compete in the Eastern markets." The result of this industrious destruction is that "mills are dropping out here and there," that all mills "have reached the limit of production," that in five years places which are now of considerable value "will have no pretensions to importance as lumbering districts," and that "in the last three years more than one-fourth of the estimated standing pine of the lower peninsula of Michigan has been consumed." Presently the question which far-seeing men are already considering will force itself upon everybody's attention: Where are the supplies of lumber to be found?

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The twenty-fifth Anniversary of this Conference, which includes all the Unitarian and very many of the Independent Liberal churches of the West, will be celebrated at Toledo, Ohio, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, May 15, 16 and 17. The attendance promises to be quite as large as at Louisville last year, and the proceedings quite as inspiring. Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Kenosha, is to preach the opening sermon, which we hope to be able to print in our issue of next week. President A. A. Livermore, of Meadville, Pa., will read a paper reviewing the quarter century's work of the Conference, and papers will also be read by Revs. Robert Collyer, J. S.

Thompson, A. F. Bailey, and others. D. L. Shorey, Esq., of Chicago, will preside, and Rev. Jenk. L. Jones, Corresponding Secretary, will read a report, which it is safe to predict will be full of telling facts put in the most telling way. The Western Ministers' Club and the Sunday School Society will also hold meetings during the week. We shall print a full report of the proceedings of the Conference in our paper of week after next.

A FRIEND writes us: "Ever since leaving Milwaukee where I had a most delicious week, I've been meaning to write you a word about Gordon's good work there, that his friends may know how well he's doing. I don't believe he tells them himself. First, I found him in the coziest little home by the lakeside, and the moment I entered the parlor said to myself: 'Why, does Milwaukee make furniture like this? Gordon's got cheap some rich man's furnished house.' The mystery was explained by finding out that the chairs and sofa were his own design, and it wasn't richness at all, only taste. That came, you know, from his household art experience in New York. Then round the yard was running a fine horse who could run at more gaits than I had ever known four legs could run at. No; that didn't cost much either—bought down in Kentucky and trained by himself. That, you know, came out of his ranche experience in Australia. Then for the church this artistic ranche-man writes the two sermons a week and prints the Sunday school lesson, and every other Wednesday talks on the Ethnic Religions and holds a ladies' weekly class in Everett's 'Science of Thought,' and does still other things. He seems much loved in the parish, and I suspect is slowly making a niche for himself in the city life. I felt like a patriarch coming back to the land where he was young, and it was genuine satisfaction to find the place one loved himself, so well and lovably filled by another."

CHICAGO.—A report to which one of the New York papers gave currency some ten days ago, to the effect that Rev. J. T. Sunderland had resigned his connection with the Unitarian body, arose from the circumstances to which allusion is made in the following paragraph from one of the Chicago papers: "The Rev. J. T. Sunderland, pastor of the Fourth

Unitarian Church, of this city, at the close of service yesterday morning, presented his resignation, with a statement of the reasons which impelled him to the unwelcome but some time anticipated step. In view of the unfortunate complications of the situation—all arising from that bugbear of modern Christianity, a church debt—the congregation had no choice, in justice to Mr. Sunderland or themselves, but to accept it. The resignation, which takes effect July 1, will indeed be an unwelcome step, not only to his devoted congregation but to numbers in Chicago who will regret deeply to read of the unavoidable hardships which have come upon this young society and are about to rob it of its able and eloquent minister."

Another of the Chicago papers has the following: "Mr. Sunderland came to Chicago fifteen months ago, upon a unanimous request from the trustees and members of the society, leaving a pulpit in Northfield, Mass., to take the position here. He preached first in the church at the corner of Prairie avenue and Thirtieth street, and the society only left that place because the Church of the Messiah, Rev. Brooke Herford's, overshadowed them, or at least occupied their field. They moved to their present location, Cottage Grove avenue, near Thirty-seventh street, last October, into a new field. The debt on the Prairie Avenue Church, \$11,000, still rested upon them, however, and after a vain struggle of seven months to overcome financial difficulties, they are pained to hear the pastor say that he thinks it better that he withdraw. His idea is to allow the society to hold together for a year or so without the expense of a pastor, if possible, and to gather strength sufficient for a new start."

Advertisement.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Cathartic Pills glide sugar-shod over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores the health and expels disease.—Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.

MARRIED.

SWEET—TOWNSENDE.—By Rev. W. E. Copeland at Lincoln, Nebraska, Miss HELEN E. TOWNSENDE to Mr. WILLIS SWEET, of Lincoln.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, at 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

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UNITARIAN FESTIVAL,

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 31ST,

AT FIVE O'CLOCK.

The Festival Committee have the pleasure of announcing that the Hon. George William Curtis of New York will preside.

Tickets ready Monday May 21, at 8:30 a.m., at the Bookstore of LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO., 381 Washington St., opposite Franklin St.

Tickets to the tables \$2.50 each. Seats in the lower balcony \$1.50 and \$1.00 each. Upper balcony \$1.00 and 50 cts. each, according to location.

Unitarian clergymen are invited to apply either in person or by letter to the Secretary, at the above time and place, for tickets for themselves and wives.

WM. H. BALDWIN, Chairman.

A. A. CALL, Secy. and Treas.

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OF NEW YORK.

Broadway, cor. John Street.

Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank. . . .	\$1,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . .	300,232 50
Loans on Coll. Good Stocks Collateral. . .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-	
ings.	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . .	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at

\$10,100 00

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Fine Solid Cameo, Amethyst and Onyx Rings in great variety.
400 Patterns Hard Solder Rings, Stamped and warranted 16 Karats Fine.
Fine Cameo, Coral and Gold Sets, Lockets, &c., &c.

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Seventeenth Annual Statement

-OF THE-

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1876.

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1876. \$27,677,630.87

INCOME.

Premiums.....\$7,514,131 28
Interest and Rents.....1,728,410 39— 9,242,541 67
\$36,920,172 64

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by death and matured Endowments.....\$2,201,039 94
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities.....2,970,387 61
Interest on Capital.....7,668 00
State, County and City Taxes.....70,911 07
Contingent Sinking Fund.....100,000 00
Commissions, Purchase of Commissions, Agency Expenses, and Physicians' Fees.....530,796 59
Salaries, Law Expenses, Postage and Exchange.....329,681 18
Advertising, Printing, Building, and other Expenses.....291,626 04— 6,503,452 64

Net Cash Assets, Dec. 31, 1876. \$40,416,719 90

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages.....\$16,237,264 45
Real Estate in New York and Boston, and purchased under foreclosure.....5,615,837 88
U. S. Stocks and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York.....5,004,015 60
State Stocks.....29,300 00
Loans secured by United States and State and Municipal Bonds and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York.....1,594,820 00
Committed Commissions.....7,319 65
Cash on hand, in Banks, and other Depositories, on interest.....1,261,319 48
Balance of Agents' Accounts.....178,545 84
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....\$348,552 35
Premiums due and in transit.....138,460 00
Deferred Premiums.....670,816 00
Market Value of Stocks over Cost and Premium on Gold on hand.....140,385 56

Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1876.....\$31,734,394 41
Total Liabilities, including Reserve for reinsurance of all existing policies.....26,231,141 00

Total Undivided Surplus over Total Liabilities.....\$5,503,253 41
Computed Undivided Surplus on Tontine Policies over legal reserve.....\$2,201,500 00
New business in 1876, 7,398 Policies assuring.....25,020,577 00
Outstanding Risks.....173,050,690 00

From the undivided surplus, exclusive of \$500,000 reserved by the Finance Committee for contingencies, reversionary dividends will be declared available on settlement of next annual premium, to participating policies. The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table, the legal standard of the State of New York.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, } Actuaries.
J. G. VAN CISE, }

The Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, (made after an examination into the condition of the Society, which occupied the Chief Examiner of the Department, with ten of his accountants, nearly three months,) concludes as follows:

"The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subjected to severer tests than this Society has, nothing having been taken for granted, but every item, both of assets and liabilities, conscientiously and exhaustively scrutinized. To accomplish this, a force of ten persons, under the Chief Examiner of the Department, has been steadily engaged for nearly three months. The Superintendent is much gratified at being able to state that the result of this investigation shows the complete solvency of the Institution; and that if the same energy and ability are displayed in its management and conduct from this time, as in the past, a career of solid commercial prosperity is before it."

JOHN F. SMYTH, Superintendent.

The Report of a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders (after an examination extending over a period of more than two months, assisted by a full corps of experts and accountants) concludes as follows:

"The business of this Society has been conducted with energy, ability and system, and its unparalleled growth since incorporated in 1850, counting, as it does, nearly \$34,000,000 assets, and about \$5,000,000 surplus profits, according to the Society's statement, shows uncommon industry and vigor on the part of its chief officers and directors, and in the opinion of this Committee, places the Equitable Life Assurance Society in the front rank of institutions of its kind."

"All of which is respectfully submitted."
WM. A. WHELOCK, B. B. SHERMAN, CORNELIUS N. BLISS, J. M. MORRISON,
"CHARLES S. SMITH, MORRIS K. JESUP, C. G. FRANKLYN, F. D. TAPPEN."

The full Report of the Superintendent of Insurance, and the full Report of the Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, have been printed, in pamphlet form, and may be obtained by application to the Society or to any of its agents throughout the United States and Canada.

The following is the Report of the Finance and Executive Committee of the Society:

The thorough investigation into the affairs and condition of the Equitable Life Assurance Society by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and by a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, has not relaxed in the slightest degree the customary examinations by the Standing and Special Committees of the Society.

In presenting the Report of the Society, for 1876, the Finance Committee state that they have during that year given much attention and labor to the consideration of the system by which the business of the Society is conducted and its expenses regulated; and have directed the enforcement of all rules and methods for bringing down the expenses of the Society to, and continuing the same at, the lowest standard consistent with the greatest efficiency in the administration of its affairs.

The undivided surplus fund of the Society is much larger than is requisite for the continuance of dividends to policy-holders without diminution, and in order to guard against even unexpected depreciation in investments the committee have—

Resolved, That eight hundred thousand dollars of the said undivided surplus be withheld from division among policy-holders until the further order of this Committee, or of the Board, to cover any possible loss arising from the value of real estate and other securities.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has, during the past six months (a period of unexampled depression in business and finance), undergone, through its own Committees, the Insurance Department of the State and a Policy-holders' Committee, examinations, for thoroughness of detail and scrutiny in all departments of its affairs, unprecedented in the history of corporations.

GEO. T. ADDE, PARKER HANDY, GEO. D. MORGAN, H. A. HURLBUT, } Committee on
JAMES LOW, WM. H. FOGG, H. F. SPAULDING, J. A. STEWART, } Finance.

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Cash Capital \$3,000,000 00

Reserve for Re-Insurance 1,858,464 68

Reserve for Unpaid Losses and

Dividends 243,402 24

Net Surplus 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....\$342,311 22

BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST

LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,4 3 00

UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00

BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 236,602 50

STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00

LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND

(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35

INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....72,997 65

BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....153,416 65

REAL ESTATE.....6,800 19

PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON

POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....8,530 25

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st

JANUARY, 1877.....\$212,027 24

DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

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PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Gross Surplus.....1,792,902 92

Gross Assets.....\$2,792,902 9

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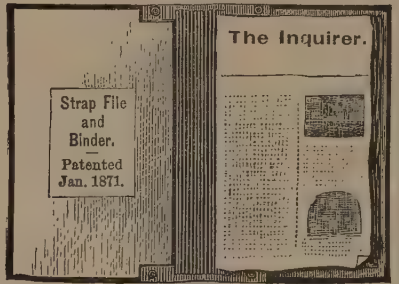
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 24.
WHOLE NO., 1594.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

It has not been our custom to print the notes of commendation which have been sent us, but one just received from Dr. Bartol, together with its kind expressions of regard which count for much in our estimation, contains counsel so wise, so just and so much in accord with our own feeling that we think the cause in which we are engaged calls for its publication. We trust that **THE INQUIRER** will continue to merit the good opinion which our friend now cherishes for it.

THOSE who believe that the Southern whites can only be controlled by the direct action of the Federal power, and trace the recent DeKalb massacre in Mississippi to the policy of President Hayes who has done nothing whatever in that State, took great comfort in the report made concerning that affair by E. V. Smalley, correspondent of the *Tribune*. Will his testimony suddenly become worthless to them when they find him saying, as the result of his investigations, that the negroes in Mississippi not only find that they have not been re-enslaved since the whites obtained supreme control, but confess that they are better off than they were before?

It appears that Marshal Douglass has been foolish enough to deliver in Baltimore an old lecture upon Washington and its people, which may have been true enough when it was written, but was probably a little less true when it was delivered. The Washington people being a trifle delicate in cuticle have been a good deal miffed, and being also many of them it is likely somewhat prejudiced against the official, they have—many thousands strong—united in petitions for his removal. This story seems to have two morals, the first being for the lecturer—don't go on preaching the sermon because it was bright, after it ceases to align well with the facts of life, the other for the irritated people—don't get too much excited over a harmless May-bee, even should it buzz among the roses of June.

The dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce on Monday evening celebrating its one hundred and ninth anni-

versary, was a happy occasion, and afforded Mr. Hayes the opportunity for his first appearance in the metropolis since his assumption of the Presidential office. His reception was very gratifying. A number of prominent Democrats were present, though Mr. Tilden was conspicuous for his absence. A man is certainly not obliged to accept of a dinner unless he feels hungry, and even then he is at liberty to go fasting. We note that Mr. C. F. Adams, in a recent interview, while proclaiming his tenacious adherence to the views expressed in the letter to Mr. Tilden to which we made allusion some weeks ago, has travelled far enough to express strong commendation of the President's policy, and much sympathy with him in his trying labors. The brand of fraud does not appear to flame quite so hotly as it did in March.

THE war news is still of an undecided character though seeming to indicate continued massing of troops at several points along the Danube, probably a crossing at one, and severe engagements in Asia Minor where the advantage of position and brave conduct upon the part of the Bashi-Bazouks have served to prevent any forward movement on the part of the Russian forces. The debate upon Mr. Gladstone's resolutions in the House of Commons ended in their defeat by a heavy majority—354 to 223—and the adoption of Sir Henry Wolff's amendment to the effect that the House declines to entertain any resolution which may embarrass the government in the maintenance of peace and the protection of British interests. The discussion was long and free, and it is not probable that after it the government will take any course in opposition to the general wish of the people, which wish, to say the least, is rather uncertain. Meantime preparations are in active progress which it is said will enable the War Department in an emergency to put sixty thousand men into the field within ten days.

AND Jauncey Court, too! We look with some sadness upon the dusty piles of brick and mortar which now mark the place where Jauncey Court, in dignified retirement from the common line of Wall street, was wont to attract the eye to the respectable dinginess of the signs of its denizens. We are losing our down-town landmarks, and we can ill spare them. We have no longer the pleasant green of the New York Hospital yard stretching down to Broadway, the last tree on Wall street which stood near the office of the Howard Insurance Company disappeared some years ago, and now the building forming Jauncey Court has been compelled to yield to the ruthless hand of the destroyer (*Anglice*—has been torn down.) We shall miss it for many a day, however fine a pile of stone or brick or iron may be erected in its place. It is true we have still the Court House with the barn on top of it and the red granite structure near the Post Office, about the purpose and fate of which the *Tribune* has been so anxious for some years past, but for these alas! we have not yet learned to have a consuming affection.

SUCH an occurrence as a shipwreck, or a great fire or an accident in a mine, or an inundation, is an unescapable touchstone of character. We do not mean now in the larger sense of altruism or egotism: the power of selfishness is of course laid bare in the most uncompromising fashion. We mean

now simply character as shown in the things which touch one's own personal interests. The number of those who wholly lose the use of what brains they have is very large. Their nervous systems are so unsteady as to be wholly unbalanced by a great emergency, and they are left to be the sport of circumstances, with the chances in favor of their doing something of the wildest and most dangerous nature. Look at the accounts of the St. Louis fire; look at the circumstances detailed in the public prints in relation to every such event. On one occasion, a number of years ago, we attended a regatta upon a neighboring bay. In the course of the afternoon an overloaded float gave way and a number of persons were precipitated into the water, none of whom however were seriously damaged. In the midst of the excitement a young lady who stood safely on the shore deliberately sprang into the water. This was an undoubted case of nerves.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been excited by the course of Mr. Evarts in leaving Washington on at least two occasions since his entry into the Cabinet for the purpose of filling professional engagements at the bar. And on the assumption that it is his intention to continue his private practice throughout the term of his public office, it is very pointedly suggested that he might properly give way to another who would devote his whole time to the duties of his position. It is not hinted that any duties of the State Department have been or are likely to be neglected on account of these absences, there is simply a strong and, we think, well-founded impression that during the term of the secretaryship private legal practice should be in abeyance. It is true that Mr. Webster while holding the same office was in the constant habit of receiving retainers for services in private causes and of appearing as a pleader at the bar. But Mr. Webster was a poor example in several particulars, and in this he was no better than in some others. Not only the dignity of the office, but also the danger of at least apparent complications would seem to counsel an independent position for the head of the Cabinet. Of course Mr. Evarts must have made engagements prior to the acceptance of his present position which he may properly feel called upon to fill, but we can hardly believe that it is his intention now unnecessarily to assume others. His unquestioned probity makes it peculiarly fitting that he should establish a worthy precedent for those that are to follow him.

What has become of the great Musical Conservatory which New York has been promised on and off for a number of years past? At first only dim suggestions were heard, then gradually the project took on more definite form, and we learned in instalments the general details, the amount of the ample endowment, the source from which it came, the character of the proposed plan, the location which had been chosen, and in fact the names of the trustees—well-known names, including among others that of Henry G. Stebbins; and then—a blank silence. The scheme was to convert us from a prosaic and money-seeking into a musical and æsthetic race—has it died and made no sign? Then Strakosch struck out a bright spark which, for the moment during which it shone, illuminated, all gilded o'er, the dome of a mighty Opera House which was to be the future home of musical and histrionic art; it was alas! but a flash in the pan. Now Messrs. S. S. Sanford, Alfred H. Thorp, Julius Hallgarten and others, have elaborated—on paper—a grand Garden and Music Hall with arcades beneath, to occupy the whole of the Hippodrome plot and to be a temple dedicated to high art under the worthy priesthood of Theodore Thomas. The building is to cost \$500,000, the annual running expenses

are estimated at \$300,000, and the Hall and Garden are to accommodate ten thousand people. Unquestionably we need a great music hall in New York, undoubtedly our wealthy men would be well employed in providing a shelter for Theodore Thomas who is the pride and the hope of music-loving people, and for his homeless orchestra, but we remember the great Conservatory, we remember Strakosch, we remember the Washington Monument, and hold our peace.

THE course of gold during the past week has been very similar to that of the week preceding. Rising a little from the closing price and fluctuating within a range of about half per cent., it closes this week at 107. Silver has varied but little, the latest quotation being 54½d. per ounce in gold. Some curiosity is felt as to the probable effect of a State law such as that of Ohio, making silver a legal tender. Were the remainder of the country upon a gold basis the effect would be seen very shortly, as it is we shall have to await events. The general markets are dull, flat, stale and unprofitable, and we shall have to wait awhile longer before we make our everlasting fortune out of the troubles of our neighbors, especially as the price of exchange is such as to warrant the export of coin, a branch of trade which may attain some magnitude under the funding operations of the Treasury, it being generally understood that the proportion of the called bonds coming from foreign holders is much larger than that of the 4½ per cents. sent to replace them.

The Secretary of the Treasury made a brief visit to New York during the week and arranged with the syndicate for the sale of \$5,000,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds for coin, in addition to those sold in the usual manner in redemption of fifties. The gold received for these, it is announced, will be sold for currency in redemption. This is understood to be the entering wedge of a new and decided policy looking to the fulfilment of the pledge of resumption on the first of January, 1879. The circumstances are less favorable to a successful prosecution of this policy than at any time during the Spring, nevertheless it will doubtless prove successful if managed with as much determination as the Administration has shown in its conduct of affairs in the South. A little nerve has a wonderfully salutary influence in the prosecution of business affairs.

HOW FULL the world is of sorrows and disappointments, we think sometimes, and then again we think, or ought to think, how much fuller it is of these things than it ought or need to be. Some are continually crossing streams before they come to them, they lose their health in anticipation of sickness, they lose their life in fear of death. This is often doubtless the result of organization. The fathers or the great-grandfathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. But in many, very many cases it is the result of an acquired and petted habit, and even when it comes in the blood it is frequently only there in a latent condition. Our men are not guiltless in this regard, but it is with the other half of humanity that the evil mostly lies. It is perhaps only the grossest caricatures (who yet sometimes exist) who boldly make a parade of their unstable nerves, but there are many who are led into an enfeebling habit of mind by a craving for the sympathy which is expressed for them by those who are stronger, and a vastly larger number, who, like the boy who kept continually digging up his garden seeds to see if they were growing, are as continually inspecting their griefs, their weaknesses, their disadvantages, baring their roots, transplanting, resetting, until a healthy development becomes next to an impossibility. *Mens sana in corpore*

sano is the desideratum and this can rarely be obtained by introversion. A good appetite and a lively interest in those things which are outside one's self and a power of imbibing sunshine are the means of salvation which are at the disposal of most of us, and the first is pretty sure to provoke the others. Doubtless self-inspection is occasionally necessary, in fact is unavoidable, but we are assured that immeasurable harm has been done by well-meaning advisers, who, by written and spoken precept, have urged, are still urging, a constant direction of the thought inward instead of outward.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE roll being called, the response is, *Adsum!*

The *New Age* in a pathetic editorial, the earnestness of which no one can question, asks "Why is the Labor Question so widely and persistently shunned?" "What is the reason of this strange aversion to the question? Can the *Christian Register* tell; or the *INQUIRER*; or the *Index*? Can Col. Higginson, or Mr. Frothingham, or Mr. Chadwick, or Mr. Savage, or Mr. Potter, or Mr. Wasson?"

The *INQUIRER* being duly affirmed answers and says: We believe that the question is founded upon a wholly mistaken idea of the fact. A further paragraph would seem to put this beyond the possibility of a doubt: "One thing at least can be done; we can recognize the labor question as a respectable subject of inquiry and discussion; and repudiate the ostracism which enables a man to flatter himself that he invites the honors of martyrdom if he touches it." We will not attempt to speak for the other papers or for the individuals conjured, although we have some suspicion of the answer they would give, but for ourselves we will say very frankly, that no other subject has had more of our thought for many years, no other subject in our judgment compares in importance with this, and that of the idea that the question is not a respectable subject of inquiry and discussion, and that a man invites the honors of martyrdom if he touches it, we are as innocent as the babe unborn.

The "Labor Question" is a very taking phrase, but what is the labor question. Judging from what is written about it, one would suppose it to be something like a question in the rule of three or the multiplication table, to fail in answering which with unerring certainty should entail an immediate reduction to the ranks—a position in fact at the foot of the class. Has not the question been answered over and over again? Is it not answered every day by Wendell Phillips and many another orator, and by many an ingenious leading writer in the daily, weekly or monthly press?

To us the labor question is no such easy matter. It is the question of the Sphinx, it is the question of the ages, it is the question of humanity; it is the question of God and man, of free will and necessity, of mind and matter. We have not the answer to this question; we have no aversion to it—in fact it is to us the source of a constant fascination; we approach it with reverent awe, and only here a little and there a little, line upon line, as we seem to see somewhat more clearly through the mist which surrounds us do we dare to say the tiny new word for which the day appears to call. We are free to say that we do not know in all its richness the answer to this question; yet day by day we think that we—that is mankind—are approaching a little nearer to its solution, and we believe that one happy day in the far, far distant future that solution will be reached, but the time is not yet.

We are convinced that the question was as crude and simple a one as some think, that all rich men are robbers,

that property is robbery, that labor is a curse, that accumulation is unjust and inhuman, we should be prepared to step down into the arena and preach agrarianism in the most definite or in the most carefully disguised shape, without any present fear of martyrdom. Wild visionaries are not now so treated. The public ear is open to any schemer however unpractical, and usually the more utterly unpractical he is, the more utterly unfit he is to teach any sound thought upon this subject, the more sweeping his proposals, the more barbarous and destructive his methods, the more attention he draws to himself from a certain class. The labor reformer is sure of a hearing. And though every proposition he makes may be in direct defiance of the teachings of history as to what is desirable or possible, though every overt act which he can induce his hearers to perform may tend to plunge them deeper into the mire of ignorance or dependence, he need fear no immediate or adequate retribution.

We sympathize from the bottom of our heart with that which prompts the cry of the *New Age*. The sorrow, the want, the degradation that we see around us can hardly fail to impress itself upon the least susceptible. And we do not wonder that some are enticed by their wishes, those sure progenitors of thoughts, into the fancy that there is some royal road out of this great trouble, some method of escape without paying the cost. It is a fallacious hope. The worlds are built by slow degrees. It was long before the brute became man, it will be longer before man reaches his perfect adjustment. It is as absurd to take a certain thought and set it aside as the *labor question*, and expect it to be suddenly elucidated by some happy guess, by some legislative *coup-de-main*, as it would be to suppose that the rich deposits of the green-sand of New Jersey would be there to build the fibre of to-day's vegetation had it not been for the precious life and death of uncounted generations of animated beings.

There are many worthy sufferers and sometimes just beside them are the worthless for whom the world appears to have no pain in store. But are the rich all such? Moreover are these days worse or better than those of the far past? To take a single instance. What is it that has made it possible for Western nations to escape the great famines with their perishing thousands to which until this very day some races are liable? Is it not first the necessity of continued labor, and next the hoarding of provisions? Has not each age seen a vast improvement in the general standard of comfort over that which preceded it; is not the poor man of to-day in thoughtless possession of luxuries which a hundred years ago the rich could not procure? The facts are patent, and if accumulated property is an evil, at least these advances have been made notwithstanding that evil.

But our contemporary feels that this day is peculiarly evil, that the rich grow richer, the poor poorer, that "Society ought to present the opportunity at least of a decent existence to all of its members." It says to the pioneers of thought, "Why is not some attempt made to discover the cause and the remedy of these social inequalities, derangements and disorders?" If, with all modesty, we may be permitted to speak for the pioneers of thought we would say, that they have made some attempt, and that they think they have in part discovered the cause, and have some appreciation of the remedy. They find that nearly all over the civilized world, certainly all over the Western world excepting perhaps in France, a somewhat similar condition of affairs exists. They find that during a series of years, by actual destruction by misdirection of expenditure and by waste, a larger amount of property has been consumed than has been created, that peoples are poorer to-day than they

were fifteen years ago; that there has been a general derangement of the industrial system, a shifting of centres, and an inevitable though perhaps in the main temporary maladjustment of production and distribution, of demand and supply, in the working of an extremely complicated problem; and that in this country these evils have been vastly heightened and intensified by a monetary system the character of which is such as has ever tended since exchange began to produce just such evils as are complained of, a system which the so-called *labor reformers* with feverish efforts are striving to impose upon us forever in ever-increasing destructiveness. They find also that the same "labor reformers" have added still further to the evil by discouraging a full day's labor, by restricting the opportunities of acquiring proper knowledge and skill through apprenticeship, by debasing the character of all work, in requiring the efficient and the inefficient to be paid alike. Thus much for the cause.

For the cure. They expect to find it in increasing economy; in more skillful and faithful labor for as many hours as the laborer may wish to serve; in co-operation instead of antagonism; in a sound system of finance; in the resulting prosperity which will give to each by the force of the inevitable law of nature "an opportunity of a decent existence." Whether they shall find it also in some change in social relations time only will show. It is not probable that our present social relations are in all respects the best that may be. There is a day after to-day; we have not yet seen a new path, and it is not desirable to cross a stream before we come to it. When the time comes for a change we shall doubtless already have made it by slow degrees, feeling our way step by step, as now we know that step by step we must feel our way on to honest and faithful workmanship, and that therein we shall find our safety and a proximate solution of the "Labor Question." In the interest of this cause we trust we shall always be found working with our might, feeling assured that personal integrity and individual efficiency in the last analysis are competent to control the future progress of mankind.

THE FREE THINKER OF TO-DAY.

A NEW type of man is wanted in religion—a man wholly free in thought and honest in word, but wholly reverent in feeling and broad in sympathies. That is what might be called the "Free Thinker of To-Day." He is coming. He is in making; but making as they make costly new furniture, *in pieces*. The freedom and honesty are being made best in one shop, the breadth and reverence in another. It takes the sound generation, and more than one generation, to make well the several parts of a costly new man and get him finally put together. But Nature grants no patents: she throws all improvements open to the trade. The shops borrow hints from the neighbors' successes and the average article produced grows finer. Thus the type of the religious man improves as a hundred years go by.

When we say therefore that to-day a new kind of man is wanted in religion, it is not meant that freedom, honesty, reverence and breadth do not exist in even large measures and noble combinations, but this, that the day in which we live demands a measure and combination of these qualities that has never yet been struck out as a *type* by any church or sect or circle of religious thinkers.

To-day, and a hundred years ago,—those are the words to emphasize. For the day has greatly changed since the Free Thinker won his early reputation so deservedly as the Ish-

maelite of Christendom. He *had* to win it. Not to be martyr, he had to be Ishmaelite, his hand against everyone because everyone's hand was against him. As is the Orthodoxy, so is the Heresy. Crude and coarse and hard he was, but it was crudeness against crudeness, coarseness against coarseness, hardness against hardness. What wonder to one who thinks how the Roman Church had its mill-stone tied to the throat of France to choke all utterance, its hands upon her eyes to shut out light, its bandage on her ears, to shut out truth, what wonder that the watchword of Voltaire and his friends in their long struggle with that Church was "*Ecrasez l'infame!*"—"Crush out the wretch!" What wonder that Thomas Paine wrote his strong rank sarcasm? He and his like were sentenced to perdition by a Bible text literally interpreted; what wonder that he delighted in hunting through the Bible for contradictions and absurdities and immoralities—there were plenty of them—to hurl as literally at the heads of priests and church-members, and that he believed he had thereby sent them in turn to all the hells of common sense?

We owe these men something beside scorn. Coarse, crude, hard, unpoetical, they were; not the kind of men you care to meet. For them a spade was a spade, and a foolish story was a foolish story, and "six days" were six days.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

A Bible verse to them was three lines of print, and it was nothing more. A dogma hallowed through the centuries was a queer, perhaps a devilish dogma to them, and it was nothing more. They had poor eyes for anything in the popular faith beside the blemishes, and their plain common sense revolted angrily against the imposition on them of the Bible chapters as the truth of God. But that revolt was part of the revolt of Reason in that age. They denied much then, when few denied it, that you and I and many far more Orthodox than we, are now denying with equal sense of error and of moral shock. And to-day we are denying it at ease and even with honor, in part because they denied it then so boldly through difficulty and dishonor. We owe them thanks, and even a certain admiration, but *not copying to-day*. They were the Free Thinkers of a hundred years ago.

And why not copying also? Because between their time and ours the thought and the temper of the thought inside of churches have so greatly changed; and the Free Thinker to be Free Thinker still, must change in correspondence. For signs of tendency, look at the strength of the organized non-orthodox bodies, look at these three signs in Orthodoxy: (1.) The fact of approach instead of farther separation between the churches kindred in their faith and constitution. (2.) The distinctly Broad Church party within more sects than one and the place that the Broad Church individuals hold in the popular estimate. (3.) The immensely changed tone of Orthodoxy in its *general* utterance and emphases. How much less uniformly literal in insistence on the dogmas, the Christian evidences, the Bible's inspiration! How much less gloomy and savage in its appeal! Christ was Judge a hundred years ago, now Friend. Hell was many degrees hotter and many leagues bigger, and its census rolls far longer, and the smoke of its burning made lurid and shadowy much wider tracts of human life, and crackled in many more sermons and pamphlets a hundred years ago than now, though craters still exist. Are you thinking of Moody and Sankey? They themselves are proof of what is said. Once the revivalists' instrument was a whip, now it is a magnet. Once it was fear that was appealed to, now it is the love of Christ. His blood shed for the sinner, rather than "the sinner in the hands of an angry God." Observe the growing

reverence for man as a child of God, for *this* life and its opportunities of good and pleasure, and for this earth in and by itself, not merely as a portal to the heavens. Religion is more and more tested by life-tests rather than by mere belief tests, and what kindly recognition is given to at least a great deal of our heretic goodness now! A poet like Whittier is the poet-laureate of American Religion by general assent. And the week-day press, a better gauge of religious tendencies than the religious papers, widely represents a demand for freedom and for fellowship in churches.

But for the signs of tendency that are most significant of all perhaps, we must look at the two great intellectual forces outside of the churches that are accomplishing so much of this change inside of them. *Science* has almost remodelled the universe before our minds during this last century, stretching it in time till the six thousand years of Bible record seem like an hour, stretching it in space till the little world of Bible thought seems like a hillside pasture, stretching it in mystery and beauty till every land seems Holy Land and every bush aflame with the touch of God. The *comparative method in History* has wrought almost as great and as ennobling a change in all our views of man, and man's origin and life and destiny on earth. By its aid men have travelled far into other languages and other scriptures and brought home facts about the other great religions and the beginnings of their own; and it has become impossible to avoid the thought that miracles and revelations and God-descents in the Christian faith at home might be explained on the same principle by which we explain them in the heathen faith abroad—as the guess of the child-like human mind facing the mystery of things and bending low in awe. And as in science, so here again in history, not the great wonder and beauty have vanished in the little, but the little wonder and crude thought have given way to grandeur. Human nature and human history seem marvels to-day, such as they never seemed before.

Now these two forces of science and historic criticism have been playing for fifty years upon the old church dogmas as the forces of light and heat play upon the hard seeds in the earth—not destroying them, but softening them and drawing out and up the hidden truths to flower. Only so destroying them. But indeed this is destruction. Each dogma is a seed, which dies that it may live. "This mortal puts on immortality and this corruption puts on incorruption." So all around us in the churches we see the creeds bursting with germination, the hard shells dropping off, the nobler meanings coming forth. Imagine this process, already well begun, to go on for another fifty years; instead of the Bible chronology and its accompaniments, on which even our own generation was partly fed, imagine the new views of the universe and of man's history to get thorough possession of the school books and be taught our little men and maidens from five years old and upward; imagine it working down through people's heads into what is so well called "common sense;" imagine this and remember all those other signs of tendency already visible in the various Orthodoxies round us, and let us answer. *Need the Free Thinker of to-day be what his brother was a hundred years ago*, coarse and hard and crude and violent? The religious world of a hundred years ago and that that lies before our eyes, are widely different: the Free Thinker then, to be Free Thinker still, must greatly change in correspondence with this new environment.

To be to-day's Free Thinker, he must still stand for Reason in Religion, for perfect rights of Free Inquiry there. This principle he must champion against all comers—freedom in faith-making is even more important than the faith: just as

in politics freedom to make and better laws is more essential than any given good law even though to that law we owe the day's peace and happiness. Dear as a certain great conviction is, dearer yet is the path by which we reach and may ennoble it. We believe in God, but we word a greater faith in saying we believe in Free Thought in Religion: for this gives us not only what we now name God, but that right of search that will make "God" more and more to us forever.

Again, to be to-day's Free Thinker he must still be *honest* too with perfect honesty—honest about his thought, honest about the very names for that thought. Is he "Non-Christian," he will say so. Is he "Materialist," he will say so. Is he "Radical," he will say so. Even if to him those names are a matter of small moment, even if all thought seems trifling to him compared with larger moral emphases, yet since to others the names and trifling thoughts so largely count, he will be simply himself before all eyes—just what he is and no one else. His mind naked. His conscience on his breast as well as in it. Not for him that esoteric and exoteric way,—the thinking one thing in the silence of his brain, the saying, hinting, half-divulging another thing upon the pulpit or by the death-bed. His simple self, not as opposed to other people's selves, but as the only thing there is for him to be. If he can be that in all unconsciousness, so far is he the true Free Thinker of to-day.

Again, to be to-day's Free Thinker, he must be free from what? From religion? Nay, from all that is *not* religion. But that is a theme too large to enter on,—we pass it by. Free from what? From *other* folks' traditions? Yes, that was said; for that is reason in religion. But still more free from *his own personal traditions*. We mean from those biases of education, temperament, taste, circumstance, which more than all things else count to make a man narrow and hard in mind. There are two bigots—the Orthodox and the Radical bigot, and they are the twin *il*-liberals. To be free in thought to-day, one must be large in heart. Sympathies with other minds are the doors to knowledge and understanding for one's own mind. To take another's thought at its best and not its worst; to see its inner meaning to the person who believes it; to estimate it largely by its moral stimulus as well as by its intellectual rightness; to distinguish between the substance and the symbol of a doctrine, its deep intent and aim and drift and the outside crudeness and error, perhaps the superstition of its formula; to reverence another's reverences even when they are not your own, because to him they are what yours are to you, holy and God-suggesting; to recognize the law of relativity in minds, and that some minds cannot take your symbol any more than you can theirs, for a thought which may be common to you both, and to be able to translate faith-symbols like two languages into one another; to be fully possessed of the idea of evolution in beliefs, in all the bearings of that idea; to perceive that in Nature's method growth is four-fifths, crisis and cataclysm one-fifth, and to proportion one's own emphases accordingly; to have for one's order of emphases in religion: (1.) life before thought, and (2.) in thought the unities before the differences as both practically and scientifically of the larger import; to be not mainly negative but mainly affirmative in one's talk about religion, not mainly critical but mainly sympathetic; and to be always *humble* in talking about the mysteries of the Eternal and the Universal—these are the marks by which the Free Thinker of to-day, the new type wanted in religion, will be known. The greatest freedom in religion is the greatest fellowship, the truest Free Thinker is the truest catholic—that will be his motto.

W. C. G.

St. PAUL, April 29, 1877.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

TIME has its times and seasons marked off by the machinery of heaven and also by the contrivances of man. The unending has for us its sections, its convenient little odds and ends of time, co-terminous with the finite and its needs. The great Designer knows we must have alternation and change, unable to maintain, in ourselves, the uniform motion of an Atlantic going engine, an all-the-year-globe about the sun or a century-revolving comet.

Infinite duration alone can cover the being of the Most High, yet He and His providence dwell with man in the circumscribed years, months, weeks, days and nights; as space that has for its own the immeasurable among the stars is known on earth under the names of continents, seas, countries, states, fields, house-lots and chambers. The man of time wants a thousand adaptations about him and has them. There is the fresh and new and sprightly morning hour, with a new heaven and a new earth of hope and effort, after the old ones of discouragement and weariness have passed away. There is—just to the purpose—the forenoon for the manliness of one's powers and their co-work with Deity; the afternoon for more of the solitary turns at the mill or for the other hemisphere of life and its social minglings. There is the soft and mellow twilight in its stated recurrence, thrown around all, coming over the hills and creeping in at the doors and windows. The incipient shades before the healing bath of utter night are so restful to mind and body, putting those disposed into sedate, soothing and recuperative mood. Within its enclosure is Winter-time, majestic and uplifting to the soul; succeeding rich Autumn purple and yellow, crimson and brown; coming before the long warm days of Spring and Summer. The eternity that is man's is a very long range; come these, then, from the heaven of adaptations, the shorter periods and nearer goals—the rosy dawn, the sombre eve, the work-day, the Sabbath, the month of seed-sowing and ingathering.

The little moment comes freighted with the spirit and the sudden thought which the years only can unload and draw off into the domain of religion, literature and society. Says George Eliot: "A moment is room enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outflash of a murderous thought and the sharp, backward stroke of repentance."

Such are the cardinal points, the small pivots of time. The minute is space sufficient in which to turn from folly to wisdom and the life-lasting resolve. The minute is strong to tie an enduring promise, spacious in which to lift up the prayer, "the Lord help," and "Heaven be praised for its blessings." The little minute with the impressible mind and met at a glance by the wide view of Divine goodness may be a large seed time. The instantaneous word may fall as a spark, kindling a great matter for good or for evil. Live by the minute when temptation is near and all may be well. It is easy to handle the minutes as they come through their narrow wicket. Take that care and the hours will take care of themselves.

The hour that has a conscientious constituency of moments will keep the garden free from weeds; will exchange things undone and chaotic for order and finish; will dispose of unanswered letters, hanging accounts and many a waiting duty. When the shorter portions of the day are sacred to good uses the poor may be reckoned on for church, for school and for self-culture, laying the foundations for worth, usefulness and a fair name.

There are, too, the larger rounds, compassed by the sun, wherein we live and work, that the small credits may be multi-

plied and stand large to the tiller of the soil, the tradesman, house-wife, scholar and citizen. With the changing lights overhead come the seasons, each different from the last, that the panorama which is always old may be always new, and that all by this influence from the heavens may be kept in good heart. Besides, all hail to the decade and the century that lay their rich tribute before mankind! These are the larger measures of God's benefits to the race—the seasons of progress.

W. M. BICKNELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM DR. BARTOL.

Boston, May 12, 1877.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

DR. CHANNING said he always wanted to own his intellectual debts; so he declared he owed to Dr. Worcester a nobler idea of peace. Having just read through your last issue, I wish to personify that I may thank you for *that*, and all your numbers under your new shape and name. I am glad you find room for the critical ability, as candid as it is bold, of Frothingham, and for the broad reverence, tender as the fresh grass on any common or prairie, of Gannett. I rejoice in all your theological and political truth, and in the liberty too which you are all the more likely to exercise that you do not boast. Edmund Burke observed that no man ever had a point of pride he was not hurt by; and I have noticed that individuals, organs and associations are always in danger of missing the virtue they parade. Humility is the door of God; and our good quality must be a *grace*, or else it is a will-worship, pretence and failure.

May I also say how happy I am that your independence is not belligerence. If a *nation* be a *person*, as we were told as long ago as some of George Sand's earlier writings, and as the old Bible takes it for granted *Israel* was, a newspaper is a person and quite apt to be a fighting character. If gunpowder puts all men on a level, how many people are aimed at from behind the hedge of the press by sharp-shooters who would not dare to meet them face to face! I am pleased that you fling no hard names at any with whom you contend. When it was once said to Ichabod Nichols that we must use strong words about certain opponents supposed to be in the wrong, he answered, were it not better if into our *reasons* we should put our strength? I cannot see why *editorial* is not as bad as any other quarrelsomeness and conceit; and none can violate the spirit of the law more than correspondents and contributors that wear concealed weapons.

It is a time of controversy still; and let those born to be soldiers, do the polemic part. Yet let us never forget the only use of a *negation* is to show our *position*, as shadow defines the light; and whoever begins and ends with defaming an adversary, gives us a picture with a back-ground alone, which properly should not exist save for the foreground of figures actually and beneficently alive. Let us not fall foul of our antagonist, as curious boats do in the regatta, but refute his error by first finding out what he stands for and means! So far as war cannot be shunned let us mind the rules of that game. But have Christians, who at the outset protested they could not fight, even yet learned the angels' song of harmony and good will? There is for me at least this comfort, that you evidently do not intend so much to guard a castle, or make a foray on the foe, as to keep open house; and God bless your hospitality and help you feed us all, prays,

C. A. BARTOL.

COOK'S FICTITIOUS ATONEMENT.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

HAVE you read Rev. Cook's first lecture in Boston on the "Atonement in the light of self-evident truths? If you have not, please read it, for it affords another of those very sad revelations of the trying positions in which so many good and strong men feel themselves placed at the present time. These men see the light of science and history and experience on the one hand, and as with chains are bound by their theology on the other. This is evidently the trying position of Rev. J. Cook. He cannot possibly ignore the claims of nature, with all the pretensions which he makes to science and philosophy. He wants to be honest with himself and still hold on if he can to the dogmas of his church. He sees clearly the irreconcilable conflict between the teachings of nature and experience and the received doctrine of the Atonement. He brings out that conflict, too, with a great deal of clearness and power. His lecture indeed reminded us of Dr. E. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," which knocked Orthodoxy higher than a kite, and Cook's lecture furnishes a hundred fold stronger argument *against* the atonement than in favor of it. It seemed to us that with masterly and giant blows he first destroyed the superstructure, and then with the lamest logical attempts endeavored to reconstruct it on the poorest foundation possible.

He adduced against the popular doctrine of the atonement, viz.: that Jesus bore our sins in his own body on the tree; that he carried our very guilt to the cross, and bore the *punishment* or penalty due to that guilt,—against this he gives not less than *twenty-one* self-evident truths, as he calls them. And many of these truths are self evident. He puts the case indeed against the atonement of the churches in a much, very much stronger light than any Unitarian we have ever read. And then what does he do? A doctrine of atonement must be had of course. He has shivered the old one to pieces. But the world he says needs an atonement. And he proceeds to construct one. It is partly new, perhaps, but without doubt it is altogether and purely fictitious. His assumptions indeed on which he bases the doctrine are fictions, and nothing else, from beginning to end. For instance, what proof has Mr. Cook or any D. D. that the majesty of the violated *moral* law of God must be satisfied in any sense in which the term satisfaction is used? Where, we ask, can this proof be found? Does nature or does experience or does common sense or the Bible give any hint of it? Lying, theft, murder, are all palpable violations of the moral law. Will Mr. Cook tell his Boston audience *when* and *how* that moral law was satisfied for these violations? "The majesty of violated law satisfied!" What high-sounding words! and yet when you test them, how utterly meaningless! What, we ask, satisfies or can satisfy the law of love when we have made ourselves miserably selfish? What satisfies or can satisfy the law of integrity when we have sunk ourselves into mean dishonesty?

Mr. Cook sees plainly that there cannot be, that there never has been and that there never will be any satisfaction for sin in any such sense as to remove the guilt and the penalty from one soul to another. This he admits. Yet he must have this fiction to start with—the satisfaction of violated law. Then he has recourse to another fiction, viz.: to "guilt in the *second* sense or obligation to satisfy the demands of a violated law." Is not this one of the most ingenious inventions you ever saw to save a great doctrine? An obligation becomes guilt in the second sense. Now is this sound philosophy? Is this a self-evident truth? Can the weightiest obligation which may be laid upon us be made *guilt* in any sense whatever? And yet Mr. Cook claims to lecture on sacred themes in the names of science and philosophy.

But he completes his theological castle in the air with still another fiction, and that is, that the Infinite Lawgiver of the universe has Himself suffered chastisement, not punishment, to satisfy the majesty of His own violated law. And to show how easily this thing can be done, and how perfectly rational and effective it is, he referred his Boston audience to the singular course, and what most people would call a consummate piece of transcendental folly of Bronson Alcott's in his Boston school some years ago. It was this: if the rules of that school were violated the little sinners themselves were not to be punished, but the teacher, the law-maker, Mr. Alcott, in fact, was to be chastised, not punished. The rules were violated one day by one of the boys and that boy was called out to chastise Mr. Alcott. The effect, of course, on the boy was most salutary in one respect. This satisfied the majesty of Mr. Alcott's violated law, according to Cook. The boy owed a debt to the school and Mr. Alcott paid it. The boy in his moral nature

bore the guilt of his sin in the *first* sense (guilt, remember, has two senses) and Alcott bore the boy's guilt in the *second* sense. His guilt in the second sense, was an obligation to satisfy the rules of the school, and to meet that obligation Mr. Alcott called upon the boy to do what we call one of the meanest and one of the most dastardly acts which it is possible for any human being to commit, viz.: to chastize another for his own wrong doing. Better have whipped the boy a thousand times. We are not surprised that the boy, with a single spark of self-respect in him, shrunk from the act. He would have been a coward, a poltroon and a sneak if he had not, and any man is no better who will take salvation either from *first* guilt or *second* guilt on any such terms.

Yet Rev. Cook teaches his Boston audience that the grand legal and moral difficulties in the government of God in this universe have been settled in this very manner—a manner which, if possible, would be a piece of consummate folly on the one hand, and on the other an outrage upon the manliness and self-respect of human beings. But in the realm of spiritual law and spiritual being we say that it is impossible. In Alcott's school the rule was outward and the chastisement outward as well as foolish and wrong. But will any man with any pretensions to science and philosophy talk about chastising the Infinite Ruler of the universe for human violations of the laws of justice and purity and love, laws written on our nature alone with purely *spiritual* penalties. But what avails all this if it is possible? The "damned spots" on Lady Macbeth's hands will not out. Under any circumstances the ghost of Banquo will not down, do what we may. Chastisement or no chastisement, conscience is the same, memory is the same, meanness, cowardice, avarice, pride, dishonesty and bloody ambition are the same, the same in nature and the same in results. Where, then, we ask, is the satisfaction to violated law and what avails it if it exists? This whole scheme of Atonement we believe is one of the grandest and one of the worst fictions which was ever imposed upon mankind. And we thank Mr. Cook for his twenty-one "self-evident truths," given with force to disprove the old church doctrine of the atonement—Luther's doctrine and the doctrine of all Christendom. But he must allow us to say, with all deference, that his new doctrine is as utterly baseless as the old one, and is far, very far more suggestive of mental dishonesty than are the "hallelujahs" of skeptics of long ears.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

R. HASSALL.

GERMAN NOTES.

On September 28th, a bright warm day, with the sun shining as cheerfully and clear as in our American September, I went by steam cars three miles from Berlin to Charlottenburg, a pleasant town of 10,000 people, on the river Spree. We pass through the Great Brandenburg Thor, or Gate, and enter at once the wonderful "Thier Garten" (the Bois de Boulogne of Berlin), with its wide carriage ways, shaded walks, statue-adorned fountains and meandering streams, which make it a fair rival of that lovely resort near Paris. This "Thier Garten" is much frequented by the citizens of Berlin, who can step from their crowded streets to this lovely sylvan seclusion, having only for companions plant, flower and bird. On we rode through these charming woods and soon were among the vine-clad houses and pretty yards of Charlottenburg. Here are the summer residences of many of the citizens of Berlin, and here is an old palace built by Frederick I., with its wide grounds, broad forests and wealth of flowers, but the palace is now mostly closed and uninhabited, its last occupant Queen Elisabeth (sister-in-law of the present Emperor) having recently died here. But the object most sought by travellers is the Mausoleum erected to the late King and Queen of Prussia—to Queen Louise and her husband—she the most lovely and loved Queen who ever sat upon the Prussian throne. This monument is in the form of a Doric temple; we ascend a flight of steps to the outer door, and within a few more white marble steps, and are by the side of these exquisite recumbent figures, said to be master works of art and which wrought by that master artist, the sculptor Rauch, who added so much to the adornment of Berlin. The face of the Queen is exquisitely beautiful, refined, delicate and lofty. On all falls a soft blue light that renders yet more corpse-like the pallid marble and throws a ghastly hue over the living human faces gazing upon them. This monument to the loved and popular Louise was erected by her husband, who survived her a widower for 30 years; and the one to him was erected by their son, the present Prussian Emperor. She was born in 1776 and died in 1810, her husband in 1840. Long I walked amid

these orange groves and flowers enjoying the seclusion of the spot, and then through rambling galleries, halls and rooms of the old palace.

One of the most famous, and justly noted places in the vicinity of Berlin is Potsdam, called the Versailles of Berlin, which all strangers visit. On a fine day in early October, we steamed out of the handsome Berlin depot, on spacious Königratzer Strasse, and were flying through a Prussian garden nearly the whole eighteen miles dividing Berlin and Potsdam. It was yet early day when we reached the latter city, the capital of the Province of Brandenburg and a handsome city of 50,000 inhabitants. Here are extensive parks, woods and many fine buildings, the most conspicuous being the royal palace, which is an immense oblong building facing the river Havel and one of its beautiful bridges. I was conducted through this luxurious winter palace of Frederick the Great, where suite after suite of rooms are shown vieing with each other in splendor. The library is a beautiful and attractive room, and through the glass doors, we see many French books, for Frederick was fond of the French and their writings, and himself possessed their elegant taste and refinement. The ceiling of this room is arched, and like the walls is heavily gilded. The adjoining room is well lighted by numerous windows, having the ceiling and walls richly garnished with silver ornaments; this was his writing-room, and here is the desk at which he sat, and here, too, are still the blots spattered over the desk, made by that royal hand that never wrote too well, and never could spell French words correctly. A part of the covering of this desk was torn off by Napoleon in 1808, and carried off as a memento of the great king and general. An exquisitely ornamented table with a glass lid is also shown, containing relics, such as his snuff-box, bullets with which he was hit, silver buttons, the stars, ornaments and honors he wore, his last boots, etc., etc. In another room where are elegant hangings and curtains and rich ornaments, is the round-table upon which he, his ministers and ambassadors used to sup; a part of this table is so arranged as to go up and down to the kitchen below, with food or empty plates as needed, so that servants were not allowed to listen to State secrets. Another room with satin-covered walls he used for smoking, and I was shown suites of ball and reception rooms, bed-rooms, etc., etc. The rooms occupied by the present Emperor are plain, but in good taste—those occupied by the Emperor and Empress of Russia, when visiting here (Prussia and Russia having intermarried) are very beautiful. In some of the rooms of this gorgeously appointed palace are solid silver tables, silver busts, ornaments, mirror frames, etc., etc.

E. K. DE N.

MARY MORRIS HAMILTON SCHUYLER.*

THE grand-daughter of Alexander Hamilton, and on her mother's side, of the blood of the Morrises and wife of a grandson of Gen. Schuyler, Mary Morris Hamilton, long known in New York as among the most charming of companions, warmest of friends and best of women, a social centre and a moral force, has just passed on into the unseen world, leaving a chasm which in her large circle will never be filled. She possessed a courageous intelligence, a strong and tender heart, and an active conscience—free from morbidness and weakening fears. Settled in principles and calm in convictions, her life and character were harmonious, full and free—directed by the love of excellence and the desire of usefulness. Her love of Nature, of society and of truth and goodness, went together, and made her at home in solitude, or in company, in the country and the city. She had such a capacity for friendship that she won the confidence of the most dissimilar persons, and such a tact in adapting herself to the tastes and aptitudes of others, that she was doubtless known and loved for the most opposite reasons, by persons who could not sympathize with each other.

In general society, none more light and graceful or less burdened with untimely gravity, or more capable of entering into the ephemeral topics of the hour; in select company, none more earnest, apt in conversation and solicitous for information. With her own sex interested in all that concerns women; with men interested in all that occupies statesmen, philanthropists, thinkers and reformers. The breadth of her sympathies, her good sense and positive convictions with her tact, refinement and grace, made her a natural social leader, without taking her out of the most strictly feminine sphere. Domestic as her tastes were, she lived in the larger concerns of humanity—hoping great things for

the future of her country and her race, and admiring and coming into relations with many of the best prophets and leaders of reform at home and abroad;—but without the least tarnish of publicity or the least default of domestic virtues and duties.

As firm health and perfect adaptation to society did not make her careless of what is grandest and best during all the happy time of her long growth and maturity, so sickness and the knowledge of a fatal disease did not render the last four years of her life otherwise than serene, useful and hopeful. As her health had been spent in wide sympathies, her invalidism did not shut her up in herself. Interested in all that concerned the country, the church or the world, she did not expect nor wish others to forget what was of public importance to humor her infirmities. She changed neither her cheerfulness, her trains of thought nor her views of life because of sickness. Her religious faith, simple, strong, Christian, she had won for herself, and it was rooted in her heart and will, and gave her all the support she needed, without one film of gloom or fibre of superstition in it. It was beautiful to behold her unaffected patience, to see her smile of calm triumph over pain and death, to find how natural, how truly herself she was in the presence of the so-called "great enemy." He was no enemy of hers! She did not allow her imagination to dwell on the physical event, or to hold any commerce with dust and ashes. Nobody ever had a finer or more complete victory over our mortality. She spoke of death as the release of the spirit, and without a fear or shudder, when the time came, lapsed into life eternal, without struggle. "She was not, for God took" her!

H. W. B.

LITERATURE.

LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF THEODORE PARKER. By Peter Dean. London: Williams & Norgate.

This condensed and popular account of Theodore Parker, prepared by an enthusiastic English disciple and admirer, is admirably fitted for wide usefulness. It is well done because done with pains, and yet with hearty affection. It is a work of love, but none the less a work of care. Hardly an incident or a marked saying of Parker's that has been elsewhere recorded, has escaped the author. There is no pretence to originality, or fresh disquisition. Weiss and Frothingham had made that needless. This work will not supersede their works, but it is better fitted for popular circulation, and certainly few lives that have ever been lived are worthier of being known. It is so full of strength, courage, aspiration, wide sympathy, so devoted to usefulness in public and private ways. A breeze, not to say a storm, of moral and religious health comes out of Parker's life. It is so manly, so vigorous in original instincts for truth, so humane, so democratic, so raised above conventional prejudices, so intense in its sense of God and His goodness, so free from any taint of self-saving or self-seeking. We are persuaded that no more grand and generous soul has lived since Luther, and that the church as well as the world will acknowledge him as one of its highest prophets and saints before many generations are passed.

Time is serving him in two ways—making his faults and roughnesses forgotten, and bringing his virtues and teachings into higher relief. The extraordinary progress of free inquiry and the intense radicalism of material science make Parker an actual conservative in these days. Those who hate his anti-supernaturalism must love and honor, nay, take shelter under his glorious theism; while those who call him the father of modern infidelity, will have to remember that he is the most vigorous foe of agnosticism and the most intense despoiser of the theory of accidental morals or utilitarian ethics. When the anti-Christian class of Free Religionists have done with quarrelling with the positive faith of the supernaturalists, they will have a tougher fight to make with the equally positive theistic, intuitive and Christian faith of Parker, who was a Christian of the most exuberant kind, positive, downright, unqualified, and with no heresy except in the direction of the miraculous and the infallible, points that are conceded by all competent minds to be not vital to the essence of Christianity, except it be first defined as a priestly and sacramental system, out of harmony with nature and history.

The personal recollection of the inevitable, but painful conflict between Parker and the Boston Unitarians vitiates the judgment of many excellent people in regard to both parties. Nothing can be less fair than the inferences which are drawn from facts that may be true enough, as to the nature and spirit of that disagreement and alienation. It was as natural and pardonable as any conflict

* Died May 11, 1877.

of opinion that ever arose, and conducted on both sides with as little that is to be blamed as any struggle on record in the history of religious controversy. Parker, however true his position may have been, outraged the religious convictions and prejudices of almost the whole Unitarian community. Are men not to be pardoned for having prejudices and mistaking them for essential truths? The notion that the men who dreaded, who withstood, who refused to be associated with Parker, were base, cowardly, self-seeking men, is ridiculous to those who knew them. Equally absurd to those who knew *him* and did not agree with him—as his biographers and the abolitionists mostly did—is the idea that he was of a mild, amiable and judicious disposition. He could not have done his work if he had been. He was generous, gentle and loving to his friends, but he was forbidding, violent and sometimes coarse towards those he thought in the way of his ideas and aims. He really thought contemptuously of the learning, the abilities and the courage of most of his contemporaries in the Unitarian ministry. He showed it very unmistakably, and he was not such a fool as not to know that he exasperated and prejudiced them strongly against him and his views by his provoking course. We do not suppose any other temper or any other course would have served his ends or perhaps the ends of Providence. But it is idle to assume that all the meanness, all the worldliness, all the self-serving was on one side. The faults were divided; and, moreover, the truth was divided! Mr. Parker's estimate of the church and the ministry is not and never will be adopted, except by a clique. His notion that no virtues except the heroic are of much value; that conservative instincts have no function, except to be defeated; that all religion is hypocrisy which is not clear-eyed and perfectly rational; that no prudence or delay is to be suffered in dealing with social evils, these are not tenable propositions and are much better assumed than grappled with and proved by those who wish them to pass for undeniable. As for the biographer, who seems to hate English and Boston Unitarianism of the old kind (though it has finally produced the present sort) almost as much as he loves Parker, we feel that he is one of the best of men, with just a shade of narrowness in his judgments. He thinks even Parker grossly wrong in not thinking total abstinence an imperative duty and the only policy of health.

But it is invidious business to criticise these limitations and defects in men like Parker, or in men like Dr. Gannett, who dreaded his views and influence. They were both of a kind of manhood which it is easier to criticise than to imitate and equal. We wish Parker widely known and read. But we don't think his fame helped by making him out a martyr to old Unitarian worldliness and ministerial jealousy.

H. W. BELLWS.

BRIEF NOTICES.

IDOLS AND IDEALS, WITH AN ESSAY ON CHRISTIANITY. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It would be quite impossible for Mr. Conway to write anything which would not be bright and interesting and suggestive. And he has never written anything brighter, more interesting, or suggestive than the contents of this little book. The subjects of the different essays are without exception the vital and engrossing subjects of the time, some of them more hid than expressed by the titles given them. The method of treatment is far more satisfactory than that of *The Earthward Pilgrimage*. An English reviewer has called Mr. Conway "The Apostle of Inaccuracy," and has shown from one of these essays that there is some excuse for such a name. The facts are not quite good enough for Mr. Conway. He must improve on them a little or a good deal. For example in a very striking illustration he tells us that the explosion at Hell Gate "ploughed clear and made safe the chief highway of ships on the Eastern coast of America." But surely Mr. Conway knows that Hell Gate is not this and never will be. This is perhaps a very little matter, but many of such mickles make a muckle and even a few of them breed a suspicion in the reader's mind that Mr. Conway is not a safe guide. The pity is the greater because the thought is commonly so good and just. We do not however find it just in the Essay upon Growing Superstitions where he attributes the spread of Spiritism to the spread of the seeds of a decaying supernaturalism. This has enough to answer for without charging it with sins for which it is not at all responsible. Crude rationalism and crude science have much more to do with Spiritism than supernaturalism.

The Essay upon Christianity occupies 135 pages; certainly not

too many for the discussion of so large a question. Strangely enough Mr. Conway prefers Christ to Jesus as the name of Mary's Son. Mr. Conway's criticism leaves a more substantial residuum of personality to Jesus than Mr. Frothingham's. He agrees with Matthew Arnold against Mr. Frothingham and Lord Amberly, that Jesus was "above the heads of his reporters." He agrees with Mr. Abbot in making mediæval Romanism typical Christianity, so that when he speaks of "Its Decline," the reader must not be too hastily aggrieved. With much that is good and true in this discussion there is much that is fanciful. Many will wonder whether indeed the noon of Christianity is already past; whether what seems to Mr. Conway its after-glow is not its morning twilight, or if not this the omen of another and a better day.

THE ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1876, published by the Harpers and edited by Spencer F. Baird, is unquestionably the best work of the kind in existence. The book is divided into two general parts, the first containing a series of summaries of progress in the several departments of science, while the second division consists of an immense number of classified abstracts of the more important scientific researches of the year. Probably no scientific discovery of the slightest popular or practical interest is overlooked. Mathematics, astronomy, meteorology, physical geography, physics, chemistry, metallurgy, mineralogy, geology, geodesy, Zoology, botany, agriculture, pisciculture, household economy, mechanics, engineering, technology, physiology and medical science, all come in for discussion. And the whole is treated in a smooth, untechnical manner. The summaries of progress in the first portion of the book now have, for the first time in the history of the *Annual*, their authors' names attached. Astronomy was written up by E. S. Holden; meteorology, by Cleveland Abbe; chemistry and physics, by G. F. Barker; geology, by T. Sterry Hunt; zoology, by Drs. Packard and Gill, and so on. Every chapter has been furnished by a specialist of acknowledged high standing. The same thing is true of the brief abstracts in Part Second. Professor Baird subscribes to about ninety scientific and industrial periodicals from all parts of the globe, and from these, as a rule, his co-laborers make their selections. Every abstract relating to chemistry has been selected and written by a professional chemist; everything on zoology by a professional naturalist, and so on throughout the book. No other scientific annual represents the work of so many trained specialists or such a wide range of subjects. Its compilation is carried out by Professor Baird in connection with editing the scientific columns of *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly* and the *New York Tribune*. Many of the shorter abstracts appear first in one or the other of these periodicals.

F. W. C.

THE AMERICAN. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

We have had frequent occasion to speak of this story during the progress of its publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and have expressed our admiration of its effectiveness in certain directions. In parts it is incisive and interesting, as a whole, like Roderick Hudson, and possibly in an even greater degree than that novel, it is disappointing. Mr. James has been fairly charged with a want of acute sympathy with his characters; he watches them from without, studies them curiously, analyzes them carefully and limns them vigorously. But he is never so thoroughly in earnest as to identify himself with their fortunes.

In this book his hero is as a hero of fiction unique; he is interesting and his individuality is well sustained. The subordinate characters are something more than chorus, and the interest of the story is absorbing. In brief: a "self-made" rich American, still young, finds himself in Paris, a little tired of the money-making side of life and disposed to money spending for those things of the better sort which his cramped and busy youth denied him and ill prepared him to estimate judiciously. He falls in love with a scion of an old "noble" house, who responds favorably to his singular love-making. And the fortunes of this sadly assorted attachment form the staple of the book. In the end the lady is forced into a convent to escape the intrigues of her proud family; and the hero, though possessed of a secret concerning their history, with which he at first proposed to damn them, finally subsides in a most unimpressive way and the tale is brought to a conclusion. Perhaps the most noteworthy and singular fact is the entire silence of the author upon the question of the effect upon the mind and heart of the lady of any calamitous exposure which might overtake her family, which subject is not even hinted at as having any bearing up on the hero's thoughts or conduct.

THE PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER. By R. W. Thompson. New York: Harper Brothers. 1876.

This volume of more than 700 pages has evidently been a labor of love for Mr. Thompson, the present Secretary of the United States Navy, as well as a labor of hate. The love has been for the work; the hate for the papacy as shown by his studies to have been the inveterate enemy of civil liberty and not unlikely to make good here in America its immemorial tradition. Mr. Thompson's estimate of his book is extremely modest. He has not written it he says for scholars, but for "the people." But he has evidently written it with a great deal of care and patience, in a simple and agreeable style, and produced a work which cannot fail of being useful to the public. The main questions considered are those of the temporal power, religious persecution and infallibility. The devices by which the temporal power was fostered are clearly set forth; so too the necessity of persecution that inheres in the very essence of the papal theory, and the inconsistencies and absurdities that have attended the development of the doctrine of infallibility. We have a fancy that the arrangement of the book might have been more perfect and that with still more patience the same amount of instruction could have been pressed into much narrower limits. But the book as a whole is a sincere and able one and one that needed to be written. We are not terrorists. We have great faith in the genius of our institutions as a solvent which will prove too active for the Roman Catholic power. But forewarned is forearmed. At present we can afford to be generous, but let it be understood that if we were absolutely *just*, we should disfranchise every Roman Catholic as the subject of a foreign prince. A good Roman Catholic cannot be a good citizen of any civil government. His first allegiance is always to the Pope.

ALOYS. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877.

Not having read the continuations of the stories which have preceded this, we are unable to compare it with them, but taken by itself we must pronounce it a success. There was a peculiar charm about the original *Dorfgeschichten*, and Herr Auerbach's experiment was a dangerous one. He has adroitly evaded the risks to which the attempt exposed him and has given a true modern coloring to the developed story without unnatural straining of the surviving characters, and at the same time he has constructed a very pretty idyl. His hints of American life are not always as true as if made by one to the manner born, but they are not far astray, and there are many charming touches which remind one of the old skillful hand.

A MODERN MEPHISTOPHILES. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

We have here about as vivid a contrast to the book last named as could be presented. That was a natural, simple story of real life in lowly places, with a joyous ending; this is a feverish romance of unstinted luxury and cowardly falsehood, tempered by tormented love. It is doubtless pleasant to dream of an existence where there are no exchanges to be overhauled or proofs to be revised, and where there is even no marketing to be looked after, and Mrs. Spofford certainly delights with all her wealth of imagery to depict such a life for her readers. But she does it too pitilessly. There is an unnatural light over the scene, and her Frankensteins play their parts as though they were the characters of a nightmare. Were it not for poor deceived Gladys one would call the book, fascinating as it is, intensely disagreeable; she indeed comes like the breath of a fresh breeze into a sultry room, but when she fades away and the scene dissolves, you emerge into the outer air with a great gladness that it is all over, and, with languid interest only, wish Canaris well in his new undertaking, in which you do not much care to follow him.

A WINTER STORY. By Miss Peard, author of "Unawares," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

The second story of the Town and Country Series is a good one. Given the conditions, which are a little singular, the treatment is quite satisfactory. The scene is English. Mr. Oldfield the hero, being on the point of marriage, by mischance has given a wrong medicine to his intimate friend, the brother of his betrothed, which causes death. Shocked at the mishap and giving way to depression, he goes abroad for years, and then buries himself in a southern country, surrendering himself wholly to his morbid fancies. Suddenly the care of the orphan child of his sister is thrown upon him, then that of a gypsy wail with her kitten, and by the unconscious influence of the ministering children he is gradually brought into fresh relations with life, and finally is reunited to his old love.

There is no straining after effect, and the manner in which "a child shall lead them" is pleasantly shown.

THE Library Table, May 17. We are glad to welcome the first number of the weekly issue of this lively aspirant in the literary field, and to note that the example of **THE INQUIRER** has not been overlooked in the choice of form, paper, heading, etc. The size is a little less than that of this paper, but otherwise the general effect is very similar. The new weekly is published in the same building with **THE INQUIRER**, by Henry L. Hinton & Co., and is edited by Mr. Porter C. Bliss; it will be devoted almost exclusively to literary matters, and will give a running index to current periodical literature and a weekly record of new books. We wish it the most abundant success.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH HISTORY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By Edward M. Lancaster. Cloth, pp. 320. \$1.40.

From Hurd & Houghton.

BIRDS AND POETS. With other Papers. By John Burroughs. 16mo., cloth, pp. 263. \$1.50.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. May.

LA RELIGION LAIQUE. Mai.

ERINBURGH REVIEW. April.

HARPER. June.

ART NOTES.

THE intellect and eye of the observer do not require that a picture should be the substituted likeness of the object represented; it is sufficient if it represents the proportions (relations) observed, though to a very small scale; thus giving suggestion of the more comprehensive relations and the stronger oppositions of nature.—HELMHOLTZ.

THE means by which an artist must work are not to be compared with those which are at the command of nature; hence the attempt at slavish imitation of nature can never meet with success. However loud the representatives of such a short-sighted imitative tendency may proclaim themselves as *naturalists*, their works will always be unnatural.—VON BEZOLD.

THERE is another phase that is a very favorite one with critics, and that is the *deceptions* of art. The high moral tone assumed against all imitations is so plausible that many are deceived by it. They say everything should appear to be exactly what it is. I think it generally does that without the aid of critics. All stucco and cement is condemned because it is like stone, or as the critics say, pretends to be stone. I have even heard paint condemned because it hides the material underneath, and I believe a certain school would condemn a man's skin, and would infinitely prefer to see the bloody muscles bare. Let us for argument's sake, take the instance of veneering, or what is even worse, gilding. If there is wickedness anywhere surely it is here. Can any subterfuge be more base than this? By a trumpery, almost impalpable coating to make mere plaster pass for pure gold! It is no doubt well to attribute the worst possible motives to everybody, but I venture nevertheless to ask, is any deception intended? Is it not just possible that these pretentious impostors may admire the brilliant quality of the surface and think it no sin to enjoy it at a less price than solid gold? They might even be willing to inform their friends that their picture frames are not entirely of solid gold. Would it be possible for them in this way to avoid the condemnation of the critics, or is it really more moral to eat butter in lumps than to spread it thin? All these questions about the deceptions of art may afford subjects for the speculations of casuists, but have nothing whatever to do with art, which has to deal with appearance alone.—MOODY.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

UNSUNG.

AS SWEET as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber a hundred times
I've said the enchanted rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains;
I know by my pulse's beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain,
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined spring
I may find my voice and sing
The song I have never sung.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

"By the streets of 'By and by' one arrives at the house of
'Nev er.'"

I BELIEVE in comparative anatomy applied to religious faiths.—
W. C. GANNETT.

WE cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God
conducts the good to heaven.—CERVANTES.

AS IRON put into the fire loseth its rust and becometh clearly red-
hot, so he that wholly turneth himself unto God puts off all sloth-
fulness and is transformed into a new man.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

AND so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—WHITTIER.

It makes me sad to think how much our progress heavenward
may be like that of a crying, striking, struggling boy who is being
led against his will to a school whose teaching is to make him a
master among men. Like a stupid mule we kick the hand that
leads us to the watering.—M. J. SAVAGE.

It was only a smile of welcome
Or a whispered word of cheer;
But it smoothed the path of the tired feet
And lightened the load of care.

—S. M. H.

"Who loses self in brotherhood
Forth-giving ever gathers good;
And who for truth or right would die,
In falling gains the victory.

The spirit wrought to noble aim,
The thought that sets the mind aflame,
The faith that wins in deadly fight—
Forgetting self, have greatest might."

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were
particles of iron, in it I might feel for them with the finger in vain.
But let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would
that draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere
power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the
sand, discovers no mercies. But let the thankful heart sweep
through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in

every hour some heavenly blessings—only the iron in God's sand is
gold.—HOLMES.

THEN came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her flutred all in greene.

—SPENSER.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life,
and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also
train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of
all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better educa-
tion. Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the
lowlands that you may linger longer on the mountain-tops.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

"I SUFFER not that any woman teach,
Or bear the message of the Lord's good will.
Let her keep silence; she hath no call to preach.
'Tis hers to learn and modestly sit still."

Thus the Apostle? Yet the risen Lord,
Waiting beside the newly-broken tomb
For messenger to send with His first word
Unto the church within that upper room,

Chose but a woman with a loving heart,
(Oh! fair her feet with these glad tidings shod):
"I am arisen, and I now depart
And go unto our Father and our God."

Did Christ make some mistake, that first by her
The truth and light of Resurrection shone?
He Mary chose to be his messenger,
Would Paul have sent St. Peter or St. John?

—L. E. Barr in the Independent.

If all Mr. Moody's converts will, by their subsequent course and
experience, prove that the effect upon them has been as positive as
the promise and the method for it doctrinally taught by him, they
and the whole community will at least approve the result.—*Boston
Transcript.*

It is to be hoped that Secretary Sherman's sensitive investiga-
tors will not consider it "inaccurate" or "unauthorized" if it is
stated as the popular belief that the New York Custom House con-
sists essentially of a compact nucleus of business talent which dis-
charges all the legitimate duties of the concern, surrounded by a
bulky and rather hypertrophied envelope of political talent which
might be peeled off in the interest of economy, efficiency, respect-
ability, and common honesty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE time spent in figuring up how many people from each State
are employed in the departments at Washington, or in the foreign
service, is worse than wasted. What difference does it make where
a man was born, or in what State he is a legal voter, provided he is
fit for the position he occupies? And what difference does it make
where he is from if he is not fit for the position he is paid to fill?
The time spent in tabulating employes with reference to their place
of residence should be devoted to ascertaining their qualifications.
In that case it would pay. In the other the proceeding is frivolous.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

IN treating of total depravity Mr. Cook again attempted an eluci-
dation of a thing that needs only to be denied. As held by the
fathers, total depravity was simply a false idea, and does not need
explanation so much as a brave erasure from the catalogue of facts.
What men need is a new doctrine. There are two methods of deal-
ing with the old Orthodox notions. Neither method alone will be
complete. One method is that of the physician, to brace up and
restore some that are feeble and that might be made well and use-
ful again; the other method is that of the undertaker, whose office
it is to come in and manage carefully the funeral of the dead.—
Alliance.

THE SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE.—The Sabbath of the past will not be the Sabbath of the future; indeed, it will not be the Sabbath at all; it will be the Lord's day. The current that flows away from the past is unmistakable. Sabbath committees, assemblies, convocations, cannot dam it up. They might better attempt to stop the flow of the Mississippi with bulrushes than to stop a current of public thought with sermons, tracts and resolutions. If the Church is wise it will study the Lord's day of the future rather than the Sabbath of the past—the Christian festival of the next decade rather than the Puritan fast day of the last century—and seek to guide the current which it is, happily, powerless to check. The only effect of endeavoring to shut the doors of the public library and the gates of the public park is to augment the moral power of those who would open the theatre and the beer garden.—*Christian Union.*

THE safety of the Church lies in progress. It cannot become an intrenched camp. You can never so fortify it that the world will not storm over its walls, and leave it, as an army leaves an enemy's city, a mass of ruins. The Church is not a walled city; it is a movable column, and its safety lies in moving on continually. Those who anchor it to one fixed position, who would wall it in with formulas, and moat it round with orders and creeds, are its worst foes. If the Church does not lead the race, the race will walk over the Church, and go on without it. Human advancement will not stop for any institution whatever. If any should be foolish enough to array the Church against science, would science stop?—if against reform, would reforms cease? You must annihilate mind before you can check the progress of science. You must root out sympathy and humane impulse and divinely-inspired love from the soul ere man will tamely surrender his inalienable right to expand and elevate himself and his kind. The prerogative of immortality will be given up only with the soul's consciousness.—*Golden Rule.*

TO DRAW any conclusion from the late slaughter in Mississippi prejudicial to the policy of withdrawing the troops is futile. The troops in Louisiana certainly did not prevent the Pinkston outrage, and it was not President Hayes who withdrew them from Mississippi.

It is not a party nor a political "improvement" that is to be drawn from the DeKalb massacre. The lesson is the same as that from the encounters between Andrew Jackson and Dickinson and Benton sixty years ago. They are lawless events natural to the frontiers of civilization, and the relics of a slavery-cursed community, and which will cease only with the advance of a higher intelligence. That they are deplored by wise and sensible men in the Southwest can not be doubted. But if they would strengthen themselves by winning the confidence and sympathy of "the North," they will be the first to pursue the evil-doers and to smite them with the strong hand. The interests of peace, progress, and prosperity are the same in Mississippi that they are in New York, and the friends of lawful order in both States are naturally allies.—*Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Weekly.*

THE leaders in the Education of the future are to be teachers, persons devoted to the work, who have made it a life study, who have risen through its several grades, who know its wants at every stage, and who have the energy, the skill and the personal magnetism so essential to true leadership. Education is suffering from incompetent leadership perhaps more than from every other cause. We have too many inexperienced teachers and superintendents. There are too many boards of education, and school officers who have no proper conception of education, or of the wisest means for its advancement. One of the reforms for the good time coming will be the substitution of educators and men of education in place of the adventurers and novices that now occupy too many of the positions of trust and responsibility in the various spheres of educational work. Education will never occupy that commanding position in the public regard which it so much needs and deserves, until the great body of our teachers shall become capable of forming and guiding public sentiment in all that relates to it. In short, teachers must become to their profession what the lawyer is to his, and the physician to his, if they expect to be highly regarded and adequately paid.—*Educational Weekly.*

It would be startling intelligence, to be told that one-half of our church members are unconverted, and that the demonstration of it is but a question of time. We do not say this is the case; but if for years together the exclusions outnumber the deaths, it surely has a look in this direction.

In the following figures taken from the Baptist Year Book, and covering ten years—with the exception of 1871, the statistics of that year not being at hand—there is material for reflection:

	DEATHS.	EXCLUSIONS.	RESTORATIONS.	ERASURES
1867.....	5,966	8,063	1,897	1,583
1868.....	5,211	7,298	1,923	1,661
1869.....	7,680	10,021	2,908	2,445
1870.....	11,837	15,636	4,668	2,771
1872.....	11,892	15,970	6,651	5,293
1873.....	12,530	15,551	6,634	4,158
1874.....	12,740	17,401	7,010	3,917
1875.....	12,768	17,561	8,076	3,719
1876.....	15,727	24,629	10,391	4,940

We rejoice in the large annual accessions to our churches; but wisdom demands that we calmly consider these sad and significant facts. Does it really mean that one-half of the sheaves gathered in our glad harvest times will prove to contain only chaff, even before the final judgment? Must we "rejoice with trembling," considering that from one-half of those who receive the hand of fellowship, the hand of fellowship shall be withdrawn?—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I;
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently.
A small, white hand upon my arm—
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes
As she kissed me at the door?

Who cares for wealth, or land, or gold,
Or fame, or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
And says she loves me more;
And I thought she *did* this morning
As she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth and gold,
Is very poor and small indeed
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only wait the more
For one who waits my coming step,
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her—
For she'll kiss me at the door.

—Selected.

A STORY OF A WELSH COLLIERY.

THE liveliest interest has been felt all over England and Wales in a story which illustrates with startling clearness the dangers that lurk in the bowels of the earth and the pluck and heroism which sometimes ennoble the dull, hard life of the miner. On Wednesday evening, the 11th of April, as the men were on the point of leaving work in the Tynewydd Mine, near Pontypridd, the roar of rushing water was heard and the galleries and tunnels suddenly began to fill. The water had broken through from an abandoned and flooded mine, and of course rose in the main shaft and the lateral workings until it found its level. Most of the men made their escape, but when the roll was called fourteen were missing. An exploring party went down to look for them. They found all the galleries within a few hundred yards of the bottom filled to the roof, but a knocking heard behind a wall of coal indicated that some of the missing men were im-

prisoned alive in a gallery which sloped upward, its mouth being under water. The wall was a few yards thick. Volunteers went at it with their picks; the prisoners worked from within; in a few hours they could hear one another's voices. But the moment a hole was broken through, the confined air, kept under great pressure by the rising water, burst out with a terrific explosion, and one of the imprisoned miners was shot into the opening as if he had been blown from a gun. He was taken out dead. Four others in the chamber with him were rescued uninjured. Knockings however were heard further on, and it appeared that other missing men were in a similar but still worse predicament—shut into a chamber of compressed air. It is with the efforts to release this second party that the chief interest of the story begins.

The wall behind which they were confined was in a heading that was flooded, and nothing could be done with the pick until the water had been pumped out. Divers first attempted the perilous feat of reaching the opening from the main shaft through half a mile of water, and it was afterward ascertained that one of the men within had tried to escape in the same way. This, however, was impossible. It was not until Monday, the fifth day, that the volunteers were able to begin digging. The distance to be cut was 120 feet. The work went on day and night with an eagerness that seemed like desperation, and yet it was so slow! Cutting through the solid coal, in a gallery not more than three feet high, where the water, only kept down by constant pumping, threatened every moment to rise and engulf them, with trouble from gas and the danger of another explosion of air always before them, the rescue parties took their lives in their hand whenever they went into the mine, and their wives followed them with sad eyes as they entered the shaft, doubting if they would come up alive. And the hope of saving their comrades, shut up so long without food, was at best but a forlorn one. To reduce the danger from the sudden liberation of the air—danger not only of a violent explosion but of a sudden rise of the water in the chamber as soon as the pressure should be relieved—air-tight doors were constructed in the cutting, and an air-pump was set in operation to establish an equilibrium on both sides of the wall. On the 18th, a week after the accident, voices were heard, and the working party were cheered by a faint cry, "Keep to the right side, you are nearly through." On the 19th the work had made such progress that an iron tube was forced eight feet through the barrier of coal, and an attempt was made, but without success, to introduce milk through it to the famishing prisoners. The miners learned then that there were five of their comrades in the chamber, all alive, but two of them nearly exhausted.

On the night of the 19th there remained only eighteen inches to be cut away, and the excitement rose to fever heat. An enormous assemblage of people surrounded the mouth of the mine; physicians were in readiness; a temporary hospital was prepared, and a house near by was put in order for the sufferers, if haply they should be got out alive. The state of the work was discussed in Parliament, and bulletins were flashed at short intervals to the furthest ends of the kingdom. But just when it seemed that a few strokes of the pick might complete the labor, an eruption of gas took place, and the working party had to run for their lives. In time, however, the air was renewed and the work went on. At last, on the afternoon of Friday, the 20th, a hole was knocked in, and one of the cutting party entered the cavern. All was still; in their weak condition the agitation of the moment made the imprisoned men speechless. The rescuer felt about, and

not finding any one, shouted, "Don't be afraid." The answer came, "All right; we are not afraid," and then a pair of rough arms were thrown about his neck. The first to be taken out was a boy named Hughes, and it is related that when the car came to the surface and the long suspense was over, the vast crowd of spectators "did not cheer, nor use any of the ordinary means of showing enthusiasm; all seemed too serious for that."

Cases of life preserved without food for ten days, and even longer, are not rare, though the period of abstinence which these Welsh miners endured is considered the longest which man is capable of sustaining under ordinary conditions. They were able to drink the dirty water in the mine, and water, it is well known, has a great influence in retarding the effects of starvation. They obtained a little sustenance also by sucking the grease that stuck to the bottoms of their candle boxes, but they ate nothing during the whole ten days. Still they retained so much strength that when the iron pipe was pushed through the wall and the water began to rise in consequence of the escape of the air, they were able promptly to plug up the aperture; and one of the men even wished to walk when he was taken out, but the doctors refused to let him. There was only one of the five about whose recovery any doubt was expressed at the date of our last advices. There are still four men to be accounted for out of the fourteen who failed to make their escape when the waters broke through, and these are undoubtedly drowned.—*Tribune*.

WHAT SHALL WE WRAP THE BABY IN?

What shall we wrap the baby in?
Silks are too coarse and velvets too rough,
Snowiest linens not half white enough,
Web of right fineness no fairy can spin—
What shall we wrap the baby in?

Softest of colors may cover his bed—
Delicate hues of the sky and the rose,
Tints of all buds that in May-morn unclose,
When on the bosom of sleep drops his head,
He must have something more heavenly instead.

What shall we wrap the baby in?
Nothing that fingers have woven will do;
Looms of the heart weave love ever anew.
Love, only love, is the right thread to spin;
Love, we must wrap the baby in. —SELECTED.

JOTTINGS.

BOSTON.—At a recent meeting of the Second Church, the sum of \$50,000, the amount of the church's debt, was subscribed.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—A Unitarian society has been formed here under the auspices of Rev. John D. Wells formerly of Quincy, Mass., with favorable prospects.

WE had hoped to present our readers with some details from Toledo this week but the mails have failed us. They will doubtless be in good time for our next issue.

THE *Jewish Messenger* says the number of Jews in this country is variously estimated at from 250,000 to 1,000,000, of whom New York contains from 50,000 to 75,000.

THE *Alliance* says that Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Brooklyn, having declined a pressing invitation to a Unitarian church in Quincy, Mass., his church has increased his salary to \$10,000.

REV. DR. C. A. BARTOL of the West Church, Boston, has withdrawn his resignation and consented to remain in the pastorate, in accordance with the request of his parishioners.

TOLEDO, O.—The Western Unitarian Conference began its sessions here Tuesday evening and they will be continued until Friday morning with a varied and interesting programme.

THE Boston Young Men's Christian Union will hold its public anniversary in the Music Hall, Wednesday evening, May 31st, "Anniversary week." As in former years the occasion promises to be one of much interest.

SALEM, MASS.—There will be a meeting of ladies connected with the

Unitarian churches in Salem, Beverly and Peabody at the First Church in Salem next Thursday afternoon, for the purpose of forming an association for social and benevolent purposes.

THE "creed rebellion" is said to be spreading in Scotland. Rev. Dr. Macrae, of the Greenock Presbytery, Scotland, is making no small stir by his lectures on the Confession of Faith, which he announces as "anti-quoted, unjustifiable, and as distorting the teachings of Scripture."

NEWARK, N. J.—The Ladies of All Souls' Church of Newark will hold a Festival on the afternoon of Wednesday next (May 23), at five o'clock. This society has many friends, both in New York and Brooklyn, who will doubtless be glad to do it a good turn by lending a helping hand on this occasion.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, England, has gained some notoriety by introducing among his flock the *flagellum*, and other primitive practices. He recently performed the ceremony of washing and kissing the feet of thirteen children—afterward giving the youngsters each a shilling.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—REV. H. A. Shorey, assistant editor of the *Golden Rule*, gave a practical and interesting sermon to business men last Sunday evening. Next Sunday evening Rev. Charles W. Emerson, of Chelsea, will try to answer the question, "What is Christianity, Practically Considered?"

THE Hampton (Va.) Normal and Agricultural Institute will hold its anniversary exercises on Thursday next. The morning will be occupied with the recitations of the junior and middle classes and an examination of the graduating class, and the afternoon will be devoted to essays and recitations by the graduating class.

THE London *Lancet* defines "Moderate Drinking" as that which consists with a clean tongue, a good appetite, a slow pulse, a cool skin, a clear head, a steady hand, good walking power, and light, refreshing sleep, and asserts that "odd glasses of beer and spirits in a forenoon do not come within the range of moderate drinking."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Last Sunday morning the Rev. Samuel Longfellow appeared at his old desk in the chapel at the corner of Clinton and Congress streets, and was warmly received by a host of friends who preserve the most tender recollections of their former relations with him. His discourse was as always, gentle, wise and thoughtful. On Tuesday evening a number of his old friends met him again, where they are always glad to meet, at the house of Mr. Manning on Clinton avenue.

CHICAGO, ILL.—There is said to be still some hope of adjusting the financial difficulties of the Fourth Unitarian Church, so that they may be able to retain the services of the Rev. J. T. Sunderland. A very satisfactory meeting was held last week by the congregation, at which it was stated that large additions to their subscriptions had been promised by those who have heretofore contributed to defray the expenses of the society, and substantial assistance was hoped for from the members of Mr. Collyer's and Mr. Herford's societies. A committee was appointed to follow up the matter actively, and Mr. Sunderland was induced to withdraw his resignation for a short time.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL—1877—BOSTON.—From present indications there will be a very active demand for both dinner and balcony tickets this year. As we stated last week, the Hon. George Wm. Curtis of New York will preside. Hon. Robert M. Morse, Jr., will give the "welcome for the laity" and Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago (who has not been present at the Festivals since 1872) will give the "response for the clergy." Short after-dinner speeches will be made by several of the clergy and laity. The dinner will be furnished by the popular caterer Sewell; floral decorations by Calder and Wiswall. The arrangements made in all respects are such as will without doubt render the Festival second to none of the many every way enjoyable and successful ones in the past.

PROF. W. C. HOLBROOK has been examining the Indian mounds on Rock River, two miles above Stirling, Ill. In one mound he found a dolmen, or quadrilateral wall, covered with large flat stones. In the dolmen he found the teeth of some species of animal, no less than eight human skeletons, partially decayed, and two fossils. In another mound he found a pavement six feet long and four and one-half feet wide, made of pieces of flat limestone, which were burned red, and some had been almost converted into lime. On and about the pavement he found charcoal, and by the side he found the charred skeletons of several human beings. In another mound he found a human skull perforated with a circular opening about the size of a dime. It had been made during life, for the edges of the bone had commenced to cicatrize.

In the first number of the new series of the *Lanterne*, the paper freshly started by Henry Rochefort, the editor recounts the sad fate which overtook the staff of the *Marsellaise*, the Red journal started in 1869 and maintained only for a few months. The list of victims is as follows: Victor Noir, shot down with revolver by Prince Pierre Bonaparte; Millere, shot without trial; Flourens, hacked to death with sabres; Corcelles, dead on board the *Guerriere*; Verdure, dead in New Caledonia; Ranc and Jules Valles, condemned to death; Humbert, condemned to hard labor for life; Henri Rochefort, Olivier Pain, Arthur Arnold, Paschal Grousset, Assi, Malon, Lissagaray, Collet, Mourot, sentenced to transportation. "These," adds M. Henri Rochefort, "are the recompenses

awarded by the Republic to those who worked with the greatest energy in favor of its advent in spite of the *cass-tetes* of the Empire."

A CLERICAL manifesto has been issued in favor of opening English museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons. Among the signers are Dean Stanley, Canon Duckworth, and the vicars of several prominent parishes, some of whom are Broad Churchmen, while others are Ritualists. They take the ground that this plan will bring within the reach of the working classes a new means of intellectual improvement, and even of Christian influence; that it would relieve the church from an injurious misconception which alienates many people from religion; that it would directly counteract, by the competition of an innocent recreation, the manifold temptations to drunkenness and other vices; and that it would indirectly promote the moral and religious welfare of the people.

THE statement of President Murphy at the monthly meeting of the Board of Bridge Trustees yesterday afternoon is eminently satisfactory. Everything is now ready for the great work of spinning the main cables, from which the structure itself will depend. The guide-wires, the laying of which was a most delicate operation, requiring the nicest calculation and the most absolute accuracy attainable by human skill, are now in position; and as soon as the contractor is ready to deliver the wire in large quantities, and properly galvanized, just so soon will we begin to see the human spiders weaving the wonderful thread in the cradles which hang over the river and between the towers and the anchorages. This will mark the commencement of the second last stage of the great work, the laying of the roadway itself being of course the last.—*Brooklyn Union-Argus*.

BUILDING HOUSES OF PAPER.—The New York *Mail* says that there is a large manufactory in Wisconsin that keeps three mills constantly running on building-paper, having capacity for the making of sixteen tons per day. As long ago as 1857, the company began the manufacture of paper for building-purposes. The paper used for building-purposes is a thick, hard pasteboard, wound in rolls of twenty-five to a hundred pounds each, and usually thirty-two inches wide. While in process of manufacture, it is subject to a pressure of hundreds of tons, which compresses the fibres together into one solid body, thus making an absolutely air-tight sheet; and as paper is one of the best non-conductors known, it resists the action of both heat and cold, and so a building lined with it is made warm in winter and cool in summer. It does not shrink like lumber, and is not effected by frost, heat, cold, or dampness; and it is known that it will not burn as readily as wood, on account of its hardness and solidity, and by its use a house can be made almost if not absolutely tight.

THE BROOK FARM COMMUNITY.—A number of the well-known people who were associated together over thirty years ago in the Brook Farm experiment at West Roxbury recently celebrated the birthday of Charles Fourier by a reunion at the residence of Dr. John T. Codman on Columbus avenue. The gathering consisted of some thirty-six persons, young and old, among them some of the earliest members of the Brook Farm community, such as Minot Pratt of Concord, John S. Dwight and Mrs. A. M. Diaz of Boston, and Miss Amelia Russell of Milton. Prominent among those who came later to the Farm, and of particular friends of the place, were the sisters of Mr. Dwight, F. S. Cabot, John Orvis, Jonathan Butterfield, Dr. William F. Channing, W. H. Teel, C. P. Cranch and S. P. Andrews. Many of these Brook Farm residents had not seen each other since they left the place, over thirty years since. It was a social gathering, interspersed with music, and interesting letters were read from some of the old associates who were not able to be present; among the number from George Ripley, Chas. A. Dana, John G. Drew and S. Willard Saxton. Two fine oil paintings of Brook Farm, the property of C. H. Codman, and a steel engraving of Fourier added greatly to the interest of the occasion.—*Boston Paper*.

ROMAN coins, tessellated pavement, and other objects of minor interest, have just been found during the progress of drainage works at Caerleon on Usk, Monmouthshire, England. Caerleon is well known as the Isca Silurum of the ancients, the capital of Eborac and the station of the second legion of the Augustan army. The pavement now found is 90 feet in length, and its breadth is estimated at 16 feet. It is composed of innumerable *tesserae*, colored red, green, yellow, gray, black and white. The design is a floral one of elegant pattern, to which these numerous colors are well calculated to give effect. The pavement was found about five feet from the surface, and immediately above it lay a mixture of dressed stones and broken tiles, with an upper layer of charcoal, indicating that in all probability the building had been destroyed by fire. The pavement was laid in the usual bed of concrete, beneath which was a basement, evident by the small pillars supporting the concrete. Unfortunately some portions of the pavement had fallen into the basement, and become much broken. The walls of the apartment were decorated with garlands of flowers. All that could be recovered of the pavement has been carefully removed to the local museum, which is already crowded with objects of antiquity found in the immediate locality. Four bronze coins of the reign of Vespasian have been discovered in a good state of preservation. Numerous bricks with the stamp, "LEG. II. AVG.," fragments of black pottery, etc., have also been taken up. As the drainage works are extended it is considered probable that other discoveries will be made.

The Inquirer.

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THE INQUIRER,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL,

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 31ST,

AT FIVE O'CLOCK.

The Festival Committee have the pleasure of announcing that the Hon. George William Curtis of New York will pre- side.

Tickets ready Monday May 21, at 8:30 A.M., at the Book- store of LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO., 381 Washington St., opposite Franklin St.

Tickets to the tables \$2.50 each. Seats in the lower bal- cony \$1.50 and \$1.00 each. Upper balcony \$1.00 and 50 cts. each, according to location.

Unitarian clergymen are invited to apply either in per- son or by letter to the Secretary, at the above time and place, for tickets for themselves and wives.

WM. H. BALDWIN, Chairman.
A. A. CALL, Secy. and Treas.

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Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings.	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's.	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection.	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value.	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,443 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,617,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	236,502 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,416 05
REAL ESTATE	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$242,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Assets	\$2,792,902 9

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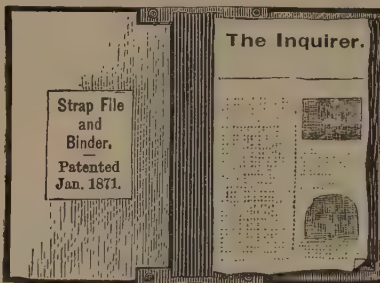
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 25.
WHOLE NO., 1595.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

BECAUSE of the large amount of space which it has seemed desirable to devote to the Toledo meeting of Western Liberals, our editorial department is this week compressed within narrow limits, and the paper affords less than the ordinary variety in other respects, valuable matter already in type having to be put aside until a future issue.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON'S veto of the so-called "Omnibus bill" which was expected to give to New York City a number of the advantages promised more permanently by the Constitutional amendments, is much to be regretted, and the greatest interest will be felt in the fate of the amendments themselves, the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate.

WE have been hoping to be able to reprint Carl Schurz's admirable speech made at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week but are compelled to forego the pleasure. As the utterance of an American Secretary of the Interior it was most refreshing and inspiring, and we heartily urge those of our readers who have not done so to get it and read it without delay.

THE war in the East progresses slowly, the crossing of the Danube rumored last week not having yet been attempted apparently. Roumania has proclaimed her independence and declared war, but it is said will remain on the defensive, which probably means until an offensive movement may seem desirable. In Asia Minor, Ardahan has it is said been captured by the Russians.

THE week has shown no considerable change in financial matters. The principal topic of discussion has been the policy of the treasury department, which meets with general approval among financial authorities and business men. The general stock market is irregular, and close competition between the coal companies is threatened. Gold is quoted at 106½. The last quotation of silver is 54½d. per ounce.

THE Sheik ul Islam has declared a "holy war" to which Bishop Cleveland Coxe has replied in like spirit. We suppose they would both be prepared to show their religion in its

richest development by having a ring formed in which they could appear as the representatives of their respective parties, and we shall regret if no suitable opportunity is afforded them. Many poor defenceless women and helpless babes might thus be spared much suffering.

THE position in France is anything but gratifying. Just in the middle of what seemed a most successful effort to establish a quiet and reputable parliamentary form of government, Marshal MacMahon has forced a crisis by compelling the resignation of a ministry in accord with the majority in the Chambers, and has formed a Cabinet from members of the Right, under the leadership of the reactionary Duke de Broglie. Gambetta has shown an unexpected conservatism, however, during the last two or three years, and should he prove himself equal to the occasion, France may yet show by a peaceful and dignified assertion of her rights, that she is entitled to be classed among politically civilized nations.

WE recall the circumstances connected with the filling of the Chair of Civil Engineering at the opening of Cornell University; a prominent Episcopalian of this State labored to prevent the appointment of a relative of his own because of his pronounced radicalism, but doubtless much to his surprise, was unable to induce President White (we believe himself an Episcopalian) to recognize the relevancy of the objection in view of the acknowledged fitness of the candidate for the position. Though Cleveland is no longer at the post the duties of which he performed so ably yet so disastrously to himself, the presence of Russell, Shackford, Oliver and others in the faculty speaks well for the independence of the University. Prof. Felix Adler, who is making so strong a position for himself in this city, remained connected with the faculty during the term for which he was elected, and President White saw no "occasion for interference save in recommending him to avoid statements likely to be misunderstood."

WE occasionally have a suggestion from a subscriber that we should eschew politics and leave the treatment of political questions to the "secular" press. The suggestion doubtless comes from a forgetfulness, or a want of knowledge, that we belong to the secular press. Being in this world we are also of the world, which is the best one we ever were in: we know more about it than we do about any other world, and believe that for the present both we and our neighbors have more to do in properly managing our affairs here than anywhere else. We should about as soon think of arbitrarily cutting off the discussion of moral or social topics as of political topics, in relation to each of which we trust that our remarks will invariably be taken at their precise value—neither more nor less. In politics, as a strife for personal ascendancy on the part of this or that party, this or that particular "leader," we have not a particle of interest; for politics as the science and method of civil government, we have unbounded respect. We treat religious topics more largely than any other because of their importance to those of us who are in this world; because they are the flower and crown of our thought, and because, rightly considered, they have relation to every other interest which concerns mankind.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

WE cheerfully surrender a large part of this week's paper to a full report of the proceedings of the first quarter-century meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, held at Toledo, Ohio, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. We are quite aware how utterly impossible it is to bottle up the life-essence of a public meeting, and diffuse it through the columns of a newspaper. The bare skeleton—some idea of the working of the machinery, some of the words through which the Spirit uttered itself—these may all be more or less imperfectly reported. But the glow of sympathetic feeling, the unutterable and muttered thoughts, the precious memories rekindled but not talked about, the mighty, quiet faith too deep for utterance—in what language can these be reported?

"But why report these conference meetings at all? Who cares a whit about them, for what they say or do not say, what they do or leave undone?" So will say many a busy man or woman among our readers, who has either grown tired of this sort of unselfish work for humanity, or, recognizing only the hindrances, the blunders, the so-called "failures" of the work, has relapsed from a wholesome, active interest, into an idle, fault-finding indifference. So will say many an "infallible conservative," who thinks everything is going wrong which departs in the least from the ways of the fathers. So will say many "an infallible radical," who thinks that the only work to which he is called is the faithful elevation of his nasal protuberance in a sort of ecstatic supreme contempt for fallible constructive workers. We have as much sympathy for the one as for the other, but beg leave to suggest that the men and women, whether East or West, North or South, who, all on fire in their souls with the beauty, grandeur and comprehensiveness of the newer aspects of faith, have not succumbed to the mere idealist's paralysis, feel that they can work best in organizations which bring them into vital contact with those most nearly allied to them, and are doing a noble work for humanity; a work which, though invisible to the naked eye, is just as sure in due season to bring forth fruit a hundred fold, as it is certain that the population of this country will number over a hundred million souls in the "year of grace," 1900.

I. "What is this Western Unitarian Conference, any how?" some of our readers will be sure to inquire. We will anticipate their question. It is an association representing some sixty *active* Unitarian and other liberal churches of the west, and an indefinite number of similar (more or less *inactive*) churches—only waiting to be resurrected by "the right man"—some seventy-four ministers, many of them "unsettled," but nearly all active, and many of them doing the whole work of at least half a dozen men, simply because they were not born to stand by and see so much important work undone.

II. "How do these Western Unitarian churches and ministers differ from other churches and ministers? what are they trying to do?" They represent the serious free thought of the time in its organized religious relations, aspirations, endeavors. They do not believe that irrational religion can do anything but harm to thoughtful people. They are therefore trying to do what they can to preach and put in practice reasonable religion, which they regard as something very different from religion as taught in the great majority of Christian churches. Their Unitarianism is intellectually of the live, progressive type; it is Unitarianism as a comprehensive and fructifying idea rather than Unitarianism as a dogmatic or denominational shibboleth: they believe in the revelation

of to-day and to-morrow just as much as in that of yesterday; they believe that religion and science are and must be explicitly recognized as friends, not foes; they have as a body no fear of the decay of any "doctrine" born to live eternally. Whatever is intended to die, disappear and be forgotten, will, must, and had better die, disappear and be forgotten. Whatever has in it life everlasting, cannot be destroyed, though it change its hue and form a thousand times. They believe in a *living* not in a *dead* God.

III. "How do these Western Unitarian and other liberal churches expect to effect anything considerable in the midst of so much popular ignorance, absorption in material interests, dullness, indifference, and organized opposition?" By fidelity under all circumstances to their highest ideals, by patient, persistent, faithful work in those channels of influence which are from time to time opened to them; by doing whatever they can to quicken the thought and promote the higher life of the communities in which they live.

We might multiply these questions and answers indefinitely, but we wish simply to impress upon our readers, in all parts of the country, that if the old Unitarianism—call it what you will—is dying and nearly dead, the new Unitarianism, which is a much more comprehensive, more thoroughgoing, more rational, more material, more spiritual thing, is just beginning to live, and is destined whether under the Unitarian name or not, as the future may prove, to have a powerful influence upon the American people at no very distant day. The Western Unitarian Conference is the only avowed representative of this new but mighty infant faith in the West. It is not yet easily weighable in ordinary scales. It spreads and hasn't all over more than twenty States and territories, yet learned just where its head and arms and feet and hands belong. But it is a healthy infant, full of promise—if the god-fathers and god-mothers only do their duty.

NEW QUESTIONS—NEW MEN.

THE INQUIRER of last week offered some considerations in reply to the complaint of the *New Age* that representative papers and men of the Liberal School take less interest than they should in the cause at issue between labor and capital. To what was then said it is not strictly necessary to add anything; and yet there is another word that may fitly be spoken and may be worth listening to;—it is to the point that new questions must be answered by new men; and old questions that present new aspects may best be treated by minds capable of viewing the new aspect.

Each generation submits its own problems, the old problems perhaps, in its own way. And the men of that generation must undertake the solution of them, usually must confine themselves to the solution of them. The last generation presented two problems, each enough to task the full strength of the men whom they concerned. The first was the solution of the Trinitarian question, with all that it comprised;—deity of Christ, fall of man, human depravity, atonement, salvation, the final judgment. This problem Unitarianism undertook. It required a full generation of study, scholarship, criticism, discussion—absorbing the time and mind of the most earnest people of the age. The task is but now done—thoroughly done; it will not need to be done again. To all intelligent regards the Trinitarian scheme is reduced to a mythology. The "Christian" system is disproved and virtually dispossessed. The humanity of Jesus is proved; the fragmentary, legendary, unhistorical character of the New Testament literature is established; the simply natural character of the incidents in the Messiah's career, from the

beginning to the close, has been made too clear to be intelligently doubted. In a word, the theological system of Christendom has received a blow that causes a withering at the root. No doubt it will survive for many a generation yet, and will seem to flourish. But science, philosophy, literature, art, criticism have abandoned it, and it will exist by force of habit. This was a mighty achievement. To have taken part in it, and contributed something to its accomplishment, is enough for a single life. To expect the toilers at such a task to do more is unreasonable. It would be unreasonable even if they had the power and wit to do more, which they have not. By education, training, experience, habits of mind, intellectual predeterminations, they are disqualified for work of a wholly different kind. Their talent, natural or acquired, is not available for the new demand.

The second question which was propounded to the men of the last generation was the abolition of slavery. It was answered; but only by the whole intellectual force of the minds that addressed themselves to it. For twenty or thirty years the best minds of the country devoted their energies to the mastery of this problem. The abler they were the more entirely were they possessed. To expect those minds to turn to other tasks of a quite foreign nature is to expect reformers to become economists, prophets to become scientists, enthusiasts to become engineers. The mental and moral machinery has been adjusted to other uses. There are new conditions to be satisfied, new ends to be accomplished, new methods to be employed. The case is well illustrated in Mr. Phillips' attempts to handle the currency question. An abler man than Mr. Phillips the country scarcely holds; a more sincere, devoted man, the country never saw; he was thoroughly acquainted with the slavery question; familiar with all its bearings, conversant with all its issues. It was a plain, broad, open question—solid, massive. It admitted of bold treatment at the hands of the moral sentiment. The lights and shadows lay in masses upon its surface. It was essentially a question between humanity and inhumanity.

The currency question is no such question. The labor question is no such question. These are not questions of feeling or sentiment. It is only by the most violent figure of speech that the workingman can be called a slave, or the capitalist a slave-holder. Neither the theological critic nor the moral reformer has the tools for such work. If they could be put into his hands he would not know how to use them. It is like Anna Dickinson, the prophetess, putting on a stage dress, and professing a calling at the furthest extreme from her own. Mr. Phillips' achievements, as an economist, provoke among experts the same kind of comment that is excited by Miss Dickinson's performances as an actress. Both do their best, and were it a question of will, would succeed. But it is not. The labor question in republican society is a new question. It has taken on new features within fifteen years. It seems to be forgotten that minds contract habits and that habits contract minds. To know what one can do and what one cannot do, to know what to touch and what to leave alone, to know when to stop, to discern the line that separates the problems of one age from those of another—is true wisdom. So far from sympathizing, therefore, with the complaint of the *New Age*, we should rather beg the men it calls on to come forward, to stay still where they are, lest by meddling they make matters worse. Let the new men try their hands; let the newly opened eye report its vision; call in the young, whose minds are not cumbered by prejudices, or trammelled by obsolete methods of inquiry. The scientific process must have its chance now. The metaphysical epoch is done, so far at

least as social problems are concerned. The element of passion, declamation, impulse, however powerful in other respects, must here be not primary but secondary. They whose interest is deepest, may be those who only watch and wait.

O. B. F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SALON.

PARIS, April 31, 1877.

TO-DAY is what is called the "Varnishing Day" at the Salon, a day when only artists exposing pictures are supposed to be admitted for the purpose of varnishing their pictures, but really a day when they take in all the friends they see fit and employ themselves in criticising rather sharply the works of their fellows—very little varnishing is done. The first glance around the Salon—and one really makes on the first day little more than a succession of these glances, leaving the careful study of individual pictures to future visits—shows that the number of rooms devoted to the paintings is larger even than last year. One notices, too, an absence of very striking pictures; there are none, like the Sylvestre of last year, that at once rivets the attention. The nearest approach to it in tragic effect is perhaps "L'inondation" by Roll, a picture which does not approach it in composition or technique. The picture which seems to stand the best chance of taking the *médaille d'honneur* is "L'état-major autrichien devant le corps de Marceau," by Jean-Paul Laurens. This certainly is the most remarkable painting in the exposition, a wonderful composition, full of sentiment, color and technique, broad and yet finished, one can almost feel the silence of the death-chamber. As there are no paintings that at once strike one as did Sylvestre's, so there are few that shock as did many in last year's Salon by their paucity of sentiment and lack at once of study and painting. The general average of this year is decidedly better than that of 1876. The jury this year awarded to 49 of the 7,923 pictures presented the title of being very good—No. 1. Of those presented last year but 11 received this mark of distinction. One notices, too, fewer nude studies than in 1876, though there are perhaps rather more *naked* women. More artists have turned their attention to landscapes, and the results are pleasing. There are, too, more religious subjects than usual.

The American students and artists in Paris are represented by numerous paintings, I wish I could say by striking pictures. That of F. A. Bridgman, of New York, is incomparably the best and needs but little to make it one of the pictures of the Salon. Its title is "Les funérailles d'une momie," and the handling shows great research into ancient lore. The mummy is being conveyed to the tomb in a boat, accompanied by several others filled with the assistants at the funeral ceremony. It is in these figures that the only weakness of the picture is felt. They do not do justice to the solemnity of the occasion. "La mort du premier né," by C. S. Pearce, of Boston, probably takes the next place among those by Americans. The subject is powerfully rendered. His portrait of M'le. W. is also excellent in color and handling. Mr. Charles E. Dubois, of New York is well represented by two landscapes, entitled "Les bords de l'Hudson" and "Le Soir." They are both American views, though the latter from its thoroughly French style of handling has more the appearance of a landscape on this side the water. Mr. Dubois shows each year a marked improvement in color, and it is unfortunate that his present paintings are hung so near several others of very high tones. They are rendered somewhat gray by the contrast. Both are "on the line." Mr. D. R. Knight, of Philadelphia, sends "Porteurs d'eau de village." The figures are carefully studied and well drawn, showing to a great extent the influence of Mr. Knight's former studies with Meissonier. The color of the picture is not at all pleasant, and not to be compared with some of the artist's former efforts. Mr. J. C. Beckwith, though for several years a student of Carolus Duran, contents himself with a modest head, a study from an old man. The painting shows great care and evinces the earnest study of the artist. It has been hung rather high. Mr. J. S. Sargent, of Philadelphia, is well represented by a strongly-painted portrait. The pose is rather constrained, the body appearing contorted; an effect which is heightened by a diagonal line of buttons. The left sleeve, too, looks hardly capable of containing an arm. In color, the portrait is excellent. The painting is hung on the line. Mr. W. H. Low, of Albany, sends a portrait of M'le Albani, a work which

shows the need of much hard work on the part of the artist. The drapery is exceedingly well painted, but the head and arms are neither good in color nor modelling. Mr. Low evidently needed more time for the portrait than he was able to devote to it. The artist is better represented by a landscape, "Le jour des Morts"—peasants crossing the plain of Barbizon to a distant church. This painting is treated broadly, is good in color and drawing. Both are well hung. Mr. H. R. Bloomer, of New York, has two landscapes, one entitled, "Après l'orage," the other representing a scene near Grez. Both are good in color, but the former was much better two weeks before it left the easel than it is now. Mr. Bloomer generally paints in a broad, powerful way, and the small effect of this picture is something unusual with him. Had he realized when his work was done it would have been better. The second picture is a pleasing bit of simple landscape and a better exponent of the artist's ability. Both pictures are well hung. Mr. Henry Bacon, of Boston, has a scene on board a Transatlantic steamer. It is a pleasant composition, but shows that the artist depended too much upon his sketches in putting his figures into the picture. Many of them would have been better had he employed more models. The sea and rigging are well rendered. The painting is on the line. Mr. S. G. Middleton, of Brooklyn, sends a sunny landscape carefully studied from nature. The trees are well drawn and the color of the whole, though perhaps a little crude, is very good. The picture is hardly as good as other of Mr. Middleton's efforts, but gives great promise for his future career. It is hung a little above the line. Mr. Edwin Russell has two portraits, one rendered in a somewhat painstaking manner, the other broadly. The latter was commenced only a few days before the opening of the Salon and does a deal of credit to the artist. Both are hung rather high. Mr. A. H. Thayer, of Brooklyn, sends a genre picture, called "Le Sommeil," representing a baby asleep with a dog in its arms. The subject is a simple one and does not represent the capability of Mr. Thayer, who has painted many stronger things. The handling of this is good in that it is simple and broad and the color is excellent. We shall look for something more ambitious from Mr. Thayer in 1878. Mr. Theodore Robinson, of Irasburg, sends "Une jeune fille," a peasant child's head painted in a broad and simple way that gives much promise. It is well hung. The portraits exposed by Mr. G. P. A. Healy are certainly disappointing as coming from an artist whose reputation is so well and long established. They lack much of perfection in both color and modelling. The hands of his Gambetta are decidedly poor in drawing. Several other Americans are represented, and of them I will speak hereafter.

In the department of sculpture there are, as in the painting, few works that stand out in high relief from the mass. The general average seems much lower than that of last year. The great success of the year is the bronze statue of the "Pêcheur Napolitain," by Genito, of Naples, a wonderful piece of modelling and action. The boy is squatting upon his heels striving to take from the hook the fish he has just caught. The whole is so wonderfully natural that one feels the boy must be tired from his constrained position.

H. C. A.

A NUT TO CRACK.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
The walls were thick, and the ceiling low,
And seldom outdoors did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book
Of any sort was she seen to look,
Yet she imagined she knew much more
Than man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,
Of the dazzling splendor of Eastern kings,
Of mountains covered with ice and snow
When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land,
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,
Of buried treasures;—but though she heard,
She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut
About the size of a hickory nut,
At peace with herself, and quite content
With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,
Because so very little she knows,
For keeping her doors and her windows shut,
She has shriveled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no larger grow
If you rest contented with what you know,
But a pitiful object you will dwell,
Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD in *Wide Awake*.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

CELEBRATION OF ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AT TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE unusual interest manifested at the last annual meeting of the Western Conference, held at Louisville, Ky., in May, 1876, both helped and hindered the meeting at Toledo last week. We were conscious of some increment of wholesome life attributable to the impetus gained at the last session, but it was equally clear that the good time at Louisville was to be made to last by many far-distant members during several succeeding sessions. We missed the benediction of Mr. Heywood's saintly face, Mr. Brigham was detained by serious illness at Ann Arbor, and Rev. Messrs. Bailey, Catlin, Clute, Copeland, Douthitt, Effinger, both the Eliots, Miller, Sunderland and many others, were all among the missing. Immense distances, hard times, a lack of the co-operative spirit, illness, Spring weariness—such were the reasons assigned for so much absenteeism.

But the following roll of delegates reported present shows that there was no lack of the right material for a spirited and successful session:

DELEGATES REPORTED PRESENT.

ANN ARBOR.—Mrs. Israel Hall.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Rev. S. H. Camp, formerly pastor of the Toledo church.

BUFFALO.—Rev. Geo. W. Cutler, O. G. Steele, J. Salter and Mr. Felton.

CHICAGO.—

Unity Church.—Rev. Robert Collyer and wife, Thomas Howard, Miss T. L. Roberts.

Church of the Messiah.—Rev. Brooke Herford and wife, Rev. T. B. Forbush, D. L. Shorey and wife, Miss Shorey, Mrs. and Miss Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Murry Nelson, Miss Storrs, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Beecher, Miss Loomis.

Third Church.—Rev. E. P. Powell, Mrs. Broonell, Miss Campbell, Horace Badger.

CINCINNATI.—Rev. C. W. Wendte, Mrs. A. Hunert, Mrs. Justis, Mrs. Chas. Truesdale, Mrs. A. W. Brotherton.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Rev. S. S. Hunting.

DETROIT.—Rev. Calvin Stebbins.

GENEVA, ILL.—Rev. T. H. Eddows.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—Rev. Geo. W. Cooke.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Rev. J. L. Jones.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—B. F. Smith, Mrs. A. E. Hall.

KENOSHA, WIS.—Rev. H. M. Simmons, Clarence Van Wie.

MEADVILLE, PENNA.—Rev. R. S. Morison, Mr. H. H. Woude, Miss A. Van E. Huidekoper, Mrs. E. E. Cullum.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—President A. A. Livermore, Messrs. Clark and Sample.

MILWAUKEE.—Rev. G. E. Gordon.

MONROE, WIS.—Rev. J. Fisher.

NEW YORK.—Rev. Russell N. Bellows, editor of the INQUIRER.

SANDUSKY.—Oren Follett.

ST. LOUIS.—Rev. J. C. Larned, Rev. John Snyder.

TOLEDO.—E. D. Flynn, Mrs. C. Cravens, W. C. Earl.

The Conference assembled at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening in the First Unitarian Church, Rev. Charles Cravens, pastor. Many of the delegates did not arrive until Wednesday morning, but the large church was comfortably filled by a congregation which, after devotional exercises led by Mr. Cravens, listened with close attention to the opening sermon by Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Kenosha, Wis., of which we present the following abstract revised by the preacher:

MR. SIMMONS' DISCOURSE.

THE subject of the sermon was "Religious Unity in and by Diversity," texts being taken from 1st Cor. 12:11, and Eph. 4:13.

Would the world ever reach religious unity? There is greater diversity of religious belief to-day than ever before. Not only the old religions still divide the world, but the Christianity which was to unite the world had itself split into unnumbered sects. In England alone in 1875, 143 dissenting sects were recognized, with three or four new ones arising each year. Growing diversity, too, is not mere historic fact, but very law of nature. The progress was traced in detail through the successive geologic ages, from the primeval simplicity to to-day's life with its more than a quarter million species. Everywhere, too, the more complex the structure the higher the life. The human body shows the greatest variety of organs. Brain and mind add the infinite variety of thought. Society continues the tendency, dividing into nations and tribes with diverse language and habits. In each division society separates into classes and trades, with increasing diversity of habits reacting on character, until in civilized society the diversity extends to the individuals, and twin brothers may differ more in appearance than fish of different genera. Mankind is not so much a genus as a collection of individuals. This diversity working outward through nature becomes personal at last and writes itself in our very faces.

But the diversity writes itself still plainer in our minds. Physically, Humboldt and the Feejee may be classed together, but mentally they separate well nigh as much as the Feejee from the fish. The most intellectual society, too, shows the widest variety of opinions and meets yours with most criticism. In short, the growing diversity reaches its freest expression in cultured intellect.

Should we then expect men to agree in religious opinion? They do not agree even in their perceptions. In an infinite world each sees only the picture which his personality frames. In their opinions they differ more widely. Even in physical science they can't agree. Pasteur and Bastian contradict each other on the question of spontaneous generation. The allopathist and homeopathist think each other fools, and only an unusual measure of divine grace keeps them from saying so. In historical questions where conflicting testimony and tradition enter, men differ more. Elizabeth and Cromwell furnish the lyceums with perennial subjects for debate. Schliemann thinks he has found Agamemnon's bones, but some as good Greek scholars as he think Agamemnon never had any bones. Eighteen hundred years the church has been trying to settle what Jesus was and taught. Have they settled it? Let those 143 sects in England answer; and when you see how their contradictory answers eliminate from him one feature after another, perhaps you will be ready to have some charity for the school that thinks Jesus never lived at all.

In questions about spirit men differ still more widely. Thought, in their definitions, ranges from a secretion of the brain to a suggestion from the Deity; speculation now makes mind a form of matter, now annihilates both mind and matter, and makes thought only "the dream of a dream."

Still more they must differ about the unknown and infinite Spirit of the universe. Opinions about Deity range from barbarism with its countless gods, to civilization with its one and countless opinions about that one; from the savage with his god, having all the passions of a man, to the philosopher who thinks it profane to limit Deity even by the boundary of personality. No other subject has evoked such diverse opinion as Deity.

So the religions divide. The worshippers of the same God divide into Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, who think each other infidels. Christians worshipping not only the same God, but the same Christ, divide. Protestants having the law-lettered in the same Bible find the most contradictory opinions in it, until we have not only sects but sub-sects innumerable; twelve kinds of Baptists and thirteen kinds of Methodists in England alone. Fewer and smaller the sects grow, until we hear of the woman whose church had been reduced to herself and John, and who did not feel quite sure about John. The woman was only ahead of her time. She it is whom the ages have prophesied. The grow-

ing diversity becomes personal at last, even in religion, and the saints will become not denominational but themselves. Agree, says the church; differ, answers nature, and we know which command will be obeyed. Diversity is the law, and religion must follow it or die.

Yet diversity is but a half truth, and the superficial truth, too. Religious life is symbolized by a tree—its trunk of common truths one, and ever growing larger as the diverse leaves of opinion multiply. The Christian sects agree in far more than they differ. They are also connected more widely with all other religions. Christianity sowed broadcast the seed that had ripened in Jewish schools. Judaism itself cultivated the same principles that were growing in Gentile religions. All religions are connected in a common trunk which is twisted from the the same fibres of justice, and traversed by the same channels of mercy. Even to those who would treat Christianity as a separate tree, botany answers that all trees and shrubs and herbs are one life. The species merge together and the lines cannot be drawn. The vegetation is all akin from the lichen of the desert to the fig-trees of Judea. So from savage superstition up to the richest fruit of Christian morals and most delicate flower of religious sentiment, the religions of the world are the varied forms of one spiritual life. Religion is one.

History reads further, and seeing religions, laws, customs, and legends answer to each other from around the earth, adds that humanity is one. Anatomy reads further, and declares humanity is one with the animal kingdom below it; the species merge together, and all animal life is one. Biology reads further, and says animal and vegetable life together are one; the line between them cannot be drawn; all life is one. Nay more, the line between the living and the unliving cannot be drawn; microscopists can't agree whether *Bathylbius* is alive or not; the organic and inorganic world together are one, composed of the same elements and subject to the same forces. All the forces are one, adds Physics; all tones and colors are degrees of undulation; motion, sound, heat, light, electricity, and chemical change, are only different dialects into which the same all-pervading force is translated; the earth, with its infinite variety, is one. It is one with the universe, too, adds Astronomy, as she traces the one law that moves all planets and suns, and finds the nebulous elements from which they sprung; nay, sees worlds still being born from the elements, showing that all time is one. Finally, from varied evidences, the suspicion grows with some that the elements themselves are not sixty-four and distinct, but are all forms of one.

So the unity reveals itself. Religion is one, humanity one, life one, nature one, time one, the universe one. But what is this after all but the same old truth that God is one, and that the robe in which He reveals himself is without seam?

The unity of God, like all great truths, is revealed slowly. Some think it came through Israel; Renan traces it more widely to Semitic instinct; Müller finds it in Aryan religions. But the fact is that like all deep truths, no notion nor age can claim its discovery. All races and times and departments of thought have had to combine to syllable the sentence, and not till science has uttered her word of eternal order is the unity of God fully revealed. The Hebrew prophets hardly knew how grand their utterance that God is one. Our denominational forefathers who re-declared it, and for this denial of the Trinity were called Unitarians, hardly knew how grand the name. But we begin to see it. Even Orthodoxy is yearly returning to the doctrine that God is one. So philosophy, history, science and religion join hands at last as one, and echo back and forth each to each, as the deepest truth each has found—*Unity*.

So unity is truer than diversity. But even this unity which we have traced is not all. This is but the unity from which all diversities spring. There is a higher unity into which all the diversities unite. The law of progress is from unity through diversity to a closer unity. The nebula, one in nature, becomes more truly one in suns and planets, all bound together so closely that each meteor's fall is felt to the furthest satellite. The human body with its greatest diversity of parts shows also the highest unity, with its parts bound into the closest harmony and sympathy of nerve and mind. So the diverse members in religion become one body as Paul figured it. All the diverse religions

become one body. The theologies are many members, more or less honorable; but through them all the principles of justice and mercy run as one nervous system, through which we feel the thrill of that "religion of humanity" that is more and more uniting the world as one.

So we read the law more fully. From the unity of nature, through the growing diversities, to the higher unity of spirit. But first, last and everywhere—unity.

This sacred word we as a denomination are so fortunate as to wear in our name. Let us be true to it. First, it commands charity. It bids us endure and welcome all diversities of opinion, and the name of that unity of nature from which they have sprung, and that unity of spirit which they are producing. But it commands zeal, too. Just because men are so diverse that some need not our doctrines, others do need them. So this truth of unity in and by diversity gives us both charity and zeal, the two poles of religious life.

At the conclusion of the opening services, delegates from abroad were received by the Committee of Reception and assigned to homes.

WEDNESDAY'S SESSION.

Opened with a Devotional and Fellowship meeting, led by Rev. Brooke Herford, and participated in by Revs. Robert Collyer, S. H. Camp, and C. W. Wendte. The general theme was the importance of an occasional change of our spiritual diet, and the good to be got out of these conference meetings.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, the Conference was called to order for business by the President, Daniel L. Shorey, Esq., of Chicago.

The following address of welcome to the delegates was then given by Rev. Charles Cravens, of Toledo:

"MR. PRESIDENT:—It becomes my pleasant duty to pronounce the word of greeting and cordial welcome to the delegates and visitors to this Conference.

Isolated as we are in Toledo from those of like faith, it has been with peculiar interest that we have looked forward to this meeting. When others have united their labors in a common work, as many of the churches in this city have done lately, we have sometimes almost felt as though our line of individuality and independence has had "room and verge" more ample than exactly agreeable.

It will be exceedingly pleasant, therefore, to feel, for a few days at least, that strength and sympathy which comes from union and fellowship of kindred spirits. And yet we are profoundly conscious that we must ever rely mainly on our own strength, either as individuals or as a congregation. But the spirit which we shall catch from the Conference, the fervor that it will kindle in our hearts will remain with us through many weeks and months to come, and help us in that work appointed us here, and which is at once our highest duty and our highest privilege.

Hoping you may all richly enjoy this season of communion and return to your homes in health and safety, quickened and invigorated for the work that awaits you, I extend to you, from my own heart and from the hearts of my people, a most sincere and cordial welcome."

A letter from Mr. Joseph Shippen, the Recording Secretary, resigning his place, was then read, and Rev. J. N. Pardee was chosen in his place.

A telegraphic dispatch from Rev. C. H. Brigham, Ann Arbor, announced his improving condition since his paralytic stroke on Monday.

A dispatch was read from Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the A. U. A., regretting his inability, through pressure of home duties, to be present.

On motion of Mr. Nelson, the Chairman named Messrs. Nelson, Powell, Jones, Hunting and Heywood as a Committee on Work, and Messrs. Cravens, Cooke and Snyder a Committee on Business.

President A. A. Livermore, of Meadville Theological School, then read an interesting historical address, tracing the history of the Conference from its foundation twenty-five years ago. We regret that we cannot find room for the whole, but the most interesting passages will be found below:

PRESIDENT LIVERMORE'S HISTORICAL ESSAY.

THE first meeting was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 7, 1852. It was the fresh and early time, the springtime of our hearts and hopes. Most of us were new in the West. The halo of romance still lay on its wonderful prairies, so unlike our New England hill country, on its mighty Ohios and Mis-

sissippi and Missouri, and its Aladdin-built cities. We had scattered our invitations to the Conference with no stinted hand. East, West, North and South were invited to come and sit down in the Queen City at our feast. I have a package of letters here, of answers to these invitations, and after twenty-five years it is very good reading. I do not know as we could do better to-day, perhaps not as well. Here were the great men, and the men not so great, all taking a most friendly and fraternal interest in our little meeting. Dr. Hall, Dr. Burnap, Gilman, Walker, Gannett, Dewey, Lincoln, May, Hosmer, Shippen, Clarke, Theodore Clapp, Dr. Abbot, Bartol, Osgood, Prof. Frederic Huidekoper, Dr. Stebbins, Peabody, and others, wrote and dropped many hints of wisdom. But few could come, the distance was great, they were full of preoccupations, some pleaded the expense, some had come out of the winter the worse for wear, but all wished well to this new-born child of the West, heir of a magnificent opportunity, so it seemed. Twelve Western societies were represented, and half a dozen brethren from the East were all we could muster.

We met in that dear old smoky church at the corner of Race and Fourth streets, the church where Ephraim Peabody and William Henry Channing and James H. Perkins had been pastors, and where now stands a large dry goods store. There were Bros. Eliot, Hosmer, Heywood, Clarke, Frederic Huidekoper, De Lange and his bride of two days, Mumford, Shippen, Boyer, Webster, Scarborough, Conant "the man in earnest," and the wise men from the East were Drs. Lothrop, George Ellis and Briggs. William Greene, Esq., of Cincinnati, was chosen President, and he contributed much to the success of the meeting by promptness and punctuality, adherence to parliamentary rules, and that love of keeping the digressing ministers to the question, which I have observed gratifies the lay-mind, as some pleasant retaliation for being so soundly lectured to from the pulpit without chance of reply. Reports verbal were made of the churches, sermons were preached by Messrs. Briggs, Mumford, Lothrop, Clarke and Ellis, and the Lord's Supper was administered by Messrs. Conant and Heywood. The chief work then done at Cincinnati was making the Constitution, which was so well put together that it has required but little tinkering since.

[Here followed a brief history of each meeting of the Conference in which we trace the appearance and disappearance as members, of Conway, Mayo, Vickers, F. Frothingham, N. A. Staples and many others. The changing questions which claimed the interest of the members, permanent and temporary, national and local, are well presented and are interesting to note, as well as the changing fortunes of the conference, pecuniary and otherwise; but want of space compels us to omit further mention of them.]

It is the 23d session which we are now attending, at the close of 25 years, the meetings having been omitted in 1861, 1868 and 1871, the first time on account of the war; in 1871 on account of the Chicago fire, and once in 1868 apparently because there was no fire enough.

Each of these Conferences has in its place and time been declared to be the best ever held, in the amiable judgment of those who attended it, so that they have been steadily rising in interest for twenty-five years! May the present one put on the crown to all the rest!

The work of the Conference is set forth in the Constitution; it is:

1st. The promotion of the Christian spirit in the several churches which compose it, and the increase of vital practical religion.

2d. The diffusion of Gospel truth, and the accomplishment of such works of Christian benevolence as may be agreed upon.

3d. The support of domestic or home missionaries, the publication of tracts, the distribution of religious books, the promotion of theological education, and extending aid to such societies as may need it.

As we look back over twenty-five years, and ask ourselves how much of this work we have been able to do, and how much of it we have left undone, we can no doubt see how very far we have come short of the plan with which we set out. Probably we all built some castles in the air then which have been since dissipated, but the faith and the enthusiasm were good, and we would not have been without

them. We did not then compute the obstacles in our way, the frequent changes of ministers, the ups and downs of societies, the fluctuations of the community, the lukewarmness of some, and the loss of faith of others, hard-times, war, fires, moral and philosophical changes in the spirit of the age, revolutions and reforms—all altering the status of society, and essentially modifying the constituency on which we depend.

Few epochs in history can tell a grander story than these twenty-five years. The anti-slavery conflict, the war for the Union, the emancipation of the slaves, the oceanic telegraph, the discoveries in science, the perfecting of the arts, the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, the unification of Germany, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, the amelioration of ancient creeds, and the rationalizing of religion in the Old World and the New, will be remembered as bright trophies of this period.

In many of these things your ministers and people have borne a part, and left an honorable record. During the war out of twenty-nine ministers in the West in our body sixteen went into the army, and two of those as private soldiers in the ranks. Rev. Mr. Stone of Fond du Lac raised a company, and went out as Captain. The rest went as Chaplains, of whom four died in the service: A. H. Conant, L. Whitney, F. R. Newell and L. B. Mason.

While so many went to the war, others remained, and kept up "the apostolical succession" at home, and not a few were joined by their labors to "the noble army of martyrs."

The limits of our territory have been somewhat shadowy and fluctuating. Once Syracuse was our Dan and St. Louis the Beersheba of our American Palestine, but we have grown and spread till we have had delegates from Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and Galveston. Often we have greeted our brethren from the East, and sometimes from over the sea. In fact,—

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

We have tried to do a little in the way of promoting the cause by way of religious literature, as well as the spoken word, and the living missionaries. We recall now the little work called "Unitarian Views Vindicated," as very useful,—the works entitled "The Doctrines of Christianity," "The Discipline of Sorrow," "Lectures to Young Men," "Lectures to Young Women," "Discourses," "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," "Nature and Life," "The Life that Now Is," "A Man in Earnest, or Memoirs of A. H. Conant," "Memoirs of James H. Perkins," "Way, Truth and Life, or the Life and Sermons of Rev. N. Augustus Staples," "The Western Sanitary Commission," "The Soldiers' Manual of Devotion," "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," "The Golden Hour," "The Rejected Stone," "Tracts for To-Day," "Christ's Mission to the Underworld," "Judaism at Rome," "Discourses on Unitarianism," "Sunderland's Sermons," "The Sunday-School Papers," "Sermons of Every Day Life," "Life of S. J. May."

Then in the way of tracts and books for circulation we have had our places of deposit, sale and distribution in most of the cities. The Liberal Christianity Fund at Meadville, established by Joshua Brooks of New York, has through Prof. F. Huidekoper gratuitously circulated more than 40,000 volumes during the last eighteen years among the clergymen of the West irrespective of denomination.

We have almost invariably had missionaries going out in this vast prairie and lake land to gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost, to pursue the fugitives who have fled away from the presence of the Lord into the wilderness, and reassure them, "Surely Jehovah is in this place, and we know it not." The Jacobs who have gone to Haran, the prodigals who have wandered to a far country, and sometimes like him of old have been feeding swine, or pork-packing, they have sought to remind them of their Father's house and love. The solitary Unitarians, who hang their harps on the willows of the North Platte or the Big Blue, must not be forgotten. The occasional visit of the man of God, whether he be one of the major prophets like Isaiah or Elijah or one of the minor ones like Micah will be remembered for a life time, and for a life time be a helping word and an uplifting influence. For these things are not measured by time or place or frequency, but by potency of spirit and fit and happy conjunction. The words which have

been dropped by Bro. Coddington and Augustus Staples and Leonard Whitney and A. H. Conant, are living seeds which even now are bearing harvests of good on many a plain and by many a river of the West, to say nothing of the ministrations not less prolific and fructifying of those living and present brethren, whose modesty I will not offend by blazoning their names. This beneficence is incalculable, and though no churches should be gathered, and we could make only a sorry figure of our statistics, we must try and keep the Divine word circulating, the creative word, let there be light, the converting word, God is Love.

There was a purpose in this Conference not stated in the Constitution and By-Laws, but which was probably quite as prominent in the minds of the Founders as any that was recorded. It was to promote Christian fellowship and acquaintance, and advance the Communion of Saints. In the world we should have tribulation, all the sects against us, our names cast out as evil, a sect everywhere spoken against, "but within the brotherhood ye shall have peace." Much is said I know sneeringly of Unitarians as a mutual admiration club, but I regard it as a means of grace, if it is used graciously, and we thank God for it. It is a special dispensation to put us in good heart, a re-enforcement of our faith, else we should grow faint and weary. May the Unitarian fellowship grow warmer and warmer! May we prize the opportunity and privilege to belong to so noble and excellent and delightful a company of people. There are many people in the ardent expectation of going to heaven, with whom we should esteem it somewhat of a cross to make our way thither. We should feel like saying, Pray have me excused. The heaven we hope for is planted here, and it is in common aims, congeniality of disposition, self-forgetfulness, consideration for others, warm and ever-breathing kindness, much more than in doctrinal tests, it is superfluous to say than in creeds, ceremonies, or denominational boundaries, that the souls are ripening which we shall be most happy to meet in our heaven.

It was long ago made a proverb at the "Hub" "that the Transcendentalists did not pay cash." Whether we belong or not to that body which has already drifted by and is almost out of sight and mind in the more exigent questions of this day, there is color to the imputation that we are not skillful organizers, denominational financiers, or getters-together of money, or pickers-up of funds. One evidence that we are the children of light is that we have not the wisdom of this world. Our great enterprises all hang fire because we esteem it our duty to be so liberal as to help other societies sooner than our own, to build other folks' churches, which when built would turn a Dewey or a Ware from their doors. This is one of the practical infirmities of our faith. See how meagre have been the sums which have been recorded as raised by this Conference during the last twenty-five years, and in how many years no funds have been in the Treasury worth the mention. He that provides not for them of his own household of faith is worse than an infidel. But give us the money which during this very period we, as Unitarians, have been paying to support or build other churches, or have put into the orthodox missionary box, and we could do what Brother Jones wants us to do—put a missionary into every State of the West to organize societies in that State, go to and fro in it, and make proclamation everywhere of the Unitarian gospel, and hasten the good time coming. But there is no use in complaining and criticising. It is a habit of which Unitarians cannot easily be broken, and probably never will be. They are so generous-hearted and open-handed and unsuspicious that they will go right home from this meeting—you will, my dear brethren and sisters—and will give to the first Methodist who comes along and wants a lift to help him build a church, or a Baptist who is working to get up a parsonage, or to eke out just that fifty dollars which must be paid as that part which is expected of the Presbyterians of Akron for missions in India this Spring, and my words will all be as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered again. But do, please, the next time the box is passed to help a Meadville student, or set Bro. Jones on his feet, or to enable Bro. Douthitt—and mind you they were once Meadville students—to accomplish his great plans, bigger than those of Moses, not to lead his people out of Egypt, but to convert *Egypt itself*, and make it the Holy Land of the Lord—when this comes to pass, be

sure and put liberally into the treasury of the Western Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches.

Another thing. I do not like to speak of it, but I must. Our alms-giving and asylum-giving, like our creeds and our governments, need reconstructing. We eat up all our benevolence in local charities. Unfortunately, our charity not only begins at home, but often ends there. We spend enough on dead beats and tramps to send the Gospel ringing round the world. Our civilization is corrupted with nursing and cossetting. We have not yet learned that Franklin motto, "Mankind is all of a family." There are so many hospitals and asylums and retreats and refuges that there is danger that by and by we shall all be in them, and then who will build our ships and work the farms? If we were to strike more directly for the moral, intellectual and religious interests of men in reform, education, missions, and a pure and positive religion, we should need far less of this patchwork on the rents of our civilization, and mending and petting men and women who ought to take care of themselves, and keep out of fire and water, and who would and could, if they had but a teaspoonful of faith in things good, beautiful and true administered to them, and if they had been brought near enough to touch but the hem of Christ's garment. Science and sewerage cannot save the world, though glorious things in their way and in their place. Rome had the *Cloaca maxima*, the giant sewer, but it could not cleanse the eternal city of the corruption which tainted the palaces of the Cæsars. Our civilization has only one salt that can preserve it from ultimate putrefaction, and that is the salt of wisdom, of heavenly faith, of divine love. And it is that salt which your missionaries seek to diffuse through this immense Western world.

But beside the missionary work which the Western Conference has done within its own metes and bounds, it has sent out some foreign missionaries. It has placed men who have formerly been its members and ministers, or who have been trained in its Theological School at Meadville, in positions of influence abroad. Rev. J. Murray has gone to Ilminster, England, Rev. J. Fraser to Doncaster, Rev. Eli Fay to Sheffield, Rev. Silas Farrington to Manchester, Rev. W. H. Channing to Poole, and M. D. Conway to London. These men have probably carried off some influence for good from their association with us and with the free spirit of this great West which will be felt in the haunts of the old civilization of our mother country.

Then we have tried to see what could be done with our Unitarian brethren themselves who are getting so many maggot in their brains, and especially about the "Hub," where heresies of all kinds are so rife. Many of us do not regard Boston as quite sound in the faith. Hence we took the most venerable man we had, long an influential pastor, President of our Conference for many faithful years, President of our Unitarian Antioch, and planted him down in Newton, within hailing distance and short range of that hot-bed of error. Then to beard the lion in his den, Dr. J. F. Clarke, a member of the Western Conference; at its first meeting, and Dr. Laird Collier are placed in Boston itself, we have set Rev. Thomas J. Mumford to editing the *Christian Register*, and Rev. H. H. Barber, a Meadville student, to editing the *Unitarian Review*, and Rev. Rush R. Shippen to take charge of the American Unitarian Association and put Rev. C. A. Staples in Providence, and Rev. A. D. Mayo, in Springfield on the Connecticut, so that we have sanguine hopes of getting things straightened out in that quarter by and by. We have put two others of our number in New York to help along there, regarding that as a good missionary field, second only to New England, and a terribly corrupt community, morally, socially, educationally, politically, financially, editorially and religiously, so Rev. J. C. Zachos has charge of Cooper Institute, the greatest educating institution of New York, and one of your own pastors, brethren of Toledo, and you know how much you loved him—Rev. S. H. Camp on Brooklyn Heights to keep watch as on the towers of Zion against the enemy.

We have had a fair proportion of the *lay* element in the list of our officers, and our members and delegates. But it is the misfortune of such bodies as this that they are so almost exclusively in the hands of the ministers and managed and looked after by them. It cannot be helped, but the evil we must recognize. Clergymen are not in general good hands at either raising money, or spending it. They are

afraid to ask their people for money. Often they would rather pay it out of their own pocket, if they had it, than play the beggar. Then many ministers have the erroneous idea that every dollar spent in missions or charity is so much abstracted from the ability to pay their own salaries and endangers their continuance, not seeing as plain as daylight that the habit of giving, and the investment of heart and feeling in the grand enterprises of Christianity increases, not diminishes, the ability and the disposition to maintain the home institutions in all their vigor. We need to enlist laymen more and more in this work of upbuilding and spreading religion and righteousness in the community and the world, to make them feel that it is not the business of the ministers only or chiefly to look after these things, that it is not a professional or partisan interest, but a human interest, one as broad as society itself, one involving first or last the weal of every man, woman and child in the community.

One thing for which we should thank God and take courage over this day in the retrospect is that there have been so few moral break-downs, so few bad eggs among either the clergy or laity belonging to this body. Some there have been, I know, but the standard morally has been high, and has been kept high, and it must still be kept high. With so many moral wrecks along our mercantile and professional shores, warning us where the shoals and reefs are, we cannot be too careful and vigilant.

And then as to the general outlook, take it all in all, the bad and the good, when had we ever better cause for hope and courage and a steady working faith than now? Twenty-five years ago the lyceum it was predicted would overshadow the pulpit, and make it obsolete. But the pulpit has stood its own, and it is the lecture that no longer draws crowds. In no period of the Christian church has there been a band of more popular and wide-influencing preachers than to-day. Dean Stanley, Cannon Liddon, Dr. Vaughan, Capel, and Spurgeon in England, Murray, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Swing, and Cook in America, not to wound the modesty of our brethren of the liberal ranks by recounting our brilliant pulpit lights.

It is not for us to predict. When Disraeli was asked, what is going to happen, he replied, "The unexpected."

James Martineau has said in a late private letter—and it is the testimony of one who "has threaded all the mazes and sounded all the depths of modern speculation"—"Nor do I acknowledge that scientific discovery, or legitimate thought has shown the slightest reason for distrusting, or materially modifying the simple old Faith—the Father in Heaven, and the Life evermore."

And is not this the basis of that "Kingdom of God," which you say in your programme it is the object of the Conference to work for and try for, and which is the ground of your liberal and all-comprehending fellowship?

How much, how very much these gatherings from year to year have done to make the ministers and societies of this wide-spread fraternity better acquainted with one another, more charitable, hopeful, intelligent, and active, and to lengthen the cords and to strengthen the stakes of our Unitarian Zion! Especially its benefit is incalculable in the reorganization of our missionary work under our devoted and untiring Western Propagandist. We ought now with devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and with renewed solemn resolutions of duty, to commemorate this twenty-fifth anniversary. Something has been done, more may be done. Our results are fruit, but our opportunities are infinite.

Rev. Robt. Collyer then read a twenty minute essay on Preaching, which was one of his best efforts, delivered in his most forcible manner, and was heard with the closest attention by a congregation which nearly filled the church. Mr. Collyer declared that the great requisite of the successful preacher is Life, and that without this he cannot hope to accomplish great things. The great preachers of the world are all men of superior physical and magnetic power. This does not make them great men, but it is a very important factor in enabling them to attract the attention of multitudes. Mr. Collyer's essay was quite unreportable, and he did not wish to print it in full at present.

The essay gave rise to an interesting discussion in which Murry Nelson, Esq., Revs. Messrs. Herford, Forbush, Steb-

bins, Cravens, Wendte, Gordon and Jones took part. Mr. Nelson thought the preaching even of many liberal ministers was deficient in perfect honesty; they did not say plainly what they thought, and laymen were not slow to detect this weakness. Mr. Cravens thought the great trouble with Moody, Spurgeon, etc., was not too much, but too little real faith, a terrible breach between their avowed and their real opinions. Mr. Wendte thought the positive magnetic influence of the revival preachers could not be questioned, but they moved only the feelings. Mr. Forbush thought that preachers were born, not made. We need men of all sorts. There is danger of laying too much stress on physique. Mr. Jones deprecated the popular estimate of success and failure. The men who have "failed" have often really succeeded best.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session began at 2 o'clock with the reading of the report of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. L. Jones, of Janesville, Wis. We regret that we cannot print every word of this full and breezy missionary paper, but crowded columns and the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Jones' chirography compel us to abbreviate or omit much of it.

REPORT OF REV. J. L. JONES, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Brothers and Sisters of the Western Unitarian Association:

It becomes my duty to render to you an account of my stewardship for the last twelve months. I will speak: 1. Of the work done. 2. Of the present condition of the field. 3. A few suggestions as to the future—i. e., we will first look back, then around, after that forward.

RETROSPECT.

Since last we met I have travelled (by actual measurement of the guide-book) eleven thousand two hundred and sixteen miles. I have visited and spoken in thirty-eight different places lying in twelve different States. Have visited at the expense of the Conference on business connected with my work Fond du Lac and Monroe, Wis., Rockford, Ills., and Laporte, Ind. Have attended, including our present meeting, eleven conferences, spending an aggregate of twenty-three days in conference-rooms, without including time spent in going and coming. I have preached and lectured about one hundred and twenty times, and have made somewhere over a hundred speeches (about one hundred and eighteen as I can tally them) and I never open my mouth in public save for the "Unities" and the "Humanities" which this Conference stands for as I interpret it. At least two-thirds of this speaking has been done outside my parish limits. We (i. e., the matrimonial, not the editorial, "we") have received, filed and attended to as best we could six hundred and ninety-eight communications at last count. I have published and distributed nearly two thousand copies of my last Annual Report; dispensed with six or seven hundred of Chadwick's "Essential Piety of Modern Science," an edition of a thousand of which I purchased for missionary use. Two or three hundred copies of Cooke's (G. W., not the heresy-crusher of Boston) "Relations of Physical Health to Morality and Religion," beside a considerable amount of the tracts published by the American Unitarian Association, among which the most used and most useful are Professor Brigham's "Unitarian Principles and Doctrines," and Sunderland's "Orthodoxy an Enemy of Christianity." The republication of Parker's Discourse on Religion, in a new and cheap edition, was encouraged, if not hastened, by the action of your executive committee. Your Secretary has ordered a hundred copies for the benefit of the Western societies, some thirty of which he has sold.

The last year has been a peculiarly difficult one in which to carry on any aggressive work. Your Secretary has frequently been compelled to tempt Providence by leaving his home without knowing how in the world he was to get to his journey's end, or, if reached, with no visible means of return. But through dispensations perhaps like unto those which used to bring ravens and quails, unexpected collections, indulgent railroad officials, benevolent pawnbrokers, and now and then a miraculous endowment of fresh brass, he is here to-day to report more money raised, more miles travelled and more work done than last year; audiences have improved.

Your Secretary is personally acquainted with the situation at most of our vacant waiting or expectant points. These are the facts after the Gradgrind demand—facts which stand to the work

we have tried to do this last year in exactly the same relation as Bitzer's answer to the said Thomas Gradgrind does to the horse hedescribed:

"Quadruped—graminivorous. Forty teeth; namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisives. Sheds coat in the Spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but require to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Facts that are, let us hope, of another kind—facts which it is not for me to speak of or for you to measure—facts which cannot be written save by "Golden pen on tablet whiter than a star by"—

"Hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween."

facts which if they do not exist it were better that *these written* facts have never been given being; but if *they do exist*, these are still dead facts.

THE SITUATION, OR THE LOOK AROUND.

Of some forty-five blank inquiries sent out the 31st of April with a view of gathering some definite data for this report, upwards of thirty have been returned accompanied with much information. I will try to present a hurried sketch, a bird's-eye view of the field.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Portland, though pining for a pastor gone across the seas for rest, still flourishing under Rev. E. I. Galvin. Olympia, with its fifteen families, audience of fifty and a new church finished, but unfurnished, with a pastor who preaches twice a day for them sandwiching a service across the Bay at Tumwater in the afternoon, going to Seattle every other Sunday, leaving his wife behind him to fill his desk. San Francisco with its brilliant preacher, Dr. Stebbins, who, as a correspondent says, can give in one sermon more than can be digested in a week. San Jose with the new light, the Rev. Mr. McKaig. The new movement at San Diego that is being watered and nourished into life by Rev. David Cronyn. Rev. George H. Young at Santa Barbara, working himself up into a missionary enthusiasm. All these are so far away we can scarcely work up an intelligent interest in them until Apostle Utter's *Unitarian Advocate* with its lamp trimmed and burning serves as a telescope which brings it all before our eyes. I see clearly that the hour is coming and it seems to me now is when the brethren on the Pacific Slope must organize a Conference of their own and perhaps insist upon their right to the name Western Conference. Then will we let the East be the right wing and the West the left wing, while we will be the body of the bird, in which of course the heart of the creature is found!

COLORADO.

The voice of the Unitarian turtle-dove is I think not heard in all the land. This fact, if it be a fact, is bad for the turtle-dove, or the land, or both.

NEBRASKA.

The notes of our missionary in Nebraska come to us this year pitched for the most part in the minor key. There are plenty of people who are willing to say that meanness of all sayings when it comes from a complacent looker on when the fellow is under who has tried his best to keep on top, "there, I told you so." The reply I have to make to all this is, that Nebraska is still hopeful ground. The following condensation of Bro. Copeland's Report which he calls unfavorable, is after all anything but unfavorable from the State of sod houses, peopled by squatters and grasshoppers, a land a large part of which twenty years ago was marked upon our maps as the "Great American Desert," and which twenty years hence may be the great American garden. Beatrice—Preaching half of last year by Rev. L. A. Sawyer. Crete—Stuck on their new church building. Fairbury—Reviving, but no service during the year. Fairmount—No services since July; have gone instead to Geneva, eight miles distant, once a month; Exeter, ten miles in another direction, several times. Fremont—Good condition, has hired the Presbyterian church, has engaged me to come every other Sunday at \$550 a year. Columbus—No meetings for a year. North Platte—Waiting for Mrs. Cogswell's return. Lincoln—Concluded to have services only every other Sunday, on account of hard times. Harvard, as a town, has gone up. Hastings—In a flourishing condition; wants me a Sunday in each month; don't know how I can get there, but shall try. Omaha, with its church-building, wealthy congregation, is dead. [Hope not so bad, Bro. Copeland. That school house, the best public school building in America, will stand upon its many spires basement upwards before Unitarianism dies in Omaha.] There are those who gravely ask me by letter and otherwise if such work as Bro. Copeland is doing is always well done. Does he not make mistakes. Most assuredly,

any number of them. Who wouldn't? Put Dr. Bellows or Edward Everett Hale out in Nebraska, with less than a thousand dollars a year salary, largely paid in store orders, with few books and no exchanges, no conferences in which they may blow off superfluous steam, and no brothers to set them right, keep them there year after year, and wouldn't they get their foot into it. Wouldn't the *Christian Register* and the brethren at Tremont Place have a solemn time in trying to repair the damage done and to save the fields burnt over? It is the way of the world. The pioneer work must be done, much of it roughly, hurriedly, thus did Protestantism do its early work, thus did Methodism rise into being.

KANSAS.

What has been said of Nebraska is true of Kansas, only more so. The only active society in this State reported a year ago, as then in the full tide of high prosperity, with its large audiences in a fine hall, with an excellent preacher, have recently like the Arabs, folded their tents and silently stolen away. Mr. Sanborn having lost all his earthly possessions by a fire has gone East. Copeland visited Emporia this last winter and "found the friends anxious to have occasional preaching. Preached two Sundays at Topeka. Friends interested, but they have no place in which to meet, and they are too weak to start." A lady writes from Fort Scott, faith and spiritual hunger combining to make eloquent her appeal for the sympathy and remembrance of this Conference.

MINNESOTA.

St. Paul, that a year ago was under the cloud, mourning the loss of a beloved pastor, Mr. Effinger, who was compelled to resign on account of ill health is now happy, as well it might be, having secured for the time being, at least, the services of Mr. Gannett. The report says: "We are all in love with him and are instituting measures to keep him if possible. Last Sunday some of us gave up our seats and stood through the service to accommodate the strangers. He is filling our church with the most intelligent people of the city. Our members are alive in view of our encouraging prospects."

IOWA.

Davenport reports a decided growth in its audience. Ten new pew-holders. A pastor, who for six months has put in a missionary service at Rock Island, and recently has been doing missionary work at De Witt.

MISSOURI.

The two societies at St. Louis are enjoying exceptionally vigorous life. Mr. Learned sends no report. Mr. Snyder reports an overflowing prosperity. Of Kansas City, Mr. Sanborn, who has recently been on the ground, writes: "Kansas City wants to do something. It is the only place I know of now where a permanent society could be made. A man who will fit into Kansas City must be one who could command almost any pulpit in the land, but such a one can make a society there that will be the glory of his life and cause. But he must make a small beginning with poor pay."

WISCONSIN.

Three hearty and well-attended conferences have been held in this State during the year. Brother Pardee, with his carpet-bag in his hand and his heart where it ought to be, has gone from village to village with such letters of introduction as we have been able to give him, made his own acquaintances, posted his own bills, preached his own sermons, and pocketed his own collections. Paid his own way as a bit o' maxim asserts! As a result of his effort the new Unitarian Society of Broadhead has been organized: they have settled a pastor on an assured salary. Bro. Hewitt is already at his work. Milwaukee is prosperous, has no debt, an increase of 50 per cent. in their audiences with sixty-seven families in the parish. Perfect harmony in pews, \$1,000 paid to refund the work. Mr. Gordon has done excellent missionary work in the State, particularly in the interest of prison reform. Mr. Simmons, of Kenosha, has been preaching to two and three hundred each Sunday night at Racine, for the last nine months; as a result, his home parish at Kenosha, has been decidedly rejuvenated, perhaps inspired into fresh youth by the fear that if they did not bestir themselves they would lose their pastor. With his characteristic love of scientific accuracy he reports an average attendance for the year of 107 and an increase of 29. Janesville, the parish with a tramp for a pastor, relieved of his presence for one-fourth of the Sundays, and perhaps full half of the working days, have lifted themselves well out of a \$1,200 debt since the first day of January. Have a Sunday-school of 100 members and an audience of 200, larger than ever before. At Baraboo they are "Holding the Fort," and getting what preaching they can. At Black River Falls a Philo Council Club that meet regularly on Sundays for religious

culture send their greetings to this conference saying they are Unitarian in their theology, and in sympathy with all the liberal religious movements of the day.

ILLINOIS.

Twelve reports have been sent in from Illinois, giving the condition of most of the active parishes of the State. The well-known modesty of the brethren of the Society at Rockford and of those of the Messiah and Unity seems to have forbidden them to make any public exhibit of their good works. The Third Society in Chicago, enables Mr. Powell to report expenses paid, good subscriptions and a heroic tug against a \$20,000 debt. [There are some capital things along here that are undecipherable in the report, and this excuse must be extended to cover a large territory.] Sunderland has worked hard and done admirable service, but like the colored brother he must sing to-day "Nobody knows the trouble I've seed" with that awful Church debt.

Geneva is very happy in a prosperity that must gladden the heart of sainted Conant himself, as he looks down from the heavenly hillside upon a "man in earnest" standing in his old pulpit. Alongside of Brother Conant I imagine I can see the portly form (if spirits ever are portly, and I know of no reason why they shouldn't be) of Codding, his companion, as with a twinkle in his eye, he says, "Bro. Conant, don't brag now, for the vine I watered and trained down there in Bloomington is doing just as well as yours. They don't owe a cent; a hundred families in the parish, &c." At Sheffield, Codding planted a little seed and Divine Providence in the shape of a few very heroic and noble men and women have watched and nursed it ever since.

Quincy parish, thirty-seven years old, now mourns the resignation of Bro. Hosmer, our St. John, as Bro. Powell happily calls him; we miss him here to-day. But his beautiful spirit and vigorous work, leave Quincy strong, and out of debt, and with a new pastor, J. Vila Blake, whom we welcome to our Conference to-day. Brother Douthit went about among rural Egyptians, preaching in groves, log churches, and county school-houses; he must now be thought of as the successful pastor of a prosperous and active parish in a town of over 4,000 people. The pastor has preached over one hundred and fifty sermons in that pulpit, and superintended his own Sunday-school, and yet Bro. Douthit is not happy, he is doing so little. I'm inclined to think the Holy Ghost is a pretty severe task-master, when one is as sensitive as Douthit to the call. The country mission of Brother Douthit is carried on by Ellis with good success. Brother Hunting is sowing seed at Rock Island. Mattoon is fighting its debt without a preacher.

INDIANA.

The hard times which have fallen severely upon the leading men of the little church, have compelled Mr. Bailey to resign and Indianapolis is again without a pastor. Bro. Bailey has worked nobly, and others of us have done what we could, and the field is still to be looked over. Evansville is a conspicuous success just now; next month it will dedicate its new brick church, worth \$65,000, without a cent of debt, amen! Pastor, Rev. G. H. Channing. The report says that the business affairs of the church are conducted as are those of a live business man, firm, or company. Brethren, if it has come to this, let us give thanks, for the millennium cannot lag far behind.

MICHIGAN.

No report from Detroit. Ann Arbor reports prosperity. The Jackson Church is very happy. Grand Haven reports large additions to the society, and efficient service on the part of Mr. Cooke, who has lectured on almost everything during the winter. Church out of debt.

OHIO.

It may be well another year for your Secretary to print a special blank, one with many open spaces on it for Bro. Wendte of Cincinnati. There is no use trying—the common blank is altogether too small; he writes it all over and don't get it half in. What with his much-meeting-housed parish, his lively interest in the ecclesiastical real estate market, his Unity Club, his contributions, his courses of evening lectures and large audiences, it can't be reported without space. Enough is shown to make it plain that he likes this double-barreled parish well, and is successful in its use, so that I apprehend he is seriously thinking of getting up a regular revolver-breech-loading one. I recommend that this Conference before adjournment commission him as Summer Bishop of Colorado and Special Unitarian Missionary to the Black Hills.

For the rest of Ohio, I've not much to say. Marietta and Cleveland, I'm not acquainted with, and Toledo, in the language of Mrs. Poyser "will speak her own mind of the matter."

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Northumberland Church, eighty-three years old—a church of Priestley's founding, sends a modest report, which shows owing to illness of pastor, they have had but eight months' services this year. It has eight or ten families and a congregation averaging thirty or thirty-five. Good seed is this Unitarian seed doubtless, but sometimes it grows very slowly. One thing is certain, that for all Priestley's familiarity with gases, he left for subsequent ministers the discovery of that gas that inflates churches and reports. Meadville sends no report, but we know that it rejoices in many new things including a new pastor's wife—joy enough for one year.

NEW YORK.

The Church at Buffalo, which is the mother Church of the Conference, now in its forty-sixth year, is out of debt and thriving, pays its own expenses handsomely and contributes to others, helps support an Industrial School for Girls, Mission School for the Friendless, Protestant Orphan Asylum, &c.

KENTUCKY AND THE SOUTH.

In lonely courage do Brother Heywood and his loyal band of cultivated and noble souls still hold our Southernmost citadel in the north. The Society, I think, more than any other in our realm, unless we take New Orleans, with which I have had no connection, suffers from isolation; but they are very loving and very true.

SUMMARY.

To sum up this round-book, I think I speak the sober word of solemn fact when I say that our Western parishes were never more alive or so sturdy as to-day, and never have had so hearty a dread of that venomous viper, *debt*, and never since the inflation days of the war have they had the serpent by the throat. We have sent East during the past year Brothers Bailey, Dudley, F. M. Holland, Hosmer, Sanborn, Schermerhorn, Spencer, Thatcher and Sawyer. But we have gained Rev. Messrs. McKaig, Chaney, Llewellyn, and C. D. M. Campbell from the Orthodox ranks and Brothers G. H. Young, G. W. Cutter, J. Vila Blake, and Wm. C. Gannett from our own Eastern ranks. The difficulties are great and the discomforts many, but they are such as inevitably go with the Prophetic Mission. To the complacent dweller in the valley a home on the hill-top always seems cold, hard to reach, and when reached exposed to winds and sun. 'Tis true, but for all that give me the mountain outlook, where valley after valley melts into a landscape that is extended at the horizon into heaven itself. To mortal eyes it always seems as if

"Truth's forever on the Scaffold,
Error's ever on the Throne,
But the Scaffold buys the Future
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadows
Keeping watch above his own."

THE PROSPECT.

AS TO THE FUTURE.—The great thing for us to do is to nurse here and everywhere a profounder conviction of the truth that the West is not a "sucked orange" for us. Its fields are not exhausted. The courage of our workers rises just in proportion as they come in contact with this raw material. A year ago Brothers Simmons and Herbert, for instance, were just as near the condition of barn-yard fowls as eagles ever can go. They were somewhat discouraged over their own work, depressed at the prospect of their own uselessness. But since they have struck the large missionary audiences of Racine and St. Charles, they are filled afresh with new life, and their parishes feel a fresh touch of the Holy Ghost.

Brethren, we must push out our lines! Let those who are out of work remember that there are as good fishes in the Western sea as ever have been caught on the Unitarian hook. If the work will not come to them, they must go to the work.

LOCAL CONFERENCES.

To aid this work we must needs develop still further our local conferences. Now they are the bellows that blow the fires on the altars of our organized societies. But they must also come in to aid and direct the work in the field. Each local conference ought to have its agent in the field, and if we wisely plan he can be paid. Are there not 100 men in the States of Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan or Illinois who would give a ten-dollar bill each towards the support of such a man? This much to supplement the revenue of the work itself would keep a live man nicely alive. Effinger is already in Iowa with such a plan in mind. Pardee is invited by the local conference of Wisconsin to remain at the work. Kittredge, I un-

derstand, is coming to Michigan. Where is the man for Illinois, the strongest and richest field of all? Sunderland ought not to be allowed to pass out of the State until a year of his vigorous life be poured into the missionary fields of Illinois. This problem we should grapple with at once. This will supplement and make more efficient the work of your general missionary.

Pardon a word a little more personal, and I close this too lengthy report.

Dear Friends: If I come to you somewhat weary it is not because of the work I have done so much as of the work I have not done—the calls I could not respond to, the letters we could not properly attend to, and the brethren I've been unable to help to work. A glimpse of the possibilities of this work in its great magnitude is something like a vision of the Almighty himself, too great for mortal to see and live. Like Moses, he must needs shield himself in the cleft of the rock as it passes by. It is too great a work for one man to do. I must ask for help or release. If not for my own sake, but for the sake of her without whom this work would not have been done—her who more than myself has cheerfully consented to the burning of the sacred candle of life at both ends rather than allow a stitch to drop or a wheel to clog in the plans of your Secretary, but of whom I would not be permitted to speak were she here; but that I may not seem to ask the credit of another's labor I must say it.

Brethren of the Western Conference, I return to you the trust handed me a year ago, thanking you for your forbearance, your support, and the privilege you have granted me to do a work which, however fatiguing and perplexing it may have been, has been a perpetual joy, an intoxicating delight.

JENK. LL. JONES.

The report of Mr. B. P. Moulton, Treasurer, was then read by Rev. G. E. Gordon, showing a deficit of some \$250.

Rev. Calvin Stebbins said plainly that he thought the contributions of the churches for missionary purposes contemptibly small.

Rev. S. S. Hunting spoke of the importance of taking advantage of every opportunity for liberal preaching which offered from time to time, and spoke of plans of work in Iowa and Michigan.

EVENING SESSION.

A congregation, completely filling the church, assembled at 8 o'clock to hear addresses from Messrs. D. L. Shorey, W. C. Earle and Rev. Messrs. Campbell, of St. Louis, S. S. Hunting, of Davenport, S. H. Camp, of Brooklyn; Brooke Herford and Robt. Collyer, of Chicago. Mr. Campbell, who has recently left the Methodists, spoke eloquently of his joy in his new fellowship. Mr. Camp spoke of his satisfaction in the results of solid work well done. Messrs. Herford and Collyer both made telling addresses, and the people separated at 10 p. m., after a most acceptable and varied feast of good things. The singing by the choir was good, but hearty congregational singing would have been better.

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

Began at 9 a. m. with a devotional meeting led by Rev. S. H. Camp, of Brooklyn.

At 10 a. m. there was a meeting of the Committees of the Conference, and also a meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, Rev. E. P. Powell, of Chicago, in the chair.

The question of Sunday school literature was earnestly discussed, especially Manuals and Lesson Papers. The admirable lesson papers of Messrs. Jones, Ames, Gannett and others were spoken of as welcome signs of increasing interest in the quality and method of such papers. After an earnest discussion, in which Messrs. Learned, Herford, Jones, Cooke and Gordon took part, the whole question was referred to the Directors with power.

Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Davenport, read an admirable paper on Vicious Hymnology for Children, quoting aptly and effectively from the popular Sunday school hymn and tune-books of the day, showing what unnatural and unwholesome sentiments are drilled into the children's minds and hearts by the machine Sunday school-book manufacturers.

A paper on Juvenile Literature, prepared by Mrs. Fayette read by Smith, was then Rev. C. W. Wendte. Mr. Wendte's spirited reading added much to the effectiveness of the paper

which was one of the very best read before the Conference. We hope to print every word of this essay in our paper, of next week. It is a missionary document for parents, without distinction of race or creed, of the most timely and important kind. Mrs. Smith has studied her subject faithfully, has ransacked the cheap sensational weekly story papers, the *Oliver Optic* literature, etc., and knows precisely what she is talking about. Her essay was full of apt selections from this choice, juvenile literature, showing what sort of stuff careless parents buy for their darlings, and how ignorant they are of its real character and tendency.

Rev. A. A. Livermore spoke of the importance of cultivating the imagination in children, and regretted the tendency to do away with all the fanciful and picturesque elements of the Bible in Sunday school teaching. Brief remarks on this same subject were made by Rev. Messrs. Herford, Forbush and others. We wished somebody had said that the newer aspects of faith furnish far ampler food for the imagination than the older ones, but it will take some time to clothe them effectively, and still longer to popularize them.

Sojourner Truth, who is over 90 years of age, was present all through the Conference, and preached her characteristic gospel, in response to invitations from the Conference, with power and great acceptance to her hearers.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, from the Committee on Resolutions, offered the following:

Resolved, That in the death of its former President, Artemas Carter, this Conference is called to mourn the loss of a faithful friend and co-worker.

Resolved, That we esteem it a precious privilege to offer our tribute of love and respect to his memory and to record our deep appreciation of his true and noble life. He was a Christian without narrowness, a citizen whom prosperity could not tempt nor adversity stain—a man loyal to the largest truth and highest duty, with a knightly soul without spot or guile.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted family our profound sympathy in the severe affliction which has so suddenly fallen upon them.

Feeling remarks were made by Robert Collyer and D. L. Shorey, and the resolution was adopted by a standing vote.

On motion of Rev. John Snyder it was

Resolved, That this Conference deeply deplores the absence of Rev. Charles H. Brigham and the sudden and serious illness by which it is caused. We extend to him our profoundest sympathy, and express the sincere hope that he may soon be restored to the labor for which he has been so richly endowed.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After some discussion as to the place of meeting next year, and reports from the Committees on Work and general business, the Conference listened to essays, from Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, on "the Bible in the Sunday school," and from Rev. J. C. Learned on Birth, Marriage, Death, the three natural and universal sacraments of human life. We hope to have the pleasure of printing Mr. Learned's paper at no distant date. These essays were both followed by interesting discussion in which Messrs. Gordon, Calvin Stebbins, Sample and others took part.

THE SOIREE.

The social event of the Conference was a supper spread on Thursday evening by the ladies of the Toledo society in the Sunday school rooms, to which all were bidden, and where the cheerful rattle of plates and tea-cups and the merry hum of voices gave evidence of a very enjoyable and successful occasion. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cravens and their devoted parishioners deserve much credit for their unwearied painstaking in entertaining so agreeably so many strangers from abroad.

FRIDAY'S SESSION.

The Conference was called to order at 9.15 by the President, after a hymn and the Lord's Prayer said by the Conference. A telegram was read from Rev. C. H. Brigham as follows:

ANN ARBOR, Mich., May 17.

Rev. J. N. Pardee, Secretary of Unitarian Conference:

I am deeply moved by the sympathy so kindly expressed, and am sorry I have been unable to help forward the work of the Conference. With mental quiet, I hope to recover shortly.

CHAS. H. BRIGHAM.

The committee of ladies then reported in favor of organizing the women of the Conference for work, and the following resolution passed:

Resolved, That the women of the Unitarian churches of the West be requested to immediately organize for the purpose of co-operating in the general efforts of the Western Conference.

A committee was appointed for this work, consisting of Mrs. Lucien Tilton, of Chicago; Mrs. J. C. Forbush, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Foster, Toledo, O.; Mrs. Wm. B. Robinson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. James Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. J. L. Jones, Janesville, Wis.; Miss Eddowes, Geneva, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Douthit, Shelbyville, Ill.; Mrs. Bennesen, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. S. S. Hunting, Davenport, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Huidekoper, Meadville, Pa.

This Committee was authorized to appoint any additional members.

Mr. Herford, in a hearty speech complimenting the Unitarian society of Toledo, moved a vote of thanks to the friends in Toledo for their generous hospitality. Robert Collyer seconded the motion in a few witty and telling remarks. It was carried, and Mr. Earle, of Toledo, responded by thanking the Conference for the great pleasure the delegates had given the Toledo people, and for the new life they had brought for the Unitarian church. After singing a hymn the Conference adjourned.

It will meet next year with the Church of the Messiah, Chicago. There have been sixty delegates in attendance, from eighteen societies, one school and the Fraternity of Churches in Chicago. Rev. S. H. Camp, of Brooklyn, and Rev. J. N. Pardee, of Wisconsin, preached in Toledo on Sunday.

LITERATURE.

PERIODICALS.

Scribner for June ranges all over the world, but has nothing more attractive to the casual reader than a long and well-illustrated article on "Croton Water," which is followed from its source to its mouth, or rather to the mouths of those who imbibe it, and an illustrated article on "Pond Life," by Mrs. S. B. Herick. The latter is a description of certain microscopic denizens of standing water, races which it is fair to suppose are not largely represented in the ordinary Croton. Mrs. Burnett has another Paris story called "Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame." Neña Sturgis contributes some "Traditional Music of the Pyrenees," E. O. Graves describes the organization of the Civil Service in Great Britain, and Colonel Waring is at home in "Village Sanitary Work." The Colonel's farm seems to allow him more time for the use of the pen than ordinary farmers find. Boyesen writes of Tourguéneff and E. S. Nadal of Disraeli; Charles De Kay of Bartholdi and the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and Chas. D. Warner of Calvin. There are poems and other articles to suit various tastes.

St. Nicholas for June has an attractive frontispiece of wood, field, water, cattle, etc., and a good fire effect in a sketch illustrating "Pattikin's House." "Tommy's Cousins" tells how Tommy ate some mince pie on going to bed and became a fresh-water urchin; F. S. Church's illustrations to this are of course funny. The most carefully drawn cuts are one of a dog, "Spray," and one by Reinhart (presumably) in "His own Master," where the old Quaker has unmistakable features. There is a very funny illustration of the Peterkins at the Centennial by a young contributor. The Peterkins make their appearance again at a tea party, but, as Agamemnon says, they are not a family for emergencies. The number is a good one.

Harper's for June. Mr. Benjamin continues his interesting series of papers upon modern art and artists in one on modern German Art, with effective portraits and fairly representative copies of leading works. Leda M. Shoemaker gives a popular exposition of the *Niebelungen Lied*, Edward Abbott an account of the Androsoggin Lakes, William H. Rideing a synopsis of the operations of the Wheeler surveying party in Nevada, and George M. Towle describes Gibraltar. All these articles are illustrated, the last from sketches by Samuel Colman. "Garth" is concluded, the other serials appear in installments as usual. The *Easy Chair* treats of various subjects in characteristic fashion, giving some personal impressions of the late George W. Jewett, etc., but appearing most like itself in some words concerning a suburban stroll. The poets of the number are Mrs. Frances L. Mace, William Gibson, Fannie R. Robinson and Mrs. Spofford.

The Popular Science Monthly for June contains a continuation of

Dr. Carpenter's interesting discussion concerning "Mesmerism, Odylism, Table-Turning, and Spiritualism," an illustrated article upon "Our American Owls," another illustrated article upon Gar-Pikes by Professor Wilder, illustrated articles by Pettenkoffer on air in the house, and by Dr. Paul Bert on "Transmission of Excitations in Sensory Nerves." Ernest Renan's Essay upon Spinoza is reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*. Herbert Spencer is represented in "The Evolution of the Family." The frontispiece is a portrait of A. R. Wallace.

THE RADICAL REVIEW, May, 1877. Issued Quarterly. Edited by Benjamin R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass.

A beautiful pamphlet of 200 pp. The contents are various and all will not agree to enjoy equally the same things. For ourselves, we have been drawn most powerfully to the first article, which is by Rev. Wm. J. Potter, to the fourth, which is by D. A. Wasson, to Mr. Stedman's altogether sweet and tender little poem, "The Discoverer," and to Mr. Allen's article on "The Influence of Physical Conditions on the Genesis of Species." Mr. Potter's article on "The Two Traditions Ecclesiastical and Scientific," is an admirable discussion of the relation of the doctrine of evolution and hereditary intuition to men's ideas of God and Providence and the Moral Law. Mr. Wasson's article upon Theodore Parker is much more than a vindication of Parker from the attack of the Boston Monday Lecturer on his Theology. It is a profound and graphic presentation of Parker's method and spirit.

The editor's translation of Proudhon is in a style (Proudhon's) which we have not yet learned to enjoy; a style, it seems to us but ill-adapted to the subject under treatment. The title of Mr. Ly-sander Spooner's article, "Our Financiers; their Ignorance, Usurpations and Frauds" has an unpleasant sound and a fanatical and arrogant tone pervades the article. Mr. Spooner has an elephantine "bee in his bonnet," but it is not a honey-bee at all. Some of the Book Notices are excellent; Weiss's of Tennyson's Harold eminently good though very favorable. Mr. Blake's judicious pen is also here. Mr. Morse's "Chips" are as jerky as possible, but with a spice of wisdom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Frances A. Shaw. With Maps. Limp cloth, pp. 123. 50 cents.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT. Cloth, pp. 198. \$1.

VEST-POCKET SERIES.

BOOKS, ART, ELOQUENCE. R. W. Emerson. Cloth, pp. 104. 50 cts.

SUCCESS, GREATNESS, IMMORTALITY. R. W. Emerson. Cloth, pp. 96. 50 cts.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHURCH PAPERS. SUNDAY ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS RELATING TO THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. Paper, pp. 343. \$1.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. Third Series. By J. A. Froude, M. A. Crown, 8vo. Cloth, pp. 400. \$2.50.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

TABLE TALK. By A. Bronson Alcott. Pp. 178.

MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. June.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. June.

SCHIBNER'S MONTHLY. June.

ST. NICHOLAS. June.

THE NURSERY. June.

RADICAL REVIEW. May.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

A SAILOR, who jumped overboard to save another, was asked if he was fit to die. "I could not be made more fit," he replied, "by declining to do my duty."—ERSKINE.

AS ONE increases his industrial power by material instruments, so he enlarges his means of happiness by each friend affection joins to him. A man with a forty-fold power will be a millionaire at the treasury of love.—THEODORE PARKER.

JOTTINGS.

THE BOSTON MAY MEETINGS.

TUESDAY, MAY 29.

9:30 A.M. Annual Business Meeting of the American Unitarian Association, at Hollis Street Church. Election of offices and addresses by Rev. Drs. Bellows, Hedge and others.

7:30 P.M. Public meeting of the American Unitarian Association, at Music Hall, with addresses probably by Hon. H. D. Long, Speaker of the Massachusetts House, Hon. E. D. Robinson, Congressman elect from Springfield District, Revs. H. G. Spaulding, F. G. Peabody, G. E. Gordon and Robert Collyer. The nominations for officers will be found in our advertising columns. The following additional names are presented as candidates for Directors, in case of the passage of the proposed amendment to the By-Laws: Chas. H. Burrage, Boston; Alanson Bigelow, Boston; Rev. C. G. Ames, Germantown, Pa.; Rev. Fred. Frothingham, Milton, Mass.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30.

2 P.M. Twenty-eighth Anniversary of the Children's Mission.

7:30 P.M. Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union, at the Union Hall, Boylston street. Addresses by Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Rev. H. W. Bellows. D.D.

THURSDAY, MAY 31.

12 M. Annual meeting of "Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen," Sears' Building.

2 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, in King's Chapel. Essays by Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., on "What the Sunday School Teaches the Church, and by Rev. Henry W. Foote, on "Christian Nurture," with addresses expected from Rev. Robert Collyer, Laird Collier, George W. Briggs, D.D., M. J. Savage, C. F. Dole and others.

5 P.M. Unitarian Festival in Music Hall. Hon. Geo. W. Curtis, of New York, will preside. Tickets for sale at Lockwood, Brooks & Co.'s, 381 Washington street.

7:45 P.M. Annual meeting of the Free Religious Association, at Horticultural Hall. Election of officers, reading of reports, consideration of the practical work of the Association, etc.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

10 A.M. Session Free Religious Association, at Beethoven Hall. Essay by Rev. William R. Alger, "Steps toward Religious Emancipation in Christendom."

3 P.M. Essay, C. D. B. Mills, "Internal Dangers of Free Thought." Speakers invited and expected at the meeting among others, Professor Felix Adler, Rabbi Lasker, William Henry Channing, Rev. Dr. Dudley. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Evening. Social Festival of Free Religious Association, at Horticultural Hall.

MR. BRIGHAM'S CONDITION.—The many friends of Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Ann Arbor, Mich., were alarmed last week by hearing that he had been smitten on Monday by apoplexy. A telegram received from Mr. Brigham at the Western Conference at Toledo, just before adjournment on Friday morning, the 18th inst., thanked the Conference for its resolution of sympathy sent by telegraph on Thursday, and said he hoped to recover by mental rest and quiet.

A telegram received in Brooklyn by Mr. Brigham's sister last Saturday night said: "Symptoms better, the case more hopeful, improving."

Since writing the above we have learned that Mr. Brigham's illness, though serious, was considerably exaggerated by the Boston papers. The following telegram, just received from Mr. Brigham himself, will be read with deep satisfaction by his anxious friends:—

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Wednesday, May 23.

REV. RUSSELL N. BELLOW, 47 Lafayette Place:—

Danger passed. Steady improvement since May 15th. Will write

CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

"That is sheer Pantheism," said Sterling. "And if it were pottheism, what matter so that the thing be true," retorted Carlyle.

THE three highest pieces of architecture in the world are—the Pyramid of Gizeh, in Egypt, 543 feet; the steeple of the Cathedral of Cologne, 541 feet; and St. Peter's, at Rome, 513 feet.

LADIES and gentlemen visiting Boston next week will do well for themselves to remember the Union Coffee Rooms, in the new building of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, Boylston street.

THE late Cardinal Antonelli was director of the treasury of Peter's pence. Since his death a deficit has been discovered of \$480,000. It is not stated whether any suspicion rests upon him or not.

THE Boston Young Men's Christian Union (as in former years) offers the hospitalities of its rooms (18 Boylston St.) to clergy and laity of all religious denominations who may visit Boston during the coming "Anniversary Week."

An International Congress of Scientists is to be held at Luxembourg, Grand Duchy, next September. We learn that the Rev. E. M. Stone, of this city, has within a few days been honored with an invitation from Europe to become a member of this Congress, and to furnish a paper to be read during its session.—*Providence Journal*.

MISS ANNA M. LEA, the young Philadelphian who received a prize at the recent Centennial Exhibition, and whose portraits of General Dix and of a "Patrician Mother" are well known in this city, was married on the 17th of April last, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone, London, to Mr. Henry Merritt, the English art critic.

"WHAT's all dis talkin' 'bout? Wimm'n rights, nothing but wimm'n rights. It's talk, talk, talk. Nonsense, what's de use talkin' so much. If wimm'n want dere rights, let 'em stop talkin' 'bout it and go right 'long and take 'em. Dat's de way."—SOJOURNER TRUTH.

SOME years ago the Baroness Burdett-Coutts built the Columbia Market for the benefit of the poor people at the east end of London. For some reason it did not succeed, and has been closed, but now is re-opened for the sale of American meat, and is largely patronized.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On Sunday morning Mr. Chadwick delivered a most admirable discourse upon the great question of the Nineteenth Century—The Influence upon Morals of a Decline in Religious Belief. He found a direct connection between moral ideas and the highest religious thought, but found evidence of a constant advance in religious thought.

IN reply to the assertion that he had made £10,000 out of his pamphlets on Vaticanism, Bulgaria, etc., Mr. Gladstone says that he "has not made anything like £10,000 by his whole writings—books, pamphlets and literary articles—during a busy literary life of forty years." Most of the stories of enormous literary profits are about equally trustworthy.

THE Rochester *Daily Union and Advertiser* of May 14th prints a sermon delivered the previous day by Rev. N. M. Mann, on "Religious Honesty." It was a good, strong manly plea for at least as much decency and integrity in religious positions and statements as are considered essential in politics and trade, if not even a trifle more than may sometimes be accepted.

IN our paper for May 10 it was stated that the State Assayer of Massachusetts had found lead in soluble form in the so-called "marbleized iron" kitchen ware. He says, however, that he has found none in the specimens of "Granite ware" made by the "St. Louis Stamping Co.," and that this ware is perfectly safe for use in cooking, for drinking vessels and other purposes.

A MISS BROWN, a school teacher at Oswego, Ill., has proved herself to be a brave, heroic woman. While out walking with her pupils, after crossing a bridge, she discovered that one of them had lagged behind and could not escape before the train would overtake him. The lady rushed to his rescue, threw him from the track out of danger, but was herself badly crushed. There is little hope of her recovery.

A NEW coating for the bottoms of iron ships consists of brown paper attached by a suitable cement. It is the invention of Captain F. Warren, R. A., and the substance he proposes to use is a preparation of papier-mache. It is stated that weeds and barnacles will not adhere to paper,

and that the special cement by which the paper is secured may be applied cold, hardens under water, is unaffected by comparatively high temperature, and possesses great tenacity. A plate thus protected on one side has been immersed for six months, with the result that the protected side was found clean, while the unprotected metal was covered with rust and shell fish.

MRS. FAYETTE SMITH'S ESSAY.—We hope to receive the "copy" of this admirable essay, read at the Western Conference last week, in time for publication in our paper of next week. It is one of the few real studies of the subject which we are acquainted with. As we are anxious to give it as wide a circulation as possible, we will fill orders for not less than twenty copies of next week's paper at the rate of \$1 for each twenty copies. Orders should be sent to THE INQUIRER, 47 Lafayette Place, New York, as soon as possible.

As announced at Toledo last week, this week's INQUIRER, containing our full report of the Western Conference, is supplied for missionary purposes at the same rate—twenty copies for \$1.

RACINE, WIS.—The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches was held week before last in the Universalist Church of the Good Shepherd, which had previously become quite accustomed to the presence of Rev. H. M. Simmons. Robert Collyer preached the opening sermon, and on the second evening a sermon was preached by Rev. R. L. Herbert, of Geneva, Ill. Rev. J. L. Jones gave an essay on "The Seamless Garment, or the Correlation of the Virtues," and Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, reviewed Huxley's re-statement of the doctrine of Necessity. An address was also made on "Sacred Music" by Professor Van Cleave, of Janesville. The discussions of the Conference were more than usually interesting and instructive.

THE *Christian Union* began May 16 a series of articles on "How to Spend the Summer," furnished by a variety of contributors. The contributions promised are: Camping Out, by Rev. W. H. H. Murray; Yachting, by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.; Pedestrianism, by Howard Crosby, D.D.; The White Mountains, by Henry Ward Beecher; Summer on a Farm, by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel); A Short Trip to Europe, by Austin Abbott; Summer Schools, by Rev. E. P. Thwing; Summering in Colorado, by H. H.; Summer Camp—Meetings, by Rev. Lyman Abbott; Canoeing, by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club; Summer Cottage Housekeeping, by a Cottage Housekeeper; How to Stay at Home without Grumbling, by Gail Hamilton.

PETTINGILL'S NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY AND ADVERTISER'S HAND BOOK FOR 1877, just issued by S. M. Pettengill & Co., the well-known advertising agents of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, shows, in compact and convenient form, the facts concerning the newspaper press of the United States and Canadas. There are reported in it a total of 8,574 publications, omitting those of which there is a doubt as to their existence. Of these, 8,119 are issued in the United States and Territories, and 455 in British America. There are 795 dailies, 79 try-weeklies, 125 semi-weeklies, 6,606 weeklies, 122 semi-monthlies, 771 monthlies, 16 bi-monthlies, and 60 quarterlies. New England has 711 periodicals; the Middle States, 1,998; the Western States and Territories, 3,574; the Pacific States and Territories, 367; and the Southern States, 1,469.

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Present the following list of names for election, as Officers of the

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, for the ensuing year, to be voted upon at the Annual Business Meeting, on TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 29, at Hollis Street Church, Boston:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Henry P. Kidder, Boston, Mass., President,
Hon. William C. Bryant, New York, Vice-President,
Hon. Charles A. Stevens, Ware, Mass., Vice-Prest.,
Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Boston, Mass., Secretary,
George W. Fox, Boston, Mass., Assistant Secretary,
Charles G. Wood, Boston, Mass., Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

Rev. George L. Chaney, Thomas Gaffield,
Rev. Edward C. Guild, Hon. John D. Long,
Rev. John C. Kimball, Joseph B. Moore,
Rev. Grindall Reynolds, John W. Wetherell,
Rev. Samuel A. Stewart, Hon. William L. Whitney,
Rev. George A. Thayer, Miss Anna L. Abbot,
Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Miss E. P. Channing.

Four more names will be announced next week for election provided the Amendment to the By-Laws shall pass which requires Eighteen Directors.

JOSEPH H. ALLEN,
Scribe of Nominating Committee.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free. HENRY McSHANE & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

will celebrate its

FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY,

ON TUESDAY, MAY 29.

The Annual Business Meeting will be held at Hollis Street Church, Boston, Monday morning, at 9:30 o'clock.
The evening meeting will be held at Music Hall.
The speakers will be announced next week.
An interesting occasion is expected. The public are cordially invited.

HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.—OFFICE NO 66 WALL STREET.

Cash Capital \$500,000.—Chartered 1825.

This Company insures property against loss or Damage by Fire and the risks of Inland Navigation and Transportation, on the most favorable terms.

SAM'L T. SKIDMORE, President.

HENRY A. OAKLEY, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL T. SKIDMORE, THOMAS W. GALE,
JOHN H. SWIFT, JOHN D. LONG,
JAMES R. TAYLOR, JOSEPH B. MOORE,
HENRY J. SCUDDER, JOHN W. WETHERELL,
HENRY A. OAKLEY, HON. WILLIAM L. WHITNEY,
CHARLES MALL, MISS ANNA L. ABBOT,
HENRY I. BARBEY, MISS E. P. CHANNING,
WILLIAM H. WISNER, ALEXANDER MAITLAND.

CHARLES A. HULL, Secretary.

RICHARD W. CLARK, Asst. Sec'y.

'Golden' or 'German' Millet.

Produces THREE to FOUR TONS of HAY, and FIFTY to EIGHTY BUSHELS SEED per acre.
Different from and SUPERIOR to all other kinds of Millet.

SEED, FRESH and GENUINE,

is furnished by this market ONLY. Send Stamp for circular. Address, T. H. JONES & CO., Nashville, Tenn.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1850.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF

NEW YORK,

has paid \$6,500,000 Death Claims;
has paid \$4,560,000 return premiums to Policy-holders; has a surplus of more than \$1,600,000 over Liabilities; and a ratio of \$120 Assets for every \$100 Liabilities, by New York Standard of Valuation.
It gives the best Insurance on the best lives at the most favorable rates.

EXAMINE THE PLANS AND RATES OF THIS COMPANY.

HENRY STOKES, President, C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.

J. L. HALSEY, Secretary, S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

H. Y. WEMPLE, } Assistant Secretaries.
H. B. STOKES }

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, at 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

To be in season for insertion the same week, communications intended for publication must be forwarded in time to reach this office not later than Tuesday. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. We require the name and address of every writer, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantees of good faith.

Communications relating to the editorial department of the paper should be addressed, "Editor of the Inquirer, 47 Lafayette Place, New York City;" all others to "Publisher," same address.

No person is authorized to collect money or make contracts for the Inquirer who cannot show written authority from the Publisher.

The Inquirer of course is not responsible for any opinion expressed by its advertisers.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Three Dollars per year, in advance. Clergymen, Two Dollars per year. Postage, Twenty Cents per year, in advance. Remittances should be made by Draft on New York, or by Registered Letter or Post-Office Money Order on "Station D," payable to PUBLISHER OF THE INQUIRER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Without choice of position, Six cents per square line per week; outside page and pages next reading matter, ten cents per line.

Special Notices twenty cents per line.

Discount on Four or more insertions will be given at similar rates to all parties.

Copy for Thursday's paper received until Tuesday afternoon.

Advertisements must be acceptable in every respect.

THE INQUIRER,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

LAMAR INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

Broadway, cor. John Street.

Capital, - - \$200,000.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank, . . . \$10,414.77
U. S. Bonds, market value, . . . 300,282.50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral, . . . 13,200.00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-
ings, . . . 56,400.00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's, . . . 2,465.94
Premiums in course of collection, . . . 8,890.43
New York Bank Stocks market value, . . . 19,725.00

\$411,268.64

LOSSES unadjusted estimated at, . . . \$10,100.00

ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, President.

A. R. FROTHINGHAM, Vice Pres't.

WM. R. MACDIARMID, Sec'y.

BABBITT'S TOILET SOAP.



Unrivalled for the toilet and the bath. Non-irritating and de-
fective odors to cover common and deleterious ingre-
dients. After years of scientific experiment the manufac-
turer of Babbitt's Toilet Soap has perfected and now
offers to the public THE FINEST TOILET SOAP in the World.
For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal.
Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Chris-
tendom. Sample box containing 3 cakes of 6 ozs. each, sent
free to any address on receipt of 75 cents.
Address R. T. Babbitt, New York City.
For Sale by all Druggists.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and outfit \$5 free H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.
\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit Free P. O. VICKERY, Augusta Maine

Seventeenth Annual Statement

-OF THE-

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1876.

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1876. \$27,677,630.87

Premiums, \$7,514,131.28
Interest and Rents, 1,728,410.39
INCOME. 9,242,541.67

DISBURSEMENTS.
Claims by death and matured Endowments, \$2,201,039.94
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities, 2,970,387.61
Dividend on Capital, 7,000.00
State, County and City Taxes, 100,319.07
Contingent Sinking Fund, 100,000.00
Commissions, Purchase of Commissions, Agency Expenses, and Physicians' Fees, 530,796.80
Salaries, Law Expenses, Postage and Exchange, 329,691.18
Advertising, Printing, Building, and other Expenses, 294,026.04
Total Disbursements, 6,503,462.64

Net Cash Assets, Dec. 31, 1876. \$30,416,710.90

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages, \$16,237,264.45
Real Estate in New York and Boston, and purchased under fore-closure, 5,615,837.88
U. S. Stocks and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York, 5,004,015.60
State Stocks, 29,390.00
Loans secured by United States and State and Municipal Bonds and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York, 1,981,830.00
Contracted Commissions, 100,319.07
Cash on hand, in Banks, and other Depositories, on Interest, 1,288,316.48
Balance of Agents' Accounts, 178,545.84
Interest and Rents due and accrued, \$348,552.35
Premiums due and in transit, 188,460.00
Deferred Premiums, 670,816.00
Market Value of Stocks over Cost and Premium on Gold on hand, 140,385.66
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1876. \$30,416,710.90

Total Liabilities, including Reserve for reinsurance of all existing policies, 26,231,141.00

Total Undivided Surplus over Total Liabilities, \$5,508,798.41
Computed Undivided Surplus on Tontine Policies over legal reserve, \$2,201,500.00
New Business in 1876, 7,398 Policies assuring, 26,020,577.00
Outstanding Risks, 173,050,690.00

From the undivided surplus, exclusive of \$800,000 reserved by the Finance Committee for contingencies, reversionary dividends will be declared available on settlement of next annual premium, to participating policies.

The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table, the legal standard of the State of New York.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, { Actuaries.
J. G. VAN CISE, }

The Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, (made after an examination into the condition of the Society, which occupied the Chief Examiner of the Department, with ten of his accountants, nearly three months,) concludes as follows:

"The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subjected to severer tests than this Society has, nothing having been taken for granted, but every item, both of assets and liabilities, conscientiously and exhaustively scrutinized. To accomplish this, a force of ten persons, under the Chief Examiner of the Department, has been steadily engaged for nearly three months. The Superintendent is much gratified at being able to state that the result of this investigation shows the complete solvency of the Institution; and that if the same energy and ability are displayed in its management and conduct from this time, as in the past, a career of solid commercial prosperity is before it."

JOHN F. SMYTH, Superintendent.

The Report of a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders (after an examination extending over a period of more than two months, assisted by a full corps of experts and accountants) concludes as follows:

"The business of this Society has been conducted with energy, ability and system, and its unparalleled growth since incorporated in 1858, counting, as it does, nearly \$32,000,000 assets, and about \$5,000,000 surplus profits, according to the Society's statement, shows uncommon industry and vigor on the part of its chief officers and directors, and, in the opinion of this Committee, places the Equitable Life Assurance Society in the front rank of institutions of its kind."

"All of which is respectfully submitted."
WM. A. WHEELLOCK, B. B. SHERMAN, C. G. FRANKLYN, J. M. MORRISON,
"CHARLES S. SMITH, MORRIS K. JESUP, F. D. TAPPEN."

The full Report of the Superintendent of Insurance, and the full Report of the Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, have been printed, in pamphlet form, and may be obtained by application to the Society or to any of its agents throughout the United States and Canada.

The following is the Report of the Finance and Executive Committee of the Society:

The thorough investigation into the affairs and condition of the Equitable Life Assurance Society by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and by a Committee of Policy-holders and Representatives of Policy-holders, has not relaxed in the slightest degree the customary examinations by the Standing and Special Committees of the Board of Directors.

In presenting the Report of the Society, for 1876, the Finance Committee state that they have during that year given much attention and labor to the consideration of the system by which the business of the Society is conducted and its expenses regulated; and have directed the enforcement of all rules and methods for bringing down the expenses of the Society to, and continuing the same at, the lowest standard consistent with the greatest efficiency in the administration of its affairs.

The undivided surplus fund of the Society is much larger than is requisite for the continuance of dividends to policy-holders without diminution, and in order to guard against even unexpected depreciation in investments the committee have—

Resolved, That eight hundred thousand dollars of the said undivided surplus be withheld from division among policy-holders until the further order of this Committee, or of the Board, to cover any possible loss arising from the value of real estate and other securities.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has, during the past six months (a period of unexampled depression in business and finance), undergone, through its own Committees, the Insurance Department of the State and a Policy-holders' Committee, examinations, for thoroughness of detail and scrutiny in all departments of its affairs, unprecedented in the history of corporations.

GEO. T. ADEE, PARKER HANDY, GEO. D. MORGAN, H. A. HURLBUT, Committee on
JAMES LOW, WM. H. FOGG, H. F. SPAULDING, J. A. STEWART, Finance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Henry B. Hyde, Charles J. Martin, B. F. Randolph, William Walker, George G. Kellogg,
George T. Adee, Thomas S. Young, Alanson Trask, Henry Dav, Samuel W. Torrey,
Geo. D. Morgan, Thomas A. Cummins, Parker Handy, Joseph H. Seligman, Samuel Holmes,
Wm. G. Lambert, Robert Bliss, Benjamin E. Bates, Jose F. Navarro,
Henry A. Hurlbut, William H. Fogg, John A. Stewart, Ashbel Green, W. Whitworth, Jr.,
H. G. Marquand, Daniel D. Lord, George H. Stuart, Wayne Crow, John J. McCook,
James Low, James M. Halsted, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Stephen H. Phillips, Theodore Weston,
H. F. Spaulding, Jas. W. Alexander, Horace Porter, Thomas A. Biddle, Alexander F. Irvine,
Jas. W. Alexander, Simon Fitch, Cyrus W. Field, H. M. Alexander, D. Henry Smith,
Henry S. Terbell, E. W. Lambert, B. Williamson, John J. Donaldson, T. DeWitt Cuyler,

J. W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

SAMUEL BORROWE, Sec'y. EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D. Medical E. W. SCOTT, Supt. of Agencies,
EDWARD CURTIS, M.D., Examiners.

HOME

Insurance Co. of New York,

Office No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Statement,

Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1877.

Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	286,692 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE	6,500 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 25

Total - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$242,037 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.

PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

January 1st, 1877.

Capital	\$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus	1,792,902 92

Gross Assets - \$2,792,902 9

OFFICES:

Western Union Telegraph Building, BROADWAY, Cor. DEY St., New York.

Brooklyn Office, 12 & 14 Court St.
Brooklyn E. D. Office, 98 Broadway.

The benefits to be derived by the public from Insurance against loss by fire are so great and numerous, when compared with its trifling cost, as to render it an imperative duty on every one to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY against the destructive ravages of FIRE, which in a few moments may lay waste the fruits of a whole life of industry.

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MRS. VAN COTT'S PRAISE BOOK.

For Praise Meetings, Camp Meetings, Revival Meetings,
Tabernacle Meetings, Noon Meetings, Prayer
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THE MURPHY TEMPERANCE MEETINGS,

Mrs. VAN COTT is one of our most successful revival preachers, her work being mainly in the Methodist denomination, where revival and spiritual songs were in use long before they were elsewhere known. The book is a fine one for all denominations, hymns and tunes being in excellent taste, poetical and musical. Some of its 120 songs are:

Angel Choir, Living for Jesus, The Fountain, Fruit and Leaves, Free Grace, Hear Him Calling, I am so Happy, A Sweet Hope, In Shining White, Jesus Ready Now,	Jesus, only Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, Little Stray Lamb, My Heavenly Home, Fathomless Sea, Storm the Port, Salvation's Free, Banner and Badge, We Shall Meet, Temperance Hymn.
---	---

Sent, post-free, for the Retail Price, which is \$5 cts.
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THE "BEST."
Agents Wanted.
A. H. Singer,



WARRANTED.
Sample (\$3.50).
Philadelphia, Pa.



This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.

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AGENTS double their money selling "Dr. Chase's Improved (\$2.00) Receipt Book." Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Just Received Invoices of

COPENHAGEN VASES,
LIMOGES FAIENCE VASES,
AND DOULTON WARE.

JUST ISSUED—No. 1.

THE RADICAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1877.

CONTENTS:

THE TWO TRADITIONS, ECCLESIASTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC. William J. Potter.
TO BENEDICT SPINOZA. B. W. Hall.
PRACTICAL SOCIALISM IN GERMANY. C. W. Ethel.
THEODORE PARKER AS RELIGIOUS REFORMER. D. A. Wasson.
THE DISCOVERER. Edmund C. Stedman.
SYSTEM OF ECONOMICAL CONTRADICTIONS. Introduction.
Editor's Translation. P. J. Froudhon.
THE INFLUENCE OF PHYSICAL CONDITIONS IN THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. Joel A. Allen.
OUR FINANCIERS: THEIR IGNORANCE, USURFATIONS, AND FRAUDS. Lyander Spooner.
CURRENT LITERATURE
Tennyson's "Harold."—Larned's "Talks about Labor."—Ellis's "Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson."—Lowell's "Three Memorial Poems."—Thompson's "The Papacy and the Civil Power."—Gross's "The Teachings of Providence."—Habberton's "The Jericho Road."—CHIEFS FROM MY STUDIO. Sidney H. Morse.

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NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

ATLANTIC

MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

NEW YORK.

OFFICE 51 WALL ST.

ORGANIZED 1842.

INSURES AGAINST MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS.

And will issue Policies making Loss payable in England.

Its Assets for the Security of its Policies are more than

TEN MILLION DOLLARS.

The profits of the Company revert to the assured, and are divided annually, upon the Premiums terminated during the year, Certificates for which are issued, bearing interest until redeemed.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
A. A. RAVEN, 3d Vice-President.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

BRYANT & BENTLEY,
Manufacturing Jewelers,
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RINGS A SPECIALTY.

Fine Solid Cameo, Amethyst and Onyx Rings in great variety.
400 Patterns Hard Solder Rings, Stamped and warranted 16 Karats Fine.
Fine Cameo, Coral and Gold Sets, Lockets, &c., &c.

THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXH.—NO. 26.
WHOLE NO., 1596.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS A COPY.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

JOHN A. BELLOW, John W. Chadwick, Robert Collyer, T. B. Forbush, L. Pope Gratacap, C. F. Sinclair, Mrs. Fayette Smith (P. Thorne), and Celia P. Woolley are among the contributors to this number of **THE INQUIRER**.

ONE of our contemporaries, in commenting upon our recent remarks on "The Labor Question," says: "What would be the effect of allowing an ignorant or inefficient clergyman, doctor, or lawyer to offer his services at half the price now paid to the competent and faithful? He would either take the place of the latter, or force him by competition to give his services for an inadequate salary or fee." This sounds funny in an editorial appearing in a city paper, and presumably written by one having means of acquainting himself with mundane affairs. We do not propose answering the question propounded, but would simply suggest that the writer make a few inquiries as to what is the *fact* as to the relative compensation of efficient and inefficient clergymen, doctors and lawyers, their efficiency being judged as in the case of other workmen by the people who employ them.

THIS week in time and Boston in space may be considered the focus of American liberalism for the year. The May meetings are noteworthy, both for what is done there and what is not done, for the attention they attract and the opportunity they afford for the contact of men of widely differing views, but, it is to be hoped, similar loyalty to the cause of freedom. It is undoubtedly peculiarly appropriate that these meetings should take place in Boston as the intellectual centre of the country, and we can only regret that the centre is so much nearer to one part of the circumference than it is to the other, and hope to get as much of the benefit irradiated therefrom as possible. We go to press too early to give more information than may be found in other columns.

Next week the later meetings will receive such attention as we can give them.

If the language lately used by Mr. Walter Smith, the Director of Art Instruction in the great city of the East, when addressing the children of the Reform School at Deer Island, has been correctly reported, that city will consult its own reputation by very quickly relegating him to a position where his foolish tongue will be likely to do less damage than in one connected with the educational system. It is said

"The times have been

That when the brains were out, the man would die,"

but those times are past, and all that is left for us to do when we see a man lighting a match on the inside of a powder-barrel is to try to coax him away into a greenback convention or some other safe place. We would not treat anyone harshly, but there are some interests bound up in civilization the defence of which occasionally requires plain language and prompt and decided action.

DOUBTLESS the Russian and Turkish positions change in important respects from day to day, but at this distance and unfamiliar with the ground as we most of us are, the changes hitherto made are scarcely intelligible. In the west the Czar is probably disposed to fight the Moslem without too much complication from the Spring floods, the effect of which in Wallachia and adjoining provinces our readers can perhaps realize to themselves a little more distinctly by calling to mind certain of Schreyer's pictures. In the East where the movement has been more rapid the later accounts seem to indicate a Russian concentration about Kars, and the establishment of the Turkish headquarters at Erzerum as a measure of prudence. When the redoubtable Bishop of Western New York (of whom his father, old Dr. Cox, is reported to have said when asked how the final *e* got on his son's name, "I hope the Lord has forgiven me for having begotten such a fool") shall have taken the field, things will certainly become more lively. We can almost imagine that we see the feathers fly.

THE price of gold during the week has been a little more irregular, and closes at 106½. Silver has also been lower, selling down to 53¾d. per ounce, and closing at 54d. per ounce. Secretary Sherman has given notice that he will sell to-day one million of gold. This is supposed to be a part of the five millions obtained in exchange for bonds, and it is rumored that he will withdraw that amount of greenbacks from the circulation and hereafter continue the process as a part of a scheme of contraction looking to resumption in 1879. The operation is variously commented on, but the only thing as yet clear about it is the inadequacy of the process, however managed, in view of the volume of the currency to be provided for. The provision market has settled still more during the week, with a falling off from the highest speculative prices of \$2.75 per barrel for pork, 30 cents a bushel for wheat and 20 cents a bushel for corn. Call loans have ranged at from one to two per cent. per annum, with no improvement in general business.

It would seem to be a natural inference that a man whose credit is not good enough to furnish him with the currency he needs when the market is in its present condition would

form a rather curious background for a circulating medium upon Mr. Lysander Spooner's theory. We would suggest that he and his disciples start a little co-operative concern and try their currency upon each other, and then report how works.

Those who are uncompromising in their ideas of what constitutes civil service reform cannot resist a feeling of anxiety at the apparent want of harmony in the National Administration upon this point, and an evident want of comprehension on the part of certain members of it, as to what the needed reform requires. Even the President is said to have a feeling that where an official has been in charge for eight years the presumption is against his continuance in office, a most absurd proposition, and one which we hope is a misrepresentation. Postmaster-General Key has written some unfortunate letters and made some unfortunate appointments. Secretary Sherman is said to be still under the dominion of the law of sin and death which has governed our executive machinery for the past forty years. The threatened appointment of General Logan as Collector of the Customs at Chicago is sufficiently ridiculous to be discredited for the present. Is there no one in the State better fitted to assist in the establishment of a government service administered on strict business principles?

Let us be cautious, however in our judgments. The last three months have been fruitful of rumors afterward exploded, and there is an evident purpose in many quarters to excite prejudice against the President and the Cabinet by false misrepresentations. Mr. Hayes' letter just published in connection with the preliminary report of the N. Y. Custom House Investigating Committee, is pitched in the proper key and that of Mr. Sherman is much better than it might have been.

THE FUTILITY OF A CERTAIN CLASS OF DISCUSSIONS.

PROBABLY few persons have reached man's estate without being compelled to recognize the fact that the cases are many when silence is not only the most comfortable course, but also the most effective argument in favor of causes in which they are interested. This is more particularly true, however, as implying a withdrawal from certain kinds of discussion, although discussion in other aspects is undoubtedly the strongest engine in advancing any good and true cause.

With regard to most questions that arise in any community or in civilized society at large, we may divide those interested, that is all, into three classes—those who feel strongly on one or the other side, either with or without adequate knowledge as a foundation for their feeling, those who, for one or other reason, *think* they are attached strongly to one or other side, and those who are indifferent or undecided. Now supposing one's self with decided views upon a given subject, which has intrinsic importance, a subject which it seems desirable to interest others in, it is safe to say ordinarily that little can be done in the way of discussion which is calculated to affect those whose views are most directly opposed. The advantage is to be gained by convincing those who are undecided and those whose partisanship is simply accidental. Usually also this can be done most surely, if your position be sound, by pursuing your own way unwaveringly, treating all related subjects in the light of your theory and refusing to allow yourself to be drawn off into fruitless debate or debate which, being partly under the control of others, is constantly in danger of being deflected into fruitless channels. The

flank movement is the ordinary course of human progress. The position which was thought to be vital and impregnable is left on one side, and attention once fairly drawn away from it, its garrison melts away unnoticed often by either assailant or defender. Of course in its appropriate sphere debate may work effectively, usually, however, through its appeal to the bystanders rather than through its influence on the active participants, unless the latter be sufficiently near in the character of their experience to be able to get a view of the same field, and to apprehend what may be said in the same sense.

On whole classes of subjects the attempt of one person by argument to reach others is, in the vast majority of cases, utterly profitless, simply because to attain his position he has been obliged to take a multitude of steps of which they have no conception, and without having previously made which they are utterly incapable of obtaining a view of the field which lays all open before him. If in addition to occupying a position which implies an entirely different series of experiences from his, the other party "has a bee in his bonnet," or, in other words, is possessed with a theory which has no solid connection with the facts of human experience or the conditions of life, the position becomes worse than utterly hopeless; he is probably in face of an opponent whose capacity for controversy is unlimited, whose field of battle is boundless, who cannot possibly recognize when he is defeated. Whether it is worth while to enter into controversy upon such a basis it is easy to decide. There is practical work for all to do who are capable of doing work, and it certainly would be poor policy to employ time which is so much needed for solid work in beating at elastic puff-balls.

We have recently had something to say upon the "Labor Question," and have expressed ourselves very definitely as to what we conceive to be the kernel of that question, and as to our view of some of the leading propositions of the so-called labor reformers. We are incited to enter into a discussion of these measures with their supporters. This we shall unhesitatingly decline to do. We have very decided convictions on questions concerning labor as upon many other questions, and we shall never hesitate to express them when it seems to us to be desirable to do so. The idea that there is any martyrdom in store for the man who touches them is too amusing to be thought of with gravity. But we prefer to treat of them in our own way, and our way, as we have already intimated, is not to take up *the labor question* and settle it out of hand, as a marksman might toss a penny into the air and perforate it with a rifle ball. Neither is it our way to accept as an open question some absurd proposition as to the currency or the relation of classes, and give our time and space to a grave discussion of it with its supporters, with no hope of ever reaching a conclusion, and to the detriment of our proper work, which is work in any field, according to what we consider to be the best method. There are some fancies which the world has passed beyond: it is not to be supposed that the men who hold them will recognize this, but it is a fact, and others must be permitted to decide for themselves how much attention they will give to these men of straw.

Whether an issue is a living one or not will always be decided differently by those who approach it from different standpoints. We may err in this regard as well as others; if we do it will be our misfortune. But as to the general question of the method in which the work of the world can best be done—the work that helps the world along—we think we are in accord with the sober sense of those who move the world.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

EVERY one has heard of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry:

"Don't!"

When one contemplates in our bookstores the sea of juvenile literature, that overflows shelves and counters in a gaudy glare of red and gilt covers—

"—whose hue, angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,"—

one is tempted to give similar advice to the bewildered parent, who asks: "What juveniles shall I buy for my children?"

"None at all," we are half-inclined to reply.

The juvenile literature business has been so decidedly overdone, that a reaction in favor of old-time customs may almost be expected. Our fathers and mothers—happy mortals!—in their childhood read almost no juvenile books, for the simple reason that they had none to read. So they pored over Rollin's Ancient History, or Shakespeare, or "Rasselas and Dinarbis," or odd numbers of the "Spectator," or such stray volumes of history or travel as chance threw in their way. A new book was an event, an era. The same books were read and re-read, until their contents became a constituent part of the child's mind, and the author's style became also the reader's natural mode of expression. This solid reading was enjoyed, because the children knew no other, and because their minds were strong and well-disciplined by the "meat for men" to which they were habituated.

Such reading made thoughtful, intelligent men and women, of sterling character and refined literary tastes, whose language and writings, if slightly formal and stilted, were at least dignified and self-respecting. No slang marred the swelling Johnsonian sentences of our ancestors.

But the last fifty years have brought a marked change. The modern child devours from one to two hundred books a year. A week after perusal he is uncertain, by merely hearing the title, whether he ever read "Dick Dangler, the Boy Ranger of the Sierras," or not. At the end of the year, he is even uncertain about the whole "Ranger" series. Perhaps he read it, but he's not sure he isn't thinking of the "Bill Buffalo," or the "Boy Sportsman," or the "Boy Hunter" series, or some other.

To the perusal of one of these books he devotes possibly an hour, carefully skipping all descriptions of scenery, or moral advice. In justice to the popular juvenile writer it must however be said that he is rarely guilty of either description, advice or moral. The literary quality of these favorite books is astonishingly thin. After perusing one we no longer wonder that "Oliver Optic" still in the prime of life, has written fifty-five books for boys. A few improbable, sensational incidents are strung together by long-drawn-out, inconsequent dialogue, a word or two to a line, palpably written solely to give the book its necessary length—two pages of it could so easily be condensed into two lines. No wonder the boys and girls get through a book so soon.

And admiring parents, with ill-concealed pride, tell you:

"Harry is *such* a reader. He makes nothing of reading a book through in half an hour. We really can't keep him in books."

And what does it all amount to? Are Harry and his *confreres* any wiser? are their minds strengthened, or tastes elevated, after having waded through this sea of books? Quite the contrary. No one asserts that Harry has been amused, —he has killed a half-hour, and that is the best one can say of it.

"Yet, what harm is done?" some one asks. We have high authorities who contend that it is better to read poor books than none at all. A taste for reading being thus acquired, the mind will naturally outgrow its love of trash, and seek better things.

I fear the persons who comfort themselves with this belief, have read few modern juveniles. Will the child whose taste is vitiated, and mind weakened by a flood of poor sensational reading, voluntarily drop such reading for books that require powers of memory, reason, attention, a certain mental discipline for which all his previous habits have unfitted him? Try the boy who devours the average Sunday-school books, dime novels, Oliver Optic's, and weekly story papers by the score,

with—not a book of travel or history by any means—but simply one of Scott's or Dickens' novels; any book belonging to the best class of fiction. He skips and skims along a few pages, then yawns and throws down the book, exclaiming:

"I don't like that. It's too slow. It's *dry*."

Depend upon it, the child who reads only trash, makes the man or woman who reads only trash. "Oliver Optic" (which term I use as representing a whole class of writers of that same fruitful school) and the weekly paper will be succeeded by the *N. Y. Ledger*, *Waverley Magazine*, and the fifth-rate novel. The circulation of any large public library tells the whole story. By far the largest number of books circulated, belong to the class of fiction, and the poorest fiction at that. The books always "out,"—soon out of their covers, in fact—are novels by Mrs. Southworth, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Holmes, and a hundred other writers infinitely feeble. It is something gained if the reader keeps on moral ground, and does not sink to the lower depths of "Ouida" and Rhoda Broughton.

The boy's thoughts are "long, long thoughts," and they reach on into the years and make the man. Time slips away and before we know it the noisy, wide-awake boy who was yesterday absorbed in top and ball, demands a dress coat and a razor. We wake up to find his head out-topping ours, and a young man on our hands with ideas and individuality of his own, already perhaps half-slipped from under parental influence. Whatever we would do for the children must be done quickly, or lo! they are no longer children.

The books the girls and boys read shape their thoughts, and the thoughts are the *life*. In the ideal world formed from their books the children live and dream. The book heroes and heroines are unconsciously, yet surely, their models, the sort of boy and girl they most admire, and desire to imitate. Let us see then of what type is the hero common to all the boys' books.

He is usually a boy of fourteen, whose leading characteristics are impudence, "smartness," and good luck. He is surrounded by a remarkable combination of enemies, oppressors, and conspirators, of whom his father, uncle, or guardian is usually chief. This superhuman hero however easily discomfits his enemies, and breaking loose, strikes out into the world for himself. Here the most wonderful fortune attends him. On the cars he assists an old gentleman, a total stranger. The old gentleman immediately places a fabulous amount of bonds in his hands, requesting him to take them to New York and sell them for him. This the hero does, displaying the most brilliant financial ability, the greatest coolness in the den of thieves into which he falls, etc., etc. Of course the blind old gentleman at once makes him his sole heir.

In a much-worn copy of one of Horatio Alger's books in our Mercantile Library, I read how the hero, a lonely orphan and stranger, straggling about New York, chanced to give a car-ticket to a young girl in the horse-car, who had forgotten her purse. She immediately exchanges cards, and asks him to call. The next day meeting her and her father on the street (one is so apt to *meet* acquaintances in New York!) he is introduced to the father, who it is needless to say, is one of New York's wealthiest and most aristocratic citizens. The father at once invites our hero to dine at his "palatial residence" on Fifth Avenue, and soon after asks him to attend with his family a fashionable concert at Steinway Hall, knowing, be it remembered, nothing whatever of the boy's character or antecedents, but his own story. The father continues his attentions, even after the hero, by the fiendish machinations of his guardian and other enemies, is reduced to the occupation of newsboy. But let us not despair. Our hero is kind to a little flower-girl. She takes him home to see her blind father, who is, of course, the former book-keeper of the hero's father. The information furnished by this faithful retainer, enables the hero to regain his immense fortune from the guardian's clutches, and the book closes leaving the fifteen year old boy, by this natural train of events, a millionaire, soon to be engaged to the street-car heroine.

Is it strange that boys nurtured on such mental food as this grow up with crude, unreal, unwholesome ideas of life, that they are restive under control, contemptuous of the old-fashioned slow and sure way of acquiring a fortune by industry and economy, prone to ventures and speculations? The boy of to-day disdains to go into his father's store or

business, where a certain competence awaits even ordinary effort on his part. He joins a mining party and rushes off to the Black Hills, expecting by some happy stroke of "luck" to achieve, before he is twenty-one, what would be a fair reward for a life-time of labor.

The young girl, whose ideas of life are formed in the same school, is fast and loud in her dress and manners. She answers matrimonial advertisements, picks up acquaintances on the street with strange men by handkerchief flirtations, and ends, perhaps, by marrying her father's coachman or running away to join a troupe of actors. Every now and then the community is astonished by some such *denouement* in families of the highest position. If we knew what the girl's reading had been probably we should no longer be astonished.

The principal of a young ladies' boarding school once said to me, "If there is anything I thoroughly detest it is *Young Americanism*." The quality she meant very soon becomes *Old Americanism*, and a national characteristic. The American traveller returning from England is struck by the contrast between the manners of the travelling public here and there. In England, to be invariably courteous and gentlemanly, seems the national aim, the quality most admired. In his native land (it seems to the returned American who looks with newly-opened vision), the national ideal is a fast, slangy "smartness." He sees so many men in the cars, feet on the seats, hats on one side, firing tobacco-juice right and left, with the knowing air of one who can't be "taken in" by anything. He sees that the person looked upon with admiration by hosts of young fellows is the coarse, "smart," knowing man who has made money or achieved political position by various crooked ways that require only brazen impulse and easy principles. Of such an one he hears them say admiringly, "He's *smart*, I tell you."

Now may not many of the traits which make "Young Americanism" be traced to the reading of the boys and girls at the very forming period of life? To this source may not some of our most disagreeable and dangerous national traits be traced? "As a man thinketh, so is he," and the child's reading shapes his thoughts.

Of a lower class of juvenile literature, the weekly story papers, it would seem unnecessary to speak, as one would naturally suppose no parent of average respectability would allow his children to look at them. But your own boy borrows them of his High School class-mate; to your amazement you see them on your friends' table as the boys' regular reading, and the flood of them published shows that the demand must be immense. I recently sent to a Cincinnati news-dealer for copies of the most popular papers for young folks. He sent me "The Boys and Girls Weekly," "The Boys of New York," "Our Boys," "The Girls and Boys of America," and so on, eight in all, and all as near alike in style and aim as possible. He stated that of some of these papers he sells one hundred copies weekly.

These are the titles of some of the leading stories:—"Black Adder, or the Pirates of the Channel," "The Two Runaways, a Story of Mystery and Thrilling Incidents," "Jack Dauntless, the Boy Privateer," "Dashing Dick, the King of the Highway," "Charlie, the Masher, or the Boss on Rollers," "Hunchback Dick," "Young Sleuth, the Keen Detective, or the Smartest Boy in New York," "Teddy O'Flynn, the Irish Detective," "The Boss Boy," and so on, *ad nauseam*. The illustrations are literally murderous. I hardly dare present you samples of the dialogue. A few moral and literary gems, taken at random from the wealth in which each story abounds will suffice. Tom, a boy of ten, is talking with his father, as follows: "Give that back again," exclaimed his father. "Are you talking to me?" said Tom, coolly. "Of course I am." "Then I don't want any of your chin-music." Tom also says of his father, "Fancy the old 'un trying to say I put up a job on him." Other samples of his conversation are, "Don't bust yourself, ma'am." "Where's the spondulix?" "I saw dad load it to shoot some yawping cats." In another story we enter a thieves' den, called the "Hole in the Wall," in company with the "Gun-nuff from Galway," and "Mike, the Monkey," who cry, "Cheese it! Cops are coming!" In another the boy hero restores a lost wallet to its owner, who casually remarks, "One of these thousand dollar bills is yours!" Bob's mother, we read, "was too rigid, with too much *awful religiously*

chilling distance between her and Bob." Charlie the Masher, we read, "had always felt a great deal of affection for his parent, in spite of the old gentleman's severity." The hero addresses a member of Congress, "That's all right, old hop-fly." Further dialogue reads, "Try it, you flannel mouth!" "That's the cheese?" "None of your lip!" "Go it, pard, I'll 'pipe off the doors' and 'give you the office' if any one tumbles."

These are far from being the worst specimens possible to select. Not very refined matter this to bring to ears polite, yet not impossibly your own boys at home, perhaps even the girls, are reading such matter regularly. The heroes of these stories are "hoodlums," thieves, negro minstrels, highway robbers and detectives. If you would allow your boy to go down into the Five Points and Rat Rows of your city, and associate with the company he finds there, then allow him to read papers where his mind associates with the same class, and acquires the thieves' vocabulary and views of life generally. The warden of one of our States-prisons attributed the efforts of the men to stab the officers when they knew escape was hopeless, to the admiration of the daring deeds of crime by the weekly story-paper heroes on which their minds had fed for years. To rank with their heroes they were ready to risk life itself.

Having said so much of what children should *not* read, a few words as to the positive. It is but half the battle to keep weak and vicious reading from children. They must be surrounded with attractive *good* reading, and their tastes influenced and directed. Don't buy many juveniles for them. Of course no child's education is complete without a thorough course of Mother Goose, the good old fairy tales, Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe and Hans Christian Andersen. The child's imaginative mind takes a keen delight in the fanciful and improbable, and these standard stories develop his imagination healthfully. Let the child believe that fairies nestle in the flower-cups, that Undines peep up at him from the "deep hole" in the brook, that Santa Claus really clambers down the chimney, and that the Sandman comes regularly with the twilight. These pretty fancies throw an after-glow over his whole life.

Take the "Nursery" and "St. Nicholas" for him. It would be inhuman to deprive him of the charming pictures, which are a sort of education in themselves. The reading matter is usually of the better order, and the child's pride and interest in his own magazine fosters a love of reading.

But, while he is yet quite young, begin to interest him in standard reading. Those who have not tried the experiment will be surprised to see how easily even young children may be interested in "grown-up" books if read aloud to them by father and mother with the necessary explanations. Recently I have known a boy of eight intensely interested in hearing read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Tom Brown at Rugby," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The reader must be prepared to answer endless questions, and must sometimes omit passages beyond the child's comprehension. Of course, in reading "Pilgrim's Progress," it is safest to omit the theological disquisitions and stick to Christian's battles with Giant Despair, and the rest. The same child will enjoy equally well "The Old Curiosity Shop," Paul in "Dombey and Son," the "Lady of the Lake," and similar books, when his mother finds time to read them to him.

When children are thirteen years old I should buy them almost no books written especially for girls and boys. Of course exception must be made in favor of a few books by the best modern writers for young people, whose influence is, on the whole, so beneficial, it would be wrong to deprive the young folks of the combined pleasure and profit of their perusal. But any intelligent child of thirteen, whose mind is not already vitiated by an acquired love of trash and sensationalism, will read with delight Cooper, Irving, Dickens, the "Vicar of Wakefield," Scott's prose and poetry, the descriptive poems of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, etc. From the best fiction it is an easy step to the lighter histories, travels and biography. You will hear your child saying of Irving's "Life of Washington," Franklin's "Autobiography," Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Kane's "Arctic Adventures," or Livingstone's "African Travels."

"Why, this is as interesting as a story!"

Then you know your point is gained. A taste for good reading being created, trash is no longer a temptation.

Surround the child with an atmosphere of books. The child on whose play rows of good books smile down from the sitting-room book-case, who finds the best magazines lying temptingly about the sitting-room table, whom "Harper's Weekly" invites to study an illustrated history of the world, who is sent to the big dictionary or encyclopædia to look out things for himself, can hardly help growing up an intelligent, cultivated person.

Read the children's books and papers yourself, even (I had almost said especially) their Sunday school books; "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety." As I write these closing sentences a man throws into the yard one of the coarse weekly story papers from the huge bundle he carries. A flood of poor and vile literature, especially of such literature for the young, deluges our land. It is thrown in at our doors, thrust in our laps in the cars, its coarse pictures and flashy titles placard invitingly all the walls of the city. Even he who runs may read that which shall do him anything but good.

Simple prohibition is worse than useless. The prohibited book or paper has at once the charm of forbidden fruit, and is kept under the pillow, or in the school-desk, and read surreptitiously. The boy's mind must be educated to instinctively loathe this reading. Ridicule is a most effective instrument against it. Tell the boy he *shall not* read the weekly story paper and he will at once determine to do it, at all hazards. But read aloud some passages in presence of the family, with suitable comments, compliment his literary tastes, ask him in what part of the city "Mike the Monkey" and his friends probably live, and whether, on the whole, he would like to associate with them in real life. Ask him if the thousand dollar bill episode strikes him as natural and probable. Boys have plenty of common sense, and are keenly alive to ridicule. Very soon the boy will be ashamed even to own that he ever enjoyed this thieves' literature. Then supply him with attractive reading of a better sort, and lead him gradually on to higher and higher literary culture.

This nineteenth century of ours is a busy time. Every one is hurried, and is trying to do double work in some fashion. And it takes a deal of time to look over the children's books, know what they read, and what they ought to read.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Oh could we bear about us
This thought—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us,"

certainly we should feel it a slight sacrifice to give a little time now to this branch of their training, when its importance is so vital. Let the sermon, the law-office, the store, the house-keeping and fashionable calls suffer, if need be, but take care of the children. Bend the twig as you would incline the tree.

If we desire our boys to grow up into noble, intelligent, pure-minded men, our girls to bloom out in a sweet, strong, helpful womanhood, we must look out for the *thoughts* they are thinking to-day. Let the reading be sweet and wholesome. Then sweet and wholesome will be the thoughts and the life.

P. THORNE.

HOW STATUARY IS MADE.—In examining a statue we commonly think little of the processes by which the sculptor has called it out of chaos to its present order and beauty. It was not spoken into existence, however regardless of the fact the visitor to the exhibition may be, but is the result of deep and patient study and labor, attended, perhaps, by various discouragements and casualties, which the love of his art has brought the artist through to victory at last.

First the sculptor builds a skeleton of iron and puts the clay upon it adding or taking off until the work is complete. He then reproduces the model in plaster of Paris, by covering the clay with liquid plaster to the depth of one to two inches—for a life-size, three or more. The plaster is then allowed to "set"—become perfectly hard. Then the clay is taken out and the plaster becomes a mould for casting a *fac simile* of the original model. A quantity of plaster mixed with water is poured in, which in thirty or forty minutes becomes set and hard, when the mould is cut off with sharp instruments. Now the block of marble takes position beside the model, and measuring instruments called pointing machines mark the exact distances, points, depths, widths and lengths of every part of the bust or figure, transferring the same to the marble. The workman then chisels the marble with great care, according to the measurement. This final process is simplest of all, being purely mechanical, only the points are to be followed in the cutting with mathematical precision. The real artist work is expended on the clay model, Ex,

(FOR THE INQUIRER.)

THE IDEAL.

BY C. F. SINCLAIR.

A PORTRAIT hangs upon my study wall,
And when I lift my eyes I always see
A silent inspiration there for me,
And thus upon my life rare blessings fall
From this sweet portrait on my study wall.

It is a woman's face, a face so fair
That like a prophecy it speaks to me
Of a great holy race that is to be,
Of grace and beauty which each face shall wear
When truth and purity are everywhere.

Her eyes are upward turned, her pleading eyes
Are fixed afar on some celestial goal
With all the mighty yearnings of her soul,
Until a heavenly aureole replies
In answer to the light that fills her eyes.

Around her brow a sable mantle twines,
Like the dark setting of a diadem,
To flash the gleamings of some royal gem,
So on her pallid cheek, in all the lines
Of her sweet face this holy radiance shines.

So runs my prayer, that thus my eyes may be
Forever fixed on some high ideal goal
With all the silent forces of my soul
Until the clouds shall part, and I shall see
An answering light from heaven fall on me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

THERE is apparently a genuine revival going on among us in regard to Sunday-school work. Not long ago a single morning brought to me among my letters three which had sole reference to Sunday-school instruction and worship. One of them was from Massachusetts, another from Maine, the third from Minnesota. Wendt's "Sunny Side" is still recent, and a great improvement on anything we had before, though I should like it still better if it had a sprinkling of the old, old hymns and with so many that are bright and sparkling a few more strong and noble ones. Out at Quincy, Ill., Hosmer has long been hard at work upon a Sunday-school book of a devotional character, which ought to be coming out before long and which judging by all that I have heard of Hosmer and particularly of his earnestness and patience in regard to this matter, can hardly fail of being something very sweet and good. At Janesville, Wis., Rev. Jenk. L. Jones has long been sending forth his leaflets full of milk for babes and meat for stronger folk, and where they have been used with studious fidelity I am sure that they have done a heap of good. And now from St. Louis comes word that my friend John Learned, who does nothing which he does not do well, is issuing a series of lessons upon Genesis which I cannot praise as they deserve because he hasn't sent me a specimen copy. Best of all is this scheme of Knapp and Clay McCauley for a whole system of symmetrical and progressive Sunday-school teaching, covering the field of religious inquiry, Jewish and Christian, Ethnic and historical. I trust that this scheme is being pushed with vigor and that the different parts are being prepared by men well qualified for such a work. Some of the original assignments were certainly as good as possible. If I remember rightly this system did not include a series of lessons on the making of the Bible, that is, on what is called the Canon. I can but think that a few lessons which would put the results of Davidson's new work upon the Canon into a shape intelligible to young people and children would be exceedingly useful, and do much towards establishing a correct standpoint for further studies.

If I remember rightly my friend Gannett was set down in this scheme for a series of lessons upon the development of Protestant Christianity and took kindly to the idea of such a task. Whether he is already engaged upon it I do not know, but I do know that he is already publishing "on his own hook" a series of "Twelve Lessons on the Childhood of Jesus," two of which have already come to hand. The first is on "His Native Land;" the second on "His People." The others will be in order upon "A Chosen Nation," "The Nation's Dream," "Jesus' Birth," "The Carpenter's

Family," "The Country Boy," "Learning to Read," "The Village Church," "The Journey to Jerusalem," "The Boy in the Temple," and "From Twelve to Thirty Years Old." Various books of reference are named and there are various suggestions to teachers. Either one of the lessons so far is much too long, or rather much too full, for a single sitting. Each will divide up into two or three. The points are admirably taken and at the close of each lesson there is a set of general questions, calculated to draw out the moral and spiritual significance of the facts which the rest of the lesson has gone over. Mr. Gannett's own standpoint comes out a little in these questions, and will be likely to still more as the lessons proceed. But however radical, he is always reverent and tender.

Of course the successful use of these lessons as of any others, presupposes careful preparation on the part of the teachers. Of course, too, their success will vary with the intelligence of the teachers using them. But they are so suggestive that even a dull teacher will be quickened by them more than a bright one by some others. In an accompanying circular Mr. Gannett indicates the motives that have led him to this publication and the prices at which copies can be had by Sunday-schools that wish to purchase them, viz.: one set for 50 cts.; two for 75 cts.; three for \$1; four or more sets to one address 30 cts. per set, fifty sets to one address \$14. Mr. Gannett's address is St. Paul, Minn.; P. O. Box 1074. I know in what perplexity a great many teachers and superintendents and ministers are about Sunday-school lessons. I can but think that here is a solution of these doubts; that these lessons will be found delightful for the teacher and will arrest the attention and awaken the enthusiasm of the scholars. I am confident enough of this to have ordered 75 sets for my own Sunday-school. There was once a little old woman who used to cry, *sotto voce*: "Matches! Matches!" and then in a somewhat louder tone, "I hope nobody hears me!" I trust my friend is not like-minded with this little old woman, that he should object to the publicity which I desire to give to his commendable endeavor.

J. W. C.

THE SALON.

SECOND NOTICE.

PARIS, May 9, 1877.

THE more one sees of the Salon the more one feels that its arrangements are very poor. It is with great difficulty that any one picture can be found. To facilitate the finding of special pictures the different rooms have been lettered A-B, B-C, T-Z; but one is almost as likely to find a picture by artist B—in the C-D room, or even in the T-Z, as in its proper place. It is not only the mechanical arrangements that are bad; the hanging of the pictures seems to have been left to the porters of the Salon. At least one of the paintings that received No. 1 at the judgment is hung above the line, and several of the superior canvases are hung over work of much inferior quality. Names seem to have been more regarded than work. Then, too, many of the paintings that are really above the average are made to look much worse than they really are by the juxtaposition of others of the first class, or better than they have any right to by the nearness of vastly inferior work. One wonders why, if the alphabetical system is not to be strictly carried out, and if each artist whose reputation seems to be considered above criticism by the jury is to be placed on the line, the work of these latter should not be collected in the *Grande Salle*, forming it a *Salle d'Honneur* and making the whole exposition more homogeneous.

Let me say a word of the lighting of the Salon. Each room is lighted by a lantern in the roof. A few feet below the ceiling muslin has been hung, flat in the centre and at the sides carried down in curves low enough to shut off from the eyes of the observer, all direct light, but still permitting a flood to reach the pictures.

In my last letter I spoke of the work of several of the Americans represented in the Salon. Mr. W. P. W. Dana sends a strong marine, entitled "La plage de Dinard." The sea has receded, leaving the beach bare, and on it several horses and fishermen are gathered in groups. The painting is broad and free, but the effect is not wholly pleasant. The sea is very painty and the distance out of value. The figures, though severally well drawn, are not at all in perspective. Mr. Dana has not endeavored to completely cover his canvas, leaving it bare in places where its tone is that which he desired. This, though by no means always a fault, is certainly one when the drawing of the picture has been done with bitumen, and

the hard outlines of the figures are allowed to remain. The reflections in the semi-liquid sand are very well handled. Mr. Charles C. Coleman has a picture called "Les chevaux de St. Marc," painted from the gallery of the church. The drawing of the horses is excellent and the color equally good, but the artist did not make a happy choice of a position from which to paint them. They are viewed from a little below and behind, and one has a perspective of four well-drawn tails to admire. If Mr. Coleman could find no better position, then he should have chosen another subject. The sky is somewhat "lumpy," and the aerial perspective faulty. Mr. Edward H. May's two contributions are disappointing. The portrait is painted in a coarse way, both in handling and color. The flesh tints are extremely bad, hot in shadow, muddy in light, the coat is the only part really well rendered. His "Antonia" is painted with more delicacy, still the color is crude, lips bright carmine, brow strong blue. There is little feeling of color in either of these works, yet they are both on the line, to the exclusion of better works, but the better work is by men not so well known as Mr. May. Mr. Clement Swift exhibits a very strong composition, showing a deal of native talent and the strong influence of Harpignies, of whom Mr. Swift has been a student. The title is "Les pilleurs de mer." Three figures, two male one female, are represented lying on a barren bluff watching a steamer out at sea. The painting is one of the few that at once tell their story. In treatment, the picture is broad and decided. The stormy sky is well rendered, and the sea, seen only in distance, is equally good. The foreground would perhaps have been better if painted more in detail; the bluff is too much the same throughout. The picture is hung above a much inferior work, with which it might well exchange places. The interior by Mr. Alfred B. Copeland shows a deal of careful study, so much that the picture has a lack of breadth and looks fatigued. The subject is not an interesting one,—few interiors without figures are. The effect of the sunlight streaming through a window is well rendered. Of the paintings by American ladies, that exhibited by Miss Clementina Tompkins is certainly the better. The subject is "Rosa, la fileuse." Miss Tompkins is a student of Bonnat, and the influence of the master is seen in a marked degree in the work of the pupil—one might almost say the *handiwork* of the master. The picture represents a young Italian girl spinning. The rendering is strong and pleasing, though the effect is rather black. The hands are excellently drawn and the pose though unusual and ambitious is well sustained. Miss Sarah P. B. Dodson sends "L'Amour ménétrier." The landscape of Mr. David Johnson, "Sur la rivière Housatonic," is interesting in that it affords opportunity for a direct comparison between the work of a student of the New York Academy of Design and the paintings of the students of the several ateliers here, a comparison much to the detriment of the former. There is a marked contrast between the broad, free rendering of the artists studying in Paris and the small groping painting of Mr. Johnson. He has painted all life out of his picture; it is as devoid of atmospheric effect as the atelier in which it was probably painted. If Mr. Johnson cannot study in France, let him at least shake himself free from influences that have for their result a thin, weak style of painting and go directly to nature for his inspiration. And let him look at her with eyes half-closed not leaf by leaf, bit by bit. Masses, atmosphere, nature herself, are killed by such painstaking methods, and the results are as fatiguing to contemplate as they are to arrive at. She does not work in that way, but broadly, strongly, mass on mass. Take care of the values and the details will take care of themselves. Mr. A. A. Anderson sends a portrait containing much that is good and some that is bad. The pose is good and the whole is well put on the canvas. The modelling is bad, drapery rather lumpy, and flesh tones painty. Mr. William B. Baird has a landscape entitled "Un chemin à clamart." It is a pleasing bit, showing good qualities; neither very good nor very bad. Mr. William S. Haseltine also exposes a landscape, "Aux environs de Cannes," in which the foliage is all too solidly heavy for the tree-trunks. Mr. Walter Blackman sends a genre picture, "Adieux d'un fils à son père." The son is about to enter a monastery and bids adieu to his father, who has accompanied him into the outside hall. The drawing of the boy is faulty and the eye of the observer is at once drawn away from what should be the principal group by a brilliant stained-glass window in the extreme upper corner. Mr. Franck Moss exhibits "La sybille," a well-modelled but somewhat painty head. Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield has "Un augure romain," which possesses much merit, but is hardly a "harmony" in color. The poses of some of his figures are somewhat constrained, and the anatomy of the principal one a little doubtful.

H, C, A,

FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 15th.

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND who has lately resigned his pastorate over the Fourth Church has for the past month been engaged on a course of four sermons on "The Future Life." The subject of the first was "Proofs of Immortality," and it was something deeper than curiosity that lead us to take a long six-mile ride to hear it. But one don't mind even a street-car ride on a bright breezy morning, especially if it be on the aristocratic south side, where rows of stately mansions stretch along on either side, and every street crossing affords a glimpse of our beautiful Lake.

The question of immortality is one of those never-ending, never-to-be-answered problems, which man in ruminative fashion turns over and over, seeming never to exhaust its soul-nutritive essence. At the Philosophical Society one evening last winter, one of the philosophers exclaimed in great disgust, not only on the futility of all investigations touching on the future life, but on the presumption of man in ever desiring such a life. Some people he said, with rather savage sarcasm, were bound to be immortal—nothing but an endless continuation of their petty individualities would satisfy them. He added that it was enough for him to believe that after death his being would be merged into that of the first great cause from which it sprung—a sufficiently high destiny for any one. Of course the rest of us were properly humiliated that we had not attained this lofty height of disinterestedness, and been able to rid ourselves of the egotistic hope of personal continuance. To the majority of minds the merging process is not an agreeable one to contemplate; nor do I see that one's conception of God is ennobled by looking upon him as a huge absorbent, who preys continually on the universe he has created. The doubt whether there be not some reason in the doctrine of annihilation may be a very logical one, and perhaps it is well to keep it near us, a well-constructed hobgoblin which shall effectually prevent us from having too good a time. Still we need not make a fetish of it, and set it up on our hearthstone, and make spiritual monstrosities of ourselves by pretending we like it.

To return to Mr. Sunderland and his sermons. Mr. Sunderland did not claim that his proofs of immortality could be mathematically demonstrated, though for all that he believed they possessed nearly as great value as the careful inductions of science. After a short preface regarding the nature of proofs, he proceeded to unfold three principal views held respecting a future state of existence. First, he alluded, and with a fairness and candor not always seen even in a liberal, to the doctrine of spiritualism, the only one which claims to establish itself on the direct evidence of the senses. Secondly, he glanced at the views of Swedenborg; and lastly and chiefly he discoursed on that feeling which the majority are conscious of, that the incompleteness and general unsatisfactoriness of the world demand something more and something better. Everything in nature, Mr. Sunderland went on to say, except man, can fulfill the highest end of its being in the present life. The animal and plant complete the full round of existence here on earth. Not so with man, however, who barely gets a start, and that not always a fair one, before the great extinguisher death comes to put out his hopes, and quench his ambition.

A quotation was then given from Frances Power Cobbe, showing how of all the wrongs which oppress the soul none is more intolerable than the sense of injustice. There can be nothing but the grossest injustice in the forced endurance of a life full of pain and disappointment, if that life is not to end in and be compensated by one empty of sorrow and full of peace and happiness. But Mr. Sunderland does not think the good time coming is altogether good, *i.e.*, good for everybody, for then the wicked are to receive a fuller punishment than can be meted out to them here, as well as the righteous their reward.

The objector would say in reply to this, that it was reasoned solely from the standpoint of man, and presupposed, not that God was the chief end of man, but man the chief end of God. Besides if the voices of the plant and animal world were quite distinct to our hearing, should we catch no low-murmured requiem of sorrow and trouble there? I wonder what the mother bird thinks when some rough-handed youngster strips her nest of its downy treasures? Is there no bird-mythology to offer her its consolations, wherein a big, blustering boy aptly figures as *Siva* the destroyer? If I brush aside an ant-heap which disfigures my pansy-bed, I disturb the industrial activities of an entire community, and produce the direst social anarchy and confusion. Suppose one of the little black pigmies were to square at me with his fore antennæ, and de-

mand that as I had upset all his present plans he was justified in expecting some future compensation at my hands, shouldn't I laugh at him for his pains, and ignominiously crunch him into the dirt, for a presuming fellow, who persisted in looking at things from a sand-hill point of view? That's the philosophical way of looking at it. Man in the aggregate is a creature of vast and ever increasing importance, but man the individual is a very insignificant affair.

The "Foregleams of Immortality," the subject of the second sermon of the course, were much of the same nature as the "Proofs." The unfinished aspect of things, the hints at a more perfect development which lie all about us are the foregleams of a beautiful to-come. The fulfillment of the future is proved—almost—by the unfolded possibilities of the present.

The last two sermons were on the "What and Where of Immortality," and "Re-union of Friends in Heaven," subjects even more speculative than the first two. Mr. Sunderland marked out a difficult task for himself and accomplished it as well as the nature of the case would permit. He could only present what seemed to him the most just and rational view of the matter, and perhaps it is as reasonable to look on the bright as on the dark side. Some in more severely practical moments may not be able to accept the arguments offered as conclusive, to believe that because we so greatly desire immortality therefore the chances are that we shall obtain it. Yet I doubt if we do not all indulge in much of this sort of logic, and will not so long as balked desires and thwarted ambitions and frustrated hopes enter so largely into the experience of life.

A great effort is being made by the Fourth Church, assisted by Unity and the Church of the Messiah to retain Mr. Sunderland in his old position here. He is held in great affection by his people, and is doing a good work. Chicago has a special niche for him, and whether he goes or stays he has gained and will keep many friends.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

THE SORT OF LIFE THE PREACHER NEEDS.

To the Editor of *The Inquirer* :

THE mistake might easily be made, but I did not quite mean "physical and magnetic power," when I made life a matter of prime moment in my talk about preaching, but a certain outpouring of the pent-up spirit rather, or a kindling fire of which men like Mr. Spurgeon are the coarser instances, and men like Dr. Channing the finer. This may, and no doubt does, depend in some fair measure on the organization, but in a far greater measure on a soul set on fire about what it has to say and do.

I noticed this in Brother Frothingham this winter when I heard him speak for the first time in these half-dozen years. I used to think in the old days he had about everything a preacher could have but life, and this morning I found he had that also. Friends who hear him often said it was not one of his best days, but he stood there for an hour talking to us of "the whole duty of man," and we were moved and penetrated as wheat is by wind and sun. I may be wrong, but I think he has found this power in his later ministry through hard striving, great and sometimes sad brooding, and what I should call prayer and faith; and that the physical and magnetic power which was in him to begin with does not count for much in the sum, also that this power is something we can all win in some fair measure as the first condition of touching human hearts. Yours,

ROBERT COLLYER.

AN association has been formed in New York, with a long list of names of distinguished gentlewomen as officers and managers, for the promotion of artistic industries among women. The objects of the movement are stated to be, (1) to establish a place for the exhibition and sale of sculpture, paintings, wood carving, lace-work, and other productions of woman's handicraft which shall be of sufficient excellence to meet the present demand for such work; (2) to encourage profitable industries among women by furnishing instruction in the various arts which have proved remunerative in other countries; (3) to make arrangements with manufacturers for supplying original designs, etc., produced by the women workers; (4) to endeavor to obtain orders for execution from dealers in China, cabinet work, or articles of household art; (5) to induce each artist to master thoroughly the details of one kind of decoration, and try to make for her work a reputation of commercial value. The plan is an excellent one, and if executed with earnestness and good sense cannot fail to prove of great service to the large numbers of women who are compelled to earn their bread.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

LITERATURE.

THE CRADLE OF THE CHRIST.*

WE come so late to greet this strangely interesting volume which has already been reviewed by all the leading secular and religious journals, because we have been hoping to furnish our readers with a review of it by a contributor specially qualified by natural gifts and training for such a task. Failing of this we now address ourselves to what another could have done more worthily. It must not be supposed that Mr. Frothingham has broached in this volume any late discovery of his own or of other critics. As long ago as 1860 he published in *The Dial*—not the original *Dial*, but a magazine edited in Cincinnati by M. D. Conway, and boldly taking on a title known to fame—a series of articles, entitled “The Christianity of Christ,” of which the present study is a natural development. The main authorities were then the same as now, namely, Strauss and F. C. Baur, critics whom Mr. Frothingham follows now more independently and cautiously and diverges from more freely, but who are still evidently and avowedly the principal inspirers of his critical opinions. The results of the later study are more radical and destructive than those of the earlier. The personality of Jesus has faded more and more; his influence upon the fortunes of the world has had a similar fate. But none of Mr. Frothingham’s conclusions bear the marks of haste. The rhetorical form in which his book is cast only more clearly proves how thoroughly he has assimilated his material. There is something wonderful in Mr. Frothingham’s ability to embody the results of the most careful study in a style that flows along as smoothly as if it were the vehicle of nothing more substantial than a poet’s dream. Consider, on page 171, the elaborate sentence in which the characteristics of the Religion of Israel are summed up. Is anything omitted that would make the picture more complete? How much analysis there must have been to make possible this brilliant synthesis, this vivid apprehension. And everywhere it is the same.

Mr. Frothingham’s book is in nine chapters, the first of which treats of the “False position of the New Testament.” This consists, first in its exclusion from the general literature of the world; second, in its exclusion from the literature of the Hebrew people. Mr. Frothingham submits that there is no reason whatever why the New Testament writings should not be tried by precisely the same tests that are applied to other writings, and that applying such tests we find that the New Testament is a natural product of Hebrew genius, its contents attesting the creative power of the Jewish mind. Its books carry to the last point of attenuation and finally exhaust the capacity of ideas that exerted a controlling influence on the fortunes of the Hebrew people. “Between the Jewish and Christian Scriptures there is not so much as a blank leaf.” The apparent blank in our Bibles is filled in with the Apocryphal and Talmudic writings.

Mr. Frothingham’s second chapter deals with the origin and growth of the Messianic idea. From being vague enough at first, this idea grew in definiteness of form and in the intensity with which it was apprehended as the affairs of Judaism went from bad to worse. Gradually the expectation of “a good time coming” developed a personal centre, and this again assumed a supernatural character. The book of Daniel marks this stage and further on the books of Enoch and Maccabees. Mr. Frothingham finds the Messianic Conception growing less spiritual and more po-

litical as time proceeds. As the harrow of one conqueror after another passed over the exasperated people the ideal grew more intense. The Messiah was to be “one who should redeem Israel” from the power of all its enemies. In his third chapter Mr. Frothingham gives an account of the Jewish sects. The Sadducees were the cultivated, aristocratic sect, revering Moses and the law but not the priestly and Rabbinic aftergrowths; denying immortality and the resurrection and confidently appealing to the law in confirmation of their denials. The Pharisees were the popular and fanatical and patriotic party. The Messianic hope was their peculiar care; the leading article of their political creed. Still there were conservatives and radicals among them; some counselling moderation, others eager for revolt. The Essenes, a mystical secluded sect, Mr. Frothingham only touches in passing. He disposes of De Quincey’s ingenuity about them in a single sentence. But there are able writers who conceive a vital relationship between this sect and the movements of John the Baptist and Jesus, to whose view many passages in the gospels give ample confirmation.

Chapter Fourth deals with the “Messiah of the New Testament.” In the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke he is a radical Pharisee who transcends the traditions of his people. His beliefs are those of his people. A Pharisee of the narrow school he is not. His allegiance to the Mosaic law is spiritual, not literal. No military leader, he expects celestial aid to consummate the deliverance of his people and the establishment of his kingdom. How far the actual Jesus corresponded to this Messianic portrait Mr. Frothingham leaves unsaid. But evidently he thinks, and with good reason, that he is more likely to have corresponded to it than with any of a later date. The fifth chapter treats of “The First Christians” and attempts to show them as a thoroughly Jewish sect, not breaking with the moral ceremonial, nor even with the political traditions of their people. Even the Christianity of Paul depicted in the following chapter, though very different from that of the first Christians was only another phase of Judaism; a phase less simple, more speculative, more catholic. His Messiah was almost purely subjective; or rather he was elaborated freely from Talmudic data which, before his time, had been neglected in the Christian circle. The impulse which he gave went on and re-enforced itself. The Messiah became more supernatural and the ethics of the new religion more vague and mystical in such writings of his followers as Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, Hebrews.

Nowhere is Mr. Frothingham more completely at home than in his discussion of the Fourth Gospel contained in his seventh chapter. Its difference from the synoptic gospels is set forth with admirable and convincing clearness. That it can be a true picture of Jesus, if they are at all true, is shown to be impossible. It represents the widest divergence from Judaism in the New Testament. Consciously, it is anti-Jewish. But unconsciously, it is Jewish still. Mr. Frothingham’s Eighth Chapter deals with “the Western Church.” The importance which it claims for Judaism in the Roman world is in remarkable contrast with the estimate of Renan in his “St. Paul.” Here the recent work of Professor Huidekoper, “Judaism at Rome,” plays into his hands faster than he can husband it. Judaism and Christianity at Rome were but two sorts of Judaism yet with this difference: Christianity was expansive, Judaism was not; Christianity had a Messiah, Judaism had not; or its Messiah had not come. “The Christian Jews with their Messiah took the popular conception at its best and satisfied

* The Cradle of the Christ. A study in Primitive Christianity. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 132 Fifth Avenue.

it." Early in the fourth century the impression made upon the populace was too considerable to be overlooked by the controllers of public opinion. The politic Constantine embraced Christianity and made it the religion of the Roman Empire. Immediately began a new transformation. In a hundred particulars of creed and cult Christianity was paganized.

In his last chapter Mr. Frothingham attempts to find the actual Jesus; to disentangle him from the ideal Messiah and to estimate his influence on the religious fortunes of humanity. The conclusions to which he comes are mainly negative. Only in the earliest stage of Christianity are we obliged to infer the presence of a commanding personality. But further on his influence is not necessary to account for anything that happened or was believed or done. All that we know about him is that he "lived upon the highest level of Hebrew thought and illustrated the highest type of Hebrew character; that he was a genuine prophet and saint—all the more so, perhaps, for the completeness of his self-abnegation." And Mr. Frothingham makes no concealment of his faith that it was expedient that Jesus should thus go away. Thus is the necessity for self-dependence made more apparent.

We are conscious of having given a very meagre and barren resume of Mr. Frothingham's striking and brilliant exposition. No doubt in some particulars its inferences can be successfully impeached. For ourselves, we can but think that Mr. Frothingham's passionate idealism has unconsciously warped his judgment in regard to the personality of Jesus. Upon this head his earlier criticism, to which we have referred above, seems wiser far than this. Strauss is by no means credulous, but in his *New Life of Jesus* he draws a picture of the historic Jesus, perfectly consistent and yet sternly critical, which is substantial and even vascular in comparison with the pale and shadowy form which flits upon the outmost verge of Mr. Frothingham's imagination. Still the fact remains that Mr. Frothingham may be a safer guide than Strauss. What if the historical Jesus is so undiscoverable as he declares? Our religion is in a bad way if it could suffer any serious harm from this conclusion. Whatever is true would still remain true. And an ideal is no less commanding than an actual personality.

In Mr. Frothingham's preface does not the kindness of his heart obscure the clearness of his vision? Endeavoring to placate the Orthodox supernaturalist he tells him that his Christianity is independent of these results. But surely it is not. "Fatal to Christianity's claim to be a special revelation" are his words elsewhere, and these are just and true. Surely such doctrines as the Incarnation and Atonement must have a very definite historical basis. The records of the incarnate God and the atoning Saviour must be without a flaw. To us it seems that if any sane man can honestly arrive at Mr. Frothingham's conclusions the scheme of supernatural Christianity is a piece of monstrous folly. A revelation that intelligence the rarest and honesty the bravest could so misconceive would be a fearful libel on the character of the Almighty. It is presumable that if he should attempt to make a revelation of his character and purposes he would succeed much better than this.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Frothingham's list of "authorities," which he appends to his "study" and which is intended not for the learned but for the average reader, was not prepared more carefully. Kuenen's splendid *History of Israel* is not mentioned in the list and many of the works mentioned have been translated though they are not mentioned as having been while others are. Among these are

Coquerel's "First transformations of Christianity," all of Renan's works except *L'Antichrist*, Reville's History of the Doctrine of Christ's Divinity and his "Theodore Parker," Strauss's "Old Faith and New," "Life of Jesus for the German People." Cranbrook's "Founders of Christianity" is a little book, unmentioned, which covers pretty much the same ground as Mr. Frothingham's study.

BRIEF NOTICES.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book has the first virtue of a novel, without which all others are thrown away—it is readable, and this in spite of a faulty style, some abrupt descents from the tragic to the sentimental, and the commonest of all devices for the production of misery—a love-letter, which the writer begs may not be answered at all unless the reply is favorable—a common device in novels, but, it is to be hoped since there is such a thing as common sense, unknown in real life. The letter is taken from the bag by the woman to whom it does not belong (when was it ever otherwise?). The disconsolate hero sails for India, and the heroine marries the wrong man.

Some of the minor characters are very well drawn, especially little Georgie with her simple-hearted loyalty to her old father; and any one wishing a novel to read on a journey, or half a dozen to carry into the country, in short, who wants something to read without knowing precisely what, will do well to take this one. He would be more likely to do worse than better in a chance selection, in spite of the illustrations, which are enough to condemn the book. They are beyond all comparison worse than none, and, since there is no absolute necessity that a novel should be illustrated at all, there seems no excuse for their appearance.

HARRY. New York: MacMillan & Co. 1877.

Who is the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," "A Very Young Couple," "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress," and the little volume before us, we do not know, and we are inclined to believe it has never been revealed. Whoever it is, it is one who has good powers of perception and a light and graceful touch, and we should be inclined to think that only a woman could have written these little stories, though in the one before us there is a masculine abandon in the management of the verse.

It would be a shame to anticipate the pleasure of the reader by telling just what "Harry" is, a pleasure which we are sure will be shared by a large number, and for which they will not be the worse. The little story is told in the simplest but most effective way, and the lightly tripping verse clothes a multitude of simple and delicate fancies. We are not sure that the close of the book is not a mistake, that it might not have been better, if it had ended differently. But taking it as it is, it is a worthy successor of its predecessors and we are sure its readers will only be sorry that there is not more of it. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have made it into a most dainty little book, which is a marvel of cheapness.

CENTRAL AFRICA: NAKED TRUTHS OF NAKED PEOPLE. By Col. C. Chaillé Long of the Egyptian Staff. New York: Harper and Bros. 1877.

Col. Long is an American who joined the army of the Khedive after the close of the Rebellion, and the book before us, which is handsomely printed, is the record of two expeditions made by him, one to the Lake Victoria Nyanza and the other to the Makraka Niam-Niam country. His narration is not without interest—it would be difficult to divest any statement in relation to these barbarous tribes of all interest, but after the book of the modest Col. Cameron it falls very flat. We believe it was published a little earlier than that work, and had we noticed it then we might have been able to express ourselves more favorably regarding it. But even then we fear that we should have been disgusted with certain things, as for instance with the nonchalance with which he alludes to the beheading of thirty victims by order of King M'Tsé in his presence, and in honor of his reception.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH HISTORY. For the Use of Schools. By Edward M. Lancaster. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1877.

We cannot feel that this Manual has been prepared in the way it would have been by one thoroughly qualified, and we know of few things in the book-trade more objectionable than the constant disposition to compass the introduction of new text-books into schools irrespective of the question whether they are needed there, or are any better than others already in use.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE *Contemporary Review* for May contains the conclusion of a long poem by Robert Buchanan, entitled "Balder the Beautiful." It is the story of the victory of the Christ-god over the gods of the Valhalla, the more civilized god over the less civilized, and the poet's conception of the character of the Christ-god differs sufficiently from that of the theologian and is indicated with sufficient vagueness to allow of a comfortable play of the reader's imagination. The form of the verse is constantly changing, the rhythm is easy and graceful, the pictures are vivid and effective, the action is very spirited. We may fairly say that Mr. Buchanan's work is a poem. Rev. H. R. Haweis, author of "Music and Morals," furnishes a sketch of Wagner; Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt writes on the timely subject of "Artists and Artisans;" James Henderson gives English readers an account of "The American Liquor Laws;" Henry S. Richardson writes with discrimination of "Harriet Martineau's Account of Herself." Thomas Hughes makes what appears to us a weak plea for the Establishment—nevertheless we can recognize the strong impulse which English Liberals feel clinging to the old organization. Professor Zeller writes of "The Contest of Heathenism with Christianity;" Paul Janet on "French Thought and Spinozism;" Major R. D. Osborn on "Mahammudan Law;" Alexander Main states "A Reconciling Philosophical Conception;" and Prof. Lightfoot in his papers on "Supernatural Religion" treats of "Tatian's Diatessaron." Among the essays and notices at the end of the number, we find some judicious remarks upon the "Rationale of Reviewing," the author's idea being that in an ordinary book notice what is more particularly needed is a plain statement of what the book contains, and of the style in which it is put, rather than fine writing about the subject of which the book treats.

MR. HOWELLS does not appear over his own signature in the June *Atlantic*, and of course we miss him, but others are here who are worthy of the position, and not least among them the South Carolinian to whom we owe such frank description of Southern Society. He gives us this month his closing instalment into which many details are gathered. C. F. Adams traces further the history of Mount Wollaston or "Merrymount;" Edward H. Knight continues his comments on Musical Instruments at the Centennial, with illustrations; Fitz-Greene Halleck is the subject of a critical sketch by G. P. Lathorp; T. S. Perry writes of Edward Fitzgerald's Translations (Mr. Fitzgerald being, among other things, the translator of Omar Khayyám); the West is taken care of by H. H. and A. G. Browne, Jr.; and the poems are by Holmes, Marian Douglas, Bayard Taylor, and W. W. Story, that of the latter being set to music by F. Boott. 'The Contributors' Club is bright as usual.

LA RELIGIOUS LAIQUE.

Mr. Frothingham has already given in these columns an extended notice of the general character, spirit and aims of M. Fauvety's interesting publication, *La Religion Laïque*. The latest numbers only confirm the opinion that in this French monthly we have a magazine "clearly intellectual, frank, sincere, brave, evading no question, avoiding no issues, appreciating all honest thoughts, and enlisting the good will of the best minds in the task of reviving religion in modern society."

We have no publication in this country with which we can well compare it. It is the organ of no church or sect, "represents" no denomination and yet is deeply and profoundly interested in religious questions. It has all the independence of the *Index*, but is, we cannot help thinking, more charitable in its judgments and somewhat less defiant in tone. Yet M. Fauvety's greatest fault as manifested in the pages of *La Religion Laïque* is his constant antagonism to the church and her ministers. Doubtless churches are bad enough and many ministers are obstacles in the path of progress, but notwithstanding all their defects there may be worse things. However the editor feels that opposition to clerical spirit is most important and he says: "Such resistance is for us, a question of life or death, and union between the men of progress and freedom, between all who look toward the future and not the past, is a necessity." The natural end legitimate result of clericalism is the declaration of Papal infallibility and against that tendency M. Fauvety will fight to the death. If he only contends with "the arms of reason" against all that is unreasonable and false he will doubtless do good service.

Two notices of Pere Hyacinthe's recent discourses show that the editor is very broad and catholic in his spirit, and can appreciate the importance and value of utterances with which he himself may not fully agree, recognizing that truth is served in many ways. The chapters on the history of Early Christianity which have al-

ready appeared have great interest to the thoughtful reader. In one number M. Fauvety enters into a discussion of that singular company, the Essenes, and shows how similar were many of their ideas to those of the early Christians. In subsequent pages he treats of the Jewish conception of the Messiah, and proves quite conclusively that the so-called prophetic declarations were not fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. These chapters possess far more than passing value and will form when completed, an exceedingly interesting contribution to theological and religious literature. Other articles upon "Jesus, Réponse au Radical;" "Vues Modernes sur L'Immortalité, L'Athée et L'Athéisme," "Le Propétisme dans L'Humanité," etc., give a fair idea of the line of thought pursued by the writers in this excellent magazine.

However the reader may differ from some of the conclusions here presented he can scarcely fail to admire the freedom of thought, the earnestness and general liberality of the man who is so bravely contending for the realization of that perfect harmony in all the relations of life, unity with God and man and the free development of the human spirit which good and true souls long for all the world over.

J. A. B.

BLACKWOOD'S FOR APRIL. Reprint. The Eastern Question is here attacked in both prose and verse, from the Tory standpoint. "The Anglo-Indian Tongue" is a disquisition on the curious linguistic conglomerate which has grown up in educated circles in British India. "Pauline" and "A Woman Hater" both appear, with enough of movement for one month. "A Wanderer" writes of Nelson (and Lady Hamilton) in the Bay of Naples, and a friend of the Royal Artillery thinks that it should come in for its share of the great prizes, as well as the other arms of the service. The writer of an article with the curious title "Rambles Round Travel," gossips pleasantly of travel before the days of rapid transit, from the time of Bacon onward. The exigencies of whist-playing are feelingly stated by one who appears to know how it is.

NATURE. We are glad to welcome our old friend in a new dress, much pleasanter to the eye than the one to which we have been accustomed, and with some changes in the arrangement of its departments, which contribute to the improved effect. It is now printed on paper of a tone similar to that of the *INQUIRER*, and is very attractive in appearance. The fact that it is entering upon its sixteenth volume is evidence of the appreciation in which it is held by the public, and we are glad to believe that it is worthy of even more credit than it receives.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TURKEY. Translated from the German of Dr. Johannes Blochwitz. By Mrs. M. Wesselhoeft. With Maps. Limp cloth, pp. 176. 50 cts.

VEST-POCKET SERIES. Each, 50 cts.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, DOMESTIC LIFE. R. W. Emerson.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE, ETC. J. R. Lowell.

ELEGY AND OTHER POEMS. Thomas Gray.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. W. E. Aytoun.

From Macmillan & Co.

HARRY. A Poem by the Author of Mrs. Jerminham's Journal. Cloth, pp. 145, 30 cts.

From Janes, McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE JERICHO ROAD. A Story of Western Life. By John Habberton. Cloth, pp. 222. \$1.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Cloth, pp. 404.

CAMP, COURT AND SIEGE. By Wickham Hoffman, Sec. U. S. Leg. at Paris. Cloth, pp. 225.

HALF-HOUR SERIES. Paper, 25 cts. each.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN ANCIENT ATHENS. By W. W. Capes, M. A.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. With Maps.

RISE OF THE PEOPLE AND GROWTH OF PARLIAMENT. By Jas. Rowley, M. A.

THE TUDORS AND THE REFORMATION. By M. Creighton, M. A.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ABSOLUTE MONARCHY. By Bertha M. Cordery.

MAN'S WHITE WITCH. A Novel. By G. Douglas. Paper, pp. 169. 50 cts.

From Henry T. Williams, New York.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER. By Henry T. Williams. Cloth, pp. 308. \$1.50.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT. The Fletcher Prize Essay for 1877, by Rev. Wm. W. Farris. Cloth, pp. 312. \$1.50.

SYRIAN SUNSHINE. (Town and Country Series.) By T. G. Appleton. Cloth, pp. 308. \$1.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

BEN BLINKER. By Daniel Wise, D. D. Cloth, pp. 232. \$1.25.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

PREHISTORICAL JOURNAL. June.

CATHOLIC WORLD. June.

LONDON QUARTERLY. April.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. May.

UNITARIAN REVIEW. June.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT is calling the attention of the English people to the fact that they are spending sixteen million pounds annually upon the army in India and only a few hundred thousands upon the education of the people.

ART.

McCULLOUGH.

MR. McCULLOUGH has won a great and deserved triumph in New York, and during his recent appearance before our public has exhibited such strong and sterling qualities as commend him to the enthusiastic admiration of all lovers of dramatic art and critics of dramatic talent. He has shown a fine nervous and active mind unerringly pursuing a very noble and high ideal, and so intellectually constituted as to shun sham, artifice and tricks, and if at times crude, in the end producing effects wholesome, robust and genial. He acts with an invaluable sense of the beauties of proportion, and establishes for himself at the outset the necessity of a harmonic progression from beginning to end, whereby every succeeding flood of emotion and passage of disaster develops the latent capabilities of emotion, and character under varying shocks discloses its rigid and immovable features. This certainly is a lofty dictum difficult to fulfil, and whose stern requirements can only be met by a severe discipline, we had almost said self-denial, which represses the exotic growths of imagination, but leaves its legitimate functions stronger, purer and sweeter in their operations and results.

He thus always secures unity of parts, unmarred by meretricious aberrations and splenetic outbursts of extravagant energy, which momentarily splendid, always disturb the thought and confuse those bold, deep and firm impressions of actuality which an even and regular treatment secure.

McCullough scarcely may claim a title to the sacred glory of genius. But a persevering and ardent mind, scrupulously studying the details of his profession, as sagaciously scrutinizing the elements of each character, and fusing together by his innate realism the well-earned pose and gesture with the animate emotion which prompted them, frequently reaches heights which genius acknowledges as her own. There is no stiffness, false ease or assumed gracefulness in McCullough's manner, his mechanism is unaffected and secure, and deeply penetrated with the searching soul finding its fit utterance in tone, expression and outward form. Yet, however minutely previous study has carried him over each section of his impersonations, and however indelibly fixed in his own mind may be the precise manner of his bearing and speech, no trace of overdone workmanship rests upon his performance. In this connection we have been struck by the moral worth of what he does, and by that we mean its sincerity, heartiness and candor.

We feel inclined, so exacting are his demands upon himself in this particular, to give it a commercial expression. You have paid, he suppositiously says to the audience, to hear and see Virginius, Spartacus, Richard III., and so far as in me lies, without malice, conceit or redundancy, you shall hear and see them. Knitting together the wayward or violent alternations of grief, joy, dismay, frenzy, madness, satire, impatience, rage, affection, he never by unjust emphasis upon such points as will excite applause merely or distort his importance, blurs the finished image of his personation. The æsthetic impulse which prompts him to so refined, chaste and masterly treatment, is only equalled by his intellectual possession of himself to obey and demonstrate it.

He is always vigorous, his physique is strong, muscular and handsome, and it gives tone and body to all he does; he scarcely ever acutely catches the breathless moment when passion pauses in faintness at the limit of its excess, but he sweeps on in strides of action past these exquisite intervals, revelling in the strong play of positive and unmixt emotion. His pathos is most beautiful. His tears spring from an overflowing heart, and so contagious is his humor that our eyes water with his own. His laughter vibrates so genially about us, and the movements of his mind enlist us in their oscillations until we respond with unfeigned unanimity to the strong phases of his role. In short, McCullough's influence resides in the intrinsic honesty of purpose with which he attacks his problems, the legitimate, simple and earnest devices he employs in expression, and his intellectual grasp upon the elements of character he blends together. He seems intensely human and produces strong, vigorous and broadly colored figures which stand before you in a clear light, and admit of exact and impartial estimation. No dangerous and necromantic chiar-oscuro is employed to throw into startling relief the prominences of individuality, and the malaises of woe. He infuses nobility which we must believe innate, into whatever he touches, giving fibre and tone to the dejection of grief, or strengthening and swelling the diapason of joy and victory. McCullough evidently has his limitations; the solution of the most complex problems in character is perhaps not within his

range. He could scarcely with his controlling forcefulness graduate the imperceptible shades that lead us to the arena of a Hamlet's soul, nor paint the melting outlines of Romeo's passion. But where deep strong lines hedge a man within their personal expression, where intense and overmastering emotion sways the pliant mortal, McCullough is notably excellent and remarkable. And there is an additional beauty in the way in which he does this. He expresses in his action the controlling influence of reserved strength and this suggestion of unused resources of power, under a firm and discreet control, increases by the most refused, method the moral tension which pervades and crowns his efforts. Mr. McCullough's engagement amongst us has been fraught with much refreshment, and his departure takes with it the best wishes of an entire and we may say a grateful community.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

WERE you ever heavy-hearted, little May?

She tossed her pretty head,
As right merrily she said,
"Heavy-hearted? No, not I;
Yet a little makes me cry,
And a little less than half
Makes me laugh;—

My mother often calls me April Day."

WERE you ever very happy, little May?

Again she shook her head;
"I do not know," she said.
"Very happy? Who is so?
Not a single soul, you know;
Mother often tells me this,
With a kiss:

Our life, she says, is like an April day."

"SMILES are smiles only when the heart pulls the wires."

"Tis a mercy to be awakened from a deep sleep in sin by a fall into deep sorrow."

"It is a higher exhibition of manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it."

OUR chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can?—EMERSON.

"SINCE Time," says Goethe, "is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing."

THE more enlarged is our mind, the more we discover in men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one and another.—PASCAL.

WARM summer dwells upon thy cheeks,
And in thy dancing eyes;
But in thy little heart, fair child,
Cold, frosty winter lies.

Yet these, I think, as years grow on,
Will play a different part;
Then, winter on thy cheeks shall be,
And summer in thy heart.

—HEINE.

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After this life.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—GOETHE.

THE lowest resignation is not to be found in martyrdom: it is only to be found when we have covered our heads in silence and felt, "I am not worthy to be a martyr; the truth shall prosper, but not by me."—GEORGE ELIOT.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE most amusing thing we have read lately is the remark of the *Churchman*, that the house of worship on Bowdoin Street, Boston, now occupied by the Church of the Advent, "was originally built for a meeting-house!"—*Congregationalist*.

ABOUT the poorest performance in which a minister can indulge while in the pulpit is to berate his people for not attending the regular church services; it injures equally himself and them. If a good gospel feast is prepared, the people will come when they can; but where this is wanting, the loudest and most denunciatory scolding will not bring them to the house of worship.—*Pittsburgh Banner*.

"I DESIRE to found an institution where any man can learn any thing," said Ezra Cornell. One thing that men have not, hitherto, been able to learn at Cornell, is the principles of enlightened Christianity in their application to the phenomena of history, politics and morals. Henceforth, it seems, it is to be impossible to familiarize one's self there with the negations of "Free Religionism." All the better for Cornell; but meanwhile, Cornell is being driven to formulate a creed of some kind, and enforce conformity to it; while her loudest praises have been sounded by those who congratulated themselves that she was absolutely creedless.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

AT the execution of four negroes a few weeks ago in the United States, the colored minister who had attended them objected strongly to the reprieve of one of them on the ground that, having been converted in his extremity, he was now sure of heaven, and should be executed *before he could possibly change his mind!*" This is a dogma put in its true light, though it is a grim and horrible one, and reminds us of the Spanish mother who destroyed her children saying, "that if spared to grow up to manhood their future and eternal welfare would be put in great peril, whereas their early death secured to them Heaven." Strange that we still have doctrines of the Christian Church which appear to justify the ignorant negro minister and the Spanish mother.—*Christian Life*.

ENGLISHMEN are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly-disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as among ourselves, genuine feelings of indignation against the oppressors and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future, and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.—*D. Mackenzie Wallace in Fortnightly Review*.

THE implication in the suggestion of the Governor that it is necessary for human legislation to enforce the instinct divinely implanted in women to care for their children, is very amusing. The Governor apparently supposes that a consuming passion for the care of schools will tear women from the care of the cradle unless the law sternly forbids. Why should he not suppose that the God of nature has provided for women as He has for men? If it is not necessary to forbid men to desert their own "fields of labor, duty and usefulness" to invade those of women, why must it be supposed necessary to forbid women to encroach upon those of men? The simple truth is that the real difference of spheres in the sexes cannot be affected by human wishes or human legislation. Mr. Emerson's bill had nothing to do with those "different fields." It provided only that when parents who are mutually interested in their children are of opinion that women can have a useful associate charge with men of the schools in which boys and girls equally are taught, the association shall not be unlawful. The Governor says—but he wisely does not undertake to prove—that the God of nature would disapprove so natural and obviously just a provision.—*Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Weekly*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Froberish,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has traveled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
—With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward-bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years
More than in the groves is taught
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.
—EDMUND C. STEDMAN in *Radical Review*.

FOR farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night, is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally, and prospered; but no man ever kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulses. It is barbarous to expect children to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, with the thermometer below zero. Give them time after you call them to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before they leap.—*Evangelist*.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

SUNDAY SERVICES—REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE AT MUSIC HALL—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY AT CHRISTIAN UNION HALL—CONFERENCE MEETINGS AT THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL AND HOLLIS STREET CHURCHES—ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE MINISTERIAL UNION, BOSTON ASSOCIATION, LADIES' COMMISSION AND AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE first calendar day was Sunday, of course, but that is not ordinarily counted as a part of the anniversaries. For this year, however, it chanced to be one of the marked days for Unitarians, being emphasized by Rev. Minot J. Savage, before a crowded audience in Music Hall, in a vigorous sermon upon the text, "What shall I do to be saved?" This is the third in the series of Music Hall discourses, now being given by leading Unitarians, under the auspices of the Suffolk Conference. Surely if the Tabernacle services have done nothing more than stimulate inquiry into the Liberal theology which Mr. Moody has so persistently denounced, they have not been in vain. On the same evening Mr. Murray was conducting the service at Christian Union Hall, thus showing that the crack of the evangelist's whip, which made such a loud report on the previous Monday, had not alarmed him in the least. In fact, it is the general impression in Boston that Calvinism overreached itself at that time, although it must be said, in Mr. Moody's behalf, that he could not consistently have done or said less.

Meanwhile the Universalists were holding a good, warm missionary meeting on Columbus avenue. So that Liberal theology had a liberal hearing on Sunday outside the customary services.

MONDAY.

The day dawned upon a spotless sky, and the balmy but bracing atmosphere was doubly blessed because of the murky clouds which have hardly opened for a week. Mr. Hale gave the meetings a good send off at the morning conference in his church, which was honored by an exceptionally large audience. His topic was "The Still Small Voice," the general thought being that the noise or pomp of celebration, the earthquake of religious revolution and the fire of eloquence are less effective than the invisible and almost

THE MINISTERIAL UNION.

silent influences of the spirit.

The Ministerial Union took a new departure this year, having changed their day of meeting so as to make Hollis Street Chapel, where these meetings always are held, the first rallying point of the brethren on Monday. An annual election was held and all the old officers were re-elected with the exception of the Secretary, Rev. N. Seaver, Jr., who declined re-election, and Rev. E. J. Galvin, who is doing missionary work in Oregon. Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, gave an address upon "The Present Movement in Religious Thought," which charmed all listeners by its breadth, discernment and Christian spirit; its distinguishing characteristic being its affirmations of what liberal Christians do believe rather than that series of negations which so often mark the doctrinal discourses of our churches, *e. g.* :—

"We emphasize character and make it our sole standpoint of judgment; we recognize all truth as one and with God; we ground our belief on the facts of the present; we do not undervalue the past, but we care more for the future! The future of religion is free—taught, but not bound by the past." These general positions were enforced by special applications to the Bible, miracles, Christ, sin, ordinances, etc., and illustrated by a discussion of the four parties of the Christian Church: Extremists, of both flanks, Consistents, and Inconsistent.

The Union is quite prosperous and starts on its new year with a surplus in the treasury. Thanks to the generosity of the brethren at this meeting, and to the hospitality of the Suffolk Conference, whose officers had previously given a hint to the Secretary that the "ravens" might be safely trusted to provide entertainment for the occasion.

THE LADIES' COMMISSION.

The Ladies' Commission, which is doing a deal of quiet but effective work in raising the tone of juvenile literature and regenerating our Sunday school libraries, met in its room at No. 7 Tremont Place at 3 o'clock, but, owing to a general impression that these meetings are not public, the occasion was marked by the absence of those whom it was intended to reach. The chairman read a suggestive communication from Miss Lucretia Hale and a discussion ensued upon the question, how to make the work of the Commission more effective and permanent, the general impression being

that the work of past years should now be consolidated and put in permanent book form. The point was also well taken that it is quite time that the Commission affirm its existence and command recognition in the more public meetings of anniversary week.

In the evening the Boston Association extended its greeting to the clergy at home and from abroad in a social and informal way at Arlington Street Chapel, Rev. Mr. Ware acting the part of host. So ended the second lesson.

TUESDAY.

Another peerless day and another large gathering at Hollis street for the Conference, which was conducted by Revs. W. H. Cudworth and S. H. Winkley. The gem of the morning was an address by Rev. C. A. Bartol, full of the holy ghost and of fire.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

After he concluded, President Kidder, of the A. U. A. called the meeting to order. The body of the house was now completely full and warranted the query whether a spirited opposition giving something to strike against is not the best fortune which can befall our body. Rev. W. P. Tilden offered a fervent prayer, Secretary Shippen read the minutes of last year's meeting, and, in behalf of the Committee on Order of Business, read a report recommending that the question of revising the By-Laws be first taken up, inasmuch as the proposed changes would affect the election about to take place. The recommendation being adopted, the amendments proposed by the Committee on Revision through their chairman, Rev. E. E. Hale, were carried by a large majority; a compromise, suggested but not defended by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, another member of the committee, not being accepted.

Rev. Dr. Morison, chairman of the regular nominating committee, then announced the following list of officers for the ensuing year: For President, Henry P. Kidder; Vice-Presidents, William C. Bryant, Charles A. Stevens; Secretary, Rush B. Shippen; Assistant Secretary, George W. Fox; Treasurer, Charles G. Wood; Directors, Rev. George L. Chaney, Rev. Edward C. Guild, Rev. John C. Kimball, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. John F. W. Ware, Thomas Gaffield, John D. Long, Joseph B. Moors, John W. Wetherell, William L. Whitney, Miss Anne W. Abbot, Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, Charles H. Burrage, Rev. C. G. Ames, Rev. Frederick Frothingham. This ticket was subsequently declared elected.

The report of the Treasurer being in print its reading was dispensed with, also that of the Executive Committee, with the exception of a few passages relative to the year's contributions to which Mr. Shippen called special attention as full of encouragement, and others concerning the Washington church which he selected as a prelude to the reading of a letter from the Building Committee of that church, stating that the terms were ratified, the contract signed and the enterprise fairly launched. "On Sunday the society held service in the old building for the last time." "Thus," said the Secretary, bracing his broad shoulders, "is lifted the heaviest burden of my official life for many years."

The financial items which he deemed worthy of special mention were as follows: The year's contributions from the churches up to this time amount to more than \$26,000; \$2,500 having been collected since the beginning of May, when the Treasurer closed his accounts, as printed in his yearly report. Besides this, over \$14,000 have been collected for the Washington Church, making in all \$40,000, which is more than has been contributed in any one of the last five years.

By common consent, all matters of business were now postponed in order to afford an impatient audience opportunity to listen to the address of Rev. Dr. Bellows, of which we can now give only a very imperfect report. He took for his text Galatians v. 1: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

This liberty was freedom from the enslaving power of tradition and ceremonial. Prophets had protested against the outgrown Mosaic exactions and observances which were held as substitutes for moral obedience and worship. Jesus' life and death were protests against the popular opinion that the bad Jew was better in the eyes of God than the good Gentile. He shocked the Pharisee who thought the Sabbath too holy for a good work and that he was too democratic in his treatment of all sorts and conditions of men, too confident in his claim of direct intercourse with God. Paul imitated his courage by his conflict with disciples who were disposed to slip back into Jewish usages or to conciliate priests and rulers. Temptation to conform has since overwhelmed true religion. Those who take sides with conscience have seldom been in a majority. Liberty of opinion had never been if we had trusted general senti-

ment. The majority have many other aims in their religious affiliations than purity and truth. They are glad to escape the sense of standing alone with God, glad to find a creed or church to stand between them and Him, and I do not say this truculently, but with a full knowledge that we must not expect that more than a few will be brave and conscience-led,—the few to whom in due time the race does not fail to give honor.

We are proud of those Protestants of Protestants, who have withstood the case-hardened systems with which the State has struck hands and which has tyrannized over every thing and counted free thought a crime. Think of the absurdity of a talking serpent, the delusion of a temporal messiah, then of what Jesus was, then of what the traditional church made him, and how these monstrosities have clung to the Church for centuries!

Human nature protested; God and Christ struggled into sight through murky clouds of dogma. I will not assume that Christianity could have come by a less tortuous road, but these are the evils. Christian faith has been clothed in fictions, and yet these evils may have saved its life. But we must not confess that they are now useful or true because of past use. We have no more right to uphold an ancient religious creed than an ancient political creed after it has given birth to better principles. *Is it the thing for to-day?*

A recess of five minutes was now taken for the purpose of voting, after which Dr. Hedge was called upon to open the discussion of the address.

He said that the founders of this association proposed what Dr. Bellows had been considering—a return to the primitive simplicity of the original Church before it was corrupted by the Greeks from the pure monotheism of Jesus. The Gentile fathers were not destroyers, but restorers. They submitted and appealed to the authority of the Bible. Their controversy was concerning right interpretation. The leading popular dogmas are not in the Bible or in the theology of the first century, but have been gradually filed into shape by pugnacious bishops and brawling councils.

Dr. Hedge then cited certain doctrines which illustrate this position, and asked, "Shall we make these beliefs our rule of faith?" No! If Christianity is mere literalism the Catholics are nearest right, but who will pretend that there was any system of theology, any discussion of dogma in that upper room at Jerusalem? Nay, there was no uniform belief so far as we know. There was no doctrinal test on the day of Pentecost. Grant there were—a glance at the world of to-day shows how ineffectual it was. Only Rome may now imagine that all the world will one day come to its position. For my part, I do not wish the eternal light to reflect the same images in every life. A return to primitive Christianity is out of the question except in spirit. It is useless to appeal to Scripture, for the infallible interpreter is wanting. The alternative is "Rome or Reason." I am willing to tolerate all dogmas except that the penalty of sin can be borne vicariously. That dogma is demoralizing.

Rev. W. H. Channing followed in some extempore remarks full of the most beautiful and mystical imagery, of which the burden was that we cannot afford to surrender the lessons of sanctity in the traditional church. The Spirit of Christ kept the church alive. To-day witnesses a new coming of the Holy Spirit, for Christianity is not dogma, but joy in the Holy Ghost. All sects contribute material whence true theology grows, and we have enriched the church with our aid. The true church is the union of loyal and loving souls of all ages.

Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke was the next speaker. He complimented the previous occupants of the platform, and referred to his associations with Dr. Channing.

The thanks of the association were, on motion of Rev. Augustus Woodbury, voted to the secretary and treasurer, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman.

Rev. Mr. Staples moved that a nominating committee and two auditors be appointed by the president during the year. Adopted. Adjourned at ten minutes of one, on motion of Rev. Mr. Staples.

Of the "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" used by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in conducting their religious services 3,400,000 have been sold.

MEADVILLE, PA.—The *Aleph Beth Nun* Society, of Meadville Theological Seminary, recently gave a literary and social entertainment in the beautiful new chapel of the First Unitarian Church, Rev. R. S. Morison, pastor, which was in all respects a great success. The entertainment consisted of readings, addresses, music and a debate, followed by a supper. Our correspondent says: "This was the first entertainment of the kind ever gotten up by the students of the school. All present were delighted. There are no denominational barriers to fun. It did more for religious tolerance and fellowship in Meadville than a ton of argumentative tracts."

JOTTINGS.

THE ladies of the Harvard Church, Charlestown, Mass., have recently presented the Melrose church a Communion service, in place of one loaned to them for several years, the service given being one formerly used by Rev. O. C. Everett.

PROFESSOR SWING, in a recent Chicago sermon, quotes a leading Scotch clergyman as saying "that the Presbyterian creed is remarkable, not for the bad doctrines which it contains, but for the momentous doctrine it has omitted—the Gospel of Christ."

WE have to apologize for sundry tricks of the types last week after the corrected proof-sheets had left our hands. In the last line of Mr. Livermore's essay "finite" was printed "fruit," and in the editorial columns there was considerable nonsense, for which none of the writers were responsible.

BOSTON—On Sunday morning memorial services were held at the Church of the Unity, which were largely attended by members of Charles Russell Lowell Post, G. A. R. Mr. Savage preached on "The Ideal Soldier in the Battle of Life." In the evening Mr. Savage preached at Music Hall the third of the discourses arranged for by the Suffolk Conference, his subject being, "What shall I do to be saved," which he treated in a sensible manner.

REV. JAMES DeNORMANDIE, of Portsmouth, N. H., exchanged last Sunday with Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. Mr. DeNormandie's morning sermon was an original and impressive treatment of II. Samuel xvi. 13.—"Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him, cursed as he went, threw stones at David and cast dust." The childish habit of "throwing mud," as the popular phrase has it, at every thing, every person, every idea with which we come in contact that does not at once strike our fancy or please our limited understanding, this was the weakness, the silly habit which the preacher heartily, justly and eloquently condemned. It is five years since New Yorkers have had the pleasure of hearing a sermon from Mr. DeNormandie in their own city, and not a few original Portsmouth men and women came to welcome their friend and former pastor to All Souls'.

B. Y. M. C. U.—In March, 1874, the trustees of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union asked the friends of the Union for \$250,000 for land and building, which met with a prompt and liberal response. The Trustees state that the outlay has not exceeded the first estimates.

The following is a brief statement of the present financial condition of the Union:—

There is a mortgage on the property at 6 per cent. interest for \$100,000 00	
The balance of indebtedness for construction, to be provided for, is.....	10,120 64
	\$110,120 64

The rents of that portion of the building not in use by the Union are sufficient to cover the interest upon the mortgages. If a few of the friends of the Union will give ten thousand dollars to pay the floating debt it will then be in good condition until such time as it shall be deemed expedient to raise the money for the liquidation of the whole indebtedness.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The Sunday schools of the three Unitarian societies in Brooklyn have a pleasant fashion of getting together for a sail and a romp in the country for one day each year in the early Summer, and young and old alike feel the better for the unbending. The date fixed upon this year is earlier than usual, being Saturday next, June 1. The steamboat and barge engaged will start from the foot of Atlantic street at half-past eight, stop at Thirty-fourth street, East River, for New York friends, and reach Oriental Grove, at Great Neck, Long Island, at about half-past ten. The party will remain there during the day, and start on the return trip at half-past four. The sail on the East River and through the Narrows at Hell Gate will be a pleasant change for those who can go.

WE are informed that Dr. Putnam's salary has not been increased to \$10,000 as recently stated by the *Alliance*. Mr. Chadwick's discourse on Sunday morning was on the subject of Prayer, which he treated in a different manner but upon substantially the same principles embodied by Mr. Gannett in the paper published by us a few weeks ago. In the afternoon the members of the Sunday school attached to Mr. Camp's church united with those of the New Chapel in a pleasant floral service at the latter place.

THE festival at Newark, in behalf of All Souls' Unitarian society, came off, in fine weather, on Wednesday, and was a social success. The taste of the decorations was really exceptionally fine; the floral temple worthy of the flowers, fresh and fragrant, which the fair florist who presided—the genius of the temple—sold so cheap, flinging in a smile that made the price ridiculous! The charming hall, the usual place of worship, was converted into a patriotic and festal scene, by graceful loops and twists of many-colored bunting all around the walls. Taste is worth more, for it is scarcer, than money!

There was a gentleman present from a neighboring city, who had evidently filled his pocket with fresh bank notes and bright silver, and who must have predetermined to surprise and delight all the children present (and there must have been fifty) by becoming "our uncle from India." Santa Claus, kept over since Christmas, could not have been more welcome! The spirit and zeal of this little flock are past all praise.

They mean to deserve success whether they have it or no. They work like beavers; they pay out their money (few as they are) in a way to astonish luke-warm Unitarians, and they value their faith above rubies. They are now talking of Rev. Mr. Sanborn as the coming man. He made a fine impression during two Sundays. They cannot have him without considerable outside assistance. We incline to think he is the man for the place, besides being a good man for any place—the best kind of man always.

One inevitable aftereffect of revivals is an outbreak of sectarianism, and this point the Moody revival has now distinctly reached. At the meeting of Evangelical ministers, Monday, the 21st, Mr. Moody presiding, he expressed his great astonishment at the "unchristian conduct" of those Evangelical ministers who could go to such an establishment as the Young Men's Christian Union and preach. He said, "The institution in question is already as a direct result recruited with large numbers of the young converts of the last three months, who have been enticed there by the arts of the management in getting Evangelical preachers to go

and speak at their meetings. It was his earnest desire that this thing might be stopped, and that these deluded young people might be led into healthier religious ways than those of the Young Men's Christian Union." He told of the starting of one of these Unitarian establishments in Chicago, its insidious growth in this manner, and its present great strength. For Evangelical ministers to preach there was a most ill advised piece of business according to his idea."

Really Mr. Moody's head was not level when he made that speech, nor his heart in the right place either. But always after a revival there is some such strife who shall gather in the converts. In one case, where Congregationalists and Baptists united in a revival the Congregational minister said afterward that all his chickens hatched out ducks.

But this outbreak of sectarian spirit marks the closing stage of a revival, it is the beginning of the end. Yet this censure of Unitarians should encourage them to push on in the work and do all they can to bring men to accept the Gospel as they understand it, leaving their Evangelical neighbors also to stand or fall by their own master. c. n.

The Inquirer.

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Cash on hand and in Bank	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-	
ings	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - -	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,413 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	286,692 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	7,997 63
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.....	6,830 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,330 25

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Capital.....	\$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus.....	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.....	\$2,792,902 9

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Fruit and Leaves,	My Heavenly Home,
Free Grace,	Pathless Sea,
Hear Him Calling,	Storm the Fort,
I am so Happy,	Salvation's Free,
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In Shining White,	We Shall Meet,
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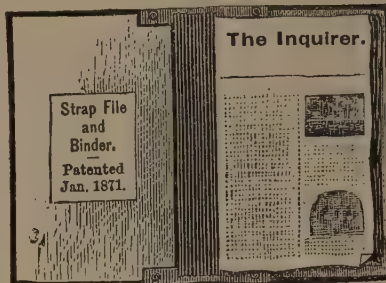
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THE INQUIRER.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

SAMUEL J. BARROWS, George Batchelor, Henry W. Bellows, John W. Chadwick, Octavius B. Frothingham, Edward A. Horton and Sylvan S. Hunting are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

HIGH water continues to be the word from the Danube. From Asia Minor accounts are conflicting, but the probability is that no considerable changes have taken place during the week—what change has been made being in favor of the Russians. There have been various peace rumors, but none which seem likely to prove well founded.

CONNECTICUT has just distinguished herself, if not as the land of steady habits, at least as the land which can punish an infringement of those habits. However, it is the United States Court which is to be credited with the conviction of Messrs. Tracy and Chapman, the Hartford bank officers who forgot that they had charge of trust funds, and their sentence to hard labor in the State prison, the one for six and a half and the other for five years. Now let the sentence be executed to the letter.

BEFORE its adjournment the New York Legislature passed all the proposed amendments concerning municipal government, and they are now fairly before the people for consideration. An opportunity is therefore afforded for the most healthy sort of discussion of the principles and methods of government, and for the consideration of the question whether governments exist for the purpose of compassing certain specific ends, and must therefore be modified in such a way as to reach those ends, or whether they are an end in themselves, and once established, not subject to amendment.

THE recommendations of the Commission in relation to the New York Custom House are being carried into effect and they embody features which can hardly fail to be advantageous to the service. On Monday the Commission had a joint meeting with a committee of the Chamber of Com-

merce to consider what reforms in administration are especially desired by the merchants. It is rather curious that Mr. Simmons has himself been named a member of the commission to examine the Boston Custom House, and that he has in favor of his retention the active support of many who opposed his appointment.

ONE of the religious weeklies, in trouble on account of the manner in which the popular encyclopædias have been garbled in the interest of Romanism and infidelity, is anxious that the Harpers should undertake the publication of a new encyclopædia "edited from a Protestant standpoint," in which "neither bigotry, nor sectarianism, nor partisanship, nor skepticism shall shade or garble the facts." We think the Harpers could hardly be engaged in a better business than in giving us a perfectly impartial encyclopædia, and in order that they may do so we would suggest that the *Protestant standpoint* be omitted, and the work be simply a statement of the truth.

IN France a quiet is maintained which augurs well for republican government. The President has undoubtedly made up his mind to try the issue before the people, and one would say with small prospect of success; yet the power of the Administration over the election returns is enormous and impossible to estimate accurately, as we ourselves know to our cost, and no one questions that in the coming elections for the Assembly this power will be exercised to its fullest limit. Everything however depends upon peace and self-control, and a quiet submission by the Republicans even to defeat would be the best word that could be said for the future of France.

We clip the following paragraph from the *Commonwealth*:
"Of all the work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any work of life without a good deal of what in plain English is called pluck."

This is a sentiment which we endorse most heartily and recommend without reservation to labor reformers, rich robbers, poor saints, artists, mechanics, women, newspaper men, kings, preachers and the rest of mankind.

GOLD has been lower during the week, having sold down to 105½, and it closes at 105½. Silver is also lower, the last quotation being 53½d. per ounce in gold. Rumors have been floating about to the effect that the President favors making silver a legal tender for any amount, but there is nothing authoritative on the matter, and certainly no intimation that he approves of the resurrection of "the dollar of our fathers." It is hardly conceivable that there is enough rascality in the country to constitute a formidable party with any such proposition as a plank of its platform. A Washington telegram brings us the news that a number of postmasters South and West are already in trouble on account of the amount of silver which is accumulating in their hands, and which they cannot get rid of except at a discount.

Governor Cullom of Illinois has vetoed the bill recently passed by the Legislature of that State making silver coin of all denominations a legal tender. His veto message seems a thoroughly sensible one, and ought to be profitable reading for many of his neighbors. Another heavy fall in the wholesale price of coal is the most noteworthy change in the market since our last issue. The return from Europe of the President of the Reading railroad will be awaited with some anxiety by those interested especially in the coal trade.

THE week has been marked by the loss of two men to whom the reading public of this country owe a heavy debt. Fletcher Harper, the last of the four brothers who so long were associated in the great publishing house which still bears their name, was a man of great energy and judgment, and was for years the mainspring of the establishment. The periodicals which have become so well known the world over owed their existence to him, and through them and the separate works published by the house he has probably touched more lives in one way or another than any other publisher that ever lived. It is pleasant to be able to class one's self as one of the many who have had agreeable business relations with this man whom all unite in respecting.

Mr. Motley was a man whose relation to the public was much more restricted, his field being simply that of authorship and his audience not a particularly numerous one. Yet his work was of that admirable sort which seems to shed a sort of glow upon each of his fellow countrymen, even though the individual may be quite innocent of any knowledge whether there be any Dutch Republic or whether there ever has been. Living for many years out of the country, he was not personally very well known here, perhaps was not so well known here as he was abroad; nevertheless his work had made a place for him in the hearts of our people which was well indicated by his reception when he was last on this side of the water.

In the South interest centres mainly upon the situation in Mississippi and the action of the South Carolina Legislature. The Kemper County massacre was characteristic of the country and not surprising in itself, being evidently partly political and partly social in its causes, and wholly barbarous. But while the occurrence was not surprising, it will be surprising if Mr. Lamar and other citizens of the State whom we have been accustomed to regard with respect should not strain every nerve to bring condign punishment upon the guilty. It is quite evident that the United States government is wholly powerless in the case—just as much so as it would be after a riot had taken place and been ended in the city of Brooklyn—but this is all the more reason why those who have some power and may be supposed to have some interest and pride in the fair fame of their State should endeavor to place her in a more respectable light before the world.

In South Carolina Governor Hampton apparently means well and is working in the right direction, but he has a most preposterous body of men to deal with in the State Legislature, and does not seem likely to be able to prevent them from making themselves ridiculous or from doing some very hurtful things. Notwithstanding their absurd action, however (in extenuation of which the only thing which can be said is that it is a pale reflex of the actions of the Legislatures which have recently preceded it, minus the corruption) it is pleasant to know, through unbiased visitors, that the country is quiet, and that as a general rule the negroes have nothing to complain of except the substantial destruction of the Republican party.

THE *Christian at Work* is exercised in regard to the connection between the Unitarians and Mr. Frothingham. A few words will clear its apprehension. The American Unitarian Association has never excluded ministers on account of their religious opinions. Mr. Frothingham withdrew on his own motion, not because his opinions differed from those of his Unitarian brethren, or from any denominational standards; but because, placed as he was, his connection with the body devolved on him the duty of performing certain denominational services, a certain amount of denominational work, to which he was disinclined. Others who may share his views without sharing this particular disinclination may remain members of the Association and not be disturbed. As to Mr. Frothingham's writing for the *INQUIRER*, he has consented to do so, much to the delight of most of our readers,—simply because he knows that the paper is entirely untrammelled and independent in its editorial position, not under the control of any denominational association, perfectly free to advance and advocate such ideas and principles as seem to it best worth advocating, without regard to denominational consequences. It proposes to follow faithfully and studiously what shall seem to it from time to time to be the truest and noblest ideas, and is fully prepared to take the consequences of its quiet independence. No able, serious, studious man or woman shall be denied a hearing in these columns on sectarian grounds. The freshest, liveliest, profoundest thoughts of the noblest souls is what we shall persistently strive to lay before our readers. As to harmony of opinions, we care more for earnestness and friendly candor in expressing them. It would be absurd in us to assume the responsibility for every opinion to which, for one reason or another, it seems worth while to give currency in the paper. What the editorial position on leading questions is our regular readers may readily ascertain by noticing both what we *do* say and what we *abstain from saying* in our unsigned editorial articles.

ONE WORD MORE.

THE spirited comment of the *New Age* on our article of the week before last, on the importance of having new questions discussed by new men, calls for a word, not of reply—for there is no controversy between us—but of explanation. A certain Massachusetts Judge, famous for the judicial weight of his charges, used to say that the art of clear statement was the most necessary to an advocate; that argument was less effective than definition; that definition, in short, was the best argument; that a case clearly put was lost or won. But to state a case clearly, so clearly that every intelligent mind will apprehend it, in such lucid, unambiguous language that the pure idea shall alone be conveyed, is the most difficult of achievements. He that can do that must divest his words of the color given them by personal feeling and private prejudice, and must so combine them that the reader will not be stirred in his own personal feeling or prejudice by their impact on his mind. Certainly we came far short of this, if we raised in our honest neighbor some of the strange thoughts he imputes to us.

For instance, we never intended to suggest the idea that Mr. Wendell Phillips' treatment of the labor question was a "miserable failure." We did not mean to describe it as a failure at all, for in some respects probably it is not. No failure of Mr. Phillips, however complete, glaring, demonstrated, could be miserable. Theodore Parker used to say that if Mr. Phillips were to talk about peanuts his discourse would be edifying. Whatever he puts his manhood into is

dignified. Miss Dickinson's experiment on the stage may be set down as, in an *artistic* sense, a failure, but a *miserable* failure it surely was not. She failed because she over-estimated the capacities of the modern stage; wanted to make it serve uses it is not suited to; tried to make it an instrument for conveying high sentiments and heroic truths; because, in a word, she desired to do, under the form of dramatic art, what can only be done under the form of moral prophecy. She failed because she did not comply with the conditions of a profession she did not understand. Her failure was probably complete, but it was not contemptible. She pronounced judgment on the dramatic art at the same time that the dramatic art pronounced judgment on her. She was simply a noble woman *out of place*.

No, what we meant to say was that the special training required by the "causes" of the last generation rather disqualified than qualified for the discussion of the questions peculiar to this age, and so much we say still. The question of slavery (we take that as being the most characteristic and the most definite) was considered—whether properly or not is not now in point—as a *moral* question wholly—a question involving pure issues of right and wrong. The conscience, not the historical or philosophical intellect, not the scientific or the economical sense, was arbiter in the dispute. The supreme requirement was moral earnestness. This stood for knowledge, argument, practical wisdom. Moral feeling was the source of mental enlightenment. The saying on all lips was that Love was light. The *reasoner*, whether physiologist, ethnologist, economist, historian, politician or statesman, who questioned the method of the enthusiast, was spoken of disrespectfully, to use a mild phrase; was classed with the benighted, the cold-hearted, the christless, the godless. Feeling was all in all.

Can it be said that the modern industrial questions are susceptible of this wholesale treatment? Is the "labor question," in an intelligible sense, "the legitimate sequence of the slavery question?" Can the two questions be classed in the same moral category? Is the labor question "essentially a question between humanity and inhumanity?" Perhaps the slavery question was less that than was supposed. Perhaps the present condition of national affairs would be better if the slavery question had not been so exclusively treated as a question between humanity and inhumanity. But it *was* so treated, and with a good show of reason; for slavery was an *institution*, a *social system*, maintained by special laws, and fortified by specific defences of custom. The slaves were a distinct class on the one side; the slave holders were a distinct class on the other side. The relations between them were clearly defined and their reciprocal duties were minutely regulated. The problem was simple. There were no complexities of *principle*. The one class claimed all the privileges; the other class performed all the toils. Every idea of *humanity* was outraged, from first to last.

Can this be said, intelligently, of the relation between the capitalist and the laborer? Are the capitalists an order, an organized class, mutually supported and mutually in league to maintain their privileges against the workingmen? Are the workingmen a class, clearly, definitely, systematically kept under? Is there even a distant analogy between the situation of the slave and the situation of the working man? If there is we fail to perceive it.

There is a fashion of speaking of society as if it was an individual, a person, with definite intentions, purposes, determinations, deliberately making arrangements for its protection. But surely this is but a figure of speech, and it is a very bold figure of speech. Society is not an individual,

with an individual's singleness of aim. It is not an individual in any sense of the word. What we call society is merely the *sum of human conditions*, to which all classes and all persons are without exception submitted. The conditions are changing ever from day to day; and each class is doing something towards the change. Capitalists and workingmen alike are busy in modifying the "environment," as Herbert Spencer calls it. Laws are altering, usages shifting, relations improving, all the time. Things are never long the same. The perfect liberty of action characteristic of modern civilization everywhere secures a perpetual fluctuation and readjustment in the social "surroundings." This circumstance alone effects a complete unlikeness between the old world and the new world problems. Feeling plays a smaller part in these than it did in those.

And now is it necessary to say—it surely is quite unnecessary to say—that moral feeling has its place in the new dispensation, though not the peculiar place it held in the old. There is room and call for as much of sympathy, earnestness, pity, consideration of the miserable estate of the poor, the wretched, the defeated, as human hearts can entertain and human consciences can express. All we say is that this element of feeling, of moral sentiment and moral purpose, does not hold the *first* place, is not primary, does not represent intelligence, does not serve instead of the patient scrutiny of facts, the fine appreciation of conditions, the delicate apprehension of causes and effects, the correct, impartial understanding of the mutual relations of interests, the precise valuation of the terms and factors in industrial and civil progress. The men therefore to whom we look for light on these problems are not prophets and prophetesses, but economists, men like David A. Wells, F. B. Sanborn, G. Bradford, W. G. Hammond and others who are studying by the best light they have the complicated conditions of human progress. The more humanity they possess and put into their work the better for all sakes. There is no reason why they should not put into it all the humanity that is needed—the warmest hearts, the most devoted wills; but their *instrument* is the calm, dispassionate, unpartisan appreciation of existing facts and relations, such as the moral reformer of the last generation has not been accustomed to, and from the nature of his training and experience is hardly in a condition of mind to estimate. The Clarksons and Wilberforces must yield to the Spencers and Bagehots if this business is to go successfully on. That no question is essentially a question of humanity in the sense of kindness, mercy, fraternity, brotherly love, sympathy, moral feeling; that all questions are essentially *economical*, is the assumption of the clearest and deepest modern thinkers. On no issue is guilt ranged on one side and goodness on the other. The old conception of *warfare* between interests is abandoned and in its place the idea of *non-adjustment* has come. Society is not *fighting*, but *working* its way along, and all are working together.

THEOLOGY AND THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

IN real life there is no completeness. There has never been a life, of which we have record, in which all the inward forces and outward circumstances wrought together so harmoniously as to furnish at once the example of a perfect life and a perfect setting for the life. Indeed, there is among all the tragedies of life no one more conspicuous than that which follows when a good man is placed in evil circumstances. From this height of the noblest tragedies we may

descend to that immeasurable depth of darkness where evil works its will both within and without the soul of a man; and in all the ranks between we shall find nowhere perfect purity matched with perfect peace. Nowhere in life do we find desert and condition exactly correspondent.

The consciousness of this fact furnishes the occasion for all systems of theology. The attributes of God, the nature of the future life, the need of atonements and the methods of compensation are all described with this fact in view. Every system of religion is an attempt to write the fifth act and final scene of the tragedy, which death cuts short before the forces at work in human life have adjusted themselves in an equilibrium of peace.

It is a notable fact that while experience furnishes no single example of a completed tragedy, the people with one accord demand in fiction, in poetry and in the drama, that completeness which is nowhere to be found in life. They are not content unless the promise made in the beginning of so many lives be fulfilled at the end. The broken unities must be gathered up in one perfect whole in a final scene, where justice is administered with impartial hand, and the hero of the play, no matter through what perils he may have passed or what sins he may have committed, shall be presented triumphant over all his foes, purged from all his weaknesses and happy in the felicitous ordering of his career.

The instinct is invincible and the result must be one of two convictions, either that life might have been better arranged (for who would not have written human history differently if he could?) or, that there will be given to each one at least a chance to emerge at last in the light of perfect peace. The first conviction is at war with religion and with theology. For no one can believe that human wisdom could have devised a better order of events than the actual order without questioning the wisdom and benevolence of the Supreme Power in the universe. The second conviction demands for its existence the supposition of an extension of life and the oversight of a Divine Providence.

But again a division occurs. All religions and systems may be divided into two classes according to the answer they furnish to the question, "What shall be the issue of the tragedies of human life; is it a *chance* of completeness or the *certainty* of it?" We venture to say that in our day all differences of opinion among religious men depend upon the answer to this question. Settle this and other matters will take care of themselves.

Those who affirm that all we can demand of Infinite Justice is that before one passes out of life he shall have had a chance to secure future peace, object that the drama furnishes no analogy which justifies a hope that all men will arrive at completeness. For they say the dramatic unities are preserved when virtue is rewarded and wickedness punished. All the baser lives drop out of the sympathies of those who watch their fortunes and go to their fate unlamented. It is the hero only for whom we demand a triumphant exit. So in the universe of life the demands of poetic and exact justice will be satisfied when the wicked become entangled in their wickedness and stumble in eternal darkness.

But the popular instinct does not justify the objection. For we consent to the destruction of the baser lives, because our attention is not fixed upon them. For the time they are simply impersonal obstacles. Let any one of them be promoted to the chief place among the actors and at once we demand for him that he shall be victorious at the last.

But those who hold that the popular demand for dramatic completeness in every life will be justified by the issue, base their belief upon what they think to be a fact. They say that if all the influences which conspire to make an evil man be what he is were known it would appear that no bad man can possibly have had what can be called a fair chance to settle his affairs for eternity, else he could not be what he is; that it is not possible for any intelligent being, in full view of the tremendous issues at stake, to make the fatal choice. They hold, moreover, that an exhibition of his real condition, and a display of the illusions which control him would so move their sympathies that all right-minded people would cry out against any conclusion of the tragedy of his life which should make the successful issue an everlasting impossibility.

In corroboration of this view they believe that a large and increasing number of intelligent and conscientious men and women who do not believe in any form of theology are driven from such belief by the impossibility of finding any completeness in this life, coupled with the doubt as to any certainty of it in another. Such skeptics as these simply illustrate the popular demand for unity, and they disbelieve because they cannot find any clear evidence of it.

So simple as this seems to us to be, it is the question which underlies the whole tangle of theological metaphysics. Aside from a speculative curiosity, which is in no wise religious, the interest of all theological controversies centres in the one question, "Shall each human life furnish an example of dramatic unity, or can the unity of the universal plan be preserved and poetic justice be satisfied by the sacrifice of individuals in the consummation of all things?"

Special doctrines concerning the Trinity, the atonement, the nature of man, the inspiration of the Bible, the methods of retribution, and the total meaning of the Gospel draw all their vitality from their supposed fitness to add something to the solution of this problem. To us it seems easier for the unlearned to settle the main question on its merits than to travel through the endless round of speculations which are supposed to assist in the solution. We believe that if the popular instinct could clear itself of all impediment there would soon be substantial unanimity on questions of vital importance.

That the popular instinct does not wholly trust itself to make the universal application of the principle of dramatic unity, which all men are drawn to make in regard to those in whom they have special interest is, perhaps, owing to the fact that stress enough has never yet been laid upon the fact that adequate penalties for all human iniquity are provided in the necessary retributions which follow sin. When one sees that upon the stage of a single human soul the hero is the immortal part—the man-struggling with base passions and evil tendencies, and that as he struggles, and they plot and work injury, he conquers while they are slain; and that he gets his victory only when all opposing elements are beaten down by invincible justice, and that suffering adequate to wrong doing is endured, then the sympathies and the reason are enlisted on behalf of this immortal part, entangled in such pitiable woes and assaulted by such desperate iniquities, and we see that for him justice will not be done unless he comes out of the conflict perfected and redeemed.

There is no rose-water optimism or lavender liberalism in such a conception of the meaning of human tragedy; and we believe that when it is fairly comprehended the popular instinct will gladly accept it as the revelation which justifies and completes the hope of humanity.

HAS MR. MOODY FAILED IN BOSTON?

NOW THAT the Tabernacle meetings are practically closed for the season, a review of the results of the revivalists' work in Boston, if these results could be readily grasped, might not be inappropriate. The difficulty of such a task, however, is evident. One might well shrink from pursuing the close and detailed analysis to which it would inevitably lead. The superficial results of the movement are easily seen; its deeper and more important results are less clearly visible. From their lack of visibility, we might be led to doubt their existence altogether. It would be unwise to make such a sweeping denial. Because there is much froth in the glass, we need not deny that there is something nutritious at the bottom if we could but reach it. On the other hand, friends and advocates of the movement need to guard against the temptation to determine the value of the work, simply by the heat which was absorbed in effecting it. The little boy who wanted his mother to take the milk off from the fire when it was boiling over because there was "a good deal of it," found, when it had settled down, that there was no more milk than before, perhaps a little less. Very possibly we shall find in the rapid subsidence of enthusiasm at the Tabernacle, that the amount of pure and undefiled Jamesonian religion is not measurably greater than before, and the question will arise whether it has been improved by the cooking. The temptation to judge the success of the revival by its immediate superficial results is the greater because the revivalists themselves make these results so prominent. In connection with the system of furnaces and retorts which the movement has displayed, the evangelists have not neglected to provide a meter whose dial-plate is supposed to indicate the pressure and consumption of the religious supply, though it tells nothing whatever of its quality, no more than the Centennial turn-stiles recorded the character or nationality of the people they registered. The Tabernacle meter is in the inquiry-room. Its records and revelations, transferred from time to time to Mr. Moody's reputed "book of converts," cannot be trusted to report the permanent good which the revival may have effected. Any one who has had a practical and personal experience with revival movements knows how fallacious such a test is. Counting young converts is like trying to predict the amount of good fruit on a tree by counting its blossoms. The blossoms are apt to fall off before they are set, and there are many vicissitudes between Spring-time and harvest. Of half a dozen young converts who joined the Baptist church, during a revival, at the same time with the writer, one became a confirmed drunkard, another was soon expelled for attending the theatre, a third became a defaulter to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, a fourth was guilty of a crime against society, and the other two, with a host of others whose personal career he less closely watched, became open, confessed backsliders. Of three young men who started at the same time to study for the ministry, one died in the gutter, the second was charged with bigamy and fled the country in a whaler, and the third, who can hardly think of these early days without a tear, became a Unitarian, a change which some of the Meionaon clergy may regard as worse than all the rest. Yet these converts were considered at the time as presenting the most positive evidence of a "genuine hope."

Even if, against all reason and experience, we presume the genuineness of all the converts made at the Tabernacle, the sense of failure is by no means removed. When we remember the great amount of preparation that was made for the movement, the way in which it was heralded, the vast audiences which, from various motives, came under its influence,

it must be confessed that the meagre display of results is strikingly inadequate to the efforts put forth. When we see a great boiler, we expect a great deal of steam; when we see a great Corliss engine we expect a good deal of power. And there is a manifest disproportion of means and results if we find the Corliss engine expending its vast energies in driving a sewing machine. Although the evangelists may freely declare that they would feel compensated by gaining one single soul, yet we cannot be oblivious to the fact that they *have not done in Boston what they were expected to do*, and what with their vast machinery they should have been able to do. Any wise student of mechanics who views these inadequate results is at once impelled to ask whether there was not some serious defect in the machinery or some unusual difficulty in the material.

There are now good reasons to believe that some of the most prominent leaders in the revival movement are suffering from their sense of failure; that they are conscious not only of having failed to do what the Christian public expected, but that they have failed to accomplish what they expected to achieve themselves. A conspicuous leader in the revival confessed but a few days ago that the evangelists had not done much in Boston. "The Orthodox churches here," said he, "are too dead and alive to accomplish much." But he claimed that they had done a good deal for New England. Yet this effort was not aimed directly at New England; it was aimed at Boston. According to all rules of marksmanship a man who fires at one target and hits another is credited with a "miss." If we carefully compare the definite aim of the evangelists with the definite results we shall be obliged to make a similar record; and while we are thankful for any collateral good which may have accompanied this effort, we can contemplate the general failure with less regret than if their predominant aim had been a broader and a deeper one.

But more important than the private confessions of some of their prominent leaders were the unlooked-for disclosures made last Monday at the Meionaon meeting. The tone of the meeting was that of alarm rather than that of victory. Ministers and laymen begged that Mr. Moody might come back again to carry on the work, and depicted the dangers of its abandonment. Mr. Cook ponderously joined in the appeal. An open attack was made on Unitarianism and alarm was expressed at its encroachments. The council was a council of war. A panic seemed to seize the revival leaders and perhaps led them to say things which, in more assured moments of Christian self-possession, they would not have said at all. It is hard to see why Boston rather than New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn or Chicago should be honored with a second visit if the evangelists had accomplished here all they had expected. Whatever confidence the meeting might have had in the ultimate success of the revivalist, it was evidently the feeling that the battle was not yet won. Mr. Moody, in his bitter attack on the Young Men's Christian Union—an attack to which I have no intention of replying—made the same unexpected and perhaps unintentional confession of failure. Judging from his animus towards the Union, nothing would have given him more pleasure or have been regarded as a more positive token of success than to have crippled or demolished this institution. He confesses with sorrow its growing strength; and he made a like comment on the result of his own work in Chicago, when he spoke of the strength of the Union there, which is such a noble monument to the energy and zeal of our excellent brother Wendte. If we accept the implied criterion of Mr. Moody and judge the success of the revival movement by its

success in opposing Liberal Christianity, we may pronounce the Tabernacle work a greater failure than ever. The butresses of the Liberal faith have not been even jarred. The Tabernacle gales have no more affected it than they have disturbed the light on Minot's ledge, which in spite of wind and storm, sends its calm and guiding rays far into the sea. On the contrary we might have expected that one of the legitimate results of a revival in a city of such liberal tendencies as Boston would have been to help the Unitarian cause. The Unitarians have no doubt given Mr. Moody a fair hearing, but the general experience is that of a lady who, after attending one of the meetings, said, "I feel myself a stronger Unitarian than ever." The effect of the renewed discussion of religious topics has been to draw new listeners to Unitarian audiences. This has been done through no wiles or snares, but as the legitimate reaction from the revival influence. A new Unitarian church has been organized in Boston since the revivalists came, and if the observations of so sagacious a student as Mr. Moody are to be trusted, Unitarians should take heart.

As to the quality of Mr. Moody's effort, if we may judge of it by the spirit which he himself displayed in his unkind attack upon the Union, we cannot regret that it has not been more successful. We might truly say that if such a spirit is its legitimate fruit we are not sorry that Unitarians prefer to plant and reap in other fields. But let us beware of judging the whole army by its general, or even judging Mr. Moody's prevalent spirit by the petulant irritation and disappointment which he displayed on this occasion.

Must we then regard the revival in Boston as a total failure? By no means. We may value it for its collateral results, even though these results are unwelcome to the evangelists and did not form a part of the original plan. Not to mention its Christianizing and, we could hope, permanent effect upon railroad tariffs, reducing them one-half, so that people all over New England and even in Canada have been able to make cheap and inexpensive excursions to Boston, a more serious and perhaps the most valuable spiritual result of the revival has been to awaken discussion and stimulate religious thought. And yet this very religious thought is opposed to the predominant aim of the revivalists, and is one of the greatest drawbacks to their success. The old mediæval theology only keeps when it is hermetically sealed; once open it to the free air of discussion and it spoils very soon. Joseph Cook, digging in the ancient theological cemeteries and bringing to the light the bones of by-gone dogmas, is taking the surest way to prove their utter lifelessness. Questioning the epitaphs, we might have doubted that some of them were dead; but when Mr. Cook brings forward their dry bones the proof is conclusive, and not even the varnish of his gaudy rhetoric can keep the ghastly remains from swift and final decay. The best way to make Mr. Cook and Mr. Moody useful is to let them go on, and welcome and improve the breezes of discussion which they unwillingly evoke.

Of one thing we may be sure: that neither these nor other champions can ever stay the progress of religious thought, which is leavening all the churches, and which finds some of its most valiant exponents among those who fight within the old lines. Revival or no revival, the fermentation will go on. Mr. Moody and Mr. Cook could sooner join hands and dam Niagara than they could dam the tide of liberalism which has quenched the sulphurous fires of the monkish hell and is washing out the scarlet paganism from the creeds of Christendom.

S. J. B.

DORCHESTER.

THE PROPOSED MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.

THIS undertaking, about which some natural differences of opinion have existed, is now, we understand, to be tested by a trial meeting to be held at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 8th—13th. It is to be open to all comers; the meetings are to be public, and while ministers only are specially invited and alone eligible to membership or to expect private hospitality from the generous citizens of Springfield, laymen and attendants of both sexes will be welcome as listeners to the lectures and debates. It is thought that the seriousness of the subjects to be considered will be a sufficient fence to any attendance of mere curiosity, without any rules of exclusion. The movers in the matter have been compelled to make their own selection of lecturers for the first meeting and to make their own rules, but the conduct of future meetings and indeed the constitution of the Institute, if it is to exist, will be entirely in the hands of those who present themselves for membership at Springfield. They will appoint their own officers, adopt their own rules, and select their own lecturers for all future meetings.

We understand that lectures are *promised* for the opening course by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, Dr. Hill, of Portland, Prof. Draper, of the New York University, Rev. Messrs. Alger, Tiffany, Hall, Calthrop and Hale; and expected from Rev. Drs. Hedge and J. F. Clarke, George Ellis and Rev. Mr. Savage, who have been invited, but whose positive acceptance has not yet been received. The discussions of the lectures will be open to all the members, although individuals may be invited to lead off. This is, we hear, as yet an open question.

Three evenings will be devoted to public worship, and Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Charles G. Ames and Rev. W. H. Channing have been invited to preach on these occasions.

The opening service of worship and preaching will take place Monday evening, Oct. 8th, at 7½ p. m. Rev. A. D. Mayo will have the conduct of a series of early morning meetings of a devotional kind, and will invite his own assistants. The members of his congregation have exhibited much enthusiasm and a great spirit of hospitality in regard to the proposed meeting in their town and church. The building, so beautiful in itself, is admirably adapted to the occasion by its manifold accommodations. The town is central and convenient of access, and the season chosen especially attractive in the beautiful Connecticut valley. All the auspices of "the Ministers' Institute" seem to be favorable. We wish it all success. Further particulars will be given as the time approaches.

SONGS AND MUSIC FOR CHILDREN.

CHURCH music may be classed according to the sentiment expressed. The character of the song should determine the quality of the music. Poetry and music are happily united in the mind, music appealing to the thoughts through the emotions, while poetry touches the affections through the expression of thought. The extremes of sentiment found in hymns suggest the extremes of musical expression. Take a song often sung—"Come to Jesus"—which runs thus:—

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus;
Come to Jesus just now.
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now."

Can a jingle of tones fitted to express that sentiment be called sacred music?

Go to Dr. Watts for the other extreme—

"Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls.

"Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In an eternal storm."

Who will write music appropriate to such sentiments? It almost makes one wicked to read the words, and one so imbued with their spirit as to put the emotions into music must be an arch-fiend, and he who could sing such music with the spirit would be prepared to curse his fellowmen. To express the horror, despair, vengeance, plagues, clanking chains, rack, and fiery coals, and tempests beating in an eternal storm, would require a combination of sounds too terrible and awful to be described.

The direct tendency of music is to excite in the hearer the emotions expressed; hence if the music appeals to the pure emotions, the effect will be purifying; but music may also be gross, and the very combination of tones may appeal to the baser instincts. Having seen the relation of music to song, we are prepared to treat more especially of the *vicious songs* often given to young persons. Let us first refer to those songs which treat of sin and its consequences, which are just now introduced into Sunday schools in the popular airs of the Bliss and Sankey song book.

The *New Covenant*, Chicago, March 22, 1877, had a discriminating article on this subject, and after praising several of the songs, added: "But indiscriminately mingled with them are the wretchedest doggerel, the most puerile trash, both in style and substance, and the wickedest sentiments." Such songs are vicious, both in style and in the doctrine inculcated. Did the writer make good his assertions. We answer yes. He showed that the child is taught that "Salvation full and free" came by the suffering of Jesus, while still all are subject to "endless torment;" "The blood hath been shed, the price hath been paid," and yet God "will collect the debt a second time;" that "Jesus paid it all," and yet the Almighty Creditor having secured his *pound of flesh* in the death of Christ, demands the torment of the sinner in addition; that

"The act is passed that freed us,
And naught to do remains."

The writer adds: "Indeed, this idea that there is nothing for the sinner to do, is the immoral sentiment that runs like a stream of poison through the book, expressed most fully in these wicked lines—

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinners, no;
Jesus did it,—did it all,
Long, long ago.

"Weary, weary, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long long ago.

"Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing;
Doing ends in death."

He might have added this also from hymn 80—

"It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll."

This is rightly described as the "abominable theology of a blood-thirsty God," whose wrath was slaked by the blood of his son, "and now if the sinner will have it so he can go into heaven with no effort of his own."

Perhaps the hymn called "Substitution" expresses the whole doctrine in its most vicious form, as you will see in the 3d and 5th verses—

"Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.

"Jehovah bade his sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be."

Do we not all ask, "Can heathenism match that infamous sentiment. And this is called the Gospel! It is a vile nightmare of the soul, that ought to be banished to the limbo of heathen atrocities, to be ranked chief of all the blasphem-

ous falsehoods that ever were conjured out of the realm of darkness."

One part of the moral discipline in the public school is, in the fact that each pupil is taught to bear his own burden and shirk no responsibility or duty. If he cheats or steals from others he must bear his own load of shame and guilt. But his conscience is wholly released when he goes into the Sunday school room and sings in the songs of Jesus—

"Our load was laid on Thee,
Didst bear it all for me;
That victim led, thy blood was shed,
Now there's no load for me."

Supposing this is understood as it is taught, where is the teaching more fitted to utterly demoralize and overthrow the barriers to vice and selfishness?

All these varied expressions of the way of salvation when reduced to a plain moral problem amount to about the following: Salvation is bought by Jesus for all mankind; it is a free gift to all; and still all owe a debt for it which they can never pay, and but a few will ever reap the benefit of the purchase. It is free and it is not free. It is paid for by blood, and still it does not come to all. In direct opposition to this doctrine the debt of disobedience is paid by each one just as it would have been if Jesus had not paid the debt. As a fact retribution is the same as ever. Songs full of such doctrines are vicious for children. Should they, under any circumstances be tolerated in public schools which are supposed to be non-sectarian?

We quote the following from the *New Covenant* with thanks for its appreciation. "The Moody and Sankey songs are not only like the lice and frogs of Egypt in being disagreeable and offensive, and also in getting into the very bed-chambers and kneading-troughs, but they find another place where the ancient vermin could never go—the common schools, where nothing sectarian has any right. But the good sense of the American people will not long permit such desecration, and in this direction the city of Davenport, Iowa, sets a good example. . . . Of course professed Christians who believe in the barbarous doctrines of those songs have a perfect right to sing them in their own churches and homes, but the common school is too sacred a place for them.

In this discussion we have no desire to clip the wings of the imagination as seen in highly figurative speech. We like the hymn—

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings—
Thy better portion trace," etc.

But when the average worshipper sings of "pearly gates" and "streets of shining gold," the correspondence to spiritual things is not always kept in mind. Grown-up Christians have rather sensuous conceptions of heaven, where they expect to

"Sit and sing themselves away
In everlasting bliss."

Think of yourself as passing through the gradual transformation! Why, then, have the absurd expression?

But come to the children. In the public school the imagination is directed to objects which have a foundation in reality, to birds and flowers, to truth and honor, to good resolutions, but a large part of the Sunday songs relate exclusively to the future world, and the child is introduced to the fields of glory, the voice of angels, jasper seas and golden shores, which have a glitter for him, and the little pinionless creature bursts forth into the rapturous song—

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

He is not perfectly thoughtless, and may be made joyous by the hope, or his rude home may seem dreary in contrast with the vision of angel land. Cloudless skies mean a barren soil on the earth, and why not in heaven? Why not make heaven the reproduction of the joys we have here, and leave out the harps and crowns, which are not associated with the best things of this life? Would it not be well to have the shining shore on this side of the river, and instead of singing—

"Our King says come, and there's our home,"

why not sing of the earthly home as the shelter from the rudest tempests of sorrow?

We believe in fairy tales which gladden and delight, but the more they are rooted in the possible and the probable the better. Is it not so? Why not, then, make the child's

heaven the perfection of the happy home, where all are saved by love and obedience? Mr. Hale's word for religion is the true one, especially his looking *outward* and not *inward*, when looking upward and forward. Songs that are morbidly introspective do not educate for the real duties of life to which youth come too suddenly. What does a boy eight years old know of life as a pilgrimage! Why then sing this song—

"I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim on the road,
Little pilgrim on the road
To the city of our God;
I have left the way of sin
That I have long wandered in,
And am pressing towards the land, the land of glory."

In ninety-nine cases in a hundred that way of sin is wholly undefined; it is as mythical as the Garden of Eden. The *reality is not seen*. Is not the land of glory supposed to be something bestowed which is not won? Is the estate of a true manhood its equivalent in the minds of any boy accustomed to sing it? The associations all ought to rise from the beauty of earth to that of heaven, and the angels of the home meet in the other home, and not where

"White robed angels are singing
Ever round the bright throne."

In the better days on the earth there will be "Rest for the weary, on this side of Jordan, in Eden fields of life;" there will be a tree of life blooming on this side of the river, and a crown to wear in this world. Why be always teaching the children that—

"We shall see the tree of heaven
And the leaves of healing balm;
And shall hear the angels singing
Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

If we have no house-God, we certainly can have angels around the hearth. Why "Beautiful Zion built on high," and not here to-day? Why not "Beautiful crown on every brow," here and now? Why not "Beautiful robes the ransomed wear," in the homes where salvation is real?

"We shall meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore."

We can imagine when it would be beautiful to sing just that sentiment, but our work with children is to teach them how to be good sailors, how to lift anchor at the old homestead and sail into the broad sea of life. We don't say to the son just going out into the world, "Pull for the shore," on the first appearance of a storm, but we teach him that there is safety in deep water, and "Keep from the shore."

Looking through an average Sunday school song-book, we are surprised how many songs treat of the "Beautiful mansions," "Beyond the River." It makes me feel dreary and sad to read those songs, especially when it seems to me that many of them inculcate selfish motives to gain heaven. Visions of the good and beautiful we would have, and hopes that reach beyond this life; "great hopes for great souls;" but this life is real and earnest, and we should dignify it, ennoble it, bring heaven into it, and make *this* worldliness the condition and type of that which is to come.

S. S. HUNTING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HENRY CONDIT BARRELL, M. D., OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

We hardly know when we were more startled, than by the announcement of the sudden death of this most excellent and already eminent young physician. He was the oldest child of George and Ann Barrell, early and for many years highly esteemed and beloved members of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, where they still have a warm place in many hearts. When they removed to Springfield, a few years before our civil war, this son was a bright and promising lad; and left behind him the remembrance of an exemplary member of our Sunday-school and the sharer of warm friendships among his classmates. He early gave himself to medical studies and in 1861 received the degree of M. D. from the Rush Medical College of Chicago. The war breaking out in the same year, he at once was placed on the medical staff of the 7th Illinois Infantry; in August of that year was transferred as Asst. Surgeon to the 27th, and soon made Surgeon of the 38th Illinois. By and by, so creditable had been his services that he was detailed and made Medical Purveyor on the staff of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas; and

when the war ended, he was Medical Director of the Military Department of Texas. Ever ambitious in his profession, he came to this city soon after being mustered out of the army, and pursued his studies under the eminent Dr. Jas. R. Wood, and secured the friendship of Prof. Wood of the Bellevue Hospital College, where he also was a close attendant and a graduate. Returning to Springfield, he was partner of Dr. Lord until about two years ago, when he opened in that city his own office. He drew to himself at once a large and rapidly increasing practice, and both as a physician and a surgeon and especially the latter, had, for one so young, at the time of his death acquired a remarkable reputation for professional fidelity, accurate and ample knowledge, and great skill. He was esteemed one of the ablest practitioners in the city and neighborhood where he died; and was more than once invited and urged to remove to the wider field of Chicago. A large meeting of his medical brethren of Sangamon county attested by public action their respect for his memory and their great loss; while the community among whom he was so well known and beloved, seem to have felt his departure as a public calamity.

By nature he was a man of ready sympathies, of a warm and affectionate temper, and alive and quick to every generous impulse. His early training was in a genial and Christian home, and under the influences of our large and generous faith. As a son and a brother, he was all that a son and a brother should be; and the very light and joy of the household. Nobly did he meet and share the reverses which came upon his father in late life after the war, even to securing every dollar of his indebtedness, and but a few days before his death paying his last note, with the exulting remark to his mother: "Now we are on solid ground again, and father's troubles are over!" Ah, little did he or they think at that—to him and them happy—hour, while he was in seemingly full and robust health, with this good work accomplished, and a great career of professional success and honor still apparently before him, that a trouble vastly heavier than any they had been called to bear was in so near a future!—when without a parting word, his lifeless body should be brought to them from the office to which he had but just returned from a professional call, only to die almost on the instant! But so our Heavenly Father willed. Dr. Barrell reached his office about 3 P. M., on Saturday, the 20th ult., in intense pain in the chest. The distress rapidly increased, and before medical aid could be had, the spirit had fled. At the age of only thirty-five years and eight months, and in the full vigor of health, with a splendidly developed physique, he had fallen under a severe and sudden attack of *embolism*, or arterial obstruction.

He was not a man of professions, but his religion was a thing of profound principle and a great reality. He was what he seemed. His true character was transparent to all who knew him. In his chosen walk in life, he was eminently the friend of the poor and lowly, and multitudes of them rise up to bless him. The very "roughs" found him, when victims of their savage quarrels, ready at hand to treat their wounds and bruises. A notorious gambler—but, except for his mad passion for play, of generous temper—on hearing of his being stricken down, could not be kept from his presence and wept aloud like a child. Refined and cultivated nevertheless in his tastes, he was the delightful companion and welcomed to the best society. He bound friends of the choicest sort with hooks of steel to his heart; and the nearest of kin mourn one whose place they rightly feel can never be filled. What a blessed thought for them, for all of us, that this life so suddenly closed on earth, is in reality only begun; and that before that spirit so intent on what was worthy and good here, so well and richly prepared, is already opened a glorious and boundless career. Nor to them lost; separated only for a brief time; gone before—but not gone forever!

E. A. F.

UPON the unsteady flower that rocks in the breeze the bee makes her perch, and gathers her honey; thus man enjoys the fleeting things of earthly life while all things rock under his feet.—AUERBACH.

NATURE has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in the channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all is written, "None of us liveth to himself."—SAWYER.

LITERATURE.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

It is encouraging to notice in our day that many of the best writers on religion are laymen, and a few of the best writers on politics are clergymen. We are satisfied that theology is advancing more under lay influences than under clerical, and we are half tempted to think that until the clergy become active participants in politics and contributors to the formation of correct political ethics, we shall continue to experience most of the present evils. The unpartisan position which judicious ministers are forced to hold gives them the right and imposes the duty to consider with breadth and candor what is evil in the general temper and spirit of national politics. And when they speak it is usually because the stones would cry out if they did not. When bad politics is making bad people and bad people bad politics, clergymen find the corruptions of party spirit and the abuses of political power are paralyzing their spiritual influence, and doing more to deprave the community than they can do by any direct teachings to elevate and save it. Then they are rightly disposed to drop the ministerial gown and put on the citizens toga! God's battle-ground is changed from the church to the forum—the faithful citizen is the truest minister; and no department of morals is now so urgently in need of attention from patriots, be they ministers of religion or laymen, as that which touches political duties.

It is saddening to read this excellent tract of 118 pages, setting forth the terrible demoralization of our politics since General Jackson's day—from the adoption of the fatal maxim which Marey has the eternal discredit of having first applied to our party politics—"To the victors belong the spoils." The first forty years of our national government saw scarcely any removals from office on party grounds. Washington removed 9, and in every case for cause; Jefferson 42 in eight years; Madison in his double term only 5; Monroe 9; J. Q. Adams 2. General Jackson during his first year removed 230 officers, and during his first term some 2,000 removals and appointments had been made! This tells the whole story! Since his day, and by both parties, a political campaign has been chiefly animated by a thirst for offices, and its success has been attended with a general and sweeping removal of political opponents. Then every civil officer has been made, almost by necessity, an active party politician, and every active party politician has considered his claims to office measured by his zeal in promoting the party campaign. Office, thus made a reward for party service, has not been filled by competency for its special duties; and as all experience proves the dirtiest politicians to be the most useful in gaining votes and conducting primaries—small office-holders have sunk into a class of despised people, with a sort of license to turn their posts into party sentry-boxes for the party and themselves. Good men have fled from the primary meetings, refusing to be competitors for offices, where the qualifications were unscrupulousness and rowdiness. The standard even of the highest office-holders—President, Cabinet, Senators—has declined, and the honest and worthy portion of the American people have found themselves at last in the hands of a machine called party, run like a fire-engine by wild boys and new-fledged citizens, and not hesitating to run over the scruples and the desires of the American heart.

Rev. Dr. Prentiss, in his tract, carefully examines the

whole history of this decline in our civil service. He had a right to do it, for his famous brother, the Senator from Mississippi, S. S. Prentiss, shows his stock to be that of statesmanship and patriotic devotion; and he writes, though with the high tone that becomes his profession and his character, with competent political knowledge and with judicial care. There is nothing extravagant in this calm but earnest pamphlet. It is work that any statesman might be proud to have done. It is not sentimental bewailing, nor abuse of party, a necessary instrument in representative governments, nor a vain reaching after what is impossible. It shows carefully and by undeniable argument what the sources and the current of our political corruption have been, and places "the spoils system" at the head. It exhibits the perils of the false interpretation of the Constitution which allows the President to remove officers without the consent of the Senate, and thus places an enormous patronage in his tempted hands. It shows the equally bad working of the law limiting all offices to a duration of four years, without regard to conduct. It shows the evils of the distribution of patronage among Senators and Representatives, as if they were rights and perquisites of their stations. The end has been that politics has become a trade main driven by disreputable persons. The Senate has become more or less a place where aspirants to the Presidency bid against each other for the support of hungry place-seekers; the House an arena of jobs in which lobbyists with heavy purses carry measures that have the plunder of the public, not its advantage, for their end and inspiration. For some years a large portion of its energy and time have been expended in examining charges of bribery and corruption against its own members.

Mr. Prentiss might have strengthened his argument if he had had time to examine the glorious success of civil service reform in Great Britain. There is no question that thirty years ago the civil service of England was as corrupt as our own. It has been reformed to the very bottom. There is nothing impracticable in reforming *our* civil service. Indeed it is now the first duty which all good citizens owe their country. If we do not reform it altogether, it will reform us into a military government and a regal one, and all good citizens would welcome, in ten years more of American politics such as the last twenty years have been, a despotism! Better give up half our liberties to save the rest than lose the whole by the operation of a machine that disgusts our hearts and consciences and ruins our fortunes.

We are glad to know that an association for encouraging civil service reform is just inaugurated, the main object of which will be to spread trustworthy information of their perils and safeguards, what threatens and what is to be looked to with hope, before the American people, without any bias from party. The new President and his Cabinet manifestly favorable to a true civil service reform; but they cannot carry it through without the help of a greatly aroused public sentiment in its favor. The public sentiment is still fearfully choked by party passion and party machinery and a miserable crew of professional party leaders. They succeed in enabling the worst, most ignorant and most incapable portion of our voting population to govern the intelligence, public spirit and worth of the nation. A coarse bully in a primary meeting has the influence of a hundred sober, instructed citizens, who won't descend to such an arena, and the men who direct or pay the bullies, carry the local elections and govern the policy of the Government by the spoils system. They have succeeded in convincing some otherwise respectable citizens that this is the *only* way to govern a democracy, to humor its folly, bribe its cupidity and place its

* Our National Bane, or, The Dry Rot in American Politics. A tract for the times, touching civil service reform. By George L. Prentiss. Randolph & Co., 903 Broadway.

popular and eligible favorites in power and place! This is the style of government to which we are committed, if civil service reform is pronounced impossible and a whim of over-nice moralists and people who don't understand practical politics. Our great newspapers are only half in earnest in this reform. Our old politicians—the best of them—are not converted to it. It remains for sober, thinking citizens to take it up as their first and most imperative duty, with no thought of failure in them, but a profound purpose to carry it through at all costs to party and to popular prejudices. Let Dr. Prentiss's pamphlet be widely disseminated; and let others follow it from men as well entitled to be heard, of whom we have not too many.

H. W. B.

LAST ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND RELIGION. By Matthew Arnold.
New York: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

With this volume Mr. Matthew Arnold after having accomplished some of the most valuable and effective work of his generation, desires to take his leave of exegesis and polemics. Whether he will be able to resist the temptation to re-enter the field during a contest which must continue active for a long time to come, we are inclined to doubt. Should this prove really his last volley, he will yet have left a record which few men might not be glad to equal, and by which both those who agree with and those who differ from him can hardly fail to profit.

This volume contains first a preface devoted to a statement of the reasons which have induced him to labor in the present field, which were in brief the conviction that Christianity is in accord with natural truth, and is needed for the proper development of humanity, but that "the religion of tradition, Catholic or Protestant, is unsound and untenable," and that in order that Christianity may live it must be relieved of the heavy load of untruth with which misconception and tradition have burdened it. To this follow four chapters. The first: "A Psychological Parallel," is designed to meet the claims of those Bibliolators, who say, "Take me in a lump or give up Christianity altogether. Construe the Bible as I do, or renounce my public worship and solemnities," and taking St. Paul as an example of one whose teaching is in question, he asks whether a man must necessarily be considered either an impostor or a weak enthusiast, because among other things he puts forward some which cannot be accepted by the man of intellect and culture of to-day. The parallel which he draws between the Apostle as affected by the general beliefs of his time, and Sir Matthew Hale and others as believers in witchcraft, is very instructive. He then proceeds to trace the figurative language of Jesus to its sources in the book of Enoch, and other of the earlier Hebrew writings whose phases had become infused into the common speech of the Jewish people, and to consider the manner in which the language of the Thirty-nine Articles and of the Prayer Book should be apprehended.

His second chapter "Bishop Butler and the *Zeit-Geist*," is given first to a biographical sketch of the good Bishop, and then to an examination as to how far his sermons and the "Analogy," undoubtedly written in the interest of the truth, are able to stand the test of the spirit of the age. This is the result, "The Analogy, the great work upon which such immense praise has been lavished, is, for all real intents and purposes now, a failure; it does not serve. It seemed once to have a spell and a power; but the *Zeit Geist* breathes upon it, and we rub our eyes, and it has the spell and the power no longer."

The third chapter, on "The Church of England," and the fourth, "A Last Word on the Burials Bill," relate directly to that great question of the Establishment, which not having any direct personal importance to us, is yet extremely interesting as giving opportunity for the utterance of views which we are too apt wholly to lose sight of. Probably the leading English Liberals who are possessed of the religious idea, the men who are doing most to-day for the destruction of arbitrary dogma, and the establishment of natural religion, are on the side of the Establishment. They were born in it, they have grown up in it and have felt it touch their lives in all tender points, and they have seen it "broaden with the process of the suns," and believe that the best hope of the future is in its extension and purification. As compared with the average Dissenter they are as the man of culture to the Philistine, the man of wide sympathies and comprehensive views to the narrow sectarian who believes his pop-gun of more importance than Jove's thunder-

bolt. On general principles our sympathies must be wholly with Mr. Arnold and his co-workers. Yet in the particular cause in the interest of which he serves, we cannot go with him. Our antecedents are different; the *milieu* is not the same; we look at the practical question with different eyes. Our experience has led us to believe that not only the freedom of the individual demands the complete secularization of the State, but that a State establishment must inevitably contaminate and demoralize religion.

And though we recognize the grandness of Mr. Arnold's conception of the Church as "a great national society for the promotion of goodness," we feel that the glory of the thought has thrown a confusing glamour about the question, and that he and those who believe with him are unconsciously led into sophistical reasoning. We agree with him as to the beauty of many passages in creed and ritual as expressions of the aspirations of past ages, mistaken yet on-looking; we gladly consent to his claim of their great value and force as "poetry." But we feel that he greatly underrates the danger of the continued and constant use of this poetry in such a manner that it may be accepted as fact, and can see no proper or safe course without the intervention of such a break as may enable the reader or hearer to apprehend the language in its true sense and authority as it stands revealed by the touch of the Ithuriel spear of the *Zeit-Geist*. Undoubtedly there is rich fruit for the Great Catholic Church of the future in the old records, but it seems to us as unquestionable that the wide comprehensiveness of the true Church can only be reached by the surrender of ambiguous language, the attainment of clear and definite ideas and the growth thereof withal of that all embracing and unifying spirit of which Matthew Arnold is so valiant and able an advocate. The Universal cannot comprehend and wholly overshadow the unimportant and the ephemeral until the broad light of knowledge shall have flooded the field.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION: SERMONS RELATED TO THE BOSTON REVIVAL OF 1877. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

It is a remarkable fact requiring some closer analysis than most of us have given to it to explain the cause, that sermons are the commonest product of the press at the present time. Of course the demand makes the supply. The public asks for sermons. Science and preaching receive equal favor with the reading classes. Here is a new contribution to this literature; a valuable one we may safely say, in several aspects. From advance sheets we gather the merits of this volume, which will be for sale during the Anniversary Week in Boston. The large majority of the sermons in this book are from Trinitarian sources. Rufus Ellis has a clear, concise one on "Our Two Harvests," and Dr. A. P. Peabody one on "Coming to On e's Self."

There are many who would like some means of forming a judgment as to the every day, working ability of the Boston pulpits. There is no volume extant that meets this want like the "Gospel Invitations." Most of the productions in this case are the usual Sunday efforts, first made with no thought of print. Here are the preachers of Boston as their regular parishioners find them in the round of the year. Nearly all denominations are represented. We find Dr. Gray, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School of Mass., with a sermon on "Learn of Me." Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, Pastor of Union Temple Baptist Church, speaks about "The Old Faith and the New." Dr. A. H. Vinton, Rector of Emanuel Church discourses upon "God's Controversy with His People." Rev. Joseph Cook appears twice, handling first "Faith the Source of Faithfulness," (his development of Bronson Alcott's vicarious chastisement theory), and second "The Permanence of Moral Character," (being arguments to prove the eternity, or everlastingness, of evil). The Methodists are represented by Dr. W. F. Warren, President of Boston University, who has for a subject the title of the book, and Dr. Mallalieu, who describes the "Separation of the Soul from God." Rev. S. E. Herrick has a fine sermon on "The Decay of the Will." The talented Mr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, contributes "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." One of the freshest and most home-finding is that on "Nothing to Do with Christ," by Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church. There are eighteen sermons in all, the last one being by Prof. Edwards A. Park, of Andover, on "The Prominence of the Atonement." Setting this aside and the one by the editor, Rev. H. M. Grant, of Concord, the rest are by Boston men. It is not necessary that the reader of a book should agree with every sentiment in it, in order to reap profit from it. Stimulus and suggestion are the most coveted results a preacher desires from his perusal of books, or indeed from his study of mankind. Not only are these likely to flow from reading this compilation of sermons, but another benefit is still more ap-

parent. Here are the new statements of old doctrines; the latest presentation of the Trinitarian views of Christianity as a personal power; as a life for the individual. We can measure the advance in opinion and temper most plainly.

The efforts of Mr. Moody and the fulminations of Mr. Cook are doing good. Doing good to the whole cause of thought, doing good to liberalism. Thought is stirred, minds are awake, and in divers ways we are receiving quickening results. In these days a man may start a train of thought, but it is likely to run out of his control, and end in conclusions he did not intend. This book is more valuable to Unitarians for what it leaves out oftentimes, than by what it prints. Yet we should do the authors injustice did we not say that they are almost always earnest and fair as far as they go, in the presentation of the spirit, love, potency, of the Christian life.

The pages are inviting, with large type and open spaces. E.A.H.

BRIEF NOTICES.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., author of "Sketches of Creation," "The Doctrine of Evolution," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1877.

So far as the enthusiastic and learned author of this book contents himself with showing the essential harmony of Religion and Science his efforts are rewarded with considerable success. He is not a reconciler of the ancient sort. He does not propose to stretch Science on the Procrustes bed of popular Christianity and lop it off to fit with its proportions. He believes in Science and accepts its tendencies, even the most radical, and has only words of honest indignation for its ignorant assailants. He shows that Science has been a good friend to Religion in the past, checking its extravagances and purifying it from superstition. The term "personality," as applied to God strikes him as unfortunate and misleading. "It is weakly anthropomorphic." It is when Prof. Winchell comes to the Mosaic cosmogony, which of course is not Mosaic at all, that his reconciliation becomes forced and feeble; his enthusiasm weak and maudlin. Evidently his knowledge of Biblical Science is much inferior to his natural Science. Were it not he would perceive the absurdity of spending a moment's time in trying to make out that there is even a partial agreement between Genesis and geology. Any apparent agreement is evidently a mere coincidence. The natural history of the Bible is, so far as known, entirely fatal to its claims to any consideration further than its intrinsic truth and beauty demand. This itch for reconciliation is calculated to maintain a radically false idea of the Bible, and it is much to be regretted that Prof. Winchell should be afflicted with it.

OSGOOD'S "VEST-POCKET SERIES" AND HARPERS' "HALF-HOUR SERIES."

The fashion, so far as it is a fashion, which has induced our leading publishers, so many of them, to put into the most convenient, portable form some of the best work of the best writers of the period, is one which we hail with the utmost satisfaction, and we trust it may not soon be abandoned. If this kind of literature can be brought into competition on the news-stands and in the hands of petty dealers generally, with the trash with which the common presses teem, it will be better still, but to do this most effectively, still greater cheapness will have to be reached. In form nothing more is to be desired, and if somewhat cheaper materials can be used and the sales greatly extended, doubtless a great reduction in price could be made. For the present these different series though in a measure occupying the field we have indicated, reach in a greater degree many who otherwise might only purchase an intermediate class, and are particularly welcome and satisfactory to those already largely familiar with the class of literature which they furnish. They are emphatically books such as might have excited the remarks of Dr. Johnson quoted in the "Vest-Pocket Series": "Books that you can carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the the most useful after all."

What could be more handy and comfortable than these? Take the half-dozen of the Vest-Pocket Series now before us for instance. What are they? Three are made up from Emerson's Essays, each containing three essays: "Books, Art and Eloquence," "Success, Greatness and Immortality," "Love, Friendship and Domestic Life." Each forms a volume of about a hundred tiny pages, fine toned paper and clear type. In these alone one has a library worth more to those who are fitted for them than many a one of a thousand heavy volumes. The three others are by three different hands.

One, some would not hesitate to call America's leading poet, Lowell, who is here represented by his two prose essays, "My Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter." Crossing the water, in the next we have Prof. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and then from an earlier school, "Gray's Elegy," with some other poems. Certainly few things would be so good for the "ingleside," but it is not necessary to build a fire in order to enjoy them, and nothing in a literary way will slip more readily into the pocket for an afternoon on the rocks or under the trees.

Those of "Harper's Half-Hour Series" now on our table are more directly educational, but are no less handy and are small enough in cost. They comprise three of the Epochs of English History, covering the period from 1215 to the Revolution in 1688, namely: "Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament," by James Rowley, "The Tudors and the Reformation," by M. Creighton, and "The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy," by Bertha Meriton Cordery, each containing from 140 to 170 pages. Three more volumes, making eight in all, will bring the history of the mother country down to the present day. The fourth of the numbers just issued is a description of "University Life in Ancient Athens," by W. W. Capes, M. A., of Oxford University. Following these will be some more educational books and then some lighter volumes, and the series is likely to be as varied as one could wish. May it be unending and so successful as to afford in the end the best possible workmanship together with the least possible cost.

THOMAS PAINE: THE METHOD AND VALUE OF HIS RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS. A Lecture. By John W. Chadwick. New York: Chas. M. Green, 18 Jacob Street.

The last of Mr. Chadwick's published lectures is the latest of the course delivered by him during the past season to the people of his congregation. Having at a former time spoken of Paine as a political thinker and worker, this lecture is devoted to the consideration of his position in relation to religious ideas, to his present position as an animating power, and incidentally to a statement of the position of the advocate of free thought during the later years of the Eighteenth Century as compared with the position of his representative at the time of this present writing. It is clear, interesting and effective, and full of food for thought, for the "Free Thinker of To-Day." By reference to our advertising columns those desiring it will learn how to address the publisher.

A TEXT-BOOK OF HARMONY. For the Use of Schools and Students. By Charles Edward Horsley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

The author of this work, a musician of good standing, died shortly after the completion of it, and we believe before its publication in England. His intention was to place before his readers "a practicable, easy and pleasing form of analyzing the works of great musicians, and of enabling students to write down their ideas in a musically grammatical shape." This he has undertaken to do within the space of eighty-nine pages, and we can vouch for the very clear and handsome manner in which the publishers have performed their part of the bargain.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR. By A. Mahan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1877.

Dr. Mahan is not a military man, but in this volume he has undertaken a close criticism of the war in its military features, and proposes to prove several things, among others "that within any eight months of the continuance of the war, after the middle of October, 1861, any Commander-in-Chief of ordinary ability and well instructed in military science, would have brought that conflict to a final termination." He claims to have made the science of war a subject of careful study from his youth up, details his unavailing efforts to have his plans adopted by the authorities and others discarded during the course of the war, and shows how it was finally concluded under his advice.

Not being a military man myself, and being moreover eminently a man of peace and indisposed to provoke hostilities, we will not undertake to express any opinion upon the merits of the Dr.'s strategy.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Reprint. The April number opens with a lengthy review of a new edition of the Works of Alexander Pope, which is strongly commended. Following this is a review of Ashley's Life of Palmerston, and then we have an elaborate article upon Gastronomy, which ought to be useful to the American public, who know little enough about what and how to eat, and how their food should be prepared for eating. Article IV. is on Leslie

Stephen's History of English Thought, which Mr. Chadwick has reviewed at length in our columns. After this comes a biographical and critical article on George Sand; a review of Wallace's and other works on Russia; another of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, which we shall all know about by and by; a discussion of our old friend "The Balance of Power;" and the number closes with two articles respectively upon Russia and Turkey, so that the lively Eastern Question is by no means slighted.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. Reprint. The April number of this quarterly is not so largely given to the Eastern Question as the London, though it comes up for treatment in a review of Wallace's Russia (which is handled without gloves) and in an article entitled "Wellington and Gentz on Eastern Affairs," in which a modern moral is drawn from previous policy. Other national questions are treated in "Native Policy in South Africa" and "Brigandage in Sicily." The ancient and honorable House of Fortescue is treated historically in an interesting article with that title, which will be especially attractive to those genealogically inclined, who are able immediately to distinguish a cousin German from a third cousin twice removed, or a step aunt. Reviews are given of "Jebb's Attic Orators," Tennyson's "Dramas," Kingsley's Life and Letters, and of a German novel, "Kreuz und Schwert," which belongs to the historical class, and which is ascribed high rank. It is by Herr Meding, the ex-Secretary of the King of Hanover, and deals with the Germany and the France of the late war.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM. Four Lectures by Rev. R. W. Stephens. Cloth, pp. 168. \$1.25.
CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. Cloth, pp. 236. \$1.50.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE WOMAN HATER. A Novel. By Charles Reade. 12mo., cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 251. \$1.25.
THE SAME. 8vo., paper, pp. 178. 75 cts.

MAGAZINES.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. JUNE.
BANKERS' MAGAZINE. JUNE.
AMERICAN NATURALIST. JUNE.

ART NOTES.

A PICTURE which represents no thought sometimes pleases us at first sight because of the technical skill which it displays; our admiration is off-hand and without reflection; but we soon discover that in this form there is nothing but form, and that this visible expression covers no thought. When we find no creative element in a work, it cannot give us lasting pleasure. Thought is the alpha and omega, the reason and the end of art.—MERSON.

MOST people know that light colors make rooms look larger than dark ones, though it is probable that few can entirely realize the wonderful difference between them until they have seen walls painted dark or the reverse. A light picture by the same law makes a room look larger, and a picture darker than the wall it is hung upon will reduce the size of the room, unless the lightness of the frame is sufficient to compensate for the difference. Perhaps the present decided taste for light pictures is partly due to this. A rule in the arrangement of interiors may be deduced from these observations, which is, that when a room is smaller than we should like it to be, we ought to hang very light pictures in it, and when it is uncomfortably large we should reduce it with dark ones. But there are other things to be considered. Pictures which represent narrow interiors do not enlarge rooms much, because they convey a feeling of confinement; but landscapes with vast distances enlarge rooms immensely. In engravings and water-colors the margin has an important effect. The whiteness of it may be ample compensation for the darkness of the print itself.—HAMERTON.

CONCERNING Japanese art, Bousquet, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says: It is not for the far East to furnish us with models. Our imagination will not be refreshed at this exhausted source. Japanese, like Chinese art, is an art without inspiration, high aspiration, or excursions into the infinite. In it the ideal is never separated from the chimera; it regards as an imaginary thing that beauty absolute which with us is the essential truth. Realistic and prosaic, or rather fantastic and monstrous, it sets out from no high conception, and is incapable of it. Sometimes it attains character, seldom style, beauty never. The difference between the Buddhist world and ours; between the Turanian races and the sons of the Aryas is, that we still seek, and shall forever seek the eternal type of beauty—the ideal; while they do not seek for it and do not comprehend our divine discontent, longings and strivings, but declare that the circle of ideas is definitely closed. Whatever may be the progress of the extreme Orient in the material sphere, we do not yet see that they have used any remedy for this moral blindness. A distant future will teach our descendants whether long contact with other nations and continuous effort will avail to soften the inexorable laws of ethnology, or whether a race will bear the impress of the primitive mould in which it was cast.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

IN ABSENCE.

God keep you, dearest, all this lonely night;
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the western hill,
God keep you safely, dearest, till the light!

God keep you still, when slumber melts away.
For care and strife
Take up new arms to fret our waking life.
God keep you through the battle of the day!

God keep you! Nay, beloved soul, how vain,
How poor is prayer!
I can but say again, and yet again,
God keep you every time and everywhere!—M. A. DEV.

NO MAN is so great as mankind.—THEODORE PARKER.

MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—COLTON.

TRUTH is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.—DRYDEN.

WHEN we know how to appreciate a merit, we have the germ of it within ourselves.—GOETHE.

BE noble-minded! Our own heart, and not other men's opinion of us, forms our true honor.—SCHILLER.

IT's a poor use of the past to let its remembrances unfit us for the duties of the the present.—J. G. HOLLAND.

THE wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—CARLYLE.

NOT all who seem to fail, have failed indeed;
What though the seed be cast by the wayside,
And the birds take it—yet the birds are fed.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I MUST choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies.—DR. CHANNING.

"WHO will guard the guards?" says a Latin verse: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" I answer: "The enemy." It is the enemy who keeps the sentinel watchful.—MRS. SWETCHINE.

EVERY man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—EMERSON.

A CHARITY that is indelicate in its methods is a proper object of suspicion. So far as possible, all the processes, and all the recipients of charity, should be guarded by a profound and sacred privacy, that self-respect be not wounded, character injured, nor truth destroyed.—GAIL HAMILTON.

I HAVE a belief of my own, and it comforts me—that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of a divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—GEORGE ELIOT.

It little matters at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.
—DEAN MILMAN.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—Sunday Magazine.

THE MAMMA WHO SLEPT FIFTEEN YEARS.

"O DEAR! dear!" sighed Mamma Graham, "what a dreadful noise. I'm glad Christmas doesn't come any oftener."

No wonder the poor mamma said this, for Harry was standing close by the bed beating his new drum, Charlie was just behind him blowing his new red trumpet, and the baby sat up in bed sucking a stick of candy and pounding his mamma over the head with a tin rattle. Alice, the eldest of these little folks, was trying the cry in her new dolly, and was begging the boys just to stop their noise a minute and hear what a beautiful cry it had. Altogether it wasn't a very good time to catch a comfortable morning nap, although Mamma Graham was just as tired as she could be. Bridget had left the day before, leaving her everything to do, and the Christmas dinner to get. Presently papa, who had entirely given up trying to sleep, finished dressing, and said he

would take the children down stairs so that mamma could have a good rest.

"I wish I could sleep about fifteen years," said she as she turned over and tucked the pillow snugly under her head.

Was ever anything more unlucky? She entirely forgot that it was Christmas morning, and that Santa Claus was abroad and as full of mad pranks as a Christmas pudding is full of plums. Papa and the children were away down stairs with the doors all shut between. Nobody was there to hinder, for mamma herself was already in a doze. So what should Santa Claus do but whisk Mamma Graham away through the roof after the manner of fairies, and putting her into his fairy sleigh drive off with her to the famous Sleepy Hollow in the White Cotton Night Cap Country.

"If she wants to sleep fifteen years let her try it," said he nodding his long, pointed red flannel cap in a wicked sort of way. "Those youngsters will look out for themselves, I'll be bound, and I'll make it all right with the father. And she'll have a good nap," he added winking and rolling up his eyes and slapping his fat sides.

Bless me! How stiff Mamma Graham did feel when she woke at last in her own bed at home, for Santa Claus had faithfully brought her back at the right time. As if anybody wouldn't feel stiff who had slept fifteen years straight through. But then she didn't know of course what a trick that wicked old St. Nick had played on her, and that this wasn't the very same Christmas morning on which she had gone to sleep. So she only said as she got slowly out of bed and began to dress as fast as possible with such stiff hands and arms:

"I wonder how long I have slept. It must be very late. Poor papa must be dreadfully tired of taking care of the children, and hungry, too, waiting for his breakfast."

When she opened the dining-room door there sat papa reading the morning paper. The children must have tired him, for he certainly seemed a good deal older as he looked up and said with a smile, "Well, mamma, have you had a good nap?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said mamma, "only you oughtn't to have let me sleep so long. I'm afraid you are all dreadfully tired waiting for breakfast, though I see you have got the table set. Where are the children?" she asked as she walked on to the kitchen without waiting for him to answer.

How strange! There was the turkey all stuffed and trussed on the kitchen table, the cranberries picked and in the kettle ready to be set on the stove, and the plum pudding all made!

The coffee for breakfast was on the stove, while before it stood a handsome young lady in a handsome brown merino dress and pretty white apron broiling a beefsteak.

Mamma began to feel rather bewildered. Was this fine young lady a new girl whom papa had engaged when she was asleep? Just then the "new girl" turned around and saw her. Throwing down the knife and fork she had in her hand, she ran to her and threw her arms around her neck.

"Why, mamma, darling, is that you? Santa Claus said this was the morning for you to wake up, and I've been getting everything ready. Do you feel rested?"

"Rested? To be sure I do," said mamma staring at the fine young lady who acted so queerly. "But where are the children?"

"Here's Harry," said the young lady as a tall young fellow of about twenty entered.

"Hello! if there isn't mamma," he exclaimed going up and giving her a good hug.

"Charley, here, say!" he called to some one outside. "Here's mamma woke up," and then another great handsome fellow, who seemed to be about eighteen years old, came up and kissed her rather bashfully.

"What does all this mean? and where are the children?" asked mamma putting her hand up to her head and feeling ready to cry. "Where's my baby?"

"O he's out snowballing," said one of the boys carelessly.

"My baby! Good gracious, he'll catch his death of cold," said the distracted mother rushing to the door, where she ran against another great boy about sixteen years old.

"Can you remember mamma, Frank?" asked the young lady.

"Mr. Graham will you tell me what this means?" said the mamma turning to her husband, who stood in the door behind her. "Who are all these young people kissing me, and where are my children?"

"Well, Mary this is Alice, twenty-two last month, all her flummies made up; Will Topliff impatient and both only waiting for you to wake up and say you're willing. (The young lady in the brown merino blushed dreadfully.) This is Harry, just twenty, in the junior class, top of his class, too. This one is Charley, eighteen, and a sophomore, studying like a beaver; and this is your sixteen-year-old baby, Frank, almost through the preparatory. Aren't they a fine lot?"

But mamma only looked from one to another in hopeless bewilderment. At last she said, "Well, Paul, you'll have to explain all this, for I don't understand a bit of it."

"Well, my dear, don't you remember saying when going to sleep that you wished you could sleep fifteen years? Well old Santa Claus took you at your word, and you have been asleep in the White Cotton Night Cap Country all this time."

"Fifteen years! children all grown up, no little girl, no dear little boys, no baby?" repeated poor mamma sitting down in a chair and looking round on the young people.

"And I'll never see my little children again, all grown up without me! O papa, how could you let me sleep so?" she asked beginning to cry.

"Bekkus weddy, mamma," said a little voice close by the bed, "Alice an' papa dot it all by they lonesomes, an' they sent me up to see if you was weddy."

It was little Harry, not an inch taller than when she went to sleep, sucking the last leg of a sugar horse.

Mamma dressed as quickly as possible. "Well, I'm glad I didn't sleep fifteen years after all," she said to herself as she took Harry's hand to go down stairs. The door knobs were all sticky, and there was everything in the world to do, but she didn't mind it one bit. It was so much better than that dreadful dream of waking up to find every thing in order, her children all grown up and not even a baby to be petted.—*Jennie Eggleston Zimmerman in the Christian Union.*

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE Union is now established in truth—not alone in the supremacy but in the beneficence of its power—re-established in the hearts of all the people. And this is the tribute a Confederate soldier brings to-day to the graves of the fallen heroes of the Union—that the work they died to achieve you have accomplished; that as they by their devotion saved the Union from overthrow, you by the policy of justice and magnanimity have enshrined it in the hearts of its once furious but now reclaimed and reconciled foes. While man applauds, heaven ratifies the re-union.—*Gen. Roger A. Pryor.*

WE found ourselves startled just now by these words in the *Christian Intelligencer*:

"It both this city and Brooklyn it is becoming more and more difficult to maintain the Church of Christ. The number of churches in which the income from pew rents meets the expenses is not large. We fear that in the majority a deficiency is annually made up by subscriptions."

The *Intelligencer* is a very temperate paper; not in the habit of saying things hastily that it does not mean. Can it be true that in our cities generally it is "becoming more and more difficult to maintain the Church of Christ?" This fact, if it be a fact, raises a number of close questions. What is the "Church of Christ?" What is it to "maintain" it? Can it be possible that our whole theory of "church" life and work has become perverted, and that the system is failing to meet the claims upon it? Surely in our great cities least of all ought the churches to prove failures.—*Congregationalist.*

THE maxim used to be universally accepted that only an intelligent people are capable of government in the republican form. We suspended this maxim when we reconstructed governments in the ex-Confederate States. In order to reconstruct them on the basis of a loyal majority, we enfranchised a race just freed from generations of the most degrading slavery. In the place of the maxim that the safety of a republic lies in an intelligent people, the argument was accepted that the freedmen would know enough to vote for their friends. The meaning of this was that as the Republican party freed them they would vote for the Republican party, and thus its ascendancy would be assured.

Thus the promise of party ascendancy through ignorant suffrage was accepted in lieu of the public safety through intelligence, and we went deliberately—that is to say, as deliberately as people can in the heat of civil war—at work to found governments of great States on a solid body of ignorant voters, and on the additional and still worse basis of an antagonism of race and color, which had been exaggerated by the previous relation of owner and slave. History does not tell of a greater political blunder.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THREE States have now fallen by the same bloody process, and while I am sensible that my fellow-countrymen shrink from the remedy, I may yet glory in the foresight of the Fathers of the Republic who made ample provision for the exigency that is upon us. By the force of events, over which, at the various stages in the proceedings, the nation had but little influence, the slaveholding dynasty has obtained control of the fifteen old slave States. In several of those States power has been gained by the aid of a secret, compact, vigorous, and unscrupulous military organization. By the same agency power will be retained for a time, but in a republic such instrumentalities will disappear ultimately. Already that organization is stained with crimes more numerous and more heinous than those marshalled and massed by Russia and tendered to the world in justification for the war she is now waging against Turkey. Future generations will marvel that their ancestors could have tolerated the institution of slavery for nearly a century after the establishment of the republic, and they will be appalled by the history of the crimes perpetrated by the remnant of the slaveholding oligarchy, for the purpose of regaining political power, and oppressing an unoffending race of men.—*Ex-Senator Boutwell.*

FROM the vantage ground of a larger observation, with a more calm and considerate meditation on the causes and conditions of national prosperity, I, for one, cannot resist the conclusion that, after all, Providence wisely ordered the event, and that it is well for the South itself that it was disappointed in its endeavor to establish a separate government. Plain is it that, if once established, such a government could not have long endured. It was founded on principles that must have proved its downfall. It must

THE Chicago *Interior* does not hesitate to express its opinion of the hangers-on of the Presbyterian General Assembly. It says: "There is always a train of bummers and dead beats in the wake of these large religious assemblies and conventions who take the opportunity to impose themselves on the hospitalities of Christian people. Look out for them." Pretty strong language, but we suppose the *Interior* knows its own church folk.

FROM the recently published life of Whitfield it would appear the great preacher was not so heroic as his better half in an hour of danger: "When the two were on board ship, and threatened by a privateer, the husband hid himself in the cabin, while his wife helped to make cartridges and clear the decks. Once again, when he was preaching to a mob, and some stones were thrown at him, he was too frightened to proceed, till his wife who was standing by his side, pulled his gown and cried, 'Now, George, play the man for God.'"

soon have fallen a victim to foreign aggression or domestic anarchy. Nor to the re-establishment of the Union is the Confederate soldier any the less reconciled by the destruction of slavery. People of the North, history will record that slavery fell not by any efforts of man's will, but by the immediate intervention and act of the Almighty Himself. And in the anthem of praise ascending to heaven for the emancipation of four million human beings, the voice of the Confederate soldiers mingles its note of devout gratulation. And now in the unconquerable strength of freedom we may hope that the existence of our blessed Union is limited only by the mortality that measures the duration of all human institutions.—*Gen. Roger A. Pryor at Brooklyn Academy.*

SOME one writing recently to a Western publication has been gathering facts to show that the marriage of literary folks, instead of being inharmonious, as such marriages are usually thought to be, are, in this country at least, exceptionally happy. He cites Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, and many native authors younger and of less note to sustain his position, and really makes out a very strong case. The opinion that discontent generally results from the union of literary artists has doubtless been accepted with very few data to confirm it. The examples of Byron, Bulwer, Dickens, and a few others, which really prove nothing, have been quoted again and again, while the connubial peace and felicity of Wordsworth, Tennyson, the Brownings, and scores of poets, historians, essayists, and philosophers that might be cited, are allowed to pass unnoticed. Every conjugal trouble of celebrities is pretty apt to be observed and paraded, while the discord and separation of persons not blessed—or cursed—with fame are never known. If the truth could be ascertained, it would probably be found that poets and scholars are quite as comfortable in matrimony as cobblers, tailors, tinkers, or other mortals presumed to be nearer the dead level of prosaic existence.—*Tribune.*

SURELY I need not say one word in vindication of the purity of Dean Stanley's character or of his religious zeal. The people who need to be vindicated are the people who attack him, ignoring these high qualities of his. He is, I must admit, one of the best-hated men in all England. A well-known remark of Mr. Carlyle's may partly explain why. "There," said the Chelsea philosopher, as he saw the Dean across the way, "there goes our friend Stanley, boring holes as hard as he can in the bottom of the good ship Church of England—and doesn't know it!" "Doing the Devil's work," shriek the High Churchmen. "Doing God's work," answer the Liberal Churchmen, through whom alone, if through anybody, the Church of England can be saved. I am used to hearing strong things said by all sorts of people on all sides of all sorts of questions. But I think I never heard any Englishman spoken of by other Englishmen with such intense bitterness of hatred as is shown toward Dean Stanley by the extreme party in his own church.

For his share in Saturday's meeting he will be hated all the more. To add to his other sin, he is on this question at least on the winning side. I asked one of the men most in earnest about the opening of museums on Sunday how soon he hoped to carry his point, and how. "Not for seven or eight years," he answered. "By that time we shall manage it, as such things are always managed in England. We shall pass no law and repeal none. But a Liberal Government will be in power, and the Tories will have held office so long that a Liberal Government, by mere force of reaction, is sure to be a Radical Government. The deputations we send each year will each year have grown stronger. A Liberal Home Secretary will order the national galleries, or some of them, to be open on Sundays, and the order once issued will never be reversed. The same House of Commons that would refuse to pass an act to open them will refuse to pass an act to close them when they are opened."—*G. W. Smalley in Tribune.*

SPEAKING of entertaining the delegates, the *Interior* says: "Father Brobston recalled the day when Presbyters said grace over a slice of bacon and a potato, and were content with a blanket. Now the Presbyter must have his tea and toast and foaming custards, his broils and devilled chicken, a whole lot of little dishes with a bit of this and that around his plate, and a curled hair couch on a curled wire mattress. What if we old fogies, in the simplicity and generosity of our hearts, were now to offer the Presbyter a slice of bacon and a blanket! He would wither us with a frown, and march straightway to one of our palatial hotels. The times are sadly out of joint." Let us rejoice that the Presbyterian church is progressive in civilization if it is stationary in theology. It no longer admires a trinity of bedfellows, though it adheres to a trinity of deities.

Anniversary Week in Boston.

OUR report of last week sketched the progress of the meetings up to Tuesday evening, when the

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

was held in Music Hall. The hall was well filled, and between the addresses hymns were sung with accompaniments on the great organ. Rev. Mr. Mellen, of Toronto, made the opening prayer, after which Mr. H. P. Kidder welcomed the audience on behalf of the Association, and made a brief statement of the condition and prospects of its work.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding followed with an address on "Church Music." His plea was for a rich musical service claiming that there is nothing in the Unitarian theory of religion which binds it to one that is meagre and unattractive. The attention paid to church music is one of the tests of vigorous religious life. He referred to the English Church, and said that the branch of this establishment which is to-day most alive is the extreme ritualistic branch, which has of late fairly blossomed out into sacred song. The music which has been promoted by the ritualists has penetrated other communions on both sides of the Atlantic. Here at home the revivalists have made most effective use of certain hymns and melodies. A book of hymns, tunes and services was prepared and published by the A. U. A. ten years ago, and a revised edition has just been issued. It is one of the best pieces of work the Association has done during the past year. Church music should be simple, stately and animated, without being frivolous, and the choir should be in perfect sympathy with the congregation.

Rev. F. G. Peabody thought that a church in order to thrive must deal with living problems. To ever look backward, to reverence the past more than the present, to sigh for the good old times, is to lose the power of the present. How is it with the Unitarians to-day? On one side we seem to be fighting again the battles of Stuart, Channing and Ware, on the other we seem to be but a back eddy in a current which is carrying us, Moody, Cook and all, into a broader channel, and toward larger problems than we have, hitherto faced. Fifty years ago a Unitarian would have expressed his position by saying he did not believe in a Trinity. To-day we need something positive and constructive, rather than a mere negative. Mr. Cook even is obliged to face the problem and stand on "the nature of things." The problem of the age is to find peace amid the conflicting forces that bear us along, and the problem is one for the Unitarians to solve, because they are most nearly untrammelled, and because they can see both sides of it; they believe both in the past and in the present. All stable equilibrium is in the balancing of conflicting forces, and through success and failure, that way lies safety.

Hon. John D. Long thought that honesty and candor were the first requisites in these matters. Nought was to be feared from false doctrine, if it was honestly entertained and accompanied with candor sufficient to cause its rejection when its falsity is made apparent. The false can only be determined by finding that which is true, and truth is only advanced by deduction from error and the hard discipline of mistake. Our faith, said he, has let in sunshine and gladness and mellowed even the shadow of death. It has left its impress outside our ranks so that even Mr. Moody compared with the revivalist of fifty years ago seems of another faith. Let us especially cherish spirit and life, for science and philosophy will take care of the letter and doctrine. Have the sweetness of faith and more of that spirit of exaltation which elevates man's conduct. Schools of divinity should turn out men educated in spiritual graces as well as in theological lore.

Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, spoke of the outlook of things in the West. Everywhere barriers were being broken down, not so much between church and church as between individual men whose minds had been enlarged by the broad and rich literature of the time, and this not only in the Orthodox and Catholic Churches, but in the Unitarian also. The problem in the West is how to reconcile the high school with the church, the teachings of modern science with the teachings of religion. Here is the opportunity for the American Unitarian Association which must be generous in the distribution of its publications.

Rev. Robert Collyer seemed to think the West was getting along very well. But he thought the previous speaker had not covered the whole ground in his remarks. It was true there were men and women who want religion and science reconciled, but it was also true that there were multitudes who did not care for either the one

or the other, who needed to be reached somehow by liberal Christianity. He spoke strongly of the work in which Mr. Douthit was engaged in the southern part of Illinois. In relation to the prospects in the West he quoted Dr. Bellows as saying to him some years ago: "Collyer, when you have been with the Unitarians as many years as I have, you will find that the hardest thing in this world to kill is a Unitarian movement. You may freeze it down level with the soil, but some day the sun will revive it, and it will bloom again as fresh as ever."

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. G. W. Hosmer and the meeting adjourned.

WEDNESDAY.

THE "BERRY STREET CONFERENCE."

The so-called "Berry Street Conference," through the privacy of its meeting and the invariable excellence of the essays read, always makes Wednesday morning, for the ministers, the favorite hour of the week.

The Arlington Street vestry was full, and Rev. Dr. Miles read a profoundly interesting paper on "The Science of Religion." Discussion followed, in which Dr. Bartol, Mr. Alcott, Mr. Channing, and Dr. Bellows took part.

Dr. Miles had traced, as Mr. Channing said, the ascent of the soul to God; Mr. Alcott led back the process in the descent of a self-revealing God to the soul. The phrases caught from Dr. Bellows' ardent address about the little talent that Liberal Christians have for *following*, and about caring as God seemed to care "little for His reputation but much for His character," rang in many ears throughout the week.

CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday afternoon in the Second Church. The church was crowded, and the floral decoration of the pulpit tasteful. A large choir of children, under the direction of Rev. H. G. Spaulding sang with spirit original hymns by Revs. Charles G. Ames, Charles T. Brooks, and W. P. Tilden. After prayer by Rev. R. Laird Collier, President H. P. Kidder made an address. The Secretary, Rev. S. B. Cruft, reported that during the past year 202 children had been cared for; homes found for 77; returned to their parents 103; now at the mission 22. The expenses of the mission were \$9,106.25; deficit \$251.87.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.

None of the meetings of Anniversary Week are wont to excite a livelier, more general or more genuine interest than that of Father Baldwin's "Union." Nobody can help believing in it, whether he considers the admirable spirit which pervades it, the amount of good which it does, or its beautiful new building so admirably adapted, from cellar to garret, to all its manifold uses. The anniversary meeting on Wednesday evening was one of the most successful ever held. Music Hall was packed, there being standing room only for hundreds of people.

After prayer by Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., and an original hymn by Rev. C. T. Brooks, President Baldwin welcomed the assemblage and introduced Rev. Phillips Brooks.

It being Decoration Day, Mr. Brooks took his theme from the thoughts which it suggested, drawing an eloquent parallel between the two sorts of character formed by the life of the soldier and the every-day life battles of the citizen in times of peace. One of his points was that, as soldiers were congratulated on a toleration of each other, which grew out of their knowledge of each other's devotion to the principles for which they were fighting—a toleration such as always exists among earnest men—so men engaged in life's warfare were to be congratulated on tolerating their comrades who differed from them on minor points. A man, said he, who dares to quarrel with another man for the way he does a thing has not got in his soul the true desire to do that thing.

Robt. Collyer, the next speaker, said that he endorsed all that Mr. Brooks had said, and then in one of his rambling, anecdotal, amusing, indescribable speeches, spoke for fifty minutes in an entertaining but rather purposeless way, saying many good things—which, fortunately, he can't help—but not coming up to his best mark.

By general consent the speech of the evening was a serious twenty-minute one by Dr. Bellows. He held up for the emulation of the young men of the present time the example of the men who came into Boston fifty years ago, when there was no Christian Union, carrying perhaps all their worldly possessions in a pocket handkerchief, and who by industry, sobriety and good habits generally had gained the highest places in the community. He exhorted

young men to work hard. In his judgment there was a great deal more recreation than is necessary among the youth of the period. He next adjured them never to forget the homes from which they came to the city, but to preserve the connection by letters to the dear ones there. He who ever despised his home and the community from which he sprung was guilty of the basest, meanest and dirtiest cowardice of which human nature was capable. He advised every young man to have a friend, and let him be a man. Have but one friend; choose him carefully, show him all your heart and see all of his. One friend, he said, is worth a thousand acquaintances. Rev. R. R. Meredith, of Grace (Methodist) Church, was the last speaker.

THURSDAY.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This society held its annual meeting in King's Chapel at two o'clock, Rev. Grindall Reynolds presiding. After prayer by Rev. J. B. Green, of Montreal, Rev. Henry W. Foote read an essay on "Christian Nurture in the Home." He said that duty was the ground work of all true relations between parents and their children. He regretted the reluctance of Christian parents to train their children more carefully in their own faith. Spoken and silent precept are both important. Religion should be taught simply and then children would apprehend it.

After brief remarks by Rev. Dr. Briggs a second essay was read by Rev. Dr. Bellows. He showed the close relations existing between the Sunday school and the church, and said that something subtle and pervading in the influence of the Sunday school must be recognized as being quite as important as the more specific teaching of books and teachers. One of the commonest mistakes in teaching children religion is to teach them under that name something inferior to what they already know perfectly well under no name. After a few words by Rev. C. F. Dole the meeting adjourned.

THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL.

The Unitarian Festival at Music Hall was one of the most agreeable and successful ever held. At half-past five, when Mr. William H. Baldwin, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the company to order, every seat at the long rows of tables was filled, nearly a thousand persons being seated. Among those seated at the tables on the platform were Messrs. E. R. Hoar, Henry Chapin, W. T. Davis, Charles A. Stevens, J. D. Long, H. P. Kidder, James T. Fields, and Revs. J. F. Clarke, E. E. Hale, H. W. Bellows, F. H. Hedge, W. H. Channing, and John Ordner. Mr. George William Curtis, who had accepted an invitation to preside, being unexpectedly detained in New York by the death of Mr. Fletcher Harper, Mr. Baldwin presented Oliver Wendell Holmes as the chairman of the occasion.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Peabody an hour was spent in discussing the good things of the table, which were abundant, well served and appetizing. Dinner over, the Chairman announced his intention of preaching a brief lay sermon. He declared as his text the following from Eccles. xx. 13: "An eloquent man is known far and near; but a man of understanding knoweth when he slippeth." Referring to Mr. Curtis he said: What speaker among us could console you for the absence of the silver-toned and sweet-souled orator who should have been entrancing you at this moment; one of whom it may be said, as it was said of Hortensius, *nescires utrum cupidius ad audiendum eam an ad expectandum occurreretur; sic verbis oratoris aspectus, et rursus aspectui verba serviebant*. Let us hope that his presence is only deferred to another season, and that at the next festival we may have the happiness of listening to our own Hortensius, who has always given expression through voice and pen to whatever is noblest, most generous, most human in the great interests of mankind—mankind of both sexes. After speaking eloquently of the wonderful progress of religious liberty, the Doctor said: May I, without committing any one but myself, mention a few of the stumbling blocks which still stand in the way of some who have many sympathies of what is called the liberal school of thinkers? I believe they are quite as much anthropological as theological. Some of these doctrines might be at once repudiated by those who hold other beliefs which in reality grew out of them.

The notion that man is responsible for the fact of suffering and death, whereas both existed long before his appearance on our planet.

The notion that there can be such a thing as *natural* moral evil, as if any one but the God of nature could be responsible for nature's effects.

The notion of sin as a transferable object. As philanthropy has

riddled us of chattel slavery, so philosophy must rid us of chattel sin and all its logical consequences.

The notion that what we call sin is anything else than inevitable, unless the Deity had seen fit to give every human being a perfect nature and develop it by a perfect education.

The oversight of the fact that all moral relations between man and his Maker are reciprocal, and must meet the approval of man's enlightened conscience before he can render true and heartfelt homage to the Power that called him into being. And is not the greatest obligation to all eternity on the side of the greatest wisdom and the greatest power?

The notion that the Father of mankind is subject to the absolute control of a certain malignant entity known under the false name of *justice*, or subject to any law such as would have made the father of the prodigal son meet him with an account book and pack him off to jail instead of welcoming back and treating him to the fatted calf.

The notion that useless suffering is in any sense a satisfaction for sin, and not simply an evil added to a previous one.

I believe many of you will agree with me in rejecting these notions, and that in due time these and all such stumbling blocks will be removed from the path of any whom they prevent from marching side by side with you in the grand army of the soldiers of humanity and servants of God.

Hon. R. M. Morse, made a witty and graceful speech extending the welcome of the laity to the clergy as "leaders of thought, leaders in learning, leaders in culture, leaders in the reform of old abuses and in the relief of human miseries."

Robert Collyer made one of his characteristic speeches, full of amusing and homely anecdotes.

Mr. Baldwin alluded at this point to the Congregational festival in Faneuil Hall and offered the following resolution:

"In the name of our common Master, Jesus Christ, we, a portion of the Congregational body assembled in Music Hall, send to our Christian brethren assembled in Faneuil Hall our kindly greeting and our wishes for their continued happiness and usefulness."

Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, spoke earnestly of the beauty of a broad fellowship, which ignored denominational lines, and explained that he had accepted his recent call as to a church not so much Unitarian as Christian.

Mr. H. P. Kidder spoke of the work of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and of the similarity of the work of liberals in all countries.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, in one of his most effective extempore speeches, expressed his regret at the growing disposition of New England Unitarians to obliterate the outlines of the peculiar ideas for which it seemed to him they should still continue to contend. It is a great mistake to think that Unitarianism has done its work. Outside of Boston and New England it has only just begun it. He told an admirable story illustrating the popular cowardice in avowing sympathy with liberal views and closed with an eloquent discrimination between the popular and the Unitarian view of God's attitude towards sin and sinners. His speech brought down the house with repeated rounds of applause.

Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, vindicated the good character of the liberal societies of the West and asked for a more sympathetic attitude towards them on the part of Eastern churches.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke thought the fears of friends from a distance as to Unitarian decadence in Boston were ill-founded. He shared Dr. Bellows' feeling as to the importance of maintaining our Unitarian organization. As to the criticism of the men who had joined in the communion at Phillips Brooks' Church, he thought "they would compromise Unitarianism in its highest and deepest sense, if they ever refused Christian fellowship with any follower of Christ."

Mr. James T. Fields read a charming unpublished poem by Longfellow:

"The holiest of all holidays
Are those kept by ourselves,
In silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart.
When the full river of feeling overflows,
Those happy days unclouded to their close,
Those sudden joys that out of darkness start,
As flowers from ashes, swift desires to dart,
Like singing swallows, down each wind that blows.

"White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and flits in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are
A fairy-tale of some enchanted land,
We know not where, but beautiful
As a dream within a dream."

Rev. E. E. Hale brought the meeting to a close with a speech in which he highly praised the admirable lay sermon at Music Hall of the Hon John D. Long, spoke hopefully of the young men and of the promise of the new Unitarian "Church of the People."

THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION

was held in the evening at Horticultural Hall, which was handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, President, occupied the chair. After the reading of the report of the Treasurer, the nominating Committee made their report, making appropriate reference to the decease of Mr. R. H. Ranney and Rev. John T. Sargent, and offering the following list of officers who were all elected:

President—Octavius B. Frothingham.

Vice-Presidents—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lucretia Mott, Nathaniel Holmes, Robert Dale Owen, Lydia Maria Child, Isaac M. Wise, George W. Curtis, Frederick Shünemann-Pott, Edward L. Youmans, Rowland G. Hazard, Thomas W. Higginson, George Hoadly.

Secretary—William J. Potter.

Assistant Secretary—Hannah E. Stevenson.

Treasurer—Richard P. Hallowell.

Directors—John Weiss, Charles K. Whipple, Edna D. Cheney, Francis E. Abbot, William C. Gannett, Helen M. Ireson, John C. Haynes, Minot J. Savage.

Rev. William J. Potter, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, delivered an address referring to the objects of the Association and to its progress during the past ten years. It had disappointed those who had predicted its early demise, those who had joined it through curiosity, and those who were surprised at its refusal to recognize Christianity or any other creed. The aim of the Association was to clarify and circulate ideas on the basis of unrestricted liberty of thought in religious matters. Its object was, first, to abolish all barriers to freedom of thought in church and state; secondly, it was in favor of a broader liberality than could be found in any of the sects; thirdly, it adopted the scientific method of free inquiry; fourthly, it worked in alliance with the spirit of modern philanthropy for the prevention and cure of moral evil, offering to all an opportunity for the use of their faculties. Though the work which it had accomplished was not adequate to the needs of the time, it had upheld a lofty ideal and done something to render people familiar with larger ideas. Beside the Annual Convention, one had been held in the autumn especially to consider the Sunday laws, and two thousand copies of a tract, entitled "How to Keep Sunday" had been printed. There was a demand for the publications of the Association even from Southern India.

Following Mr. Potter's address considerable discussion was had upon the proper interpretation of the word Scientific in the first article of the Constitution, which was participated in by Messrs. Elder, Andrews, Babcock, Morton, Alcott, Mills, S. P. Putnam and others.

FRIDAY.

THE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION

was held in Beethoven Hall. The morning session was opened by Mr. Frothingham in a brief address announcing the subjects for discussion and making a re-statement of the position of the organization and the necessity for its existence. Its great word was "liberty," and its key-note "freedom." There were barriers to liberty even in Boston, which should be removed. In New York though he (Mr. Frothingham) was personally treated with respect, yet because of his opinions it was sometimes considered better to have his name absent from Committee lists in movements of reform. One cannot think truly if there is any moral impediment to his thinking. The Free Religious Association is a religious anti-slavery society.

Rev. William R. Alger then read a paper on "Steps Toward Re-

ligious Emancipation in Christendom." Beginning with a review of the nine centuries of fermentation preceding the establishment of unity in the Papal hierarchy, he passed on to describe the growth of unity in belief, giving a résumé of the received views of geography, astronomy and theology. The church had been at war with freedom of thought. Whatever caused dissension among the rulers of the church seemed to secure good results. Among favoring circumstances was the revival of Greek learning. The first great step toward religious freedom was a protest against ecclesiastical oppression. From the ashes of those who fell grew increasing fruit. Then with Luther came a paper Pope in the place of the human one that the Protestants had displaced.

The next step was rejection of the subjection to the canon of Scripture, and another was the bringing of philosophy to bear upon religion. Mr. Alger then alluded to the effect which the development of physical science had had upon theological views, paid a warm tribute to Spinoza for instituting criticism of the Bible, and closed by contrasting the views of the rationalists with those of the churchmen, declaring that it now only remained to take the final step and sweep away the old system of doctrines.

Rev. Wm. H. Channing criticised some portions of Mr. Alger's remarks, and expressed his own faith in Jesus Christ as giving the freedom which comes from communion with God. He spoke of Jonathan Edwards as one of the originators of free religion, and spoke a good word for Mr. Moody also. After he had concluded the President emphasized the Association's freedom from antagonism to any views, Christian or other, and his remarks led to some debate.

Rabbi Lasker was the next speaker and dwelt upon the dangers surrounding religion and free thought. He expressed his abhorrence of Trinitarian Christianity and his appreciation of the work which the Unitarians have done in opposing it. Love, charity and wisdom will be the pillars upon which the future religion will rest, and it will teach one God and one family, immortality for all, and justification by one's own good works. This religion he declared to be modern Judaism.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION

was called to order shortly after three o'clock, and Mr. C. D. B. Mills read an essay on "The Internal Dangers of Free Thought." He claimed the universality of the law, political, social and religious, that unless there was advance there would be stagnation and death. Advance has always been slow and painful. Sketching the history of Christianity, Catholicism, and the various Protestant sects, he asked, "Can we pass the rocks? can we succeed when all before have fallen short and made a failure?" The dangers were new, belonging to a sea that had never yet been sailed. A new pioneer has appeared in the intellectual world—the star of science—the stone which the builders rejected now becoming the head of the corner. The danger was that free thinkers would find there their finality, overlooking what he was profoundly convinced was the fact, that fundamentally the doctrines of religion went far behind the power of science to explore, and that for free thinkers to accept the revelations of science as a finality would be to imprison the mind in the limitations of empiric demonstration. Another danger was that in the emphasis of devotion to intellect they might forget sentiment and the virtues of the heart. There was a great work for science to do in ameliorating the condition of mankind, and ages would roll by before a divine perfection would be reached.

After Mr. Mills had concluded, the subject of the Essay was discussed by the Rev. Mr. Dudley, of the Parker Memorial Church. Mr. Frothingham apologized for the absence of Col. Ingersoll and Prof. Adler who had been expected, and then Col. Higginson said that he had had some fear lest the Association should not be as liberal on the side of orthodoxy as on the side of heresy, to the Christian as to the Jew. If they were not, then they must strike the flag of free religion. He not only asked but answered the question. Last year Mr. Cook was invited, this year Phillips Brooks; they had both declined. This Association was too grand an object to inquire whether a man was an atheist or an evangelical Christian, so long as he was endeavoring to do all that he could in his own way for the good of humanity. Mr. Frothingham, in closing the meeting, called upon the audience to bear their testimony to the absolute candor, freedom and frankness which had characterized the platform.

In the evening a very pleasant social re-union at Horticultural Hall closed the series of meetings.

JOTTINGS.

REV. H. M. SIMMONS, of Kenosha, preached with great acceptance at the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago Sunday before last; Rev. E. P. Powell filled the pulpit at Kenosha; on the same day Rev. Robert Collyer delivered a discourse on his eighteen years' work in Chicago, it being the anniversary of his coming to the city in 1859.

INDIANAPOLIS.—We are glad to learn by letters from Indianapolis that Rev. Mr. Bailey has not left the Unitarian church there, as was reported in the Conference at Toledo. The friends have rallied afresh to his support and he will remain for the present. Indianapolis is too important a place to be vacated, and Brother Bailey has so strong a hold upon the hearts of the people that he ought not to leave.

FROM CHICAGO.—The painful rumor reaches us that Rev. E. P. Powell is about to resign the pastorate of the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, because the work necessary to the welfare of such a church is too heavy for one in his insecure health. Mr. Powell is a very clear and logical thinker, a forcible preacher and best of all a wise and careful builder. Chicago loses one of its broadest and truest men when he leaves it.

REV. MR. SUNDERLAND instead of leaving Chicago has gone to work with redoubled energy. He has not only re-opened the old church of the Fourth Society for morning service, but has also started his Sunday-school afresh on Cottage Grove Avenue, and last Sunday began evening preaching in a hall in that vicinity. In addition to this he preaches every Sunday afternoon to a live little flock in Englewood. If hard work will win, Mr. Sunderland will master the situation and win for himself a large and permanent place in Chicago.

HOWEVER high the tide of theological good feeling, which is indicated by the intercommunion of Unitarians and Episcopalians, may have risen in the East, its harmonizing waters do not seem to have flowed over the whole country, judging from the following extract from an Iowa paper: "There has been a dispute between the two German churches of Muscatine on the question of the Trinity, and much evil feeling has been engendered. On Tuesday Rev. Mr. Starcke, one of the pastors who denied the Trinity, received the following anonymous letter:

B. Starcke, of the German Church of Infidels:

You hell-hound, clear out from Muscatine. Your breath is infesting our pure and holy doctrines. You are a devil, and devils belong to the hell. That is where all of your church members also belong. If you do not leave it within two or three weeks, you will never leave it alive. So help us the three-united God whom you are denying.

A LEAGUE OF GERMAN CHRISTIANS.

There ought to be room for some good missionary work in Iowa, and we are glad to learn that Rev. Mr. Effinger intends to cultivate that field.

ONE of the most notable discussions of the Presbyterian General Assembly was upon the Sunday Question. One of the proprietors of the Pittsburgh *Leader*, a daily paper with a Sunday edition, is a member of the Presbyterian church at Sewickley, Pa. The Presbytery of Pittsburgh told this church that it must discipline the erring member who owned stock in a Sunday paper. The church declined to obey, and the offending brother boldly declared that the standards of the church were obsolete. Thereupon there was trouble in Pennsylvania, which culminated in an appeal to the General Assembly. The discussion was sharp and prolonged. The advocates of a larger liberty had reason and common sense, but the Sabbatarians fell back on the "deliverances of the church" and the "standards of the fathers," and the voices of these prevailed. Henceforth no true and loyal member of the Presbyterian church can own stock in any Sunday newspaper, in any gas company, in any street or steam railroad whose cars run on Sunday. The sad absurdity of the whole business was evident when a little later in the day the proceedings of the Assembly were suspended in order that the various preachers for the next Sabbath might be announced and given to the reporters of those semi-Sunday papers that the grave presbyters denounced men for buying and reading. If these Sunday papers are so bad, why do these preachers fill them with their advertisements and vie with each other in getting space for their sermons? What a rare comedy is the sight of five hundred presbyters fulminating their edict against modern civilization and relying upon the identical Sunday papers they condemn to publish it to the world. Mrs. Partington with her broom sweeping out the tide grows sane and wise by contrast.

PROF. SWING is an unprofitable man to persecute. He not only comes out first best in all heresy trials but he afterwards mercilessly pokes fun at his assailants. In the last *Alliance* he genially touches up his old adversary:

"Prof. Patton is a kind of tassel fastened on to the skirt of the General Assembly. He has finished his great work, he has caught his quota of heretics, and has settled down to repose in the midst of his loving and admiring fellow-theologians. Disease and good works have covered his face with a form of benignity not at all repulsive. A year of freedom from

other in the back seats, for the business of the hour will make all seek editorial bondage in the cell of the *Interior* has developed into a fractional smile, and this smile, added to the consciousness of good works and to the weakening influence of ill-health, has given the great prosecutor a countenance as calm as that of Calvin after Servetus had ceased to trouble his Empire."

Discoursing of the Presbyterian General Assembly and of the triviality of many of its proceedings, Prof. Swing prophesies much stirring work in the near future. He says:—

"Not many Assemblies will convene as this one has convened, with no great matter of business on hand. In a year or two some young man will arise and move that 'This Assembly do here and now lay upon the shelf certain old formulas called the Confession of Faith.' The men who will move and second such a motion are not only now living, but they are almost writing their speeches. In that day there will be no policeman

needed to keep the clergy from chatting with the ladies and with each other, and will create its own deep attention."

THE new process by which a handsome model of the Rock Island Arsenal, exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, was produced, has recently been published. From the various buildings, it appears, positive photographs were obtained, representing all the different sides. Each view was then exposed over a thick film of sensitized gelatine covering a glass plate, and afterward the soluble opaque portions of the gelatine were washed out. The film was then swelled by a peculiar process, so as to magnify its differences of level, until a suitable relief was obtained, and a plaster cast being taken of the film, it gave a permanent mould from which many repetitions could be made. A successive series of these plaster views, taken from the different sides of a house, were mitred together at their edges, and when roofed in they formed a perfect reproduction of the house itself, every stone and crevice being represented. The model was made by Baron von Egloffstein.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, at 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

To be in season for insertion the same week, communications intended for publication must be forwarded in time to reach this office not later than Tuesday. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. We require the name and address of every writer, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantees of good faith.

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Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. . 13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-ings . 56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . . 2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . . 8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value . 19,725 00
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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	238,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.....	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$242,037 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus.....	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.....	\$2,792,902 9

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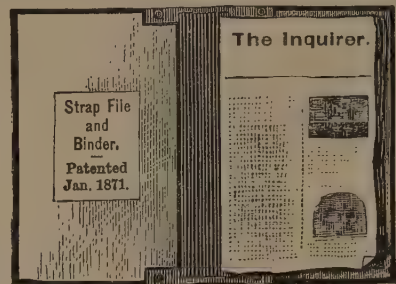
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THE INQUIRER.

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WHOLE NO., 1598.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM, Nicholas P. Gilman, William D. Gunning, Raymond S. Perrin, William Potts, H. Douglas Stock and Celia P. Woolley are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

REV. A. D. MAYO has been enlightening his fellow-citizens of Springfield, Mass., by a wise and very interesting presentation of the claims of the public school question, which the *Springfield Republican* printed in full in last Monday's paper. Mr. Mayo does not mince matters at all. He tells the people of Springfield just what their schools are worth to them as instruments of civilization, just what they are and are not and what they ought to be. He tells them that an unwise or ignorant economy in educating their children is the very worst sort of economy, and warns them against choosing their teachers by the test of dollars instead of brains. On the whole, he thinks well of the present Massachusetts school system, but he is not at all blind to its dangers and defects.

THE best Russian and Turkish war maps we have seen are Schedler's, published by E. Steiger, of 22 Frankfort street. The series comprises a map of Turkey and Greece; a topographical map of the Dobrudscha (eastern Bulgaria) and central Roumania; a topographical map of western Bulgaria, western Roumania and eastern Serbia; a map of the Black Sea, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, southern Russia, eastern Turkey, and Roumania; and a topographical map of Roumania, Bulgaria, and eastern Serbia, covering the valley of the Danube from Milanovatz and the "Iron Gate" to the Black Sea, which is a combination of the map of the Dobrudscha, above mentioned, and the next one in order. The topographical maps are extremely faithful, and give the location not only of all cities and towns, but almost all villages; show railroads and highways and many of the minor roads; and

locate lakes, marshes, hills and other natural features, so that the reader may follow the war news intelligently by their means.

THE latest case of discipline for heresy is that of our friend Rev. Dr. Augustus Blaauvelt, who has just been suspended from the ministry of the "Reformed" church. Dr. Blaauvelt is said to have received his sentence with a forgiving smile, as he could well afford to do, his faith being of the living, substantial sort which no vote of presbytery or synod could move a hair. Dr. Blaauvelt's series of articles published in *Scribner's Monthly* attracted much attention for their catholic, scholarly, logical dealing with fundamental religious questions, and we are not at all surprised that the more orthodox party within the Reformed church regard him as quite too original and independent in his thinking to make a good officer in their ranks. We do not know whether Dr. Blaauvelt means to identify himself with any other branch of the church or not, but we *do* know that wherever he goes or stays he will be sure to be appreciated by all liberals as one of the most earnest, modest, truth-seeking, and truth-loving of men.

IN an editorial note last week reference was made to an accusation of Catholic leanings in "the popular encyclopædias." It would have been more correct to say "a popular cyclopædia;" for the accusation was never made against Johnson's, which is as free from sectarian bias as such a work can be. The charge made against the work accused is no doubt greatly exaggerated, to say the least. It is quite unlikely that editors of character would lend themselves to this mean kind of partisanship, or that publishers of reputation would allow a fault which would ruin a book of that description. In preparing a new edition, after ten years, articles must be shortened or lengthened according to the greater or less prominence of the subjects treated, and all articles must be revised in accordance with the latest information. If, as might well happen, the later facts were more favorable to the Church of Rome, their correctness should not on that ground be questioned or the honesty of their recorders be impeached.

WE are always glad to receive printed church reports. They doubtless seem to most people a useless and expensive luxury, whose chief characteristics are formality and dullness. We take a different view of the matter. A live, well-conducted institution, whether public or private, whether church, school, prison or theatre, is to us a positive joy, and there is no better evidence of wholesome life than a willingness, a determination, that everything shall be exposed occasionally to the light, the good points appreciated, the weak points detected, so that the excellencies may be perpetuated and the defects remedied.

The immediate occasion for these remarks is the receipt of the report of the various committees of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, of which, as most of our readers need not be told, Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke is minister. The report is not a public, but a private business document, intended for the perusal and edification of the members and more immediate friends of the church.

But we have no doubt that anybody who is sufficiently interested in church organization to care to know how they manage things at Dr. Clarke's wide-awake, free church can obtain a copy by applying to almost any member of the various committees.

We are glad to know that these reports have now come to be quite common in our liberal churches. The South Congregational Church has printed one for many years past; the First Parish, Cambridge, has one now in press, and we dare say there may be twenty others already in print. Let us have more of them. They let the daylight into places where it is often much needed.

NEAR the end of his first presidential term President Lincoln, being consoled with by a visitor as to the trials of his position, is reported to have said that, notwithstanding the unparalleled trials of his position, "he wasn't quite sure that he should object to being President for four years more.

At the expiration of General Grant's second term nearly everybody supposed that he would seek the retirement of a strictly private life, and be only too glad to be rid of the necessity of being homaged and "interviewed." We private judges are evidently all astray in our estimate of the fascinations of public life. Experience seems to teach that the more a man has of it, the more he *must* have. It is just like the fascination of the stage, which makes its votaries as dependent upon applause and publicity as upon their daily bread.

THE habit of debate is a jealous mistress, and it not only makes those who are its victims unhappy when they are not engaged in it, but it renders them wholly incredulous of the existence of any who are independent of its sway, and causes them to invent all sorts of curious and interesting theories to account for any assertions to that effect. Either the individual feels himself worsted, or is "playing possum," or is digging entrenchments, or some other wonderful thing, and it is only necessary to shake some ridiculous proposition at him, like a red flag in the face of a bull, to make him forget his tactics and plunge headlong into the fray.

Now, strange as it may seem—and we are satisfied that it is *almost* inconceivable—we assure the *New Age* that we meant every word of our recent editorial on "The Futility of a Certain Class of Discussions," and not even the lively article which it pokes at us is sufficient to change our opinion. The satisfaction that it has thoroughly silenced us is one of which we would not for the world deprive it, especially as the said article is the most complete and convincing proof which could be given of the entire correctness of our position as to the futility of a certain class of discussions. If we are so wholly at sea in our views upon the important series of questions to which our friend alludes as he seems to intimate, certainly our place is in the school-room, where these questions may be studied, not upon a platform, occupying the time and attention of a busy public. If, on the other hand, we have already learned some few of the primary lessons in finance, political economy, and the conduct of life, assuredly it is our duty to show our neighbors where to find the teachers and how to use the manuals so far as we are able, rather than to occupy columns belonging to some thousands of readers in an attempt to contest the field with a financier of thirty years standing, whose studies have landed him where Mr. Lysander Spooner now stands. We think not even the *New Age* will question the fact that in such case silence is the most comfortable course and also the most effective argument.

We trust, however, that both the *New Age* and our readers generally will remember that we have distinctly said *silence in debates of a certain kind*, not silence upon any topic. Upon *all* subjects we are prepared to have our say, at such times as seem good to ourselves, without fear or favor.

THE LIBERAL DANUBE.

AS ALL the world is anxiously awaiting the news of the passage of the swollen Danube by the Russian army,—“for the protection,” as the Czar solemnly assures the Powers, “of the sacred rights of the much-abused Christians in Turkey,—so here and there venturesome scouts may be detected cautiously peering over the swollen and rapid current of popular ignorance and superstition which forms the great barrier between intelligent and sentimental religious faith, trying to find a safe and easy place for crossing. The purpose of the Liberal “army,” so far as it has any purpose, is said to be precisely that of the Czar,—the amelioration of the condition of the Christians oppressed by ignorance and superstition, but whether the Liberal leaders are *really* much interested in improving the condition of their ignorant, oppressed Christian friends seems to be questioned as seriously as the real purpose of the Czar.

It is said on the one hand that the Christians are being enlightened fast enough, and that it is therefore better for the Liberals to stay at home and let well enough alone. The Liberals are not used to working harmoniously together on a large scale, and if they should attempt it they would be sure to fail. Better fall back upon their laurels and write historical essays concerning the “glorious past.” The Hub is a comfortable city, full of “cultshur,” and there is no “cultshur” to speak of to be found elsewhere. Why leave the Hub or its “subbubs” for a possible and undeterminable “Hub-bub?” Better remain and tell the orthodox Hub Christians that two and two shall be four or five, just as they prefer to call it, if they will only admit that the Liberals are “hopefully orthodox.”

On the other hand there is a considerable part of the little Liberal “army” who believe that the higher powers will hold them responsible for hastening and helping to improve as best they may the condition of their befogged and misled orthodox Christian friends. They do not believe in “letting well enough alone,” convinced that it is not and will not be as well as it might be and should be if they persist in the habit of letting it alone. This part of the army is in favor of crossing the river immediately at different points, wherever it can gather strength enough to do so without being utterly destroyed in the process; of planting its standards firmly on the opposite heights and maintaining them there at whatever necessary sacrifice of labor or life. It believes that such a course bravely and wisely persisted in would be of incalculable service to its many anxious, expectant friends on the other side, and that its power for usefulness would be multiplied many times by such a brave, self-sacrificing, forward movement. But this part of the “army” is numerically not strong, and especially lacks “the sinews of war.” Therefore no forward movement of importance can be expected for some time to come. But meanwhile many first-class scouts are spying out the lay of the land, digging trenches and throwing up earthworks. These men, though separated by immense distances, are beginning to see the economy and importance of working together and on a more or less fixed plan, and already they are able to see the fruit of their more co-operative spirit.

Meanwhile, the friends in the "enemy's" country are anxiously waiting for help, for light on a now hidden path, for common sense instead of nonsense, for true sentiment instead of sickly sentimentality, for a religion of works and faith instead of one in which faith and works are at odds.

When will the little Liberal army listen to their cry and sail over to help them?

POETIC CHRISTIANITY.

THE presence of Wm. H. Channing at the Spring festivals in Boston was an unexpected exhilaration. On the platform of the Free Religious Association, where we heard him, he seemed, and said he felt, perfectly at home. This was where he belonged. At other meetings he professed to be annoyed by a dogmatic assurance and conceit that the speakers seemed to be unaware of themselves, but which was perceptible to him coming among them as a comparative stranger, as a close atmosphere is not unpleasant to those who breathe it, but offends one who enters the room from out doors. Mr. Channing has for several years lived in London and it was rumored had become ecclesiastical in his tastes and opinions. We were apprehensive that we should find him altered from what he was in his younger days. But he was in all respects the same man, and in his speech he repeated the effects he produced on us thirty years ago. There was the same enthusiasm, the same feeling, the same faith in humanity, the same sense of the reality of things ideal, the same trust in divine powers, the same hope of the future, the same generous interpretation of the past, the same hearty appreciation of the capacities and humane activities of the present. The thing he abhorred was, as of old, negation, materialism of thought and life, narrowness of spirit. Years ago these were the qualities that impressed us as we listened to his impassioned arguments against slavery and capital punishment at the conventions held in Boston by the champions of those reforms. Later, in the early phases of the Parker controversy, he was the eloquent spokesman for freedom and breadth of fellowship, for the spirit in distinction from the letter, for charity against exclusiveness, for faith as opposed to opinion. As the prophet of Socialism in New England, the interpreter of Charles Fourier, the friend of Brook Farm and kindred experiments that aimed at the reconciliation of jarring interests, he succeeded in making attractive the dry details of the system advanced in the writings of audacious Frenchmen by the fervid sympathy and hope that brought near the vision of the better time. And now he does for the Christian system the service he once did for the Unitarian. He glorifies and transfigures it.

The genius of Mr. Channing is poetic. He is an idealist; he lives in feeling and faith. Such a man cannot be a dogmatist of any description, or within the most shadowy limits. He cannot brook limitation. He must have open skies; none of the possibilities must be closed against him. Seven years since, in May, 1870, he spoke on the platform of the Free Religious Association, on the subject of the religion of China, in a way that showed his appreciation of what was noble in the genius of that somewhat prosaic people. At that time he was spending his days in the library of the British Museum, studying the question of comparative religion, and without the least apparent disposition to make the elder faith look like foreshadowings of Christianity, tributaries to it, or foils, having in view the preparation of a work showing the substantial identity of the religious ideas of the race. Week

before the last, he began his speech in Boston by reading a passage from Lao-tsen, which he claimed contained the thought that was deepest in Christian or extra-Christian literature. All he asked was that the sentiment of freedom should include all, the Christian as well as the un-Christian and the anti-Christian; the Christian theist no less than the un-Christian atheist; the spiritualist as heartily as the naturalist. His own faith was so purely spiritual that definitions were of little or no account, so long as ideas were preserved; but limitations on either side, dogmatism on either side, assumptions on either side, were unpardonable. He spoke of the risen, ascended and living Christ, as an orthodox Christian might have done; but it was so evident that he had in his mind no dogmatic or technical idea, that we doubt if the listener, though an atheist in opinion, was offended. The expressions were symbolical, not doctrinal, and were reconcilable with the freest thought and the sincerest criticism.

It cannot be disguised that, to our apprehension, such habits of speech are fraught with great peril to clearness of thought. The custom of playing fast and loose with phrases is not commendable. It leads to the substitution of words for ideas, and to the illusion that mental vacancy is the same thing with mental illumination. One meaning is about as much as ordinary words will bear; and words that have for centuries been charged with special meanings cannot without serious misapprehensions be credited with different ones. The "Broad Church" of England has laid itself open to the accusation of tampering with sacrificial language by crowding into the phraseology of the creed the very meanings it was framed to exclude and bringing people over to new beliefs while permitting them to remain, as they fancied, in the old. Nothing but the full-breasted piety of Frederick Denison Maurice lifted the movement into dignity. The Established Church allows a great latitude of opinion on doctrinal points and therefore tolerates great looseness of speech. But the decline of the poetic spirit, and with it of the humane purpose, leaves the latitude bare and makes the looseness look scrawny. Poetic Christianity—orthodoxy glorified and transfigured, as Mr. Channing does it, by the ecstasy of a fine enthusiasm—is a beautiful and even an impressive, an enchanting thing. But a school of men attempting the same thing, doing or professing to do as he does, would quickly degenerate into a disagreeable type of affectation. Their "ointment" would lose its fragrance, and their unction would become unpleasant. Poetical orthodoxy must be left to individuals; and the individuals are not many to whom it can be left. For the rest, the severe dialectics of rationalism are necessary to balance the tendency to mysticism. Mr. Channing more than once expressed his desire to come face to face with Francis E. Abbot and pelt him—"with roses"—on account of his anti-Christian position, but extremes meet, and even such violent extremes may serve to bring out the cause of truth. If the religion that is in the air has its prophet, the religion that is on the ground must have its critic.

O. B. F.

BAYARD TAYLOR says of literary remuneration: "Emerson is now seventy-four years old, and his last volume is the only one which has approached remunerative sale. Bryant is in his eighty-third year, and he could not buy a modest house with all he ever received in his life from his poems. Washington Irving was nearly seventy-five years old before the sale of his works at home met the expenses of his simple life at Sunnyside. I have had no reason to complain of the remuneration formerly derived from those works which I know to possess slight literary value. But the translation of 'Faust,' to which I gave all my best and freshest leisure during a period of six or seven years, has only yielded me about as much as a fortnight's lecturing."

THE RIGHTS OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE question as to whether governments should supply idle people with remunerative labor is much agitated. It is no easy task for the human mind to abstract itself from personal considerations, and calmly survey a difficulty from all points of view. Honest people, in perfect good faith, are apt to put forward extremely one-sided opinions, with the fullest confidence that they are thereby demolishing all adverse argument.

For instance: The employer of labor will think it quite sufficient to remark that government work is necessarily and invariably wasteful and extravagant, and the workman, instead of being benefitted thereby, would be seriously injured inasmuch as that he would learn habits of dependence, and of carelessness and dishonesty in working. He will add that no really industrious man is ever very long out of employment, and will consider that he has said enough to put the idea of public works, for the mere purpose of giving employment, out of the question.

A philanthropic enthusiast, on the other hand, will assert that as society prevents a civilized man or woman from sustaining life as does the wild animal or the savage, it is bound to supply him or her with the means of turning skill of hand or brain into food, clothes, and other necessities of existence.

The world has tried for ages the plan of letting individual enterprise supply the laborer with opportunity for procuring the means of subsistence. On the whole it has not worked badly. It has proved sufficient to afford employment for by far the greater portion of the army of willing laborers.

Attempts such as that of the Roman power to supply bread and circus shows for the inhabitants of the Imperial City cannot be classed as exceptions, and the question whether it would be possible for a government to assume the place of the head of a large firm, and take into its employment all its otherwise unoccupied subjects, has never had a solution in practice.

From what we see of the working of things around us, and especially from the terrible lack of common honesty in common minds, such a scheme would seem to be altogether impracticable.

To say so is, of course, to fly directly in the face of organizations such as that of the New York Independent Bread-Winners League, one of whose tenets is "that labor is the source of wealth, and one of the highest duties of government is to find employment for its citizens."

Of course, if a government set to work to find employment for its citizens, it should find employment for all who chose to ask it.

At least such is the evident meaning of the axiom above quoted, for as a matter of fact all governments do at present find employment for a very large number of their subjects. To most minds the immensity of such an undertaking appears a sufficient bar to its practicability. It would be co-operation on the largest and grandest scale, and to those who have studied the hard, toilsome struggles of coöperative movements, and the tardy victories they have as yet won, the prospects of success must seem very dubious. It may be argued that most governments are rich and have plenty of credit, and that therefore there is no absolute necessity that the scheme should be self-supporting. This would, however, be merely a proposition to divide the nation into two parts, one of which should pay for the support of the other; and the inevitable consequence would be, that the latter portion would increase, while the former diminished

until the whole arrangement broke down under its own weight.

There is an aspect of the question, however, which, if the labor leagues wish to be considered as adopting, they would do well to put forward in a more prominent manner, and that is the supplying to those who need it by society, or by governments as representing society, of just that amount of freedom from the actual ills of starvation and cold which, in a state of nature, the able-bodied savage would enjoy. In other words, to supply *as a right* the necessities for mere existence.

It is, of course, horrible that human beings, even the most worthless, should perish of want and hunger in the midst of plenty. Besides being horrible, it is an absolute injustice done by society to the individual, and for the sake of the many sensitive people who occasionally find themselves in bitter want, it is highly desirable that the right of the individual to the bare means of subsistence should be more thoroughly acknowledged and better understood. At present that right is only admitted in an illogical and semi-conclusive manner.

There is no such thing as an institution, supported by the public, to which the laborer out of work can go and say: "I don't want charity, but at the same time I cannot stand cold and starvation. I'll work for you in return for food and shelter, until I find a more remunerative job."

Oh, no! The food and shelter is given certainly at many institutions, given for nothing, but given in a manner destructive of self-esteem in the recipient, and never as a fair exchange for a reasonable amount of labor.

No doubt, in country poor-houses the tramp is often set to a certain task as an offset against the shelter and food supplied to him, but, in nine cases out of ten, this is done at the instance of some energetic Justice of the Peace, who wishes to rid his section of the country of strolling vagabonds, and the labor demanded is far in excess of the actual value of the food, etc., given in exchange; besides, even after it is performed the laborer is looked upon as a recipient of charity.

The institutions that are really wanted are ones where unskilled manual labor could be turned to the best possible account, and where a workman out of employment could go and work as long as he chose, at a certain rate per hour, taking his payment in tickets entitling him to clean and comfortable shelter and nourishing food.

It would require but little ingenuity to devise means whereby totally unskilled labor might be made of considerable value. The mere turning of cranks, so as to supply motive power to cutting, grinding or rolling machines, would impart an increase of value to numerous common commodities, which increase would of course be the measure of the worth of the labor. When the attention of practical men became turned to the subject many, far superior devices would soon be employed and the value of the labor thereby increased.

It is hardly too sanguine an estimate to make, that by skillful management two hours unskilled labor ought to have a value quite equivalent to shelter and three plain but satisfying meals for one full-grown individual, in which case one man might earn enough in a few hours to support not only himself but a wife and several children, while the single man would be able to support himself and still have ample time during the day to look around for private employment in the particular handicraft to which he had been trained and where his labor would naturally command a much higher price. Of course large sums would have to be advanced in

the first instance to raise the buildings necessary for domiciling and feeding the temporarily unemployed, as well as for the machinery necessary for utilizing their labor. Even if the said labor, however, should never prove of sufficient value (in excess of the return made to the laborers in food and shelter) to repay the interest on this outlay, society would have purchased, at a cheap rate, immunity from a serious and growing evil. "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just," and in the war between capital and labor of which we have as yet seen in this country only the early dawn, it is absolutely necessary that the friends of order and of fair play to each—according to his capacity—should not be disheartened and discouraged by finding in the ranks of their opponents, among the many tricksters and cowardly, evil-minded skulkers, a certain number of honest workmen able to say, "We were willing to work, but no one would pay us for our labor."

N. O. E.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

A Discourse delivered in First Church, Boston, May 6, 1877, by Benjamin Pierce, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University.

THE strangeness of this unwonted position embarrasses me. I can only pray that my thoughts and words may be so guided as to be in harmony with the sublime utterances to which these walls are familiar. I own a scientific volume which undertakes to investigate the principles of all the motions of the universe, and which comes to the conclusion that "there is one God, and science is the knowledge of Him." I recently read the report of a sermon by a very popular preacher, in which I found the passage; "Leave science to the devil. It will have enough to do there." Is this the true doctrine? After we have had the light of the Gospel for nearly two thousand years are we to go back to the darkness of primitive ignorance? God did not make the light and declare it to be good and fill it with wonderful and curious powers, so that it should invite man to its study to be a delusion and a snare. To maintain such a doctrine would be that which would most delight the adversary. It would be that which would drive away into honest skepticism all the honest seekers after truth in physical science. It would be utterly at variance with the doctrines which we have had from almost all our pulpits in this city for so many years, with the preaching of Dr. Channing and Bishop Cheverus and father Taylor, and of those teachers who are all so well known to you better than to myself.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION BORN OF THE SAME HOUSE.

Science and religion are born of the same house, and that house is not divided against itself. There will at all times be an apparent conflict between them arising from defects of human nature; but all this conflict is of human origin, and it originates in the deficiency of our knowledge, not in the greatness of it. The conflict has had different sources at different times, varying with the age and with the state of knowledge, and with the character of some discovery that may have been made in physical science. For wherever any truth in science has, by any means whatever, got incorporated into religious statement, it is not possible to bring forward a truth in opposition to it; it is not possible to shake that which was received as truth once by scientific men, and thus has passed into religion, without seeming to shake the foundations of religion. But it is merely apparent, the harm that is done, and the danger will soon disappear. It is a passing storm, and we may be sure, from all the experience that we have had, that the time will come that all new truth will be changed from being considered to belong to the adversary, to be the strongest support of religion itself. Go back to the earliest of all religious statements, that of the first chapter of Genesis. It now appears strange to any thinking man that it should have been placed in hostility to science; for what is it? Look at it as a doctrine. It begins with the statement that in the beginning God created the

heavens and the earth, and that the earth was without form and void. That God created the heavens and the earth is surely a matter that we are not now to dispute; all science must hold to that. It is accepted now as it was when it was first given to the world. That the earth was ever without form and void was an old scientific doctrine. It was believed that there was such a thing as chaos; but this doctrine has disappeared from modern science. It may be that we go back to something like it in tracing back the nebular theory to the nebula; but still it is a different thing. The ordinary teaching of science at the time when this was written was that there was a chaos, and it is that chaos only which is alluded to. Again, subsequently, it is said: "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters; and God made the firmament." For many ages it was a scientific doctrine that there was a firmament. Ptolemy, that great astronomer of antiquity, believed in a firmament, and that the stars were all attached to that firmament. That was the popular scientific belief. It was the received statement with all scientific men; and unless it had been the object of this word to declare what scientific truth was, it was not its proper province to reverse that statement. The object of the chapter was to declare that which is declared throughout—that this firmament, whatever it might be, was the work of God. That God made it was the sole object here. And that peculiar form of expression, which was the regular scientific one, was necessary almost to be intelligible to the men of that time.

And so, when it is stated afterward that the earth shall bring forth grass, herb yielding seed, which sounds like the latest enormity of science, it meant nothing of that kind at that time. That the earth did seem to bring forth grass from its own power and of its own self was the natural observation of all men observing at that time, and it was the natural statement in reference to the worship of the earth; but still that was not the important doctrine. The doctrine here was, that God made this earth, whatever it might be or whatever might be the character of it, and that was the sole object of this chapter. Viewed as a cosmogony, we must remember that there was no other form of science at that time; that cosmogony was the earliest form of science, and for a long time the only one; and all cosmogonies which were of human origin had one extraordinary defect in them—they were all coarse, they all partook of the coarseness of the circumstances under which their authors lived. The cosmogony of the Northmen attributed all the changes in the universe to a contest between the powers of heat and cold; while the cosmogony of Egypt referred every thing to the mud of the Nile.

Now, observe how wonderfully this cosmogony is clear, viewed as a cosmogony, from all such coarseness! It has the character of a great mind rising far above material phenomena, whose object was simply to declare that all this universe came from one being, its creator, the God whom he was telling to the Jews was their king, and the only power worthy to be worshipped, and he tells them: "Whatever you may see worshipped by other nations are merely created things not worthy to be worshipped." And if you will look through this cosmogony in that light, you will observe that nothing could be more grand than the way in which this is said, nor more philosophical than how in each separate day an entirely different source of power is referred to, an entirely different source of natural worship is indicated; and how in every case it is declared: These are not the things to be worshipped; these are created things, and there is but one Being to be worshipped, and He the author of them all and of you, too. And of you, too! You may think because you have in yourselves something similar to the world, that you might yourselves have been, as it were, a divine being, or that your ancestors at least were divine, and that you descended thus from deity; but your resemblance to the world in that respect, your relations to this universe—it is an indisputable fact it was your God that made you so, and that created you in his own image; and it is not a thing for you to boast of as a power in yourselves.

HOW NEW THEORIES ARE APT TO DRIVE MEN INTO SKEPTICISM.

The next form of scientific conflict was that with regard to the stability of the earth. This again had been the scientific teaching. That same Ptolemy placed the earth at the cen-

tre of the universe, stable, immovable, and it was thus easily incorporated into religious ideas, into religious forms; and when scientific men came forward and discovered that it was not true, it is not remarkable that the religious world was not ready to be instantly carried away from this truth which it had received from science, and to declare that that which it had held to be part of the foundations of religion must be taken away. It seemed as if it was shaking religion itself, and it is not wonderful that there was a great struggle against it. It was a necessary part of the defect of human nature. It was not an unreasonable result. Nevertheless such a doctrine must do great harm. If a man that was coming forward in the world to the study of truth should find that there is certain proof that the earth does move—while you continue to preach that the world does not move—and that the doctrine of its motion shakes the very foundations of religion, so that if it be true, then religion is false,—why, the man who knows and sees clearly that the earth does move will be very apt to say religion is false; and so you innocently drive the honest thinker, the honest observer into skepticism.

And so it has been subsequently with the idea with regard to the antiquity of the earth. There is clear evidence in science that the earth has an antiquity, I would say, probably of one hundred millions of years. If, therefore, you insist upon it that this is at variance with religion, it is your misfortune, this truth cannot be at variance with religion. It is your mistake.

And so with regard to the antiquity of man. There is no doubt now that man is far older than you would have it from your old interpretation of the religious record. You must change your interpretation; and so in other things.

But, now, how is it with this last, most terrible doctrine of the adversary, which we may include in the single name of Darwinism. First, with regard to Darwin himself. From all that I can know of him, he is one of the purest-minded men that was ever met with—one of the men most desirous to have the truth and nothing but the truth, without any egotistic desire, not even himself a Darwinian, ready to overthrow his own doctrines the instant he believes that the evidence is unfavorable to them—only seeking the truth, purely, simply and honestly. He is allied to all the great scientific discoverers that the world has ever seen—to Pythagoras and Bacon, Euclid and Newton, to Aristotle and Cuvier, to Plato and Leibnitz, and to all the great minds that have risen high enough to see truth that had not been seen by others. You will find that with all great thinkers there is a most sincere love of truth. It is precisely on this account that they have gone beyond the rest of us in their discovery of truth. It is because truth is in their hearts that they have been so ready to receive it. Now this is exactly the character of Darwin; and how is it with his disciples? I know at least that one of my own colleagues, who is a most earnest disciple of the Darwinian doctrine, is also devout and orthodox in his religious belief, as you all would admit, if it were proper for me to name him.

DARWINISM AND THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

And now what is Darwinism? It is simply a form of the development theory. And what is the development theory? It is nothing but the law according to which the organisms of the universe have succeeded each other. Now there is a law in this order, or there is not. The development theory considers that there must be a law in it just as much as there is a law in the throwing of a stone. Just as much as we find that every stone that has been thrown upon the surface of the earth moves in that same curve of the parabola, and as we know that every stone that ever will be thrown will do so; that every projectile of war has the same path. If this is a universal law, so also we have good reason for believing that the succession of animals is of such a kind and that you can discover its law. You all are familiar with that wonderful case of Agassiz, who himself was not a Darwinian, you well know, but who gave a most wonderful argument in its favor when asked to draw the form of a fish that would be found at a certain epoch, if one were to be found. He went to the board—at the meeting of the Scientific Association of Dublin, I think it was—and drew his supposed form of the fish upon the board. Professor Sedgwick, who had there fish of that very epoch, which Agassiz did not know, took off the

napkin that was over them, and the form was precisely that which had been drawn on the board. Was there no law there? Now that all animals have succeeded each other under law is the whole of the development theory. That is all that science has to do with it. Science merely studies what the order is, and what the law is. It does not go behind that point. There is this question behind, how is this law executed? Is it executed immediately by the action of the Creator? Does He at every moment interfere, and when I will to act does He carry out my will? Or has He placed the law under secondary causes, so that it is carried out in that way? That is no question of science; it belongs to philosophy in general. It is a question of religion, if you will, but science is not effected by it, whatever may be your decision. It is no part, therefore, of the Darwinian theory, of the development theory, or any other theory of the universe.

And this law which renders science possible, consider how important it is that the law should be invariable. At times we may wish to have the law changed for our sakes. There are times when the mother, seeing her last child on the threshold of the grave, would gladly see the law changed for her sake, and that child saved from impending death. Shall this be done? Of what importance is it thus to give up the law in this one case? Abandon it then, and the next day there will be another case, and another, and another, till at last your law will be no law. There will be no continuity, no possible means of predicting one event from another, no science, no knowledge of that kind. Suppose that there was not this consistency of law, that action was fluctuating, that sometimes things were done in one way and sometimes in another; suppose that the steam was not always uniformly acting exactly in the same way, where would your locomotive be? Where would be all the useful arts? They would all disappear. It would not be possible to have any of them in this universal anarchy. And even for that power of communication from one mind to another, that which alone makes life valuable, do we not depend upon the fact that the sound which you communicate to the material universe shall be uniformly, certainly transmitted, without deviation, to the ear of the person to whom you speak? Let there be no certainty there; let that law be given up and the possibility of rational communication between one being and another is all taken away, and we would be driven back to eternal solitude. This law which is the source of science, these laws which are the sources of science, and the useful arts, are an absolute necessity if you have any world at all worth living in, and in which there could be any real life. Now we have nothing in Darwinism but this study. It may be that certain passages of the Darwinian theory are wrong. It is not to be presumed that one man has at once gone through the whole circle of thought and made no error in it. What a misfortune it would be for us if that were possible! What a misfortune it would be for us if science were exhaustible! If it could be that any one man could exhaust all science and leave nothing more to be done, where would new discoveries be? Where would new thought be? We might as well have no law if we have none to be discovered.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

This Darwinian theory, this development of all the organic world, is connected with another theory, from which it derived its origin—the nebular theory. And I think it may be worth while for me to recall a little the facts of the nebular theory, so that you may see what they are more exactly. The nebular theory originated with that greatest of philosophical astronomers, Sir William Herschel. He observed that in all the other sciences, in botany, in zoology, there had been a classification of the objects of study. All the plants had been divided into classes; all the animals had been divided into classes and species and genera; and he examined the stars to try and divide them in the same way. He made a most profound investigation of the firmament, and he found that there was no line of division possible anywhere. You could pass from nebula to star, through all gradations from nebular star to nebula with apparent concentration at the centre, without any point at which you could say: "Here is the division between them." The stars themselves were equally incapable of division, one from the other. There was a line of continuity throughout the whole, from end to end. The natural result of the thinking of a great philosopher was ex-

actly that of Herschel under these circumstances. He said: "It is precisely as if you were going into a forest of trees, all of the same kind. You could then, by looking at the separate trees study the history of the whole forest. You would find them at every stage, from the smallest to the largest, and each of its stages would correspond to a stage in the growth of each tree, so that by taking them all together, with a discriminating eye, you would get the history of the whole." Exactly that was his result with regard to the stars—that all the stars were only, and all the nebulae were only different forms of the same thing, different stages in the development from one to another.

And not far from the same time, Laplace brought the same subject into notice from a different point of view. He saw that the planets of our solar system were moving around the sun in nearly the same direction, so that there was an evident connection between them, and from that he drew the conclusion that the sun had once embraced them all, and that it gradually had been shrinking till it had come to its present form and state. You will find that so common now, in the text-books, that I need not refer to it in further detail.

But there is one thing here most interesting, and which you do not find in the text books. It is that under this compression of the gaseous material which forms the sun, by the present received scientific theory—as that compression goes on, the sun itself is constantly growing hotter and hotter, and, therefore, always giving out more and more heat. If you were to bring together two suns, one of which was hotter than the other, and they were the only two bodies in the universe, the hotter one would be growing hotter, and the colder one colder to the end of time. The body that had received the heat would expand and expand more than would belong to that state of heat, so that it would have to be colder than it was before, and it would be constantly getting colder and colder. Now that must be always going on in our system. Our sun, which we know is giving out heat, must be growing hotter and hotter. This cannot last forever. The time will come when it will cease. The time must come when the particles of the sun will be drawn so close together that chemical action will interpose, and then there will be no further compression, and the sun will cool off. It is not a thing we have to fear, but it is a phenomenon that is certain to happen; and that the sun will go out and our whole system terminate. Just as surely as that you and I must die, so must this earth die, and this solar system must die, and all the visible stars must die. There must a time come when they must all cease to be. Now, suppose this to have happened, that the whole visible universe, which is after all a very limited thing—the farthest visible star can scarcely be a thousand times as far off as the nearest one,—suppose this universe died, what will happen when it is gone?—then will be left the nebula. And that nebula would again concentrate under the old laws, and form new solar systems, and there would be a new world formed, and you would have one world succeeding another, one universe, one starry universe, succeeding another, with all its stars and its solar systems to the end of time. And the duration of this starry universe,—how many times soever you might have to multiply this hundred millions of years, which denote the age of this earth, you still would get a result which would be nothing in comparison with eternity. And there would be a succession of worlds, from the beginning to the end, lasting without any limit, and we should have the same thing in regard to the nebulae and worlds as we have in the organic world. As from the egg comes the eagle, and the eagle gives the egg which produces another eagle, and so on in the history of time, egg and eagle, egg and eagle, alternately, so in the history of the world it is nebula and organized universe, nebula and organized universe in succession forever and ever. What possibility of study there may be there we cannot know; but it certainly is an argument not entirely to be despised for the probability of the perpetuation of our own souls forever, that we are able to see this fact, and could not study it in its detail unless we had immortality. Therefore, so far as an argument from scientific investigation would go, it would certainly go in favor of immortality.

I have time now to refer to but one single thing in reference to this matter. If I had gone into the question of the power of the universe, I should have shown you that the amount of physical power in the universe is the same now

that it ever was; that there never has been any addition or increase to it; that as all the thinking of man cannot add to his stature, neither can it add one iota to the physical power in the universe. We have derived our whole idea of power from the observing of mind, from the mental phenomenon; and yet the mind itself has not the capacity of giving us any physical power, and there is every reason to believe that there never has been any change in the amount of the physical power in the universe from the beginning to the present time.

GOD REVEALED IN INTENTION.

If, then, everything is governed by law, and if all the power is in the physical universe that ever was there, where is God? In the intention. It is in the intention through which a world that is intelligible has been actually the result of unthinking laws; by which all these laws put together constitute an intelligible whole, a system, an organism, and because there has been placed in this world an intelligent being capable of comprehending it. This relation of the one to the other shows intention; and the instant that you see intention, then you see in everything the Deity, then you see God everywhere. When you know who wrote the works of Shakspeare you see the mind of Shakspeare in every line; and so, knowing that there must be this great Being that must have intended the world, you see him everywhere enthroned behind the universe. And so, when scientific men would induce you to go back and say, "Why, since everything comes from the nebula, why isn't the nebula the power?" that is going back to the very doctrine which Moses repudiated. Because there was light that was the source of the powers of the world, he said, "That light is not the thing to be worshipped, it is created"; and so because there is a nebula in which there have been placed these wonderful laws, out of which has grown the universe by the intention of the Deity, it does not follow that that nebula is its own manufacturer, and that it is a being to be worshipped. We that are made with a capacity to worship, why, what a falsehood the world would be if there were not a Being to be worshipped in it! Why should it be that of all the facts of the universe, this is the only one that is false, and that there is not a God to be worshipped to supply the want of a worshipping soul?

I say, therefore, that I think the result will be, of all this combination of the present state of science with religious discussions, to strengthen faith in religion; to show that the development theory, which is manifest in the physical universe, might easily be shown to extend to the intellectual world, and perhaps to the religious world also—that is, that there has been a law according to which thought has succeeded itself, that there has been a law according to which religion has succeeded itself,—to show that under law the Gospel did not grow out of paganism, but out of a religion in which there was a faith in one God. The doctrines of the Gospel, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Father in heaven could not have been accepted till man had been trained by long service of one God. In this direction we may find an unexpected harmony between science and religion.—*Unitarian Review for June.*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MORMONS.

Does a bull care for his calves?—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Not much, O Prophet; nor do saints and "Revelators" in this Bible-babbling Zion differ greatly in carnal affection from the bull. Here is Orson Pratt, the bulwark of polygamy, who meets without recognition his own sons and the women who bore them. Here is another saint who speaks of his wives as you would speak of your mares. One is a good "brood woman" and another a good "draught woman."

We have struck at the very heart of Mormonism. Disguise it as you may, wherever you find society organized on the idea of woman's degradation you will find all its outworkings degrading man as well. Mormonism is an inversion of Tennyson's injunction, to

"Work out the beast, work in the man,
And let the ape and tiger die."

It works out the man, and works in the beast. It is social atavism.

"In the creation of religious ideas," said Remy, the French scientist, when twenty-two years ago he crossed the ocean and the desert to study Mormonism,—"In the creation of religious ideas, morality does not determine the human mind any more than logic. If the divine and the moral meet together at the maturity of religions they do not always come together at their outset."

In Mormonism they have not come together yet, nor do we see that they are moving on convergent lines. The other day one of the bishops of the church had a street brawl, in which his profanity and Billingsgate might have put a blush on the cheek of the lowest drab in the purlieus of the Five Points. A woman who was introduced to the wife of the writer as *par excellence* "the saint," gave an account of her life in which she lied with the saintliest grace imaginable. Many years ago she forsook her lawful husband and six children and fled from all that should have been sacred, to gratify a passion, she had conceived for Brigham Young. She wished Brigham to seal her to Jesus Christ and himself. It should be remembered that the saints practice polyandry as well as polygamy. If a woman's husband has been sent on a mission, that "the kingdom of heaven" may not suffer for raw recruits in his absence, his wife must be sealed to another man. Or if a woman thinks her husband's position is not high enough to place her as high in glory as she aspires to be, she may be sealed to a saint of loftier title. Now this saint's aspiration was to have a higher seat in a sensuous heaven than any other woman. For this she broke her marriage vows and forsook her children. For this she wanted Brigham to seal her to Jesus so that in the heavenly Zion she would appear as one of his wives, and to himself so that in the earthly Zion she might obey the command to multiply and replenish. It is to be scored to Brigham's credit that he did not seal this precious saint to Jesus. He sealed her to Joe Smith for glory and to himself for lust.

This case is representative. It shows how this filthy superstition so debauches the moral sentiment that it mistakes darkness for light. The saints are forever prating about "sitting on thrones and ruling multitudes." A saint will often assign as a reason for polygamy that he wants to rule a large family here so as to qualify himself by practice to govern the great principality he is to inherit in the kingdom.

After three weeks of observation and study our conclusion is that the world has judged these Latter Day Saints too leniently. There is a reason for this. Every prominent man who sojourns for a few days in Salt Lake City is likely to fall into the hands of the saints. They show him the city. They descant on its cleanliness and good order. They tell him that intemperance was not known till the coming of the Gentiles, and that the "strange woman," if she is here at all, is a Gentile exotic. They point to the rills of water that flow through the streets and carry verdure to the gardens, and tell you that this fruitful Zion was once an alkaline desert. If they refer to polygamy they throw around it a strong buttressing of Scripture, or they speak of it as limited to a few and as fast dying out. Thus a correspondent of the New York *Independent*, writing from Salt Lake City a few years ago, declared that no polygamous marriage had occurred among the saints for two years, while the fact is that some of the very saints who had this writer in charge had within that year committed the crime they induced the writer to deny in behalf of the entire people.

Thus the outside world, gaining its knowledge of the saints chiefly through writers who saw what it pleased the saints they should see, has scored to their credit, *financial ability, industry, thrift, sobriety and female chastity*. What now are the facts?

ABILITY ?

There is not a saint who has shown, in the conduct of affairs, ability which, outside of Mormondom, would lift him above the rank of a small tradesman. The saints expended about \$200,000 in preparations for iron making, and then found the ore would not flux. They expended a large sum in digging a canal and left it unfinished and utterly useless. They have attempted to manufacture woollen cloth, but with indifferent success. They have built railroads, but not having ability to manage them the roads have fallen into the hands of the Gentiles. They have built up an immense co-operative store, but with all the authority of the priesthood to compel the people to patronize it, its health is precarious. Brigham Young who is forever boasting of his financial ability, never pushed a legitimate enterprise, in a legitimate way, to success. I know that he has wealth. His very ignorance and coarse-

ness, coupled with a strong will, have made him an absolute despot over the most abject serfs the sun in all his circuit warms, but not illuminates. Let him say Sunday morning in the Tabernacle that the spur of a certain cliff must be shoveled away, and Monday morning shovel-bearing saints crowd the highways to do the will of the Lord's anointed. With a hundred thousand slaves why should he not be rich?

INDUSTRY ?

This virtue must stand to the saint's credit. Eighteen years ago Horace Greeley wrote from this city that the Mormons generally wear a toil-worn, anxious look, and that many of them are older in frame than in years. These words are hardly strong enough to express what I see to-day.

THRIFT ?

In spite of their industry they are not thrifty. Tourists who pass a day or two in Mormondom, too often under the guidance of bishops and apostles, see the better houses and gardens. They do not see the wretched huts and the "dug-outs."

Happily, perchance, the reader being civilized, does not know what we mean by a "dug-out." Let him picture in his mind the burrow of a prairie dog. Let him imagine the hole to be twenty times as large and a mound of earth reared above it to be correspondingly large, and the entrances to be not at the top but at the side, and he will have a mental picture of the "dug-out." He has heard of the incongruous population of the burrow—the prairie dog, the owl and the rattle-snake. In population, as in structure, the burrow is still the type of the "dug-out."

As the Psalmist walked about the courts of Zion, so have we walked about the "dug-out" of this modern Zion. We have done more. We have stood within the very sanctuary of the "dug-out!" Dogs, owls and rattle-snakes, how sacred and how blissful! Here is a saint with three wives, a million vermin and only one hole in the ground! They say that if there is peace between dog and owl and snake it is because of mutual dread. If there is peace in this humble burrow it is because every human aspiration is suppressed, every ennobling attribute effaced.

We have gone into a "dug-out" whose adult male inmate seemed to have a little of the feelings of humanity left. He told us that he had lived there in that hole with what he called his family eleven years. He had labored hard and tried to get out. At last he had submitted to the will of the Lord, become a brute, and was content.

SOBRIETY ?

The saints may not often drink themselves drunk, but they consume a prodigious quantity of bad whiskey. As long ago as 1858, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were paid in Salt Lake City for whiskey, the price eight dollars a gallon.

Brigham, in company with an apostle set up a distillery so that he could supply *all* spiritual needs to the saints. We learn from the officers of the law that he robbed the government of \$20,000, or more.

CHASTITY ?

It is sufficient answer to the Mormon boast that polygamy has banished the social evil, to say that Commercial Street, which is owned by Brigham Young, is peopled almost exclusively by prostitutes, whose gains swell the coffers of the prophet.

Mormonism is bad, and only bad, without one redeeming or palliating quality,—bad. It stamps out the affections. It saps the very foundations of manhood. More than one woman has said to us, "Before my husband became a Mormon he was kind and good; now he beats me as if I were a beast." The manly virtues wane as the Mormon qualities wax, and the more the man is a saint the less he is a man. Here is a venerable judge. Some years ago he told a fellow saint who had submitted a matter to the arbitration of some of the apostles, that a court of law would have given a different decision from that of the arbitrators. Ostensibly for this, but really because the judge had discovered some of his rascality in the whiskey business, Brigham rose the next Sunday in the Tabernacle and cursed him. On occasions of cursing or blessing he is apt to forget that he is only the "prophet and revelator" and to speak in the first person, "I, the Lord," etc., etc. The judge sat before him, Brigham stated the offense and said, "I curse him. I curse his wife and his children." In this way he went on until the imprecating Psalms of David, in comparison with the burning curses of the distiller, would seem as stage lightning to a thunderbolt. Did the judge rise and smite the blatant "revelator" to the floor? Not at all. Mormonism does not make that kind of man. He meekly bowed his head, and to appease the anger of the Lord and his distiller, and to make good the curse on his wife and children, he took

another wife and devoted five years to preaching the gospel of lust and debasement to the Australians! This case is not isolated. It represents the cultus of Mormonism.

What is responsible for Mormonism? To a large extent, our superstitious veneration for the text of the Hebrew Bible. The Mormons have come from the most evangelical sects. A Mormon woman said to us: "I was a Methodist. I believed the Bible, but I didn't realize the promises." She referred to the signs which should follow the believers that they should cast out devils, take up deadly serpents, etc., etc., and went on to say that she found something must be wrong. She was no more able to handle a deadly serpent than her unbelieving neighbor. So she joined a sect whose ceremonies were more Jewish.

Mormons throw Bible at you at every turn. Suppose you were in the Endowment House and were to see a poor fellow step forth to be baptized for George Washington and were to see a clerk make the entry, and were to be told that another clerk stood ready in heaven to transcribe this entry, and that as soon as the transaction is properly authenticated Washington leaves hell and joins the dead saints of Mormondom!* While you were wondering whether the human mind was ever crushed under a more grovelling superstition, the officiating priest would tap you on the shoulder and ply you with the ready text; "What shall they do which are baptized for the dead?"

How shall we cure ourselves of Mormonism? Not surely by shutting our eyes to its evils, or palliating them. Not by "paying our respects to its bloody-handed dignitaries. "Have you paid your respects to Brigham Young?" was the question put to us more than a score of times. "No; what respect do I owe to the old chief of a harem, who has done more to debase human nature than any other living man." A practical measure would be to disfranchise polygamists. The disease will call ere long for heroic treatment. The nation cannot afford to harbor a superstition which debauches both mind and heart and fructifies in murder. What civilized people on the globe, save ourselves, would see a hundred and sixty men, women and babes butchered in the most fiendish atrocity, and wait twenty years before calling a single one of the butchers to account? We have seen scores of murderers walk the streets in perfect immunity. We have seen "Bill Hickman" in the streets—Hickman, "the destroying angel," whose hand is red with the blood of a hundred victims, and who in his confession declared that for years he murdered whomsoever Brigham Young told him to murder.

The wisest man Germany ever bore said that whatever conquest civilization had achieved over barbarism, it behooves the race to guard it as the apple of its eye. If my words could ring from the Wahsatch to the Oquirr, from the Oquirr to the Tabernacle, and from the Tabernacle to the "dug-out," I would say: "In the sanctity of human life and in the union of one man and one woman in sacred bonds of marriage, we have a conquest which civilization has won from brutality; guard it as the apple of your eye."

W. D. GUNNING.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 20, 1877.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE meeting of the General Assembly has been the great event in Chicago of late. For the past two weeks everything has been tinged with the blue atmosphere of Presbyterianism. The Assembly was a grand and dignified concourse of between five and six hundred ministers and elders, and evinced about the same degree of self-esteem usually seen in representative religious bodies. Every theological sect has a kind of complacency peculiarly its own. In the Baptist it is well-to-do commonplaceness accompanied by an expression of that solid sort of self-satisfaction which has grown used to itself. In the Methodist it is jolly contentedness, with a portly aspect of comfort and good cheer. With the Presbyterian this complacency borders on self-righteousness. His propriety is of the sanctimonious order, and however humble he may try to be as a Christian, as a man he is very proud and reserved. By nature often hard and inflexible, grace can do little towards toning him down save by encasing him in an exterior of cold and polished manners. Other examples of ecclesiastical egotism are found in the Episcopalian, whose social and religious exclusiveness are well known. Lastly there are the Unitarian and the liberal sects, who set such great store by their "intellects,"

and are somewhat given to the assumption that brains is an exclusive privilege all their own.

The retiring Moderator, Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, delivered the opening address or sermon, which was a powerful and weighty discourse on the "Power and Pre-eminence of the Name of Christ." Rev. Dr. Eells, of San Francisco, was elected Moderator for the ensuing year; an excellent choice, as Dr. Eells seemed to possess all the requisite qualifications for the office, a clear, strong voice, commanding presence, and thorough knowledge of parliamentary tactics. Dr. Hatfield, of New York, stated clerk of the Assembly, was Dr. Eells's competitor for the Moderator's chair, and the election of the latter was regarded as a special compliment to the Western Church, particularly to that branch located on the Pacific coast.

Of course it is not to be wondered at that the proceedings of the Assembly were strongly tinged with Presbyterianism. The Presbyterians are very proud of their peculiar tenets—of their record, and active measures are being taken by the "Historical Society" connected with the church to put the latter in some permanent shape. The most casual observer of the peculiarities of the different denominations must often have noted the semi-aristocratic and patronizing bearing of the Calvinistic order toward other sects. An amusing instance of this theological blue-bloodedness was unconsciously manifested in the remarks of Rev. Mr. Saunders, a colored delegate. Mr. Saunders spoke in behalf of the freedmen, and urged upon his hearers the necessity of educating the colored people in the distinctive principles of Presbyterianism. The prevailing notion that Negro conversion was necessarily of the "shouting Methodist" order was a great mistake. All that was needed to make Presbyterians of the colored people was to give them Presbyterian educators. He proceeded then to speak in such close connection of the need of a better-educated ministry in the missionary field of the South, and so mixed and intermingled his appeals for more intelligent workers and a more zealous propagandism of Presbyterian doctrines, that one could not but feel a little uncomfortable on behalf of any disciple of Wesley or Roger Williams who might happen to be present. Mr. Saunders especially deplored the entrance of the Catholic church into their territory. The missionary efforts of the Catholic are always more or less insidious, and here they take the by-no-means displeasing form of free schools and general beneficence towards the poor and needy. Mr. Saunders related how nuns are seen going about from house to house, wherever sickness or misery prevail; and how certain suspicious characters in the guise of pedlars sell cheap prints of the Pope and Bishops to the people, and other incidents of equal importance, plainly showing that he had little respect for any such underhanded proceedings.

One of the most important subjects which came up for discussion was the fraternization of the Northern and Southern Assemblies. As nothing could be done by the last Assembly, in response to the grudging advances made by the Southern church, which would not cast reproach on former highly-esteemed Assemblies, the matter of complete reconciliation was left to a more propitious time. The prevalent disposition of the Assembly was not particularly amicable. They were willing enough to fraternize provided it did not cost too much and had no objections to shaking hands across chasms if there were not too much hard reaching to be done. Only one old man arose to appeal for the broadest charity and begged his brethren to remember that they were not politicians but Christians; but the brethren did not listen very attentively and when in the midst of a heated discussion the same venerable clergyman rose again to express the hope that prayer might be offered before the final settlement of the question, his proposition was met with a burst of laughter. I could not help but regard this little impromptu ebullition of feeling as quite a significant feature of the occasion. What, in a meeting composed entirely of ministers and deacons, was there so absurd in a request for prayer for Divine enlightenment over a very intricate complication of human affairs. The fact that the Assembly did not stop to ask for heavenly guidance, but proceeded to settle the affairs after their own mundane way of thinking showed that they considered the business was already in the proper hands. Prayer does very well as a means of appeal for spiritual instruction and preferment or as a medium for the utterance of pious generalities of praise and thanksgiving, but there are times, as even Presbyterians seem to be agreed, when business is business and must be executed at once.

The Sunday publication question was brought up several times, and the Assembly, in defence of the action of some Eastern Synod, was obliged to define Sabbath-breaking according to the old Puri-

* It may interest the patriotic reader to know that a Mormon has really been baptized for Washington, and that, according to this faith, the "father of his country" has been released from hell and admitted to the heaven of Joshua and John D. Lee!

tanic notion. The matter is somewhat involved and I doubt if I can make the distinction clear to the readers of the *INQUIRER*. Either it is wicked to sell a newspaper on Sunday because it is printed on Saturday, or else it is not wicked to sell one on Monday because it was printed on Sunday. There is a great deal of wickedness in it somewhere, if one could be sure just where it was located. In the meantime it is presumed that the more conscientious will take only five newspapers during the week, until the muddled question as to which is really the wicked paper—the Sunday or Monday edition—is finally settled. Others with fewer misgivings, and half suspecting that the wickedness of newspapers is quite disconnected with the time of type-setting, will continue to take all seven, thinking it as well to be killed for a—you know the proverb.

Prof. Swing writes very gracefully, with a genial sarcasm, of the Assembly. It is not so renowned a body as it was once, having now only a "fringe of human greatness" around its border. He speaks of his old prosecutor, Prof. Patton, as a "tassel fastened into the skirt of the General Assembly." Prof. Patton will probably not object to being reduced to a bit of ornamentation, for he can remember when that tassel was a heavy dragging weight on Prof. Swing's skirt. Prof. Swing thinks the time is swiftly approaching when the younger members of the Assembly will rise up and move that "this Assembly do here and now lay upon the shelf certain old formulas called the Confession of Faith," but this may be fairly doubted. Ecclesiastical bodies are not in the habit of formally repealing their old creeds. The "certain old formulas" will continue to remain as prized ancient relics if nothing more. Liberalism is slowly creeping into the churches, and the church is quite willing to submit itself to slow and silent transformations. It grows by accretion, covering up the old with the new. The come-outers, like Prof. Swing, are in the minority. The church expels the insubordinate, but will never reject the doctrine. CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

CHICAGO, June 4th.

LITERATURE.

AN ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By Viscount Amberley. Pp. 743. New York: D. M. Bennett. 1877.

Lord Amberley was a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and accepted the "Unknowable" as the foundation doctrine of philosophy and religion. In the first part of this bulky volume, which contains the matter of the two volumes of the English edition, he attempts a scientific treatment of the manifestations of religion throughout the world. He carefully studied many authorities, generally following the latest and best. He labored with sincerity and earnestness on the comparative method, which has obtained within a few years complete possession of the field of theology. His classification is in some particulars new and ingenious. The treatment of the extra-Biblical religions appears to be without that strong bias in their favor which disfigures so much late writing of this kind. But Lord Amberley's handling of the Old Testament, though intended to be exactly scientific, is strongly characterized by an unappreciative tone. The teachings of the popular theology have been so flagrantly false to the real nature of Hebrew literature that it seems well nigh impossible for one brought up in Orthodoxy, when he has once rejected it, to do justice to the actual merit of the Old Testament. While, then, Lord Amberley is not partial to other religions, he is not fair to the faith of Israel. Such writers as the German commentators Knobel and Dillmann have not had to allow in their own experience for strong reaction from the creed of the ignorant. They consequently comment with proper impartiality, and the total impression derived from them is far more honorable to the Old Testament than that to be derived from our author. But it is in his critique of Christ and Christianity that Lord Amberley's deficiencies are most apparent. While very much of his criticism of the Gospels and Epistles is just and deserves to be widely diffused, his estimate of Jesus shows a great lack of spiritual insight. Always impressing the reader

with his own purity of intention and utter honesty of mind, he comes much behind Mr. Conway or John Stuart Mill in appreciation of the mind of Christ. It is not by thinkers with such defective sympathies that abiding articles of faith are constructed. A certain poverty of nature makes itself felt throughout the work with all its merits. Its merits are indeed many. Compared with Dr. James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," the "Analysis" has considerably more scientific value; it might well be read by the careful student in connection with that work. It is, indeed, quite an encyclopædia of comparative theology and negative criticism of the Bible. Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" is a far better book for the ordinary reader—a far safer book, because while it leaves on one side much that is true and valuable in the "Analysis," it emphasizes, as Lord Amberley did not, the best and most vital qualities of Bible-religion. Let the reader of Amberley by all means turn to Arnold; he will find there a broader, deeper mind, a firmer grasp, a far more subtle appreciation of spiritual nobility, a far more satisfying exposition of the enduring elements of Judaism and Christianity.

ORTHODOXY AND REVIVALISM. Sermons by Rev. J. T. Sunderland. Pp. 236. New York: James Miller. 1877.

The first sermon in this volume was preached at Northfield, Mass., at the time, we believe, when Mr. Moody was endeavoring to start a revival there. Mr. Sunderland, as our readers know, is a convert of some half-a-dozen years standing from Evangelical Christianity to Unitarianism. The title of the discourse is "Orthodoxy, the Worst Enemy of Christianity," and here, as in the following sermon, Mr. Sunderland has treated the theological and moral errors of the revivalists with the harshness of truth and the uncompromising temper of justice. If to some of us, who have been born and bred in the Unitarian household of faith, the harshness sometimes seems greater than that of truth, if we should ourselves prefer a different line of attack, if we should, indeed, prefer not to attack at all, we have to remember that Mr. Sunderland, like Mr. Savage, speaks of what he has seen and experienced in a way which we have not known. It is a notable fact that the most severe handling of the revivalists has been by our able converts from Orthodoxy. It is easy to talk of swinging from one extreme to another; but, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Sunderland will convince every fair reader of the book that he is a man who grew out of Orthodoxy, and with his high spirit and unquestionable ability is not likely to reach an extreme, since he is still growing.

THE SUPERNATURAL FACTOR IN RELIGIOUS REVIVALS. By L. T. Townsend, D. D. Pp. 311. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1877.

Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere speaks of "the class of intellectual half-breeds, of which we have so many representatives in our new country, wearing the garb of civilization, and even the gown of scholarship." If any of our readers wish a commentary on this text, let them procure the works of this Doctor of Divinity. Their titles slightly indicate their nature: "The Sword and the Garment" and "The Arena and the Throne" are two of these which promise a rich feast of half-breed rhetoric, like the "stately stoppings of Jehovah" in the present volume. "Lost Forever," "Credo," and the above work, are mines of pseudo-philosophy. Rev. Dr. Townsend's science is a fervent belief in blue glass as a panacea. His theology is a thorough-going acceptance of Mr. Moody. His matter is in defiance of modern knowledge. His manner, laudatory of the Tabernacle, sneering at rational faith, is un-

worthy of the noble Methodist body, wherein we rejoice to believe it is becoming less and less common. N. P. G.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER. By H. T. Williams.

This book is written in what might be called the celebrated "Moody" style. If that gentleman's name and wonderful stories, which are of frequent occurrence in it, had been left out, the remainder of the work would still betray his peculiar type of mind by the occasional cold shoulder given to the rules of syntax and its perfect innocence of anything like careful or logical thought. As a preface the author affirms that "Christ" is continually working miracles in behalf of his followers by taking an active interest in their temporal affairs. It is not said that these special favors come *alone* in answer to prayer, but it is said that the prayers of those who believe and trust in "Jesus" are always granted. To conclude the preface, the "Ruler of the Universe" is referred to as "a strong and terrible Reality, from whom there is no escape until peace is made with Him." Then follow about four hundred accounts of answered prayer. Small sums of money, all sorts of commodities, from a new hat to a sewing machine, recovery from sickness, preservation from personal danger and conversions are asked of God and duly received. To apply the test of reason to this kind of material is like trying to melt a volatile metal. The substance evaporates before the crucible is hot. A woman runs in arrears for rent. She arranges a compromise with her landlord for \$4, and lacking the funds, prays for the amount. About the same time an editor gives a missionary \$4. The woman, it seems, applied to the missionary for her rent money just after he had received the donation from the editor. The coincidence between the amount prayed for and that donated is relied upon as proof that the prayer was answered. Now the Lord, in giving this \$4, must have either trusted the woman's judgment with regard to the sum she needed or used His own. In the one case He was deceived, as the woman surely needed enough to pay her rent in full; in the other the Deity is made to sanction paying less than one justly owes. Either of these positions is untenable. Again the story says, the editor gave all he had in his pocket, and because it was exactly the amount prayed for, the prayer was answered. If it had been less or more the prayer would *not* have been answered. Therefore the Lord must have limited the amount of money in the editor's pocket to \$4, which if the editor had known he would not have given anything. The only wonderful thing about the story is that the woman ever got the \$4, as the book distinctly says that the editor never saw the missionary before. There are many parallel cases cited in which the money prayed for, was donated by one or more individuals to whom the fact of the prayer was unknown. If the total donation equals the amount prayed for the evidence is considered as conclusive that the prayer is answered. If it is not answered, the fault lies with the tenor of the petition; the theory is never allowed to suffer. Prayers for commodities are treated in the same way. There is one case, however, which stands alone. Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather's cow dies. A neighboring missionary society sends the old gentleman £20. Inference—the Lord replaced the cow. As there is no prayer mentioned in this case perhaps it is fair to infer that if the society had been out of funds the cow would not have died. There are many accounts of miraculous cures effected by prayer. The author has either accidentally omitted the formality of supplying proofs for these stories or has paid the high compliment to the enlightenment and credulity of his readers of considering any authentication unnecessary.

If, instead of receiving a new publication to review, we had unearthed an ancient dissertation upon the miracles and generosity of some pagan god, the work would be curious and interesting as a study of the guiles of priestcraft or the freaks of the human mind. But the fact that this book is addressed to men and women of our day and civilization, with the reasonable hope that they may believe it, casts reproach upon our generation from which few can escape.

R. S. P.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

Westminster Review. Reprint. Beside the editorial articles, which as usual are numerous and interesting, the April number contains two which are especially interesting and valuable. The first concerning "Popular Fallacies concerning the Functions of Government" is of great importance to those who are interested in social questions, and particularly to the labor reformers. The standpoint of the writer is substantially that of Mr. Mill, and he quotes approvingly the following thoroughly sound statement from Herbert Spencer: "It is a gross delusion to believe in the

sovereign power of political machinery," says M. Guizot. True; and it is not only a gross delusion, but a very dangerous one. Give a child exaggerated notions of its parents' power, and it will bye and bye cry for the moon. Let a people believe in government omnipotence, and they will be pretty certain to get up revolutions to achieve impossibilities."

The second is on "Courtship and Marriage in France," and contains copious extracts from Taine (M. Graindorge), Dr. Steudahl and others, from which to form a conception of the peculiar characteristics of the education of French girls, and the necessary result upon the relation of the sexes in later life.

The *American Naturalist* for June has for the leading article a description by Mr. J. D. Caton of his experience in domesticating the wild turkey, in which he has been quite successful. R. E. C. Stearns makes a contribution to the currency literature by detailing the result of researches concerning "Aboriginal Shell Money." It seems that with the perversity characteristic of all the corners of money up to the present paper era, the savages were not content with the shells as nature furnished them, but put labor into them before they considered them of approved form. A description of the method of Cremation among the Sitka Indians comes rather late to be received in elucidation of a problem actively discussed, since we appear to have allowed that question to subside as rapidly as it arose, but it is nevertheless interesting.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

- From J. B. Lippincott & Co.
THE POWER OF SPIRIT MANIFESTED IN JESUS OF NAZARETH. By W. H. Furness.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST, OR SKETCHES OF EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBORS. By the Author of "The Barton Experiment," "Helen's Babies," etc. \$1.
THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF DELUSIONS. By Geo. M. Beard, A.M., M.D. Paper covers, 50c.
From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
WILLIS' HISTORICAL READER. By Wm. Francis Collier, LL.D. \$1.25.
From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
Four volumes of the "Vest-Pocket Series":
FAVORITE POEMS. Robert Browning.
" " H. W. Longfellow.
" " O. W. Holmes.
LEGENDS OF PROVINCE HOUSE. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 50 cts. each.
From Noyes, Snow & Co.
CORONATION: A STORY OF FOREST AND SEA. By E. P. Tenney. \$1.50.

MAGAZINES, &c.

- CONTEMPORARY REVIEW FOR JUNE. Strahan & Co. Limited.
UNITARIAN REVIEW FOR JUNE.
THE TRUTH SEEKER FOR JUNE.
THE AMERICAN LIBRARY JOURNAL. Vol. 1, No. 9. F. Leopoldt, New York.
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEES OF THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES. Boston.

ART NOTES.

THE British battle painter, Mrs. Butler—once Miss Elizabeth Thompson—intends, it is said, to paint only religious pictures hereafter.

EDWIN WHITE, the artist, who painted among historical pictures "The Evening Hymn of the Huguenots" and "The Signing of the Compact on Board the Mayflower," died last week at the age of sixty. He was an intimate friend of Hiram Powers and was well known in this country and Europe. Some of his interiors are as excellent as those of any American painter in that line. Mr. White had a large circle of friends who will deeply mourn his loss.

THE annual hegira of artists to the country has begun. Many of the doors of the studio building are locked for the season and more will be closed during the coming two weeks. Some will remain in town, but they will be in the minority. Bierstadt is just home from a tour in Nassau and Florida, and shows some very pretty sketches. He has in contemplation and preparation an intended visit to Europe and the East and may reach the Nile. He will still cling to his first love—western American scenery, however, and he is already engaged on a painting for the Earl of Dunraven, representing a romantic region in Colorado. Mr. Church goes to his Hudson River residence for the Summer; Mr. Story to Boston, Mr. Huntington to Lake George, Mr. Page to Staten

Island and Mr. Inness will remain near the city. Some foretaste of the Fall exhibition may be gathered from the intentions and plans for the Summer, and we may expect something good from the several artists who, under the pretense of pleasure-seeking, carry their palettes and brushes with them and constantly keep their eyes open for the beauties of the scene. The recently closed exhibition at the Academy of Design has been attended with most satisfactory and gratifying results to all concerned, and a change for the better has already begun, which will give this Summer jaunt the true relish and an impetus to work in the Fall.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE IDLE CHILDREN.

THERE were once three idle children who, instead of going to school as they should have done, stood loitering about, grumbling that learning was such a stupid thing.

"Let's off to the wood!" they all three cried at once. "Let's off to the wood, and play with the little animals there, they never go to school."

When they came to the wood they asked the animals, both great and small, to play with them. "We are very sorry, but really we've just now no time," replied the animals.

The beetle hummed, "That would be fine if I were to idle with you, children. I must build a fresh bridge of grass, the old one is not safe."

The children crept softly past the ant-hill; and as for the bee, they ran away from her just as though she had been a venomous beast.

The little mouse cried in a shrill little voice, "I'm gathering up corn and seeds for the winter."

"And I," said the little white dove, "am carrying dry sticks for my nest."

The hare only nodded to them. "I can't come and play with you for the whole world," said he, "I've got such a dirty face, and must go and wash it."

The little strawberry blossom said: "I must make use of this fine day and ripen my fruit, that it may be ready when the old beggarman comes to look for it."

Then came a young cock, strutting through the wood.

"Dear Monsieur Chanticleer, you surely have nothing to do, you can come and play awhile with us."

"Pardon," cried he, with great gravity; "I've noble guests at my house to-day, and have to set out a feast for them;" and bowing very stiffly, away he went.

Then the children accosted the little stream that was running along so merrily, "Do, dear little stream, come and play with us."

But the stream asked, quite astonished, "What do you mean, children? Yes, indeed, I don't know what to do I am so very busy, and yet you ask me to play with you. I can't stop either night or day. Men, beasts, gardens, woods, meadows, valleys, mountains, fields—I must give them all water to drink, and wash all the dishes and clothes besides! I must turn the mill, saw planks, spin wool, carry along boats upon my back, put out fire, and goodness only knows what else beside. I stop and play with idle children, indeed!" And away the stream flowed as fast as ever it could.

The children were growing quite disheartened, and thought they must give up all hope of finding play-fellows in the wood, when they saw a finch sitting upon a branch, singing and eating by turns. They called out to him their invitation.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed the finch, greatly surprised, "can I believe my ears? You children seem to be

under a great mistake. I've no time to play, not I! Here I have been chasing flies all day, and now my young ones want me to sing them to sleep. I'm singing to them the praise of labor. How can you children think so badly of me? No, you turn back again, lazy children, and don't disturb the industrious folks in the wood."

Thus taught by the animals, the children turned back to school very willingly, finding that play is alone the reward of industry and work.—*Exchange.*

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FREEDOM IN A METHODIST CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

WE have learned not to be greatly surprised when good comes out of Nazareth, but who would think of finding any special degree of freedom or liberty in a Methodist church? But we live and—we hope—grow wiser. Finding our way into a Methodist chapel in one of our river towns last Sunday evening, we had the pleasure of listening to a strong, earnest and scholarly presentation of that very practical question—the causes of the national corruption and the reason for the lamentable confusion of ideas concerning individual responsibility, especially where financial interests are involved. The speaker was an elderly man, evidently possessed of a rich experience in practical life and what is more remarkable, a man of sound culture, large reading and rare breadth of judgment and clearness of insight. From his intelligent grappling with his theme he showed that he had that most rare gift the historic sense. He showed genuine knowledge of the life of nations, the philosophy of their development and the causes of their frequent failure and downfall. In treating his subject he passed in brief, but by no means superficial, review the troubles which were due in our national and individual life to looseness in legislation and looseness in the execution of our laws when made. It was a practical address to practical people who ought to know where they stand in the field of political and economical science. And what is specially remarkable there was nothing technically or distinctively *religious* in the presentation of the subject. No theological tenets were dragged in bodily to round off the discourse. We do not remember that the name of Jesus was introduced throughout the address, for the simple reason that there was no call for saying anything about him. But what an omission! If it had occurred in a Unitarian "evening meeting" how the evangelical listeners—if by some strange chance any had been present—would have criticised this "Christless ministry," this purely "secular essay." But coming from the lips of a Methodist doctor of divinity it was quite right and seemly. There is such a difference—Shakespeare notwithstanding, by what name we call a rose or—a minister.

Seriously, how refreshing it is to notice that Evangelical Christendom is waking up; that the old landmarks are slipping out of sight, that the "Orthodox" ministers can indulge in a little freedom of thought without being accused of heresy, though they deliver purely secular discourses on national failings and individual responsibilities. One is almost tempted to believe that Matthew Arnold is not wholly visionary when he fancies the church to be a national society for the promotion of goodness. J. A. B.

IDOLS AND IDEALS.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

SIR:—The friendliness of tone with which you have noticed my little book renders your repetition of the phrase applied to me by a bitter theological enemy in London—"apostle of inaccuracy" for the first time harmful. Please allow me to mention that the charge of inaccuracy made against me by Mr. Spears' paper, the *Christian Life*, was based upon what it supposed to be my citations from a book by Mr. Galton, whereas my essay was written before that book appeared, and my reference was based, not unfairly, upon a lecture delivered by Mr. Galton at the Royal Institution. My abuser—whom you misname a "reviewer"—was convicted of four misrepresentations of Mr. Galton's book in his eager effort to convict me of the like.

As for Hell Gate, I certainly thought that the route between New

York and the Bay might be now described as the chief highway on the eastern coast of America. I bow to your superior geography, but hope that you cannot, apart from the suspicious inventiveness of my London enemy, find "mickles" enough to make a "muckle."

LONDON, May 29. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

LAW-BREAKERS AND BROKEN LAWS.

To the Editor of the Inquirer :

MUCH is said by Mr. Cook and kindred theologians of the damage which the law of God suffers when we violate it, and of the consequent necessity of the "atonement" as a satisfaction to the injured law. But is it really the law which is broken when we violate it? When, for instance, a man falls over a precipice and breaks his legs, is the law really broken, or is it only the man's legs, while the law remains just as good as ever it was? And if the man's legs can be mended so that he can walk as well as before, is it still necessary that something should be done to repair the law of gravitation before the whole matter can be set right? I trow not. And yet I apprehend that this is a fair illustration and a complete refutation of this whole theory of atonement as a needed satisfaction to the law.

C. N.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE fifty-second annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association was held in Essex Street Chapel, London, on Wednesday, May 23d. In the morning a devotional meeting was held, conducted by Rev. E. C. Towne, now of Reading. The sermon, by Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., from Isaiah xxxiii. 8., was attentively listened to throughout, there being but one jarring note, the reference to the late Parker controversy in England. A collection was taken at its close, amounting to over £32.

After an interval of half an hour the members assembled for the business meeting, the President of the Association, Joseph Lupton, Esq., in the chair. Many well-known Unitarian ministers were present from various parts of the country, besides distinguished personages connected with the London and other congregations. The President opened the proceedings by congratulating the Association upon the large amount of work accomplished during the past year, in spite of numerous obstacles. The first item was the Treasurer's report, which, in the absence of that official on account of sickness, was presented by Mr. S. S. Tayler. The account showed receipts to the amount of £7,020 and expenditures about £424 less. The Jubilee Fund account showed receipts of £4,617 and expenditures of £1,817.

The next thing upon the programme was the reading of the annual report of the Executive Committee by Rev. H. Ireson. The report was a most comprehensive one and showed great progress in the work of the Association. The reports of the Treasurer and Executive Committee were adopted and ordered to be printed for circulation, upon motion of Rev. T. E. Poynting, seconded by Rev. W. Blazerby, of Rotherham, both of whom made able speeches. It was moved by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, of Nottingham, in a pointed address, that a systematic personal canvass in the large centres of population throughout the United Kingdom be organized for the purpose of maintaining the dignity and influence of the Association, and that its scope of activity might not be diminished. Mr. George Buckton, of Leeds, seconded the resolution and it was supported by Rev. A. Payne, of Newcastle, and a Mr. Cuddeford, the latter suggesting the appointment of paid agents in different districts properly authorized to obtain subscriptions on behalf of the Association. The resolution was then carried. Mr. Herbert New was then proposed as President of the Association for the ensuing year. The resolution was carried by acclamation and Mr. New expressed his deep sense of the honor done him and promised, health permitting, to take his place for the next year in the work of the Association.

The President then announced that the next matter of business would be the election of the Executive Committee and moved the appointment of the scrutineers. Mr. Charles Wicksteed seconded the resolution, and then in reference to an anonymous document, which stated that a Reactionary Committee had been spoken of and an effort made to create one for the government of the body, printed for electioneering purposes, said he regretted to find his

name upon it, and hoped that it might be the last step that any member of the Association would take in a system which, if pursued, would result in no respectable member allowing himself to be appointed on the Committee. Rev. R. Spears said that he was not aware, and certainly he would be if any one was, that any effort had been put forth in harmony with the document, to which Rev. H. W. Croskey replied that he was willing to take a share in its responsibility, and that the intention was to give an inclusive character to the Committee, not a sectional one. The apology for the document, if any was needed, was the statement of Mr. Spears. He hoped that from this time those upon every side of the question at issue would work in harmony for the benefit, strength and peace of the Association.

The following gentlemen were then proposed as officers for the ensuing year: Treasurer, Stephen S. Tayler; Secretary, Rev. Henry Ierson; Financial Secretary, Henry Y. Brace; Solicitor, Walter C. Venning; Auditors, N. M. Tayler, S. J. G. Elloart, H. Sharpe; Trustees, E. P. Nettlefold, D. Martineau, H. S. Bicknell, Sir J. C. Lawrence, Bart., M.P. The motion was agreed to. It was next moved that the Council and Executive Committee be instructed to limit the number of Vice-Presidents and Home Correspondents together to one hundred and fifty. The number was finally altered to two hundred and the resolution agreed to.

Resolutions were next offered concerning the expressions of good will from various Unitarian associations in Germany, Holland, Hungary and America, and that the same be reciprocated; concerning the pleasure which the return from America of Mr. John Fretwell gave the Association; concerning the Burials Bill, a gross insult to Nonconformists, expressing the hope that the bill would be condemned in the House of Commons; and lastly upon the condition of affairs in European Turkey. The meeting was then adjourned, after a resolution eulogistic of Mr. Joseph Lupton and his work for the Association as its President during the past year had been agreed to and the compliment acknowledged by the President.

The meeting reassembled for the Conference on Thursday, at the same place and under the presidency of Mr. Lupton. The first paper read was by Rev. J. E. Odgers, upon the Possibility of Increased Religious Life and Usefulness within our Churches. The paper was very interesting, the substance of it taking the form of the following queries, which the speaker threw out at the close: 1. Can our churches be made more really centres of religious intercourse? 2. Can lay co-operation be made more largely available for our stated services or developed by special meetings? 3. Can any effort be safely made for giving more directly religious impulse and interest to the young people of our congregations? He was followed by Rev. T. W. Freckleton, Rev. I. M. Wade, Mr. Herbert New, Rev. J. C. Street, Rev. H. S. Solly, Rev. T. E. Poynting, Lady Bowring, and the President, all of whom made good speeches. Mr. Odgers then replied in brief, and a short adjournment took place, after which Mr. Harry Rawson read a paper upon the topic, "Are our Smaller Congregations Worth Preserving?" and answered the query in the affirmative. He was followed by Rev. A. N. Blatchford, Mr. Herbert New, Rev. A. W. Worthington, Rev. S. S. Tayler, Rev. J. E. Odgers, Rev. Rowland Hill, Mr. E. Lampart (late of Natal), Rev. H. Austin, Mr. R. Pinnock (Mayor of Newport, Isle of Wight), Rev. T. W. Freckleton, Rev. R. A. Armstrong, Rev. W. Blazerby, Rev. J. A. Boinkworth, Rev. W. Robinson, and others, all of whom expressed their earnest desire that the smaller congregations might be preserved, as they were doing a world of good, and were certainly worth preserving. The President expressed himself as much pleased with the discussion, and he only regretted that time did not permit its continuance. On motion of Mr. Wade, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the President, and the proceedings terminated.

On Thursday evening a soiree was held in the Cannon-street Hotel. Tea was served at six to a large and brilliant company, after which a meeting was held in the large hall. The proceedings were enlivened by some very excellent music. The meeting was opened by the chairman, and addresses were made by Rev. H. W. Croskey, Rev. Henry Ierson, Mr. S. S. Tayler (Treasurer), Rev. Prof. Carpenter, Rev. E. C. Towne, of Reading, Rev. Alex. Gordon, and Rev. T. W. Chignell, of Exeter. The chairman then, in behalf of the Association, gave a hearty welcome to the visitors from abroad. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, from America, spoke upon the weighty religious problems of to-day, and referred in touching language to Theodore Parker, at whose feet she had often sat. After remarks from others, and a cordial vote of thanks to the President, the proceedings closed with a benediction.

JOTTINGS.

THERE are forty-eight different sects of Presbyterians, yet that church boasts of its grand unity and sneers at Unitarian want of harmony!

PROFESSOR SWING, like Robert Collyer, wants a fluent creed that changes every moon. In his last sermon he says: "A stationary creed is out of tune with nature. It is like standing water, quick to lose its life and clearness and to become sickly to the homes on its shore. A religious creed must not be stationary water, but a flowing stream, growing wider and deeper as it runs."

WE are very sorry to hear that Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, editor of the *New Age*, was taken suddenly ill last week, so seriously so as to be compelled to stop work entirely and suspend for the present the publication of his paper. We are not surprised at this news, for ever since he started his paper Mr. Babcock has been doing the work of two or three men. His many friends will await anxiously the news of his restoration to health.

THE *Congregationalist* has well answered the questions so often asked as to a minister, "Has he any snap in him?" It thinks a candidate for a pulpit might well ask, "Have the people any snap in them? Have they snap enough to pay the minister's salary promptly? Have they snap enough to go to church for every service required of him, as certainly as to their place of business week-days, storm or sunshine, winds blowing hot or cold?"

A CORRESPONDENT forwards this pertinent conundrum: "Mr. Moody denounces the Boston Christian Union and the Chicago Athenæum as leading young men to ruin, and condemns every Evangelical clergyman for horses, including in both the interest on the outlay and the depre-who says a good word for them. Robert Collyer was one of the founders of the Athenæum, and is a great friend and honored guest of the Union, yet he says, in the Music Hall: 'I stand by Moody every time.' Has he abandoned the old love for the new? Can a man serve two masters?"

AT the special meeting of the Association of Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, held May 31st, it was voted to hold the Annual Meeting as heretofore, at Cambridge, on the day preceeding Commencement, i. e., on Tuesday, June 16, and the officers were instructed to make the necessary arrangements. As the "Visitation" of the school will not be held, the exercises will consist of the Business Meeting and the Annual Address which Rev. Dr. Bellows has consented to give. It is also proposed to have a collation if desired by the Alumni—tickets to cost about one dollar. As it is important to make seasonable arrangements, if you intend to take a ticket, you will please, before June 16th, notify Rev. H. W. Foote, 25 Brimmer Street, Boston.

A SCIENTIFIC report on the substitution of steam for horses as a motive power on the Philadelphia street railways shows that the average cost of providing and running the steam-cars is about \$7 a day, against \$8.53

ciation, but not including the fact that, owing to the increased speed possible, four steamers are equal to five horse-cars. Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities are trying the improved cars of the Baldwin locomotive works, and will evidently effect a revolution in the motive power of the city transportation. The horse-car in all large cities is now a primitive mode of conveyance, and the demand for lower fares unites with other considerations to enforce more economy of force and management.

THE SECOND CHURCH, BOSTON.—When some old church, especially an old church like this Second Church of Boston, shakes off the financial wrinkles and the lethargy of old age and steps out once more with all the buoyancy of youth, and full of religious zeal and social activity, it is a matter not only for local but for general rejoicing. Your correspondent had the pleasure of attending week before last the farewell reception of the society to Mr. Collier previous to the usual Summer exodus, and he must say that a more numerous and finer looking assembly of young men and maidens, and elderly ladies and gentlemen, and all with radiant and smiling faces, it has not been his good fortune to see in many a long day. It seemed like a great mutual, if not admiration, then congratulatory occasion, as indeed it was. For at a meeting of the society just a few days previous the peculiar task in these hard times was performed of raising the sum of \$50,000. Thus the incubus which has rested on the old church for these many years was thrown off forever. So this old church, now full of religious zeal and enthusiasm and old-time social activity, takes its place once more in the front rank of Boston churches. If the Unitarian dove is out looking for some sprig that is living and green, here it is.

FROM CHICAGO.—Last Sunday was Christening Sunday at Unity Church and Rev. Mr. Collyer baptized eleven babies and made eleven homes happy. While Unity Church was joyous the Third Church was sad, for Rev. Mr. Powell said his farewell word to a large and sympathizing audience. His reasons for withdrawing, as reported in the *Chicago Tribune*, were:

First—He desired to take from one to two years at least of rest from pulpit requirements.

Second—He did not wish longer to stand face to face with a church debt and endure the wear which was robbery from the best mental work.

Third—He resigned because he was unable to meet the requirements of a pastor apart from his preparation for the pulpit.

Fourth—He had been unable to complete two volumes on his hands while his strength was absorbed with things less agreeable and less cheerful. It might seem selfish to some, if he intended to lead a life of idleness. But he had never been idle, and never expected or wished to be, not even in an idle Paradise after this life.

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The services consist chiefly of selections from the Psalms and Prophets, with a few prayers and collects from several liturgies already published. It is printed in large type, and adds but one hundred and twenty pages to the hymn-book; and whether for home or church offers choicest readings of Psalm and Prayer.

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One day of the session will be spent at the Lake, where ample and pleasant entertainment will be provided. To the Scientist and lover of Nature, here is a most wonderful region. A day spent here is never to be forgotten.

Friends from the East, or from any other quarter, who contemplate a summer excursion into Wisconsin, are urged to include in the plan of their trip, a visit to this most popular resort at the time of this interesting meeting, and to inform the Secretary beforehand, if convenient.

A full programme of the Exercises will be sent out in due time. Persons wishing information, or copies of the programme, will please address E. E. Woodman, Esq., Baraboo, or either of the undersigned, who constitute the Committee of Arrangements. Newspapers and friends receiving this notice, are requested to extend the invitation. Spread the word, brethren, and let us have a hearty, earnest convocation.

REV. J. L. JONES, Janesville, Wis.

REV. H. M. SIMMONS, Kenosha, Wis.

E. S. WICKLIN, Esq., Black River Falls.

G. P. DELAPLAINE, Esq., Madison, Wis.

REV. J. FISHER, Secretary, Mousie, Wis.

Menrois, Wis., June 8, 1877.

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To be in season for insertion the same week, communications intended for publication must be forwarded in time to reach this office-not later than Tuesday. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. We require the name and address of every writer, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantees of good faith.

Communications relating to the editorial department of the paper should be addressed, "Editor of the Inquirer, 47 Lafayette Place, New York City;" all others to "Publisher," same address.

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank. . . .	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . .	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral. . .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwelling. . . .	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's. . . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . . .	8,890 43
New York Bank Stocks market value. . .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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January, 1877.

Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,244,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	286,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.	6,800 00
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.	8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.	1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

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PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Gross Surplus	1,792,902 92

Gross Assets \$2,792,902 9

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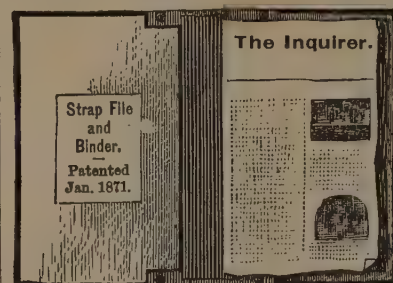
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 29.
WHOLE NO., 1599.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

HOLLAND C. ANTHONY, Henry W. Bellows, Elizabeth Cumings, Edwin S. Elder, Octavius B. Frothingham, Nicholas P. Gilman, L. Pope Gratacap and H. Douglas Stock are among the contributors to this number of **THE INQUIRER**.

A BOARD of overseers will be elected at the coming commencement of Harvard University, and the electors have nominated the following: For the full term of six years, Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., Samuel Eliot Cabot, Stephen Salisbury, Benjamin E. Cotting, Francis G. Peabody, John M. Forbes, William R. Huntington, John D. Long, Samuel Longfellow, and William Amory; for the term of five years, Moorfield Story and Abbott Lawrence.

THERE is no Russo-Turkish war news of importance. The Czar is waiting for the Danube to subside and for his dilatory troops to complete their preparations for leaving their present convenient base of supplies. The Russian commissariat on the Danube is said to be very inefficient. The health of the troops is reported as excellent, only three per cent. being on the sick list. The latest telegrams report the Turks as falling back toward Erzerum and a general advance of the Russians towards Olti, Ishakirbaba, Bakaush and Toprak-Kaleh, towns whose euphonious names are, of course, quite as familiar to our readers as that of Erzerum itself!

MR. POWELL's resignation of the pastorate of the Third Unitarian Society, Chicago, announced in last week's paper, causes general regret among his many Eastern friends. However excellent his reasons for this step, it is always a matter for regret when an earnest, able and acceptable minister leaves a field which has flourished and born abundant

harvests under his cultivation. It takes so long for a man to get thoroughly rooted in a new place, so long to get ready to work to advantage, that to pull up stakes just when things have got well under way and into a condition to yield largely seems to outsiders a great mistake, a serious sacrifice of valuable working capital.

Mr. Powell is a man who leaves his peculiar mark wherever he goes, and whether in the pulpit or out of it he is sure to be heard from in no uncertain way. We shall be glad to have him within easy distance of New York, but we cannot help feeling that he is robbing Chicago and the West of a positive intelligent working force which it can ill afford to lose. Just before vacation is a bad time for "resignation" of all sorts. One is more tempted to resign then than when the brain is less weary, the weather less oppressive and nature less enticing. Congregations, too, we have noticed, are apt to be more resigned to your resignation then than in the Fall. Better reserve it carefully until September. Then you probably won't offer it, and it isn't half so likely to be accepted, if you do!

THE death of Miss Mary Carpenter is announced, and the tidings must be received with feelings of earnest regret by the many who knew the extraordinary worth of her character and the usefulness of her life. She was as wholly devoted to works of mercy as any woman of her time, and may be considered as the founder of the schools, now common in England and this country, for the reform of destitute and neglected children. Her writings on this topic and on prison discipline are valuable authorities. Her labors in India for the education of the women of that country were most valuable, costing her several voyages, in the last decade of her life, to that distant land, and eventuating in much good to the clients of her benevolence.

Miss Carpenter wrote a book of meditations and prayers many years ago, which those familiar with it value very highly. We wish it were reprinted and in wide circulation. Her moral and spiritual enthusiasm were of the highest quality. In self-forgetfulness, humility, persistency, self-reliance, absorption in her work and patient adherence to her purposes, none could exceed her. We feel as if England and the world had lost a priceless person in her death. The daughter of Dr. Lant Carpenter, she belonged to a family that has distinguished itself in so many ways that we can only lament that two of its members have died within a few weeks—Professor P. P. Carpenter, the conchologist and teacher at Montreal, and now his better-known sister Mary Happily Dr. Carpenter, of London, still lives.

EVERY now and then we hear somebody complaining that he is "out of place," that he should never have come where he now is, that he doesn't like his present position, and that he has quite made up his mind to go somewhere else. He is misunderstood, misappreciated, left alone, or annoyed by too much attention. Every thing is out of joint and there seems no remedy at hand.

One can't help sympathizing more or less with a person in this demoralized frame of mind, and the impulse is to "turn him out to grass," send him to the mountains or

across the ocean. This is the sort of medicine we have learned to prescribe for our sick friends now-a-days, and no other remedies are apt to be half so effective or thorough-going in their influence.

But when this restless state of mind gets to be chronic, as it unfortunately too often does, how shall we cope with it then? A little good philosophy, discreetly administered in sugar-coated pellets or gelatine capsules, is a very good remedy,—if you can get your patient to swallow it,—but there's the rub! His crochets are not adjustable to any system, not even to one of his own formulating. The only philosophy he has any appetite for is one which everybody else considers utterly unphilosophical. His reasoning is remarkable chiefly for its unreasonableness, his logic for its illogical character, his system for its want of system! Such an one is fortunately very apt to consider himself a "great original," and on this point happily, but on this only, you can heartily agree with him. *Somebody* is clearly very much in the wrong, and you are as sure as your malecontent that it isn't you! Prescription: *Work* out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

THE commotion created by the publication of a letter recently addressed by Postmaster-General Key to a complaining Southern special agent of the Department is a striking commentary on the state of public opinion as to what is expected of government officials. This special agent seems to have complained that too much, too extended and too arduous service is required of him, and that he cannot find time to "help build up an Administration party in the South." Postmaster-General Key tells him in very direct and unmistakable English that he entirely mistakes the nature of his duties; that he was not appointed to help build up a political party, but, as a member of the depredation branch of the service, "to detect thieves and rascals." The Postmaster draws quite an heroic picture of the duties of his special agents: "Our agents must often be sent where they are unknown, must go, and be ready to go anywhere and everywhere, as the exigencies of the service may demand. They must often leave the highways of travel, and go into the mountains and territories, and along horseback and stage lines, travelling night and day, in rain, sunshine and storm, to detect and arrest offenders. Not unfrequently do our agents not sleep one hour in twenty-four."

Notwithstanding the number of men now out of employment everywhere, we very much doubt whether Mr. Key will in future be overrun by applicants for positions in the "depredation service." His ideas of duty are quite too elevated to meet with wide popular approval among the office-seeking class. Meanwhile most other people thoroughly like the vigorous tone of his letter, and dare to hope that frequent official tonics of this sort will do a great deal towards making the reform of our civil service a reality.

MR. CHAS. NORDHOFF, one of the keenest and least partisan of journalists, writes to the *Herald* very encouragingly of the progress civil service reform is making in the government departments at Washington. He says we all underrate the immense difficulty of the problem, both as regards those officials upon whose real attitude of mind and feeling the progress of the reform necessarily so largely depends, and also as regards the character and force of opposition of former or present place-holders, who cannot help considering the great reduction in the number of persons employed as a form of malicious personal persecution. He frankly admits, what everybody has suspected, that not even the Cabinet is

yet "thoroughly imbued with the true gospel," but he insists that progress is making in this and other quarters and that President Hayes himself is as firm as a rock in his position on this great question.

Among the economies inaugurated the following are noticeable: In the Treasury Department, where on the 4th of March 3,000 persons were employed, 500 persons have been discharged from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing alone, and reductions in other bureaus will soon reduce the whole number of employes to about 2,000. Rentals for outside buildings have been reduced \$51,000, and similar reductions are in progress in all the departments. Mr. Nordhoff insists that purely congressional or political influence has ceased in the departments, and that any good, respectable endorsement is now as valuable as the old kind. The process of getting appointments in the departments now, and the hopelessness, too, are thus described:—

"When a man or woman applies it should be with a short letter from some responsible person, certifying to the applicant's character. If, thereupon, it is found that the quota from the applicant's state is not already full—a very unlikely thing—he is told that whenever a vacancy occurs—another very unlikely event—he shall have permission to go before the examining board to be examined. If he passes a creditable examination—a less likely event than many think—he will then be registered on a preferred list for appointment, to take his turn, as it is probable that others from his state are already on this list before him; and after all this trouble and much waiting he may finally get a \$900 or \$1200 place. I should say that in a hot summer a man or woman would have about as good a chance to be struck by lightning as to get a \$900 clerkship in Washington in these days; but still they come. The difficulty is they don't believe it."

JUDGE HENRY HILTON, Mr. A. T. Stewart's "heir" and successor, has made another very serious blunder, of which he is not likely to hear the last for some time to come. The daily papers have already told all the world how last Thursday Mr. Joseph Seligman, one of our leading and most respected New York bankers, was refused accommodation at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, on the score of his Jewish nationality. He was politely told that Judge Hilton, the proprietor, did not consider it for the interest of the business of his hotel to receive Jewish families and that without any personal discrimination the rule would be rigidly followed. Mr. Seligman, who had patronized this very hotel for several years previously, and is in every sense of the word a gentleman and accustomed to enjoy without restriction all the rights and privileges of American citizenship, was naturally enough incensed at this unusual treatment, and thereupon wrote and gave to the press a civil but caustic letter, in which he tells Judge Hilton some unpleasant truths in a very plain way.

The letter had, perhaps, better have remained unpublished, if not unwritten. On the other hand, it may be just as well that a leading and highly respected Jewish citizen should on public grounds seize the occasion to voice the sentiment not only of his own race, but of the educated portion of all other races in these free United States of America, in rebuking the ignorance and narrowness which seeks to perpetuate vulgar race prejudices. Judge Hilton stands almost alone among hotel proprietors in the position he has so unwisely taken. Mr. Lewis Leland probably voices the sentiment of the more intelligent landlords when he says: "There would be no sense in excluding Jews from any hotel. They differ in character and habits as other races differ, but the better class of them are good customers. They are as clean as others in their personal habits, they are polite and considerate; they spend money liberally, and they pay for

what they have. We entertain many of them at our hotels, and are glad to do so. If a man abuses the privileges of a hotel he should be turned out, Jew or Gentile, but to make any discrimination based upon race is ridiculous. Mr. Seligman is welcome to the Sturtevant House from garret to cellar, if he will pay for it."

THE NEW TEMPERANCE REFORM.

THE movement started for the suppression of dram-shops and the diminution of intemperance as an actual source of crime and pauperism is marked by some practical good sense. The attack is directed against an immediate and tangible evil. There is nothing visionary or abstruse about it. The reformers attempt no infallible or romantic scheme. They have no concern with the drinking customs that, however mischievous and demoralizing these may be morally, are not productive of open violence or immorality. The beer that merely stupefies, the champagne that simply exhilarates, the Bordeaux that does its worst when it ministers to gout, the claret that is but another name for drowsiness, and the Sauterne that pleases the taste of the epicure, are out of their range of consideration. Nay, if one wishes to kill himself quietly with brandy or whiskey, that is no business of theirs. They are after the places which feed pauperism and incite to crime; the gin shops that crowd poor-houses and jails, swell taxation, nurture ruffians and brawlers, provoke husbands to brutality, parents to wrath and companions to quarrel. This is a practical matter, in which the whole community is interested, one part of it scarcely more than another, and on which, it might be supposed, a strong public sentiment could be brought to bear. To our thinking, it is unfortunate that the movement has been originated by a clergyman, and by a clergyman of the strictest persuasion. The leader is widely known as a forcible man, public spirited and personally energetic; but he is also known as a man intensely dogmatic in disposition, a thoroughly "Christian hater" of heresy and infidelity, and a cordial disbeliever in the out-comings of unregenerate human nature. The clergyman is rarely credited with being simply a citizen. However sincere may be his own desire and purpose to sink the minister in the man, the public association with him will embarrass his position. The chief in this new reform sees clearly that it concerns the entire community, and invites the co-operation of infidels and even of atheists, "if they will behave themselves;" but it is not likely that infidels and atheists will accept so ungracious a bidding, and there is danger that in the hands of a small orthodox clique the movement may be deprived of the general character it certainly should have if it is to attain respectable dimensions or secure success.

Another mistake, as already appears, is its reliance on law. The occasion of the reform is a recent decision of the Court of Appeals, that all sales of liquor are illegal, and all licenses to sell are illegal, except in inns. Now, by the definition, an inn is a place of entertainment having as many as three beds. Any place having three beds and claiming to be a place of entertainment can call itself an inn and claim a license to sell liquors. The beds need not be in separate rooms; they need not be in a single "sleeping" room. They may be three cribs, berths or bunks in a common sitting-room or bar-room. Any gin shop may have three beds without going to considerable expense in enlarging its accommodations, and may go on with its traffic as if nothing whatever had happened, in easy and habitual defiance of Dr. Crosby and his colleagues; so that, as the *Evening Post* says: "The new society may do little more than create a

slight activity in the market for bedsteads, bed and bedding."

The *Post* suggests a new test for the guidance of the ex-ciseman, namely, *the amount of disturbance about the place of sale and consumption*. It proposes that no licenses shall be granted to *disorderly* places, "May not the law require of every liquor-seller the same maintenance of order and respectability which custom requires of the inn-keeper, or failing that, require the instant revocation of his license? And cannot such a law be executed?" We do not believe it can, for the reason that the dram-seller may keep his immediate precincts free from disorder, and compel his patrons to do their quarreling and fighting elsewhere. The mischief in that event would be distributed, but it would not be diminished. There would be as much demoralization as ever, as much viciousness and outrage, but it would no longer be localized. And this, instead of being an advantage, might be a disadvantage to the community.

In small villages it may be possible, it *has been* possible, to shut up the dram-shops and effectually close every source whence violence, disorder, or even impropriety from intoxication, proceed. But in cities it is doubtful if, on any pretext, this can be done. If every violator of the public peace or decency, when on the street, in public conveyance, or in public view, were immediately arrested, tried and punished, without respect to person or condition; whether "gentleman" or laborer; and if every place that breeds indecency and uproar were closed on the spot, be it inn, hotel or gin-shop, the evil would be abated. But before any thing even of this kind can be accomplished a public sentiment must be created far more intelligent and far more earnest than prevails at present. At present there is no public sentiment on the subject to speak of. Even gross intoxication excites but a temporary and vanishing disgust in those who see it. The drunkenness that is out of sight, a great, unseen fact in society, coarse and brutalizing, is scarcely thought of, even by good people. Pauperism and crime are facts of which the average citizen knows nothing; and the appeals made to the public-spirited to take measures against them fall upon inattentive ears. The insensibility to the practical mischiefs of dram-drinking and the consequent drunkenness is amazing. There is an impression that the difficulties in the way of effective temperance action are difficulties, not of feeling, but simply of *method*; that all want to do something, but that no one knows how to do it. We have long been persuaded that this is an error. The number who want to do something, who believe there is call to do something, who feel that something should be done, is very small. There was a touching simplicity in the expectation that police officers and police justices would act according to the wishes of a few professional gentlemen, who were not supported by the expressed sentiment of the community. A long and arduous work of education must be undertaken and accomplished before such heavy hands and feet will move.

O. B. F.

THE FUNCTION OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

In the presence of scientific investigations and the wonderful discoveries to which they lead there is a marked tendency to insist upon the sufficiency of knowledge and to undervalue the religious sentiments and emotions and that with which they are associated and that to which they give rise.

And this is not without excuse, for these sentiments have been identified with those that are exclusively self-regarding.

But the sentiments of which I am speaking are not self-regarding; indeed it is by means of them that we forget and outgrow ourselves.

It is evident that a belief in the existence of good, the reality of duty, the certainty of immortality, a perception of our relation to good and our fellowmen is not enough.

We may have a clear conception of the moral law, we may know that one course of action is right and another wrong. This sure knowledge will not determine our conduct.

The issues of life are not wholly determined by the correctness of our opinions.

Truths, facts, ideas, do not contain a motive power. If the perception and contemplation of those truths and ideas do not affect us, do not impress us, they will be inoperative. Our intellectual apprehension of them will avail but little. They are not religious truths to us until their contemplation affects us—until we feel them to be true. Do we not *feel* the truth and beauty of a painting or any work of art or object in nature?

The great truths of religion are comprehended not by one set of faculties, but by means of thought and feeling.

The oldest literature of each religion bears witness to this fact. Many of the most significant and suggestive texts of both the Old and New Testament hint at this.

"The wise in heart will receive commandments," "A man's heart deviseth his way," "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," "Thy law is within my heart," "The pure in heart shall see God."

Now an adequate religion, a complete morality, must contain both elements, knowledge, intellectual perception on the one hand, and impression, sentiment, feeling, affection, on the other.

There are certain eternal verities: God, righteousness, duty, the moral law, the eternal life. It may be asked what do we believe concerning these realities.

If we entertain the correct opinions we are orthodox. But there is another question equally important. How are we affected by them, or our thoughts of them? How do we feel toward them? What is our attitude—what is our conscious relation to them? Is our thought of God associated with reverence and love—is the feeling of moral obligation aroused by the contemplation of duty? Does the word Ought stand for a barren idea that may be philosophically analyzed, or for a constraining affection and purpose within ourselves?

Does the moral law, the divine order, only interest us as a subject of thought, or does it solicit and command our obedience?

After we have looked out upon the universe, studied its phenomena, read its laws, weighed its substance, measured its force, apprehended its origin, comprehended its tendencies, do we find anything to reverence, obey, worship?

As we look into ourselves, our motives, habits, limitations, defects, after we have familiarized ourselves with human excellence, with the possibilities of human life and character, are we content with our views, our opinions, our knowledge, are we satisfied with ourselves, or do we aspire to a purer and nobler life, do we hunger after righteousness?

Upon our answer to these and other questions depend the being and character of our religion.

Now I wish to say very briefly that though we understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not this reverence, this hunger after righteousness, this constraining and inspiring sentiment of loyalty to the Highest, this feeling of the sanctity of the moral law, this aspiration, this upward reaching, this love of God and man; unless we have in short these

moral and religious sentiments, we have nothing that can be called religion.

We are not religious by virtue of our opinions, however correct they may be.

These moral and religious sentiments, these affections of the human soul, constitute the motive power, the directive agency in religious life, the creative energy of what is noblest and most enduring in human character.

I very much doubt if among any considerable number of people morality is possible, for a long time, without the religious sentiment. It is not true that intellectual conviction determines the character of our lives. It is by no accident that the greatest poems, the finest music, the immortal works of art, the paintings, cathedrals, temples, the holiest lives, the world's christs, were all either the product of the religious sentiment or inspired by it.

It is my ever strengthening conviction that nothing less than this sentiment of loyalty to an ideal perfection, this consciousness of the sanctity of the moral law, will raise and hold our lives above the shallows of policy, nothing less than this will make them the embodiment and expression of principle.

It is not difficult to perceive how it is that this divine motive, this desire to become the sons of God, is so efficient a force in our lives. There is a power, a tendency, and, as we believe, a *purpose* that makes for righteousness. We name it the will, the law of God. It holds the generation of human souls in its keeping, it holds our individual lives in its embrace. It is given us to attune our thoughts, words and acts in unison with that will. It is given us to make His will our will.

Now the idea of a divine law that we may obey, a beneficent purpose that concerns our lives, a perfection toward which we may ever move, gives significance to the most ordinary life. This thought and feeling take us out of ourselves and tend to raise our lives out of the dust and darkness of self-regarding expediency. It is here that idea, sentiment and emotion become one in religion.

Is it too much to claim that religion in this high sense is the mother of what is sublime in art, most noble in life, most spiritual in character?

Yet it is believed by many that mankind needs only to be made acquainted with the probable consequences of sin to be withheld from wrong doing and that if the advantages of right living were pointed out, man actuated, if not inspired, by an enlightened self-interest would be sure to do about right. In short it is claimed that knowledge of good and evil will save us from the latter and urge us toward the former.

Admitting that knowledge is a saving power, only a few can have sufficient to insure their safety. Is it possible for the young just entering upon the duties of life, encountering its temptations, to have that kind and degree of knowledge, that realizing sense of the effects of wrong, that appreciation of the fruits of well-doing, which will preserve their innocence and urge them through the straight and narrow way? Can a young man or young woman standing at the parting of the ways, the one leading the soul towards its destruction, the other leading toward its eternal life,—can they realize the immeasurable miseries of the one course or the infinite satisfaction of the other? Woe unto him, if when he is tempted, he has nothing but his knowledge with which to resist. We who are spectators of his choice can see how much depends upon it. But we cannot make our observation and experience and consequent knowledge a determining motive in his conduct. His decision will be determined by the presence or absence of a sentiment, a feeling of moral

obligation, a constraining love of and preference for the right and pure.

In our natural reaction against empty sentimentalism there is danger that the religious sentiments will be undervalued and their education neglected. No one of these sentiments should be ignored in the education of the young. They are needed in the life of each and all. One of the most important functions of the position of that portion of the church that has faith in human nature is to cultivate the religious sentiments, particularly of the young. If they could be made to love honesty, sincerity, faithfulness, if they could be made to feel the sanctity of the moral law and the life-directing force of moral obligation, if they could be made familiar with moral excellence, if reverence could be awakened, if their young souls could be inspired with a love of God, how far above the temptations, the cheapness and emptiness of common life, would their lives be raised!

E. S. ELDER.

WHAT MONEY IS—WHAT MONEY DOES.

WHAT is money? "Why, what an absurd question!" I hear many people exclaim. Not so fast, good friends, there are among the highest authorities on such subjects important differences as to the true answer. Some assert that money is a symbol, others that it is a commodity. The upholders of the former view maintain that any token of value received would do as money, provided its value was fixed, and that governments have the power of fixing such values; those of the latter, that nothing can be used as money unless it has in itself an intrinsic value, derived chiefly from the labor necessary to obtain it.

This question is being fiercely debated at the present moment, and the highest intellects of the day, in my humble opinion, are ranged in favor of the latter theory.

The former is not, however, as complete a fallacy as is often supposed. It would be very true under certain circumstances. Those circumstances do not, however, at present exist.

This seems like saying it might be true, only it isn't. I shall try to explain.

When asked what I think money is, I invariably reply: "Bottled labor." By this I mean that when I do a certain amount of labor for somebody else's benefit, instead of demanding from them a like service in return I accept a symbol, valueless to me (it may only be a bit of engraved paper) were it not that I am sure, when I choose to take the cork out of the bottle—in other words, to pass on my symbol—I will get the proceeds of somebody else's labor in exchange for it.

It is this faith, on my part that gives the bit of paper its value. If I did not think others would prize it as much as I did, I would not give the proceeds of my labor for it.

If I have any doubt about the value of the bit of paper, I join others, who share my doubts, in a rush on the bank.

If the bank pays me in current coin of the realm I am satisfied. Why? Because I know there is only a certain amount of gold or silver to be had in the world, and that those metals, being useful and beautiful in themselves, are commodities in exchange for which I am certain others will give me the proceeds of their labor. Suppose, however, that the element of doubt with regard to the paper money was eliminated. Suppose, in other words, that I was certain that, when I chose to spend it, it would have the same value, in the estimation of mankind, that it had when I earned it, I need never be obliged to recur to the test of seeing whether I was able to change it into gold or silver. In which

case paper money would be real money. As an instance, who cares whether he has in his pocket a five pound bank of England note or five golden sovereigns? On the other hand, I have seen notes, quite as handsome, issued by the Haytian Republic, blowing about the streets of Port-au-Prince, while not even the little gamins thought them worth running after. Even the Bank of England note, however, would be valueless, if it did not promise to pay its value in gold on demand. Why? Because paper notes could be manufactured to any extent, with comparatively slight toil, while more gold cannot be procured from the earth to add to the present stock, without heavy expenditure of labor; therefore the public would always fear a possible depreciation in the value of the paper money.

If, however, all the nations of the earth were under one government, and they could rely on that government to see that all the symbols of value received, stamped by it, never exceeded a certain amount, then it would matter nothing whether those symbols were paper or gold.

With regard to the facilities for bottling labor thus afforded by money I wish to say a few words.

Its enormous and palpable benefits to the human race have I think, too much thrown into the background some of its evil effects. I am not, of course, about to enter on the well-worn theme of the evil passions aroused by the lust for gold, the system of substituting money for barter is not answerable for them, I desire only to touch lightly on some defects inherent in that system.

For instance: See how it deteriorates the beauty and comeliness of the race by its interference with natural selection! Look at the number of hideous and unhealthy women who obtain spouses and propagate their defects, because their fathers had bottled up a quantity of labor and left them the bottles to open, or at the puny, undeveloped men, who obtain wives for a like reason.

If this facility for bottling labor did not exist—mind you I should be puzzled to suggest an efficient substitute for it—and all started alike in the struggle for existence, the pretty, well-grown girls would naturally monopolize the husbands, and ugliness and disease would rapidly die out.

See too how many drones it produces in the hive, drones too who devour more honey each than a regiment of them could produce.

If every one was obliged to labor, say for a couple of hours a day, at producing, or helping to produce, articles of food or clothing, the whole world might be dressed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day.

See again how the power to bottle labor enables the successful man to become still better off at the expense of his less fortunate neighbors! "If you don't sell me your labor at the small valuation I choose to put on it," says Dives, "I'll keep my bottles corked until starvation compels you to accede to my demands." If his riches consisted of perishable goods he'd have to trade off at far evener terms.

Then, but for this power, avarice, that most repulsive one of all, would be struck from the catalogue of human vices. A man might amass flocks and herds and houses and lands, aye, and be very mean and grasping about them too, for human nature needs only opportunities to develop either its failings or its virtues; but, were it not for this convenient bottling, the spectacle of the miser gloating over his hidden treasure would never more be seen upon the earth.

As I have said, however, we have no substitute handy, and we must take the evil with the good.

It is well, nevertheless, at times, to call to mind some of the things that money does, and to remember that facility of

exchange is, like most human institutions, by no means an unmixed blessing.

N. O. E.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON GENESIS. By the late F. W. Robertson. New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

This volume will not increase the reputation of the great preacher of Brighton. The notes are almost entirely of a hortatory kind. The thirty lectures which make up the book are fragmentary, and the impression left is one of regret that Mr. Robertson's son has not suffered them to remain unprinted. More than twenty-four years have elapsed since their delivery. Robertson was too much of a student, too progressive a thinker, to write of Genesis now, were he alive, as he wrote then. There is scarcely an attempt made to enlighten the hearer or reader upon the real nature of the book as a literary work. The few remarks which can be called critical are of little value save as landmarks of exploded theories. One will suffice for an example. Moses is supposed to have been the compiler of Genesis from pre-existing documents. Larger critical knowledge takes away the foundation for much of the homiletic portion of the book. Robertson had a high power of reading into the Bible what is not there. In these days when it has become doubly important to know exactly what the Bible really is, such a gift is of doubtful value. Robertson's method, however fruitful when applied to the Epistle to the Corinthians, is misleading when it is concerned with a narrative book like Genesis. His moralizing is too incessant; his deduction of general principles from individual cases and slight details is too confident. The color of antique, national life is wanting. The deep suggestive thoughts which he could not fail to throw out whatever might be his subject are here but few, and the tone, often morbid, is a melancholy reminder of the close of his too brief career.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY AND OTHER PAPERS. By Josie Oppenheim. New York : Chas. P. Somerby. 1877.

Miss Oppenheim's spirit in this little book is good, but it is a very slight performance and eminently the work of crudity and immaturity. The bigotry of the most narrow sect of Christianity may naturally account for such honest and ingenuous denials of Immortality as this, but it can never make sceptical dogmatism upon the matter becoming. Intolerant assertion and intolerant denial of our personal continuance hereafter are both out of place. The argument for annihilation from the pleasantness to many of the thought is no more valid than the argument for immortality from the same ground. If Miss Oppenheim will scrutinize her expression, she may come to see the contradiction of meaning which lurks in the "eternal sleep" put forward as the alternative of personal immortality.

THE ANONYMOUS HYPOTHESIS OF CREATION. A Brief Review of the So-called Mosaic Account. By James J. Furness. New York : Chas. P. Somerby. 1877.

These fifty pages contain the obvious objection to the literal truth of the first two chapters of Genesis which modern science furnishes; and they make plain the divergence of the two accounts recognized by modern Biblical criticism. For this reason the book may be a convenience to some; but Mr. Furness' tone of pugnacity against the antiquated theory of inspiration as infallibility prevents his bringing out the real worth and power of the Hebrew conception of our earth's beginning.

N. P. G.

BRIEF NOTICES.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1877.

Proctor is a man of whom a personal memorial seems eminently appropriate, for he is one whom we like personally. It is what he was, not what he did, that attracts and gives a household feeling toward him, such as we have to Charles Lamb. Such people live an enduring life in literature which nothing they have written can explain. As Dr. Fell was disliked without assignable reason, so we should be puzzled to assign sufficient cause for our interest in them.

Not only is a memorial fitting—this is a fitting memorial. It has one fault, the editor shows at times a want of confidence in his subject and a slight tendency to produce testimonials to its importance, as in the letters from literary friends, most of which seem

to have no right to their place, and which the reader would gladly exchange for some of Proctor's own, of which we have singularly few.

With this exception the book is what we want, giving the autobiography—with its delightful old French teacher, his successor of whom he saw little, for he had scarcely begun to be fully detested when he left!—(delicious unanimity and singleness of school sentiment!)—and his first falling in love, of which "he is ashamed to say how temporary it was. But what can we do at eighteen? I would have suffered longer if I could." This is supplemented by a pleasant sketch of his life, fitly closed by Swinburne's magnificent embroidery of words, and followed by "Recollections of Men of Letters," showing sometimes a glimpse refreshingly unlike their company face. Byron is "a rough, curly-headed boy, and apparently nothing more, with loose corduroy trousers plentifully relieved by ink and with finger-nails bitten to the quick;" and Keats "a man, resolute, manly and simple; always ready to hear and to reply, to discuss, to reason, to admit, and to join in serious talk or common gossip."

At intervals in all Proctor's prose and poetry one is reminded, now of one, then another, of his friends, or of older authors; sometimes it is Coleridge or Lamb, sometimes Sir Thomas Browne; a likeness which is no more like copying than the vanishing scent of violets is like the deliberate imitation in cloth and wire. It was the natural result of the same quality of mind that made him the personal friend of so many; he was hospitable to others' thoughts and feelings—lived with them and did not oblige them to live with him. This peculiarity gives a shade of sadness to the latter part of his life; he had lived with and for the friends who had left him, not for ideas which endured, and age takes away nothing so surely as the capacity for making and adapting oneself to new friends. But in compensation this genius for friendship has outlasted his mortal life and made him the household friend of all:

"As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
Shall wax with the years that wane, and the seasons chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time."

THE JERICHO ROAD; a Story of Western Life. By John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," etc. Chicago : Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

Mr. Habberton's literary success has been so sudden and brilliant that one naturally takes up his second and third book with considerable fear lest the promise of the first should not be fulfilled in them. This fear is easily removed by the reading of the books. "The Barton Experiment" was thoroughly good work thoroughly well done, and "The Jericho Road" is no less. The name itself is an inspiration and the hero very literally falls among thieves of all sorts. As to the story, it is enough to say that "Lem" is a poverty-stricken, ague-shaken, half-witted lad, cast ashore in the West as the West was twenty-five years ago, and the story is the story of his haps and mishaps during the brief period which elapses until he sinks into a very welcome grave. A sad enough story it is, but alas! with too much verisimilitude. The general sympathy, accompanied by an entire want of practical assistance, which marks the disposition of his townsmen toward him on more than one occasion is unfortunately true enough to ordinary experience. As in the "Barton Experiment" the book is directed to enforce the principle that "all talk and no cider" is a poor sort of humanity, and it is enforced very effectively. It may be said that the rogues are too uniformly good-hearted, but it is safe to judge that good heartedness more generally accompanies roguery than hypocrisy, and Mr. Habberton cannot be classed as wholly an adherent of the Bret Harte school, more especially as his work is always full of an earnest purpose. The general civic reform consequent upon Lem's death may fairly be considered as excessive though not impossible.

In these short stories Mr. Habberton has shown that he has a firm hold upon a thought, and that he has also the ability to make others feel it. The position which he has chosen is a strong one, but one which exposes him to great risks. We trust that he will prove equal to sustaining himself in it and not slip over on either side.

SYRIAN SUNSHINE. By T. G. Appleton. Boston : Roberts Bros. 1877.

Mr. Appleton has given us a very pleasant book of Eastern travel, in which he has wisely omitted accurate topographical descriptions in many cases to give instead the impressions produced upon his own mind and those of his companions. His narrative thus has a living interest, the interest which one would expect to find in

the impressions of a man of extensive reading and large acquaintance with men and things. We were unfortunate in happening first on his weakest passages, his glorification of spiritism, and his controversial defence of his own way of receiving the scripture records. Mr. Appleton protests overmuch. It is a pity that he thought it necessary to be so explicit, yet nevertheless explicit in such a way as, we confess, to leave us in utter confusion as to the exact meaning he desires to convey except in the one particular of spiritism, in which his faith is evidently unqualified. Had he been content simply to tell us throughout what he saw and how he felt, as he has done in so many places, the impression left upon the mind would be one of almost unalloyed pleasure. And we hope most readers, instead of beginning in the middle as we did, will become so thoroughly infected with the lighter tone before reaching the passages we have noted as to escape any undue influence from them. The title is a happy one, and the little volume is very handsome in its dark green cover.

THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST, OR EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBORS. By the author of *Helen's Babies*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The three excellent books on such different topics, but of almost equal ability, which Mr. John Habberton has given the public entitle him to recognition by name, although he has endeavored unsuccessfully to conceal his identity. The Scripture Club will do as much good as the Barton Experiment, and prove to people the truth of Mr. Habberton's special idea that, sentimental thought on any subject, whether it be temperance or religion, is of little value unless followed by such practical action as will demonstrate the usefulness and soundness of the thinking. He also shows that mere discussion is futile and rarely convinces anybody, especially in religious argument, where each side comes to the fight with preconceived notions and is quite unable to get out of the special rut which obscures his vision. The Scripture club, composed of men orthodox by name, but ranging in their real ideas from the ultra-radical to the ultra-conservative, differ on every subject, especially on the fundamental topic of Works and Faith. The gentle and good-natured satire with which Mr. Habberton describes the various stripes of belief is admirable, and the halting speeches, embarrassing pauses and deadly slowness peculiar to such meetings is given with inimitable humor. We hope Mr. Habberton will continue his good work of furnishing practical ideas on subjects of such interest in the present day.

Messrs. JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. have published as companion volumes to the little book on the Eastern Question, which we recently noticed, and in the same style, a brief "History of Russia" and a brief "History of Turkey," each provided with maps. They are well suited to the needs of those whose time for reading on questions connected with the existing war is, as is the case with most of us, very limited.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July. A capital article upon "Bow Shooting," profusely illustrated, begins the July number of this popular magazine. The other illustrated articles are "Richmond since the War," "The Last Indian Council on the Genesee," and "The Depths of the Sea." Another installment of "Nicholas Min-turn" is given, and Ivan Tourguéneff, the popular young Russian novelist, has an interesting story called "The Nobleman of the Steppe." Of the poems, "Life," "Irrevocable," and "Measures," will be found most worthy of note. There are the usual departments of "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet," "Culture and Progress," "The World's Work," "Home and Society," and "Bric-a-Brac." The remainder of the contents are of the usual excellent order, and the number will be found especially good.

ST. NICHOLAS for July. The children will welcome this magazine, and it will not disappoint them. The pictures are numerous and as handsome as ever, making the number a most attractive one. The articles upon "Gunpowder" and "Swimming" will be of great interest to the boys, and "Going a Gypsying," "The Giant Planet Jupiter," and "Wild Mice and their Ways," will please all. "Nellie in the Light House," "How the Peterkin's Celebrated Fourth of July," "His Own Master," chapters XXVII to XXX, "Dumb Orator," "The Stars in July," and "George the Third," are but a few of the many good things for big and little. The already good reputation of this juvenile is fully sustained by this number.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June is an excellent number and contains among other things the following interesting papers: "China, England and Opium," by the Hon. M. Justice Fry," which

puts this much mooted question in a strong light and one not altogether complimentary to the English; "The Ethics of Belief," by Rev. Professor Ware, a reply to an article by Prof. Clifford in the January number; "Pedigrees and Pedigree Makers," a most interesting and readable paper, with extracts from Sir Bernard Burke and others; "Mohammedan Law: Its Growth and Character—Part II., The Traditions," by R. D. Osborn; "Beer and the Temperance Problem," by Dr. Charles Graham, which lays the blame of intemperance in England upon compulsory drinking, the forcing of the working men into beer shops for the sociability which they require and can not get at home, and recommending the formation of temperance club rooms for the middle classes, in order to obviate the evil; "The Contest of Church and State in Italy;" "Christianity and Religion;" "The French Revolution and Literature;" "Erastianism versus Ecclesiasticism," and Essays and Notices.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June contains a large number of articles suitable for its peculiar class of readers, among which may be mentioned "The Papal Jubilee," "Pope Pius IX.," "Divorce and Divorce Laws;" "The Present State of Judaism in America," "Prose and Poetry of Ancient Music," "Shakspeare from an American Point of View," and the usual collection of poems, stories and reviews.

THE JUNE NUMBER OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, published by Trübner & Co., London, and edited by Rev. John Page Hopps, is at hand and contains the following: "The Kingdom of God in the Spirit of Man," a sermon by Rev. J. P. Hopps; "The Development of the Doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ," third and last lecture of the series by Henry Shaen Solly, M. A.; "The Alleged Prophecies Concerning Christ in the Old Testament," fourth lecture of a series of six by Rev. Mr. Hopps; "What Is It?" Brief Book Notices and Notes by the Way.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Macmillan & Co.

THE OTTOMAN POWER IN EUROPE: ITS NATURE, ITS GROWTH, AND ITS DECLINE. By EDWARD A. FRECHAM, D.C. L., LL.D. \$2.

MILTON'S PORTFOLIO WORKS. With Introductions by David Mason, M. A., LL. D. \$1.50.

SCIENCE LECTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. THE STEAM ENGINE. By T. J. BRAMHALL, Esq., M. Inst., C. E., F.R.S. With illustrations. Paper covers, 25c.

From M. L. Holbrook & Co.

FRUIT AND BREAD: A SCIENTIFIC DIET. By GUSTAV SCHLIECKESEN. Translated from the German by M. L. Holbrook, M.D. Illustrated.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

SERBIA AND ROMANIA. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. 50c.

FOUR VOLUMES OF THE "VEST-POCKET SERIES":

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. Thomas Carlyle.

FAVORITE POEMS. Alfred Tennyson.

" " Thomas Hood.

TALES OF THE WHITE HILLS. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 30 cts. each.

From the American Unitarian Association.

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK FOR THE CHURCH AND THE HOME: AND SERVICES FOR CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP. Revised Edition. Also the same without the services. Price \$1.50 and \$1.25. Ten per cent. off to Societies.

From Henry S. King & Co., London.

SOME ARTICLES ON THE DEPRECIATION OF SILVER, AND ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH IT. By the late Walter Bagehot.

MAGAZINES, &c.

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE. A Hebrew Reply to the Missionaries. By Rev. Dr. Fred- ick de Sola Mendes. Printed at the office of the *Independent Hebrew*, 1413 Broadway.

THE TRUTH SEEKER. June. Published by Trübner & Co., London.

LA RELIGION LAIQUE. June.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. With a Map. No. 4, of the *Christian Union* Extras. Price 15 cts. each.

THE NURSERY. July.

MISS NEILSON'S JULIET.

If, as a recent writer in the *Nation* informs us, the office of a critic is "to supply people with reasons for liking or disliking;" that "he justifies your pleasure or disgust and shows that in feeling it you obeyed the best canons of taste and the deductions of the widest theatrical experience," the public run the greatest danger of being left entirely to themselves. Flattering themselves that certain qualities in acting, essential to its enjoyment by themselves, constitute the criterion of excellence, they may insist that their approval shall be re-echoed by a tribunal rationally created for the rebuke of misinformed judgments and the support of culture. Certainly it would be lamentable that a dispassionate analysis of a work of art, which discriminately separates its good and evil qualities and attacks any preconceived opin-

ions by conciliatory argument only, should not receive attention and should not rectify, in a measure, the mistakes of feeling and taste which a too thoughtless public make, and whose correction materially assists in popular education.

Miss Neilson's Juliet has received very general if not unanimous praise, praise of a very unmistakeable and extreme kind, and such sanction appeared to us more consonant with a desire to humor the complacency of a crowded auditorium than with that of upholding the very purest standards known to the Shakspearian drama. We have the more wondered when we find in Miss Neilson's performance enough to admire to satisfy the wishes of an actress or soothe the ruffled temper of an audience which had compromised itself by unrestricted approbation. Surely before the attempted impersonation of one of the loveliest, most melodious and exquisite of Shakspeare's divine imaginings, before that exotic richness and coloring, given by such a hand to the luxuriant passion of Juliet, before the delicate pathos and effulgence of her opening womanhood, in short, before a picture of life mingling at its highest tide with the dark currents of death, eternity and despair, any one must have read the page in vain and his heart dully responded to its poetry whose exactions upon an actress are not heightened unusually, and to whose expectations only perfection appears a commensurate response. The interpretation of such a character, as with all characters of an equal purity, simplicity and guilelessness, demands almost an identification in person and temperament of the actress with her part. Merely an enforced assumption of its features has little value, the results are apt to be perfunctory of course. Juliet, suddenly awakened from the calm and holier repose of girlhood, amid the placid and benign sweetness of her stately seclusion and culture, has the doors of her retirement thrown wide open, and she steps upon the scene of her deathless joy and woe at once enveloped in the discord of the unquiet world without, yet unapproachably enshrined within the intensity of her boundless love. Her tenderness, her rapid fancy, her charming petulance, her imperious impatience, her delicate artifice, her short-lived and quivering anger, are all glimpses of her inmost nature, caught between the fluctuating fortune of that engrossing devotion whose ecstasy of rapture forms the bright nucleus which illumines the tragic tenor of events around her. Her capacity for emotion, unsuspected in her tranquil life, amidst opulence and gentle duties, is discovered in a brief revelation to be the most essential portion of her nature, indeed its *raison d'être*, and she becomes through this transcendent impulse the most genuine and unique of women. It is a wonderful transition, yet not discordant or violent. We can imagine in Juliet as she first appears, so exquisitely simple, soft, low in voice and lovely in person, the veins of emotion which lie slumbering in her Italian nature. Her simplicity, her delicacy of manner, the high and lofty habit of her thought are still continued throughout the ecstasy of her love, and gain a maturer beauty in the deepening colors of the drama. This subtle interpenetration of herself, untouched as yet by the finger of "wind-swift cupid," with her self developing under the rude and tragic shocks of terror and dismay, her graceful girlhood passing into her womanhood, earnest and resolute, and the portraiture of bewitching grace and naturalness, traced in her inconstant vacillations and timidity, is a dramatic task demanding, we are willing to believe, some of the rarest faculties ever vouchsafed to the histrionic mind. And we feel assured that Miss Neilson falls far short of any ideal representation of this character, that what she does do is rather an elaborated and complex mechanism designed to take the place of Juliet on

the stage, repeating her speeches, simulating her motions, very elegant and striking in graceful outlines, remarkable in its technical brilliancy, but strangely unfortunate when we miss, "the touch of nature" which shall infuse its details with the warm blooded and thrilling magnetism of youth's manifold and intense vitality.

Miss Neilson lacked simplicity—her inexorable condemnation—and this appeared fatally evident at every stage of the play's development. She was not simple, partly by reason of desiring to embroider her part with ceaseless variety of form, which she certainly did accomplish; partly because she lacked imaginative power to depict the engrossing sway love exerted in Juliet's soul. She substituted for the wondrous and indefinite richness and humanity of Juliet's nature a highly ornate, energetic and sometimes vivid configuration, full of qualities of extraordinary value in acting, but not its end, and best seen when subservient to the creation of a complete character. Her role was a marvellous tissue of unique and changing attitudes, very beautiful to look at, her reading the very best that an excessive discipline could make it, but these were seldom controlled by a keen divination of their legitimate use. She was agile and restless where Juliet was reposed and gentle, vivacious and coquettish where Juliet was ardent and inspired.

Miss Neilson strove dexterously to excite wonder and admiration by the wonder and magnificence and number of her phrases. She was too ambitious to be natural. We are perfectly conscious that Miss Neilson is a finished and extremely talented and musical actress and probably the best Juliet in her consistent gracefulness and positive power our public have ever seen, but we also think that justice to Shakspeare commands the detection, if we are right, of such mistakes of feeling as Miss Neilson makes.

For instance, Juliet's first appearance in the scene with Lady Capulet and the nurse, so wonderfully true in its suggestions of the "serene, graceful girl," was distorted, we take it, by Miss Neilson's lack of repose and an excessive action which misled the hearer and sadly failed to indicate the sweet deference and gentle reticence of the girl whose speeches in her awakened energies are the acme of poetic prodigality. In the ball scene we did not suddenly realize the birth of that bounteous passion which changed herself and life, though an excellent piece of artistic action was clearly meant for its announcement. In the balcony scene Miss Neilson was pre-eminently pretty, but our eyes were more assiduously engaged in recording the fanciful and attractive changes which the actress so skillfully performed with her wraps than our mind fed with the irrepressible outpouring of Juliet's loving heart. In the third act, scene fifth, when the unwelcome morning breaks upon the entranced lovers, Miss Neilson entered upon scenes more accordant with her treatment, and from this onwards her want of sympathy with the intrinsic beauties and nuances of Juliet's character became less conspicuous, lost amid the wilder and melancholy outbursts of the poem's completion. We do not wish to dilate on our objections to Miss Neilson so much as to express our dissatisfaction with acting at any time, and more especially when it meets with lavish encomiums, in which graceful movement, unembarrassed and easy attitudes, a merely faultless reading and a superbly arranged and highly fluent mechanism, are made to take the place of "the motive and the cue for passion." In Miss Neilson, who possesses great advantages of person and voice united with a highly ornamented and various mechanism, which permit her to capture a public too generous to mere personal features and accomplishments, we se-

lect a striking instance (we refer to her Juliet only) of how readily this fallacy is accepted.

Miss Neilson's Juliet is practically false. Positively remarkable and of unexampled beauty in places, so far as vocal ingenuity and physical perfection can make it, it more positively misleads, we would say vitiates, true feeling for this immortal creation of Shakspeare, than if less conspicuously exhibited. Doubtless these strictures in contrast with the indiscriminate praise lavished upon Miss Neilson's Juliet may appear extravagant, but we only recommend to whomsoever they so seem a patient and respectful study of Juliet herself in the pages of the play.

Acting is not the apt and harmonious union of voice and action, its vitality springs from deeper sources, and when the heart is urgent in its appeals upon the body then a great actor begets an atmosphere around him and his temperament infuses us with sympathetic earnestness; he becomes a personality, so consciously before us, that we forget his fictitious role, enthralled by the evolutions of his mind subtly imaged in the poet's words.

THE SALON.

THIRD NOTICE.

THERE remain but few of the American contributors to the Salon of whom we have to speak. One of the most strongly represented of these is Mr. Chester Loomis who sends a figure piece entitled "Une bonne pipe." This painting is well hung and deservedly so, for it is full of strength and energy. It shows us a man in Dutch costume seated sidewise in a chair, whose high back is turned toward us. The face under the very broad-brimmed hat is looking from the canvas. The flesh tones are excellent and the modelling of the hands and face equally good. One, however, does not find the expression of thorough enjoyment the title leads him to expect. The pipe may be good, but the man's face does not tell us so. It is more that of the professional model who could take poses better than he could express feeling. M. Bonnat succeeds more than any of the other masters here in giving to his American students a deal of his own style of painting, and this picture like so many others by his pupils, shows the strong influence of the master. Mr. J. F. Cole sends a Norman landscape, which is not characteristic of Normandy. It is seriously studied, but not very successful. The careful searching of the artist has rendered his work somewhat hard, made his trees somewhat tinny, and his sky granitic. One wishes he had painted it more freely and less carefully. Miss E. J. Gardner exhibits a very poetical rendering of the story of Ruth and Naomi. Naomi has just besought Ruth and Orpah to leave her. Orpah has done so and is seen in the background returning to the home of her mother, while Ruth clings to Naomi and utters her sublime protest. Miss Gardner has certainly thrown a deal of the feeling of the story into her picture. It is strongly and vigorously painted too, but is not excellent in color. The artist is a pupil of Bougereau and has set her palette in the same cold way as her master. The figures are well drawn, and with the exception of Ruth's face, well-modelled. The landscape is well subordinated to the figures. Miss Gardner is thoroughly under the influence of her master, and we expect that when she can put more of her own individuality on the canvas the result will be even better. The Brittany landscape of Mr. H. Bolton Jones is so badly hung that one can hardly judge of it. It strikes us as a very careful study, quite in the artist's own manner, of an extremely uninteresting bit of forest road. It is decidedly monotonous, having no one principal point—all over alike. Mr. Jones has often chosen much more interesting subjects, and certainly nature has still many to offer him. Miss Alcott gives us a charming study of still life, as interesting as such studies ever can be. It is excellent in color and in handling, strong and free. Mr. Charles Volkmar in his "Environs de Montigny," has evidently striven to reproduce the sketchy effects of his master Harpignies, and has been unsuccessful. His trees are hard and do not detach themselves from the sky. There is but little of Harpignies' grand effects of distance. Mr. Volkmar can do much better than this, and will arrive at his best results by putting more of himself in his pictures. Mr. Henry Leland sends

two figure pieces, which though high are still in good light. They are carefully studied, well drawn and seem strongly painted. One represents a "Cavalier," seated upon a table examining a sword he has been cleaning; the other, an "Italienne," is the more attractive. The little tambourine player is seated in a forest and the foliage behind serves as an excellent background. Mr. Leland realizes the force of some one object to which all others shall be subordinate. The figure of the girl stands out capitally. The picture was evidently studied, if not painted, in the open air. The still-life by Miss Marguerite Masseras is also hung too high for careful study. The texture of the cloth on which the Cremona is laid is well rendered and the sheet of well thumbred music is excellently painted. Mr. Myron Ward has two portraits. Both are good in color and modelling, but the head of the gentleman does not separate itself well from the rather muddy background.

In looking over the work of the Americans at the Salon, one is impressed with the fact that the strongest, freshest work is being done by the young men. What they will do when they get entirely away from the influence of their masters is an interesting problem.

On the whole, the work exhibited by the American students in Paris, though not standing out from the remainder of the Salon in a halo of glory, is still very satisfactory and would suffer little by a comparison with the very best work done by artists at home. The future of American art will be linked closely with the future of these students. Let us hope that the new life they are to infuse into it will be sufficient to raise it above its present low position and make it strong as it never yet has been really strong. The public is demanding a better style of painting, and these students will find an easier field to till than they would have had five years ago.

H. C. A.

PARIS, May 25, 1877.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE DANDELION BOY.

"Come here, my dandelion boy,
With cheeks so fresh and looks so hale;
I doubt me not but many a toy
You'll buy with proceeds of your pail.
The kitchen door is yonder, that
From which the playful kitten ran.
—Down, Carlo!—Give his head a pat,
My little dandelion man;

"For surely you are much too brave,
Thus early struggling for a place
Among the workers, stern and grave,
Engaged in life's determined race,
For me to call you boy." "Oh, please
Don't turn them out into the pan.
But so, in handfuls, just like these,"
Said the little dandelion man.

"What! what! is that the way you do?
Look at the bottom of the pail!"
Quoth I: "I should not think that you
Would try to cheat me." Flushed and pale
By turns his bright face quick became,
And down his cheeks the hot tears ran:
"I wasn't playing any game,"
He said—the dandelion man.

"I know I left in here a few;
But see! my basket in the street I
I'll give you half of them if you
Won't think that I was trying to cheat."
"But why not give me these?" quoth I,
And quick his troubled face did scan,
"And leave those for the next to buy,
My little dandelion man?"

An instant he did stand in doubt,
And then took from his pail the few
He there had left. When all were out,
My eyes sought there to find a clow
For his strange action. First, some sticks
He lifted up, and then his plan
Unfolded, growing quite prolix,
The little dandelion man.

"I made a little pen, you see,
And put these dandelions in,

And violets—I found just three—
And butter-cups for sissy's chin;
And covered them with sticks—with these—
To keep 'em fresh for Mary Ann.
I'll tell you 'bout her, if you please,"
Said the little dandelion man.

"She's awful sick, and talks of flowers
So much I thought I'd get her some;
There ain't none in such streets as ours.
I thought I'd best keep kinder mum
'Bout having them, as some folks might
Have laughed at me for such a plan,
And called me girl-boy." . . . Ah! quite right,
My little dandelion man.

The world is wont to laugh at those
Who seek outside the realms of trade
For joys to palliate earth's woes.

A wise man he whose pride has made
A pen of sticks, however rude,
To guard from eyes that coldly scan
Scul flowers from its mead and wood,
As did my dandelion man.

—EARLE MARBLE in *Youth's Companion*.

THE WHEAT FIELD.

THE days were warm and long for it was summer, but Gustav Venner could not find time enough to attend to his duties. Not that his duties were difficult or many; he had only to feed the red cow and the black-faced cow, and read and spell to the school-master in the morning, and bring the sheep from the pasture at night; but he spent many hours on the bridge that spanned the brook, which came rushing and leaping from the heights of the snow-capped Bock-Koegl, in company with wicked Hans Staulbaum; and when one has so much loitering and lounging to do, a little work seems burdensome.

One Saturday, he was sent into the field to bind the barley in stooks for old Fritz. He went slowly enough dragging his feet after him, and set about his work with a face as dark and gloomy as the Kitzkamp when a storm is brewing.

"What ails you, Gustav?" said old Fritz, kindly. "Your face is puckered up like a frosted apple, and you go about in the barley like a mad bee in a bottle."

"Enough ails me," replied Gustav, sullenly. "Lads of my age ought to have a good time, instead of being tied up to hard labor. Hans Staulbaum says youth is the time for pleasure, and so say I."

"So!" said old Fritz. "So! may be. But there are a world of ways to find that same pleasure, and it is curious how many ways lead through duty. Hans Staulbaum is a keen lad. His grandfather was as near a saint as one gets to be on earth; and his father was a good man; but one is not to be judged entirely by the virtues of one's ancestors, as my aunt Elspet used to say. How long have you known him?"

"Two years come Trinity Sunday; but I have seen him oftenest lately," said Gustav, blushing; "and," now he spoke more boldly, "I have never seen anything wrong about him, spite of what people are pleased to say."

"And no doubt you are a good judge, my little Gustav," said old Fritz so gravely and slowly, Gustav could not believe he spoke ironically. "You rejoice me. I am glad to think well of the lad. Did I ever tell you a story about a wheat field? My aunt Elspet told it to me when I was a yonker like you."

"Oh, no!" cried Gustav, looking pleased, for he dearly loved to hear a story. "Do tell it!"

"In one of the valleys of the Alps was a wheat field," began old Fritz. "It looked like a beautiful, green lake, shut

in by purple mountains, especially when the wind swept over it and bent its glossy leaves into billows and ripples. And the rain and sunshine promised that by harvest-tide it should be honey-colored like the precious amber, and would yield many bushels of wheat to the milling stones.

"But soon, out of the ground came a troop of slender, thread-like plants, that clung about the green wheat glumes, and cried: 'How strong and beautiful you are; let us twine about you, and deck you with our flowers.'

"The wheat was flattered, and soon every stalk bore a tiny spiral of reddish gold.

"The days went by, and brought the harvest. But what do you think the reaper found—plumed heads of grain, bending because of their rich burden toward the earth? Oh, no! only row after row of withered stalks, round which clung coils of yellow stems, from root to topmost branch, decked here and there with tufts of greenish blossoms. What had once promised to be a field of plenty seemed turned into the home of countless, deadly serpents."

"It was the dodder, was it not?" said Gustav. "The dodder we fight in the flax fields?"

"Yes, my Gustav," said old Fritz. "It was the dodder. I'm an old man as you know, and have seen my share of men and living, and it seems to me that evil companions, and evil habits, and evil thoughts, are very like that creeping, crawling plant. They look fair at first and speak smooth words, but bye and bye they bind their prey so close in their embrace that all the good in him must die, and only the hideous remains."

"I know what you mean," cried Gustav, throwing himself weeping into the old man's arms, "you hoped to preserve me from evil, and you have succeeded."

"The Lord keep you in the shadow of his wings!" said old Fritz, softly.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

THE USE OF TEARS.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid
Repine not at the rising sigh,
Who, if he might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfill.

Love's perfect triumph never crowned
The hope unchecked by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound
And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each sweet emotion flow;
They wait on pity's gentle claim,
Upon ambition's fervid glow,
On piety's seraphic flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

—LORD MORPETH.

SINCE the generality of persons act from impulse more than principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.—HARE.

I THINK it must somewhere be written that the virtues of moth-

ers shall occasionally be visited upon their children as well as the sins of fathers.—DICKENS.

HE who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he has to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—LAVATER.

THE prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest; the first are all blindly adopted, the second willfully preferred.—BANROFT.

● This is the life to come
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

INTELLECTUAL gifts are like gifts of strength or wealth or rank or worldly power—splendid instruments if nobly used, but requiring qualities to use them nobler and better than themselves.—FROUDE.

THE best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but often those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought.—CHANNING.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion or gratification of some appetite.—STEELE.

EVERY man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Universalist*.

GRACE is a quality different from beauty, though nearly allied to it, which is never observed without affecting us with emotions of peculiar delight, and which it is, perhaps, the first object of the arts of sculpture and painting to study and present.—ALLISON.

● It is a great mistake to suppose that God has nothing in this world for His children to approach except an altar. Has God no service for you to render except worship? Is He infinite only in self-love? History, in the midst of which God's will appears, tells us that the same Deity who has built an altar has made also a world, and that the highest form of manhood will never be the monk or infidel, but the soul which sees at once the altar of God and the universe of God.—DAVID SWING.

THE HARBINGERS.

"DEEP in the sunny copses, thick in the sheltered lanes,
Gallantly decking the wind-swept turf out on the breezy plain,
Gemming the quiet hedge-rows, clustering by the stream,
Blossoming on the great hill-sides where the golden gorses gleam,
Blue and rosy, purple and white, 'mid the grasses glistening,
They show, 'neath April shadow and shine, the harbingers of Spring.

"Stern the Winter's sway has been, bitter and fierce and long,
And still o'er the sea the black East wind is singing his dying song;
But primrose, snowdrop and violet join in the old sweet strain:—
'The frost is over, the snow is gone, we are coming again, again;
And from mating bird and budding bough, and wakening nature swell
Comes the echo of the joyous news the harbingers are telling." [ing

THE Rev. Flavius Josephus Cook, popularly known as plain "Joseph Cook, the Boston Monday Lecturer," being tired of Boston Unitarianism has espoused the most popular form of Dualism, and will be married on Saturday to a lady of Fair Haven, Conn.

GEN. GRANT breakfasted on Monday morning with Mr. George W. Smalley, the New York *Tribune's* correspondent in London. Among the guests were Prof. Huxley, Matthew Arnold, Sir Charles Dilke, Robert Browning, Tom Hughes, Anthony Trollope, the editors of the *Spectator* and *News*, and other distinguished men of brains.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

MR. MOODY'S sectarian narrowness seems to be getting the better of him. He wants the Women's Christian Temperance Union to change its name to The Women's Evangelical Temperance Union. When the ladies ask "Why?" he says, "So as to get rid of your Unitarian and Universalist members." "But that will rule out Mrs. Livermore, our President," say they. "Well, rule her out. She isn't a Christian."—*Springfield Republican*.

THE *Sun* lays stress upon the fact that at the farewell entertainment of Senator Conkling last Saturday "There was no toast, no cheer, no mention even for (President) Hayes." Now it seems to us that this is one of the best political signs that have been seen in a long time. There was present a collector, a postmaster, an appraiser and other federal officers, while of the number of those persons who were ready, not to say eager, to be federal officers we should not venture to make an estimate. Under the old system a company of federal office holders would no more have dreamed of meeting at a feast of a political or semi-political nature, or even of a purely social nature, without paying fulsome compliment to the Federal Administration, than of meeting there without eating or drinking anything. They would have felt that their relations to the President were of the personal and partisan sort which is implied by such compliments. They would have felt that their official heads were not safe if they should ignore the President at whose pleasure those heads remained upon their proper shoulders. Federal officeholders now are beginning to learn that their relations to the administration are not of this kind; that the only way in which they can retain their offices is by doing their duty; that the only way in which they can lose their offices is by neglecting their duty. So on Saturday collector and appraiser and all the rest felt that they ran no risk in omitting to prostrate themselves before the President and the Cabinet. We repeat that this is one of the most significant signs yet seen of a real reform in the service.—*Evening Post*.

A NEW YORK *Herald* despatch from London contains the following translation of Victor Hugo's reply to Tennyson's sonnet:

"To Alfred Tennyson:

"MY EMINENT AND DEAR BROTHER:—I read with emotion your superb verses. It is reflex of glory which you send me. Why should I not love England, which produces men such as you—the England of Wilberforce, the England of Milton and Newton, the England of Shakespeare? France and England are to me a single people as truth and liberty are a single light. I believe in the unity of humanity as I believe in the unity divine. I love all peoples and all men, and I admire your noble verses. VICTOR HUGO."

The same despatch gives the following poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," dedicated to the memory of the late Fletcher Harper:

"No soldier, statesman, hierophant or king;
None of the heroes that you poets sing;
A toiler ever since his days began,
Simple, though shrewd, just-judging man to man;
God-fearing, learned in life's hard-taught school;
By long obedience lessoned how to rule;
Through many an early struggle led to find
That crown of prosperous fortune—to be kind.
Lay on his breast these English daisies sweet,
Good rest to the gray head and to the tired feet
That walked this world for seventy steadfast years.
Bury him with fond blessings and few tears,
Or only of remembrance, not regret.
On his full life the eternal seal is set
Unbroken till the resurrection day.
So let his children's children go their way,
Go and do likewise, leaving 'neath this sod
An honest man, "the noblest work of God."

AFTER Washington, General Grant is the President who will occupy the largest place in the history of the United States. It would, of course, be unreasonable to make any personal comparison between the two men. The founder of the American republic was before all things a statesman; his successor is before all things a soldier.

Nor need we follow the example of General Grant's countrymen by discussing the question how far, and in what sense, he is a great soldier, for it is enough to know that he accomplished great results. The contest between the Northern and the Southern States was the

most hotly contested war since that which ended at Waterloo. No other set in motion such prodigious masses of men or lasted so long, or brought about so many pitched battles, or ran up so terrible a total of slain. Military merit of all but the highest order was enlisted on both sides; the tenacity of both has rarely been equalled; the intelligence of the common soldiers was an almost unknown element in warfare; and it is enough for the renown of General Grant that he crushed the resistance of as good fighting material as the world ever saw. Whether he culpably wasted the lives of his men, and whether he was a brilliant strategist, are questions that may be left for the military critics.

Nor need we too curiously ask how far he fell short as a statesman of the renown which he had won as a soldier. That he did fail in many ways no one denies; and, in truth, it is no discredit to him that he lacked the qualities of a great administrator. His early training had been that of a soldier, and then that of a man of business. During the war he lived in the camp, and at no time had he been accustomed to deal with the delicate, complicated network of social forces which it is the business of the statesman to manipulate. Thus unprepared he was flung into a position which would have taxed the organizing power of Mr. Gladstone or Prince Bismarck himself. He had to find the means of paying for the most expensive war in human history. He had to hold down a still mutinous South, and yet to gradually give it back the old powers of self-government. He had to keep order among the white population embittered by the loss of its supremacy, and the negro majority intrusted with freedom, political power, all the rights of their old masters.

General Grant failed in the face of these immense difficulties. He failed, as all save one or two men in a generation would have failed. In the choice neither of his instruments nor of his plans was he fortunate; but merely to state the main conditions is to exonerate him from special blame. That fact will be seen by those of his countrymen who are at present his sharpest critics the further the eight years of his Presidency recede into the quietude of history. For us, meanwhile, it is enough that, during a time of political reconstruction comparable to the trial which France underwent after her Revolution, General Grant was the Chief Magistrate of the United States.

Let his countrymen, if they will, point out the faults of his policy. To us he must none the less be the representative of a great country. Nor can we forget how free his foreign policy was from certain characteristics which have occasionally rendered that of his predecessors, to say the least, unpleasing. Always dignified and peaceful, it materially helped to bring about the settlement of the Alabama claims, and thus to make the relations of the two countries more cordial than they have been during the whole course of their history. General Grant has thus testified, in a practical way, good will to England.—*London Times*.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMENCEMENT AT MEADVILLE.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

"THE mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." Our theological schools certainly show their claims to being divine institutions by the slowness with which they are carrying on their work of furnishing finished material for our vacant pulpits. It is to be hoped they have equal claims to it through the thoroughness with which this work is done. Our Meadville school receives the grists of all who come, but last year it sent away nothing to show what it had received. This year it has given its degree to five young men—not a great deal to show as the result of two years' work. But then was not once the whole result of all the work of these years in preparing preachers for the whole Christian church only eleven men? Slow grinding, surely; but did not the thoroughness of their preparation render them fitted to reach many thousands?

We do wrongly when we judge of the importance of an institution by the number whom it directly reaches and influences. These five men—or rather six, for one other goes forth with them, though without taking the full course of the school—may seem as very few. Does it take a whole year's work of a learned professor to prepare a single student for graduation? But theological schools are not like colleges. They do not educate a man just for

his own sake. They educate him that he may teach others. The result of the year's work—or of the two years' work—of the Meadville school is not these five men alone, but all the hundreds whom they in their ministry are to reach.

The work of our theological schools is far more important than it seems. In themselves the anniversary exercises of these institutions have but little interest to us at a distance. But we are glad to learn that this work is silently, slowly going on. And it is well that at least once a year we think of it. The exercises at Meadville this year had a special interest, through the presence of Rev. Dr. R. P. Stebbins, who was the first president of the school, holding that position from 1844 to 1856. He had been delivering a course of lectures before the students, on *The Conflict of Science and Theology*; and on the evening of Wednesday, June 13, preached the annual sermon. On the following evening there was a social reunion at the chapel of the Unitarian church of both the church and the theological school. The older members of the church were glad to meet one who, thirty years before, had been their pastor; for Dr. Stebbins had for awhile divided his labors between the school and the church.

Several former students of the school were present on these days, chiefly from the Christian denomination. The Western missionary, J. L. Jones, was the only representative of later graduates. Rev. Dr. Morison, of Milton, Mass., who had delivered a short course of lectures at the school, remained after them and was also present.

The commencement parts of Thursday morning were thoroughly prepared and good. The following is the list of speakers, with the subjects of their parts: Thomas William Critchett, Boston, Mass., "Frederick W. Robertson;" Robert Miller Henderson, Meadville, Pa., "The African Methodist Episcopal Church;" James Monroe Leighton, Biddeford, Me., "The Grandeur of the Hebrew Nation;" Isaac LeMahieu, Province Zealand, Netherlands, "The Spoken Word;" James Barnes Morrison, Haverhill, Mass., "The Aims of the Christian Ministry;" Daniel Rowen, Sharon, Ont., "Responsibility for our Beliefs."

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

To The Editor of The Inquirer :

THERE are many things in Mr. Barrows' "Has Mr. Moody Failed in Boston?" that I not only admire, but readily and fully endorse. At the same time there seems to be manifest, I think, a disposition to underrate, in too large a sense, the real value of what we have come to know as "evangelical" religious methods.

The different classes of mind are so many and so widely separated that we can hardly find a religious community where methods of instruction may not be successful in reaching and improving a certain class of mind susceptible to no other influences of a similar tendency. The field occupied by the Methodist Church could be occupied successfully by no other. The same may be said of every religious body that has a name and methods peculiar to itself. This is true, and so beyond contradiction. Because of this truth I esteem a community of Unitarians just as highly as I esteem a community of Episcopalians, or Methodists, or Presbyterians. To me there is not a particle of difference among them so long as I know them to be honest and earnest in their efforts to do good, let those efforts be made as they may. That Mr. Moody and his associates have done great good in Boston I have no doubt whatever. They did not labor as many others would have labored; their methods were not as Mr. Savage's, or Mr. Murray's, or Mr. Brooks', and yet it would be absurd to say that because of this they were not successful. Men come into the world with constitutional tendencies. John Knox never could have been anything but a Presbyterian and have been useful. Mill and Martineau, Newman and Stanley and Hall were directed to their places in the world by constitutional impulses; their habits of mind have unfitted them for other places.

A Christianity that is truly liberal is a Christianity that cares nothing for names and as little for methods of labor; that can see excellencies wherever excellencies exist, let that be where it may; that values a truth from the "Age of Reason" as highly as a truth from Calvin's Institutes, but not more so; a Christianity that, although composed of many parts, presents a symmetrical and complete whole. Such a Christianity as this is the Christianity of Jesus Christ, and all others are of human fabrication. J. H. R.

DRAKEVILLE, Ia.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE AT TOLEDO.

[From Rev. Brooke Herford's letter to the Manchester, (England), "Unitarian Herald" of June 8.]

THERE was great pleasure and refreshment in the mere journeying together of our Chicago party—in one spacious car all to ourselves; about twenty-three of us: Robert Collyer, and a few from his society, about ten of us from the Church of the Messiah, Rev. E. P. Powell for the Extreme Radical element, Rev. S. S. Hunting, from Davenport, Iowa, and two or three of our ministers from Wisconsin. To get away from this eager driving city, and feel we had left it behind us, and to roll away hour after hour through forest and prairie just in the freshest beauty of the spring time, and to have pleasant talks with each other and plenty of time on our hands; why, even to give you a feeling of *that* would be a blessing! Only one cannot do it; you cannot enjoy yourself by proxy!

And yet it would be almost easier, really, to give you *that* pleasure in a few words, than to communicate the deeper interest of the regular conference proceedings. Why, most of our friends thought the opening sermon, on the Tuesday evening, by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Kenosha, was worth the whole journey from Chicago! It was curiously brilliant—glittering with illustration, and bright, pointed little sayings, sometimes witty, always wise—a sermon that held us, would not have let us go to sleep even if we had been traveling all night as well as all day. The thought was simply this—Unity and Diversity. He began by showing how Paul's aspiration after "unity" seems at first sight so *impossible* of fulfillment, then went on to show how, after all, beneath this diversity there is a deeper unity and how all religions are but the varying outcome of one universal sense of God; and so we were brought happily back to the sort of unity which is what we look for in our Unitarian church-life.

The great interest of the first day was an "Historical Address" by the Rev. A. A. Livermore, principal of our Meadville Theological School and author of the "Commentaries"—an account of this Western Conference during the quarter of a century of its existence. It was very interesting to hear him recall the special subjects which at one time and another had come up, and marked those five and twenty years. I could not have realized, till I heard it, how much of interesting history there might be in the five and twenty years of even such a quiet little organization as this!

Then Robert Collyer gave us a paper "Concerning Preaching," just one of Robert's sort—practical, to the point, full of tenderness and humor and cheer. The three special points he made were that preaching must be "alive;" "clear"—not 'only to the cultivated, but to the faculty of the common people; and "brief;" and each of these points illustrated with little words impossible to forget—as when he quoted the saying about clearness—that a discourse should be not only in *words* of one syllable but in *thoughts* of one syllable; or, on the matter of brevity, Baron Alderson's answer to the clergyman who asked him how long a sermon ought to be—"Twenty minutes—with a leaning to the side of mercy!" After the paper came a lively discussion, for it was suggested that on the subject of preaching it would be well for the parsons to keep quiet and to give the laymen a chance to talk back and let us hear *their* ideas. And so we did. Some of them told for themselves; and T. B. Forbush, who is out of harness just now, and managing our Athenæum, told us what he hears the laymen saying down there when they are looking over the list of pulpit topics in the Saturday evening papers—and very suggestive some of their sayings were; and a good word was spoken on the other side to the essay (which, it was pointed out, was the word of a strong man, who hardly realized that all cannot be equally successful)—a word for those who, without much that counts for success, still preach the best word they know, and do a true, faithful ministry in many an unobtrusive post.

The second morning of the Conference (Thursday) was given up to the consideration of Sunday-school matters. It is this Sunday-school branch of this Western Conference to which we owe the beautiful "Sunny-side" collection of children's hymns and songs, which I should very much like to introduce to my Sunday-school friends in England, and it is now bringing out a "service book" for our schools, and various papers for Sunday-school lessons.

One of the remarkable things in all this Conference was the very little discussion that took place on the sort of topics which used to be everlastingly coming up at all such gatherings, here even more

than in England, and dividing people into "old school" and "new." When, for once, such a topic did come up in the Rev. George W. Cooke's paper on "The Bible and the Sunday School," it was interesting to note the tone it took. It was not that there was any absence of the more critical views of how the Bible came to be, but there was a far more earnest and universal appreciation than I seem to have been used to hear of *what the Bible is!* One minister, who showed how little conservative prejudice he had by avowing that for two years he had been using Conway's "Anthology" for his pulpit lessons, frankly owned that when he wanted the deepest religious utterances he had to take the selections which that work includes from the Bible, and that when he himself felt most in the real spirit of worship he found himself going back to the old Book itself! And the expressions of value for the Bible, as after all, the great text-book of religion and the true study for our Sunday-schools, were very strong. There is one of the good results of this hearty and manly freedom in discussing all these topics. At first, when our young fellows come West from the theological schools, where they have felt themselves a little kept in and cramped, they are apt to hit out at everything with a vague idea of asserting their freedom; but by and by they find that no one meddles with them or wants to put them down, and then these great religious facts and realities find their level with them, and it is not so far, after all, from the level at which they have stood before in the mind and heart of the Christian ages.

Turning now to the *business*, which, though coming in at miscellaneous times, was really the end of all the thought and talk. It is not very much common work that is possible on the part of churches so scattered as make up our Western Conference. From Buffalo to Denver—with a comprehension clause for our isolated societies in California and Oregon! Pretty hard to have any practical union. And yet our travelling agent (Mr. Jones, of Janesville) had a very interesting account to give. We only find him a fourth part of his support, and expect a proportionate part of his time; but he has given a great deal more. It is a work of this kind: He, from his home at Janesville (Silas Farrington's early parish) keeps a general eye over these Western States; he knows every one of our societies throughout the range of them; he knows the people who are waiting for a chance of re-opening in the places where the Unitarian church has temporarily died down; he knows scattered Unitarians and other friends of Liberal thought, in many a place where we haven't any church, and never have had. He is a centre of communication and help to all these. He will go to one of these "suspended" places, gather the folk together, put them in heart to make another try. Or they will send for him where they want a minister, or where they have got into some tangle; and his shrewd, honest counsel, face to face, is worth a bushel of correspondence! Or he will go here and there, in places where there are a few Liberals, and give a lecture—break fresh ground—sowing seeds that he sometimes finds coming up in unlikely places, and when they hold their little local conferences, whoever else "begins to make excuse," Brother Jones is always there. We all of us feel, who know the work he is doing, and the difficulties of the field, that it is an invaluable work, and that he is just the man for it. And, moreover, he not only works himself, but sets others working—shows them where work is needed, counsels with them and gets them to try it; and so, without a penny of funds except bare travelling expenses and his own salary for a quarter of his time, we have to-day the most efficient Western missionary work that we have ever had.

I hope it will be more efficient again. The times show signs of a little improvement in trade, and if our large city churches can only get well on their feet again they will do a better work than heretofore, taught by past experience. There seemed rather a disposition to make Chicago the centre of all the Western work, and the Conference is to be held there next year.

TO LIBERAL TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE.

THREE years ago the *Liberal Christian*, in its issue of March 21, 1874, printed a valuable list of European clergymen and professors known to be in sympathy with liberal religious thought. The person who furnished us with this list was perhaps the only European in America who could have prepared it—we mean, of course, our friend Mr. John Fretwell, Jr. As many of our friends are now about crossing the Atlantic to spend their vacation, it may be convenient and agreeable to some of them to be able in their travels

to refer to this little European Liberal directory. We therefore reprint it in Mr. Fretwell's own words:

Foremost among the European Liberal churches stand those connected with the Protestantverein or German Protestant Association, which, occupying a broader ground than our churches, inasmuch as many of its members are Trinitarians, is in its constitution and general principles in harmony with us and has for some years been in friendly intercourse with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the Liberal German Protestant churches of Western America.

In order not to occupy too much space I must confine myself to a mere enumeration of the names of the chief men in those cities most frequented by travellers.

In Bremen resides the Secretary of the Association, Pastor Carl Manchof, a very bright man, who has done much to make his people acquainted with the history of English Unitarianism, and besides him Pastors Kradolfer and Nonweiler.

In Berlin, Pastors Thomas, Sydow, Lisso and Hossbach, Dr. Schmidt and the celebrated Schulze Delitsch.

In Hamburg, Dr. Schleiden and Pastors Glitza, Kropp, Spoerri and Hirsche.

In Gottingen, Dr. Ellissen and Pastor Brandes.

In Heidelberg, Professor Dr. Bluntschle, Dr. Schenkel, Dr. Holtzmann, Dr. Hausrahd and Pastor Schellenberg.

In Munich, Professor von Holtzendorf.

In Dresden, Dr. Hehlfeld, Director Glasche and Dr. Krenkel.

In Jena (the best university at present for students of liberal theology), Professor Dr. Lipsius, Dr. Hilgenfeld, Dr. Pfeiderer and Diakonus Stier.

In Weimar, Pastor Fortsch.

In Gotha, Dr. Schwarz, Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Brueckner.

In Eisenach, Pastor Maurach and Dr. Creuznacher.

In Elberfeld, Mr. Walter Simons, merchant.

In Wiesbaden, Dr. Fresenius and Dr. Schirm.

In Leipzig, Dr. Binkan, Dr. Gensel, Dr. Seydel and Mr. Johann Ambrosius Barth, bookseller.

In Hanover, Dr. Schlager, senator, Dr. William von der Hellen.

In Magdeburg, Rector Loew.

In Cassel, Dr. Fr. Oetker.

In Coburg, Pastor Prager.

In Darmstadt, Mr. Carl Merk and Dr. Ohly.

In Ratisbon, Dr. Krafft.

In Offenbach, Dr. Weber and Mr. André.

In Worms, Dr. Schroeder.

In Elberfeld, Mr. Walter Simons. The bookseller, R. L. Fredricks, in this place publishes the Year Book of this association.

In Mannheim, Dr. Schellenberg.

In Rostock, Professor Dr. Baumgarten.

In Breslau, Professor Dr. Raebiger and Dr. Fischer.

In Bielitz (Austrian Silesia), Senior Dr. Haase.

In Stettin, Dr. Schiffmann.

There are in all above 240 branch associations in various German towns, and those travellers who desire further information may obtain it by addressing the Secretary, Dr. Karl Manchof, Remberti Kirchof, Bremen, or by purchasing the "Jahrbuch des Protestantenvereins."

PERSONAL.

MINISTER JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will not lose his Harvard professorship while he is in Spain. It is to be temporarily filled, and his resignation is not accepted.

The special attraction at Harvard Commencement next Wednesday will be the presence of President Hayes. He can safely count upon a very enthusiastic welcome. Harvard believes heartily in men of principles, in moderate men, in courageous men, in gentlemen.

WENDELL PHILLIPS doesn't believe so much in the patriotism as in the shrewdness of the Old South Corporation. What Mr. Phillips says must always be taken with a large allowance for what is called the "personal equation," but he is certainly not alone in his opinion on this subject.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Rubens will be celebrated in Antwerp, on the 19th of August. The occasion is to be marked by the assembling of an Art Congress, for the purpose of establishing some general plan of defining the limits and rights of artistic and literary property, and securing their adoption by all civilized governments.

JOTTINGS.

CERTAIN numbers of the INQUIRER are wanted to complete various files of the paper. Subscribers who do not file the INQUIRER will much oblige us by forwarding any numbers they may have of the following dates: Dec. 7th, 1876; March 8th and 22d; April 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th, 1877.

THE Kalamazoo, Mich., Gazette, of June 15th contains an able and carefully-prepared discourse by Rev. C. G. Howland, on the Russian branch of the Greek Church.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—Rev. T. B. Forbush, now the Director of the Chicago Athenæum, preached last Sunday morning and evening in Cutler Hall. His subject in the morning was "The Way of Life;" in the evening, "The Word of God."

CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL ALUMNI.—In our last issue we gave notice of the meeting of this association on Tuesday, June 26, with an address from Dr. Bellows and a collation. The programme is now changed in so far that by the cordial invitation of the First Parish Church of Cambridge, the address will be delivered there and the collation will be provided in the vestry of that church, without expense to the Alumni.

Rev. Mr. Peabody's society send a cordial invitation to all Alumni of the school to accept this hospitality. The address is announced for 3 P.M. and the collation is to follow it.

THE MICHIGAN STATE CONFERENCE will hold a summer session at Grand Haven, beginning on July 9th. Revs. Robt. Collyer, Brooke Herford, T. B. Forbush, J. T. Sunderland, and Sumner Ellis, of Chicago; Calvin Stebbins of Detroit, C. E. Gordon of Milwaukee, J. L. Jones of Janesville, C. G. Howland of Kalamazoo, and others, are expected to be present. During the conference Rev. G. W. Cooke is to be installed as pastor of the Grand Haven Church, Rev. Robert Collyer preaching the sermon. The friends at Grand Haven cordially invite all who feel an interest in liberal religion to come and have a good time.

THE Christian Register, which gently twits the INQUIRER on the shortness of its youthful memory—forgetting that short memory is one of the characteristics of old age,—is in danger of fastening on Unitarianism the reproach of exclusiveness. It insists that Mr. Frothingham withdrew from the denomination on account of his opinions. We repeat that this is not the precise fact. The pressure of certain Unitarians who petulantly harped on his opinions, hinting that he sailed under false colors, and insinuating that he kept up the connection because he found it profitable, compelled him to request that his name might be omitted from the list of Unitarian ministers. But this was subsequent to his actual withdrawal from the "Conference," on the ground that he could not work in the interest of a sectarian organization.

WORCESTER SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The forty-third annual meeting of this Society was held on the 13th inst., at Leominster, Mass. The spacious church was completely filled; M. J. Savage of Boston gave an excellent address on "Sunday-school Instruction," which was heartily endorsed in the main by all the speakers. It was voted to send a printed copy of it to all the Sunday-school teachers in the society. Officers chosen: President, Rev. A. J. Rich, of Brookfield; Vice-President, A. A. Ballou, Esq., of Grafton; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. G. Pierce, of Westboro'.

[We hope to save the W. S. S. S. the expense of printing Mr. Savage's essay by printing it in next week's INQUIRER, which we will supply at the rate of 20 copies for \$1.—ED.]

BLACKSTONE, MASS.—A correspondent says: "By invitation, and through the liberal spirit of Mr. H. C. Kimball, Superintendent of the Blackstone M'fg. Co., the Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam of Brooklyn preached recently in the Orthodox Congregational Church at Blackstone, when he delivered a very interesting discourse upon "Christian Unitarianism, or the Present Demand for a Reasonable Christian Faith." There was a very intelligent audience present, including several Woonsocket people. Dr. Putnam is a brother of Judge Putnam, recently of Blackstone. His manner as a preacher compares favorably in some respects with that of Rev. Phillips Brooks. His language flows freely and distinctly and his pronunciation is accurate. He is not boisterous, but impresses one with his fervent and sympathetic ways. The audience did not seem to tire of listening to him for an hour and a half.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We have received the Articles of Incorporation of All Souls' Church, Washington. As has already been announced in these columns, ground has been broken and other preparations for building are rapidly progressing. The contract for the erection of the new church stipulates that it shall be ready for occupation next Christmas day. In this connection it will be interesting to some of our readers to read the following authentic list of names of the "Founders of the First Unitarian Church, Washington, D. C.":

John Q. Adams; John C. Calhoun; Rev. R. Little; Judge W. Cranch; Moses Poor; William G. Eliot; W. W. Seaton; Jos'h Gales, Sr.; Jos'h Gales, Jr.; D. F. May; P. Maur; Wm. Elliott; Wm. Cooper, Sr.; Dr. G. May; N. P. Poor; C. S. Fowler; Noah Fletcher; John F. Webb; Rich'd Wallach, Sr.; Seth Hyatt; C. Andrews; S. Robinson; Charles Bulfinch, Pishey Thompson; Thomas Bates; Thos. C. Wright; M. Claxton; A. B. Waller; S. Franklin.

The Inquirer.

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Loans on Coll. Good Stocks Collateral .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-	
ings . . .	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . .	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value .	19,725 00
	<hr/>
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.....	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE).....	286,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.....	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.....	6,800 19
PREMIUMS PAID AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.....	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.....	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.....	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus.....	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.....	\$2,792,902 9

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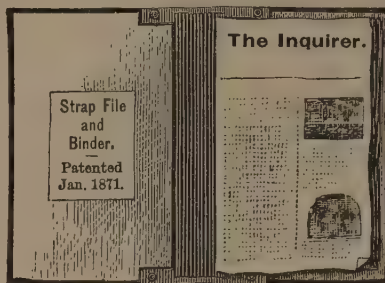
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THE INQUIRER.

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WHOLE NO., 1600.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, Caroline H. Dall, Octavius B. Frothingham, Nicholas P. Gilman, Crawford Nightingale, Raymond S. Perrin, Wm. Potts, Samuel P. Putnam and A. Judson Rich are among the contributors to this number of **THE INQUIRER**.

HERE is a safe and comfortable sentiment for Commencement week at Harvard and Yale. The London *Saturday Review* says: "There are in the United States institutions without number, of more or less importance and promise, styling themselves universities, and on which ultra-democratic legislatures have showered with a lavish hand powers of conferring degrees in all the departments of human knowledge. But there are as yet only two which their European competitors would fully recognize as universities—Harvard and Yale."

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN, who died at Lake George last Sunday, is popularly known as perhaps the most intelligent man in this country who has fallen under the influence of Spiritism. But whatever may be thought of him in that unfortunate connection, it would be doing great injustice to his memory to forget his various and valuable services to his adopted country, whether in the sphere of education, equal rights, negro emancipation, preservation of the Union, or as a true and firm friend of the Freedmen. Mr. Owen had many warm personal friends, by whom his death will be sincerely regretted.

THE college commencement season, now in full progress, is remarkable chiefly for unmistakable evidence of an increasing disposition among the best institutions to raise the standard of scholarship by following in the track of Harvard and Yale in providing each year for more and more elective courses of study. While it would probably be admitted by

Harvard men that the extension of the elective system has interfered somewhat with the growth and strength of the old class *esprit du corps*, it would be claimed, on the other hand, that the multiplying and perfecting of the elective courses of study has already perceptibly raised the standard of scholarship and given new zest to the life of the university in almost every department. We presume that Yale men would have much the same story to tell, though the elective system does not yet prevail at New Haven to nearly the same extent as at Cambridge.

THE great conflagrations which during the past week have swept away, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the towns of St. John and Marblehead call for no unusual comment, serious as they were in their consequences. It is the old story of rude wooden buildings carelessly constructed and huddled together, with no adequate protection against fire, awaiting only an unexpected spark and an unfavorable wind to sweep them all away like so many card houses. So long as towns permit the erection of buildings of this class in the very centres of population, we see no good reason for expecting any diminution in the number of destructive conflagrations. The more prudent of the fire insurance companies do what they can to protect themselves and the public by refusing to take risks in wooden shanty towns, but the inhabitants of these towns must as a rule be burnt out several times before they think it worth while to take special precautions against fire.

NOW that the Russians have successfully crossed the Danube, public interest centres in the progress of their march towards the line of the railroad which connects Tchernavoda and Kustendje, where the first serious battle is likely to be fought. This line is marked by the celebrated Trajan's wall, erected by the Romans to protect territory now a part of Bulgaria against the incursions of the Scythians. The Turks now flank the line of this wall on the east by holding Kustendje and being able to throw troops from Varna and Constantinople by sea into that town without opposition. On the other hand the Russians will flank the line on the west by holding both banks of the Danube at Tchernavoda. It is thought that the Turks will utilize the ruins of Trajan's wall in the construction of their batteries. If, as seems probable, the Russians are successful in their attack on the line of the wall at Tchernavoda, Rassova will soon fall into their hands, and they will then be able to sever the communications between the Black Sea coast north of Varna and the Danube.

FROM Asia the news is very conflicting, according as it reaches us from Russian or Turkish sources. A Turkish dispatch says that the siege of Batoum has been raised and that the Russian army has withdrawn; also that the Russians at Bayazid have capitulated.

THE visit of the President to Boston and Cambridge bids fair at this writing to be the occasion for the hearty expression of an amount of genuine good-will which will surprise even his best friends. Our prediction is based not only upon our observation of the public interest manifested in the

preparations for his reception both in Boston and in Cambridge, but also upon our wider observation of the slowly but steadily increasing popularity of the President among a considerable class of intelligent people of various parties who at the time of his nomination had serious doubts of his force of character, if not of the entire honesty of his reform professions. The success of the President's Southern policy, so far as immediate consequences are concerned, and the general wisdom—not lacking in decision, when that has been necessary—which has marked the course of his administration in its earlier months, have certainly done much to inspire new confidence both in his character as a man and in his ability as an executive officer. The people feel more and more that he is equal to the present political emergency, so far as the personal character and conduct of the President can influence it either for good or for evil; that he is perfectly sincere in his reform policy, and that he will not be led to sacrifice important interests for mere party or personal ends, but will stick "through thick and thin" to the great principles to which he swore allegiance in his inaugural address.

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, a lady well-known among a wide circle for her deep and intelligent interest in all questions of social reform, publishes in the last number of the *Library Table* "an Appeal to the Thinking Classes in America," in which, after dwelling sensibly upon the great importance of the so-called "Labor Question," she submits a plan for its thorough and special discussion by our American press. Mrs. Thompson offers "three premiums, one of one hundred dollars, one of seventy-five dollars, and one of fifty dollars, in gold, for the best newspaper articles of about 2,000 words upon some feature of the "Labor Question," considered in its widest scope. These articles are to be signed by some *nom de plume* and sent to the office of the *Library Table*, No. 47 Lafayette Place before the 1st of October, the awards to be made by a committee to be appointed by the American Social Science Association at its meeting, at Saratoga, in September of this year." Mrs. Thompson reserves the right of accepting at twenty dollars any of the essays which may not receive the premiums.

We have no great faith in any very speedy solution of the immense difficulties connected with this great question, but there can be no doubt as to the urgent need of more careful and studious consideration of it, in all its various branches, and Mrs. Thompson's original and timely plan for arousing public attention can hardly fail to be of service in stimulating the interest of many intelligent but now very indifferent people, so far as this question is concerned.

IN the realm of thought *ideas first* and *names second* seems to be the natural order, and consequently the best order. But this is not saying that because our names for ideas are of less importance than the ideas themselves, therefore the names are of no importance at all. The true wisdom would seem to be to endeavor to look through the various imperfect, unsatisfactory words, by which men are constantly striving to give more definite expression to their thought, to the underlying ideas, and then to frankly recognize whatever harmony or diversity of thought we find in ideas often supposed to be utterly inharmonious because, approached from different directions, they pass now and here under one imperfect name, then and there under another.

The grandest, noblest conceptions are by their very nature inexpressible. No single name for them can possibly give more than an incomplete, one-sided idea of them. Hence

the variety of names among all nations for God; hence the natural aversion of philosophic minds to any name for religion which seems in any way to limit, confine or hinder the progress of free thought concerning it. Hence the growing aversion of many thoughtful people to the word "Christianity,"—because viewed philosophically and historically Christianity is simply one expression and development of religion among many others. Hence likewise the aversion of many "Liberals" to the name "Free Religion," not because they do not like the *thing*, in its broader, more earnest and more comprehensive aspects,—but simply because the use of the adjective "Free" as a qualifying word seems to exclude the use of other equally important qualifying or descriptive words for which the underlying comprehensive *idea* stands quite as much as for freedom.

A good many people refuse to receive an idea, unless other people will call it by *their* name. For ourselves we are not indifferent even about names, but we much prefer a *true idea*, call it what you will, to a familiar name *without the true idea*.

THE SUMMER VACATION OF CITY CHURCHES.

THE suspension of the usual religious services in many city churches throughout the country during the Summer months will begin next Sunday the first day of July. The closing of the doors of these for the most part wealthy and much-frequented temples always provokes criticism among certain classes of people, and but for the falseness of the premises from which these people argue, much of their criticism would be just. But the incorrectness of their assumptions being pointed out, most of their objections can be shown to be groundless.

For example, the churches which close their doors are for the most part those frequented almost exclusively by people who during the Summer months go into the country, thus leaving these churches deserted. If it be objected that no church can be exclusively made up of people who are able to take a prolonged Summer vacation, we have simply to answer that, whatever might be or should be, every large city or town contains several churches of this sort. The very small part of the congregations of these churches which remains in town has a habit of spending its Sundays in the neighboring country towns, whose green fields, beautiful trees and pure atmosphere rest the eyes and refresh the lungs of the citizen and send him back to his business on Monday morning in good condition for work. Doubtless there are a few elderly people, upon whom the yoke of habit rests heavily, who naturally enough dislike any interference with their usual treadmill walk of life, but it can hardly be alleged that these venerable, sober-minded men and women really *suffer* by the interruption, in any sense of the word likely to arouse sympathy. The real religious life of the community is not diminished in any appreciable degree, and no class of citizens can justly be said to be any worse off at the close of the vacation season than at the beginning, so far as their condition is dependent upon what the church does for them.

The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches never, we believe, close their doors, and at least one reason underlying this fact is in the highest degree creditable to them. These churches do succeed more or less well in drawing the poor and ignorant into their temples. These people are both by nature and by their poverty creatures of habit to a greater degree, perhaps, than any others. They both summer and winter in town, and they need their church privileges as much at one season as at another. To shut them out of the churches would be to shut them in to nar-

row, ill-ventilated, unattractive homes, or into dram and corner grocery shops. There is every reason, then, why their churches should never be closed, and we should join heartily in a protest, if it seemed at all likely that they were about to be closed.

Another popular objection to the closing of any churches is, that it has a tendency to weaken the hold of the church-going habit upon the popular heart. Observation leads us explicitly to deny the fact. The closed churches fill up in September and October quite as rapidly as those whose doors have been open all Summer; and if, as is now common, their ministers have enjoyed a prolonged season of rest, the ministrations from these pulpits are apt in the Autumn to savor of a freshness and newness of life which is too often felt to be lacking in the unclosed churches. The faithful, weary ministers are certainly not to blame, but we are not so sure about their inconsiderate congregations.

Upon the thinking class in all communities the interruption of public worship during the Summer months has had a valuable influence in helping to destroy superstitious feelings in regard to church-going. Conservative people are beginning to find out that a man may have too much even of church-going; that a little recreation in the open fields may occasionally be of more service to both soul and body than the usual set religious exercise. This has set them thinking upon more important religious questions, and the result may already be seen in a more reasonable attitude of mind in many who only ten or fifteen years ago were apparently hopelessly entangled in a very uncomfortable yoke of bondage.

Our impression is, then, that the vacation of our city churches is productive of far more good than harm. Both ministers and people have a chance to get thoroughly rested, a chance to study the open book of Nature in a way which is impossible in the churches, a chance to interest themselves, if they choose, in the work of feeble churches in the country towns which they visit, a chance to forget themselves and their cares in their enjoyment of a brief term of free, unconventional life, which is likely to be of more service to both soul and body than the most punctilious church-going during the vacation.

RELIGION AND THE STATE.

THE question of religion and the State—religion and politics—religion and the common schools—is still open and likely to remain open for a good while. The *Index* regards it as the living question of the day, and is never ceasing in its efforts to awaken the public sentiment to a due apprehension of its pressing importance. We are not able to share the fears of the *Index*; we are not able to perceive the danger it is so keenly alive to; nor can we doubt the practical antipathy of the Christian community to the scheme of introducing a recognition of God and Christ into the United States Constitution. Still, we perceive a danger. The issue has not yet been fairly joined, and it is not possible to tell in advance what the feeling of the mass of orthodox people might be were the question clearly put. The President is a Methodist, and a loyal one. There are those who believe that such a scheme as the Constitutional amendment in favor of recognizing "Christianity" as the religion of the country would find favor in his eyes, and the advocates of the measure are doubtless expecting great results from their next effort, during his administration. It is therefore reassuring to take up Dr. S. T. Spear's book on the subject, published last year, and consider what he says.

This little volume is composed of essays prepared for the *Independent* and printed in its correspondence columns. They were collected in a volume to meet the wishes of a large number of readers—orthodox of course—in different parts of the country. This proves that the discussion has interested the Christian community, a point of the utmost importance, for this is the community that must meet the question when it comes up. The un-Christian, or anti-Christian community, would have no power unless reinforced by the conviction of the better portion of the orthodox sects; and the existence of Dr. Spear's volume, considering its contents and the way it came into being, makes it certain that the better part of the orthodox community is in accord with the rationalists and come-outers on this matter. The battle, if a battle comes, will not have to be fought between Christianity and its opponents, but between the advocates of the separation of Church and State and the advocates of their union, whether they be Christians or not. Dr. Spear's book takes the strongest ground against the union, and presents the case with an array of knowledge and a cogency of argument that cover the entire field.

But this virtual committal of the orthodox leaders to the cause of secularization is not the only encouraging sign that his book presents. He makes a point of real significance when he affirms and successfully maintains that the introduction into the Preamble of the Constitution of a clause announcing ours to be a "Christian government" would be of no legal effect, unless direct provision for its execution were made in the instrument itself. Judge Story is quoted as saying that "The Preamble never can be resorted to to enlarge the power confided to the general Government or any of its departments. It cannot confer any power *per se*; it can never amount by implication to an enlargement of any power expressly given. It can never be the legitimate source of any implied power when otherwise withdrawn from the Constitution." From which it follows that even if the "Christian amendment" were carried, the character of the Government would continue to be precisely what it is now. To constitute it otherwise would require other changes in the By-laws, such as never could be effected. The attempt actually to disfranchise any portion of the American citizens, on any ground, would provoke resistance of a kind that no government would dare to awaken. But to attempt or propose the disfranchisement of citizens on the score of religious opinions would start a revolution. If the action of Judge Hilton in excluding Jews from a Summer hotel on the ground of their habits as a race excited so much commotion, what a storm would be raised by the proposition to exclude millions from participation in the concerns of the government on the score of their opinions? This is a step that none but pure fanatics would think of taking, and most fanatics would be sobered by a view of the consequences of their folly. If this reasoning be just, and it certainly seems to be, the actual danger, even when magnified to the greatest bulk, is not serious. No real harm would be done, even if the amendment people had their way.

Another point made by Dr. Spear is of scarcely less significance than the one just alluded to. He quotes judicial decisions to prove that the recognition and practical enforcement of religious observances by the State, as in the case of Sabbath observance, is less real than apparent. Even here the law does not entertain the religious question, does not admit as important, valid or pertinent the religious aspect of the custom, but simply has regard to a social institution which it finds existing, and which is held to be of importance to the order and peace of society. With the observances in

their *religious* aspect the law has no concern. It has no concern with their origin, history or religious significance. They might be of pagan descent, as most of them are, and the courts would treat them with as much respect as they bestow on Christian institutions. This being the case, the fanatics cannot plead for their constitutional exorcism on the ground that it is needed to make the Government practically consistent with itself. The Constitution is *now* essentially secular, and needs only to be nominally and professedly what it is really. All that consistency demands is an explicit renunciation of powers which it seems to exercise, but never does. This is a point that we can see excellent reasons for insisting on; but in insisting on it distinction should be made between the social and the religious aspect of the reform we wish to effect.

We have no means of knowing what mark Dr. Spear's book has made on public opinion, "liberal" or "illiberal," but it is entitled to respectful consideration of men of both parties; by the "liberals," who are in danger of exaggerating perils and raising issues where none exist; and by the "illiberals," who are perhaps not aware what they may be doing.

O. B. F.

HEART REVEALINGS.

ARE there any heart revealings? This is one of the mighty questions of to-day. It is the tendency of science to affirm that there is no revealing except by purely intellectual processes; that feeling is simply the result of material conditions; that there is no breath of God in it, only the electric force of aggregate atoms. Feeling, therefore, is to be regarded as phenomenal, not substantial. It is a flash upon the top of things, not an underlying reality whose outburst is the effluence of "The First Good, First Perfect, and First Fair."

Deepest of all questions is this of the verity-giving power of human emotion, for if it has no such power, then man's profoundest beliefs fade away like the "unsubstantial pageant of a dream." If the intellect is the only interpreter of things, then indeed must the view be narrow. The noblest inspirations will cease; there will be no music, no poetry; fancy will take the place of imagination; there will be no "gorgeous vision of an Iliad," only the elaborate mechanism of a "Poe's Raven." Are not many questions of practical importance settled by the dictates of feeling? Take the question of slavery. Has any purely intellectual process ever demonstrated that it is wrong? The sentiment against it has not been founded upon reason, but the reason upon the sentiment. Calhoun has not been answered by mere logic; he has not been argued down, but crushed by the generousities of advanced humanity. If one has a heart of stone we can't prove to him that slavery is wrong. He must have feeling, emotion, in order to give reason something to work upon, and this feeling is the ultimate tribunal that gives the decisive condemnation. So far as the head is concerned, slavery can hold its own. It finds its Waterloo in the heart of man.

If feeling must play so decisive and original a part in the settlement of finite questions, has it no verities to give in questions of the Infinite? If the pure intellect cannot decide all questions in politics, but must appeal to feeling, can it decide all questions pertaining to ultimate being? Have we not a right here to bring in the testimony of the heart? For though we must sift that testimony, weigh it in scales of logic, and deduct many a fair seeming faith, yet that testimony is not to be wholly rejected. It does contain a revelation from God, not always clear and bright in its impulsive sweep,

but nevertheless a revelation, an unfolding most precious, most beautiful, when in the light of reason it is fully disclosed.

While we are coming to larger intellectual processes and results, we are coming also to deeper heart revealings, the soul of humanity is thrilling with God, and He is discovered not only by trains of reasoning, but by hopes and joys and aspirations. There must be no blind submission to feeling, still it must be reverently analyzed, for in its fresh impulse it breathes the eternal truth.

S. P. PUTNAM.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK AND SERVICES.*

THE revised edition of the Hymn and Service-book published by the Unitarian Association in 1868 has just appeared. It has a few pages less than the first edition, and has been made, by the use of a somewhat thinner paper, more convenient to the hand. In every particular of mechanical execution it is a volume which reflects credit upon the binder, the printer, and the compiler. It is handsomely and strongly bound in morocco, with red edges, and printed from new and clear type one size larger than the old. The margin is a little narrower than that of the first edition, and, in consequence of this and of the enlargement of type, the music has been printed in a more open, less crowded manner. The number of the page has been transferred to the foot, while the numbers of the hymns are given at the top, and the name of the tune is printed in bold-faced type. The whole appearance of the page in the Hymn-book has been much improved. The Service-book has wisely been printed in double columns, but the type is large and the page pleasant to the eye.

The Service-book, which comes first, is not a revision of the previous volume, but an entirely new work in plan and execution, while, of course, it contains much matter common to former books of worship. Sympathizing readers of the critique of the older book, published in this paper last January, will be glad to learn that most of the adverse criticisms there made have no force against the volume before us. The plan of the "Services" is simple and flexible. Beside the special offices of Baptism, Communion, Marriage, and Burial, the book falls into three parts—ten Introductory Services, thirty-one Selections from the Psalms and seven from the Prophets, and ten Orders of Prayer. The Introductory Service, before the first hymn, opens with sentences to be read by the minister, continues with a brief exhortation and sentences to be read responsively, a prayer to be said by the minister, and the Lord's Prayer in concert, and closes with responsive sentences. It is here that all the novelty of the book is shown; we believe that the novelty is an improvement upon the rather bare introductory service in most of our churches. The exhortations are short, apt, and elevated in tone; the prayers are also short, while weighty and fervent; and the sentences have been selected with great sense of fitness. We have objections to the invariable repetition, Sunday after Sunday, of the Lord's Prayer as a part of the service, but it can easily be omitted when desired. Its occasional omission will both promote variety and discourage formalism.

The Selections from the Psalms and Prophets are given from the Common Version, with a few changes in word or phrase. The omissions necessary in the use of these Scrip-

* Hymn and Tune Book for the Church and the Home; and Services for Congregational Worship. Revised Edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1877.

tures by Christian people have been made with much more thoroughness and consistency than were practiced in the first edition. But we still note a few phrases which have escaped Rev. Mr. Shippen's adverse judgment. In our worship we should mean every word we say; and, at the risk of some loss in force, it is better for us *not* to say, "Mine iniquities are more than the hairs of mine head," or "Every man at his best state is altogether vanity," since our best people are not so in the habit of thinking about themselves. We do not pray to God the Only as "among the gods;" in His "anger" we do not believe, even for "a moment." Modern morality does not condemn him "who putteth out his money to usury" ("usury" means interest, simply, in our common version). Our modern doctrine of Providence will not allow us to sincerely repeat other expressions in the Psalms, with their plain meaning; and the same objection may be made to a few phrases in the prayers in this volume.

The Orders of Prayer to be used at will in place of extempore petition are compiled with great taste and felicity from ancient and modern service-books, incorporating much material from the Epistles. Further reflection on the subject has not, however, reconciled us to the use by Liberal Christians of several petitions retained from the first edition. We may desire for ourselves a quiet death in the ordinary course of nature, but it is still a question why we should virtually isolate this physical event from the reign of law, and pray, as here, to be delivered "from plague, pestilence, battle and murder." The principle which justifies prayer for deliverance "from lightning, tempest and famine" would justify the insertion of prayers for rain in a dry time and for sunshine in a wet season. Do we think such prayers either rational or religious, becoming or efficacious? If we do not, let us not repeat them. The "survival" of obsolete words and ideas is shown in the petitions for deliverance "from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion," "from false doctrine, heresy and schism," "in the hour of death and the day of judgment." Why should we show the impurity of our Christianity by desiring God "to forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers?" How can we ask Him to "turn from us all those evils which most justly we have deserved?" to "grant to us meekness, that we may inherit the earth; to be patient in all suffering, *that* our reward may be great in heaven?" Do we "confess with the mouth unto salvation?" Is the greatness of God's mercy "the measure of our guilt?" The chief weight of our objections is against the second Order of Prayer, where most of the above phrases occur. This can be passed over by those who wish to pray more nearly as they believe. Such will find their feelings much better expressed in the petition from another Order: "Cheerfully may we go on in the road which Thou hast marked out, not desiring too earnestly that it should be either more smooth or more wide; but daily seeking our way by the light, may we trust ourselves and the issue of our journey to Thee." While this service-book takes no notice in its prayers of those virtues of the intellect, which should find a place in our piety, if anywhere in the Christian world, we have no hesitation in declaring it a vast improvement upon its predecessor. We hope it will be adopted by our societies generally, and that it will be issued separately by the Association for the benefit of those churches which do not for any reason take the new Hymn-book. Its wide acceptance cannot fail to deepen and strengthen the religious life of our body.

The aim of the revision of the Hymn and Tune Book has been "to present within moderate size the best hymns in the

English tongue." The difficulty of attaining this aim is easily seen. No collector can dream of more than comparative success in a world where tastes differ. For ourselves, while very many of our suggestions for the revision have recommended themselves to the compiler, we do not consider the new book so nearly a complete success as it might have been made. We have not been able to compare the old book and the new to ascertain all the hymns omitted from the former in the latter. But we have incidentally noted, to our surprise, the dropping of these: "God in the gospel of his Son," "Let one loud song of praise arise," "Father, there is no change to live with thee," "In holy books we read," "Ye faithful souls who Jesus know," "Sweet thy memory, Saviour blest," "Thou must be born again," "They passed away from sight and hand," and "How oft beneath this sacred shade." Our impression is that this list of "best hymns in the English tongue," which were in the old book and are not in the new, will not be greatly extended by closer examination. On the other hand very many hymns in the first edition objectionable on account of their sentiment or their style have been dropped to great advantage. The new collection has very little Calvinistic coloring in any of its hymns. It "has been made catholic and inclusive for varying moods and experiences, and for manifold phases of thought." There are, we presume, some phases of thought in our very diverse body to which our omissions would be distasteful, but we think it would have been a gain had the compiler struck out all mention of "Jehovah's ever-burning throne," "The golden crowns and the glassy sea," "The never-setting sun and cloudless skies," and "The eternal concert," which go to make up an idea of heaven so comforting once, so amusing now, when one really thinks it out. Kirke White's hymn, too, is a fine-sounding poem, but it has no rational foundation. The "Star of Bethlehem" is not visible in any sky. Enfield's bilious composition on man, "The insect of a day," should have been incontinently dropped.

The additions have been made from a great number of sources, as one may see by glancing at the long index of authors. While Watts, Montgomery, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton and Steele are still leading names, the selection of their hymn has been revised with great profit. Among the authors the number of whose compositions have largely increased in the edition are T. H. Gill, S. Johnson, Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Bonar, Faber, W. H. Burleigh, Gaskell, Heber, Mrs. Hemans, H. F. Lyte and Chas. Wesley. But from the whole wide range of devotional poetry the reviser has drawn many hymns of a high order, the names of whose authors we have no space even to select from. The amount of care and labor requisite in sifting for this result must have been extreme. The general character of the new book is very much higher than that of the first edition. There is a singular evenness of tone throughout the collection. There is scarcely a hymn which has not positive merit. There is little, if any, simple commonplace to be found, but a true taste and poetical discernment have almost invariably guided Rev. Mr. Shippen's selection. Compared with the first edition, this new one is far more smooth and flowing, while at the same time it has more fervor and point. Unless we are much mistaken, it indicates plainly the changes which have gone on for the last ten years in our denomination. The very different relation which the "Hymns of the Spirit" bears to these two Association books is a significant sign. From that collection this one has borrowed very largely. We could have wished that it had taken still more. The "Hymns of the Spirit," and Rev. S. Longfellow's last little volume, "A Book of Hymns and Tunes," have a strong and

elevated character throughout. The Hymn and Tune Book cannot, from the nature of the case, be so peculiarly representative of one school of thought, of one strain of piety. Its spirit is broad, high and generous. Its literary merits are great. Its feeling is pure, deep, fervent. It is the product of pious sentiment cultivated, but not weakened by cultivation. The one deficiency we find in it as a whole is insufficiency of intellectual virility. Resolute, stirring and deeply thoughtful hymns are here, but they are not so many as they might have been. The mental earnestness of our time is not fully reflected. It may be that we do not yet realize how much we have gained for faith in these latter days, that we have not yet felt and sung what we shall yet feel and sing on this same ground of knowledge. Our whole body advances slowly; it is very composite. But we take this volume as a cheering sign of our progress. Holding on to the purified feeling and thought of the past, it will teach us to sing and pray with our faces toward the light, with a cheerful heart, with an active and reverent mind, with our whole nature opening up to God. We commend these Services and these Songs to the use of all our churches. Their thanks to the compiler should not be few.

N. P. G.

BIRDS AND POETS. With other Papers. By John Burroughs. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1877.

Mr. Burroughs has won ample appreciation by his vigorous and pleasant essays. They show themselves the work of one well-informed in the literature of his age, yet not afraid to think and speak for himself, and at the same time of one who is not so much under the control of the spirit of haste which is the momentary characteristic of the time, as to be unable to taste of those enjoyments which should form the solid background of daily life at all times—enjoyments which, alas! so many of us miss. Most of the essays in this volume are outdoor studies, in fact all of them have the breath of the clover fields and the woodland archways. The author tells us that he deliberated long before he decided to publish the literary essays with his outdoor sketches, and he trusts that the reader will not be scared away when in the latter portion of the volume he is confronted with the name of Walt Whitman. The country boy (as the one typically interested in the rural sketches) might be tempted to respond in the vernacular that he was "not born in the woods to be scared by an owl." We are not of the kind to be scared by the name of Walt Whitman, or by any other name under heaven given among men, but we are disposed frankly to say that, granted all Mr. Whitman's largeness and real power, he is vastly overrated by his friend Mr. Burroughs as well as by his English critics, and that the criticism which sees rich poetry in his very grossness is but a spasm of a chaotic time. In one aspect of the case it is sufficient to say that the long future will demand as an essential of the poet artistic form as well as breadth and depth of insight, and in another that the sensuous relations of men and things—avowedly too much neglected, and undeservedly frowned upon, to be poetically treated must of necessity be treated artistically, not vulgarly, the lines must be carved with the chisel of Praxiteles, not with the fork of the stableman. There are few of us who could not write tolerably comprehensive catalogues of natural objects, and the faculty of *poetic appreciation* of even very common things is not so very uncommon. But the faculty of *poetic expression* is certainly essential to the poet, if he is to be esteemed in any definite sense an artist.

In these remarks we are simply expressing our dissent from Mr. Burroughs' estimate of Mr. Whitman and not at all questioning the force of much of the feeling which prompts his eulogy. His literary criticisms are interesting, as are his investigations into the household economy and domestic habits of the birds he loves so much, and are well worth considering.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

The Ursuline Convent and School on Mount Benedict, near Charlestown, Mass., was burned by a mob on the night of the eleventh of August, 1834, during the anti-Catholic excitement produced by the preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mrs. Whitney, then Louisa Goddard, a child of nine years, had at the time of its de-

struction been an inmate of the institution for about two weeks and now after an interval of more than forty years she tells the story which had been so vividly impressed upon the memory of the little eye witness. Her book, first printed for private distribution, is now given to the public, who thus come largely into her debt, for we are sure that rarely has it been our fortune to meet with so simple and effective a narrative. The personal interest is thoroughly sustained, and we follow the fortunes of poor Claribel the unfortunate doll, who alas! was forced to become a victim to the *auto da fé*, and of her loving mistress, closely to the very end.

As a record from memory, the story is marvellous and the events were important enough in themselves to command attention. The character drawing we assume to be correct, as it certainly is acute. Whether intentionally or not does not appear, but *actually* the child's father cuts a very poor figure in these pages. No comments are made upon his conduct, which to say the least seems to have been that of one disposed to do the most foolish things, all good counsel and judgment to the contrary notwithstanding. The Superior of the Convent also appears with all her dignity to have reached the acme of silliness, and it is impossible to feel any strong sympathy with her in her misfortunes, however much disposed you may of right feel to denounce the wild bigotry which provoked the outrage of which she was one of the victims. But leaving her personally out of the count, we can very heartily unite with Mrs. Whitney in reproaching the conduct of the authorities who have failed to this day to make compensation for the losses to which they were equitably and legally liable because of this insane outbreak of sectarian animosity. With the removal of the ruins which have been for so many years a prominent landmark to those familiar with the neighborhood of Boston will not pass away the stain from her escutcheon unless she shall finally make as complete as possible, though a tardy reparation.

THE CRUISE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "Challenger." Voyages over many Seas, Scenes in many Lands. By W. J. J. Spry, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

The "Challenger" under command of Captain Nares, more recently of the Arctic Expedition, was selected in 1872 by the British Government to bear a strong party of scientific gentlemen under the leadership of Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thomson upon a voyage of discovery around the globe. She started from Sheerness on the 7th of December, 1872, and cast anchor again at the same place on the 26th of May, 1876, after making a course of nearly sixty-nine thousand miles. The scientific results of the expedition, great as they were, have as yet been only partly given to the world, the volume before us by Mr. Spry, of the Engineering Department, being one of several, the purpose of which is to treat of it in its lighter and more popular aspect. The general course of the voyage was as follows: First, to Gibraltar, then along the African coast to the Canaries, and thence to the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Bermudas, Madeiras, Bahia, South America, Cape of Good Hope, Kerguelen Islands and ice region of the South, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, New Guinea, Japan, Sandwich Islands, Valparaiso, Straits of Magellan, Montevideo, Cape Verde Islands, Vigo, and home. Mr. Spry is an unassuming narrator, who tells his story simply and briefly, describes and illustrates the more important scientific apparatus which was used, and says enough of the scientific operations to show his thorough sympathy with them without giving details too minute for the cursory reader; devotes most attention to the general incidents of the voyage, and makes a book which, while having plenty of interest in itself, will give an insight into the more valuable results of the expedition to those who are not likely to seek them in the scientific records.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE SWEDENBORG LIBRARY. Vol. III. Edition by B. F. Barrett. Freedom, Rationality, and Catholicity. From the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

It seems to us extremely difficult to understand the main article of faith in Swedenborg's philosophy, and the general breadth, truth and beauty of many of the Swedenborgian ideas makes it all the more difficult to accept this one article "That there is one God, in whom is a divine trinity (not of persons, but of essential divine principles), and that He is the Lord Jesus Christ." If Swedenborg means by this that the laws of love and righteousness are the only things we can distinctly understand and follow, as demonstrated and taught by Christ, we can accept the definition, but to make Jesus Christ the very God and Creator, seems to us to dwarf the

"divine principle," to take away the peculiar force of Christ's mission and to lift too easily the awful veil of mystery which covers the spiritual problems of life. We cannot even seem to ever solve them on earth, except by letting imagination run away with reason, and the mixture of mysticism and materialism in Swedenborgianism seems to us to supply the place of sound reasoning and that patient holding of the mind in reserve on the deepest subjects, which, the world notwithstanding, strikes us as a more reverential attitude than the one adopted by those who choose a fixed and a final doctrine.

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE. A Hebrew's Reply to the Missionaries.

By Rev. Dr. Frederic De Sola Mendes. New York: 1876.

This little book of fifty pages is one of the signs that Judaism is gaining confidence to assert itself against dogmatic Christianity. Its intention is to enable young Hebrews, men and women, to meet the arguments put forth by Christian missionaries among the Jews. We are surprised at the author's confession of the lack of instruction in Jewish Sabbath Schools, and the consequent ignorance of the most rudimental knowledge of their faith on the part of the Jewish youth; an ignorance that must be dense indeed, if such elementary books as this are called for. It contains what we should call the merest commonplace, were not that phrase a relative one. The most valuable portion of the volume is that which contains Biblical and Rabbinical parallels to the maxims of the New Testament.

FRUIT AND BREAD: A SCIENTIFIC DIET. By Gustav Schlickeysen. Translated by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Pp. 227. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1877.

This work will be liked by vegetarians, as the author and translator both bring strong evidence to show that man is essentially a frugivorous animal in the broadest sense of the word. The illustrations are numerous and explicit and the arguments feasible. Dr. Holbrook has not kept closely to his author however, but has enlarged and elaborated at points, and the appendix contains articles by Dr. James C. Jackson and Charles O. G. Napier, which it is hoped may prove serviceable to the victims of intemperance.

WILLIS' HISTORICAL READER: BASED ON THE GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY. By William Francis Collier. Pp. 377. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1877.

This work claims to fill a place wholly unoccupied. It is really a text-book in an attractive form, not merely a dry list of facts, but an interesting reader. The original plan of Mr. Willis' work has not been interfered with, but the events from the creation to the opening of the Christian era, the articles upon the Settlement of America, the Indian Wars, the Wars of the Revolution, 1812, American Rebellion and Franco-Prussian have been added by the American editor.

SERVIA AND ROUMANIA, with maps and illustrations, issued by Osgood, is another addition to the literature of the Eastern Question. Mr. George M. Towle, the author of the work, gives a good insight into the condition of things in the Danubian principalities and the book will be of especial interest just now. Portraits of Prince Milan and Princess Nathalie of Servia and Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth of Roumania are given, together with a fine map of the districts mentioned. Portions of the book have formerly appeared in print, but additions and improvements have been made, bringing it down to the present time, so that it is essentially a new book.

OSGOOD'S VEST-POCKET SERIES is now well-known and admired everywhere. The edition is handy and elegant, and our old friends look better than ever in their new dresses. The latest issued in this style are favorite poems by Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning, Hood and Holmes, Hawthorne's short stories and Carlyle's "On the Choice of Books." These handy little volumes are gotten up in uniform style, clearly printed, neatly bound, and some of them finely illustrated. They are just the thing for a journey, as they take up but little room and are standard works by our best authors. They are sold for fifty cents a volume, and ought to create an immense demand.

BEN BLINKER, OR MAGGIE'S GOLDEN MOTTO, AND WHAT IT DID FOR HER MOTHER. By Daniel Wise, D. D., author of "The Glen Morris Stories," "Kirkwood Cliff, or Oscar the Sailor's Son," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

The harmless production of a well-meaning writer, with no distinctive feature which requires notice.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

ART EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. By George Ward Nichols. Illustrated. SEEMANN'S CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B. A. 64 illustrations. THE AMERICAN SENATOR. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 50 cts.

From Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION. Sermons relating to the Boston Revival of 1877. \$1.50.

From Macmillan & Co.

THROUGH NATURE TO CHRIST, OR THE ASCENT OF WORSHIP THROUGH ILLUSION TO THE TRUTH. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. \$4.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

POEMS OF PLACES. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.

Four volumes of the "Vest-Pocket Series."

FAVORITE POEMS. J. G. Whittier.

A RIVERMOUTH ROMANCE. T. B. Aldrich.

MISS MEMENTABLE'S SON. T. B. Aldrich.

LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW's sermon seldom takes well with an audience of daughters-in-law.—ENGLISH PROVERB.

A SLIGHT touch of apoplexy may be called a retaining fee on the part of death.—MENAGE.

TO DISPENSE with ceremony is the most delicate way of conferring a compliment.—BULWER.

'TIS the good reader that makes the good book.

WE respect ourselves more if we have succeeded.

HEALTH is the condition of wisdom, and the sign is cheerfulness.

EACH man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

NEWTON was a great man without telegraph, or gas, or steam-work, or rubber shoes, or lucifer-matches.

DO NOT hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not deal with sables and glooms in your conversation.

THERE is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty in all the street full of eager and rosy faces but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word.

THE passion for sudden success is rude and puerile, just as war, cannons and executions are used to clear the ground of bad, lumpish, irreclaimable savages, but always to the damage of the conquerors.

I PRONOUNCE that young man happy who is content with having acquired the skill which he aimed at, and waits willingly when the occasion of making it appreciated shall arrive, knowing well that it will not loiter.

SELF-TRUST is the first secret of success, the belief that if you are here, the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution, and so long as you work at that you are well and successful. It by no means consists in rushing prematurely to a showy feat that shall catch the eye and satisfy spectators. It is enough if you work in the right direction.

AS NOTHING astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing, so nothing is more rare in any man than an act of his own. Any work looks wonderful to him except that which he can do. We do not believe our own thought: we must serve somebody; we must quote somebody; we dote on the old and the distant; we are tickled by great names; we import the religion of other nations; we quote their opinions; we cite their laws.

HOPE writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim—the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the drugs are made

bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.—
EMERSON.

LIMITATION TO OUR COMPREHENSION OF NATURE.—As self-conceit and self-adulation may lead some minds to imagine that all the barriers to universal and complete knowledge will be overthrown in the future development of human intelligence, it may be well to remind them that, in some quarters at least, there are limitations to our comprehension of nature. The finite nature of our faculties, the imperfection of our organs of sense, and the position we hold in the physical world, combine to render it impossible for man to embrace the whole of nature in its universality. No mortal will ever be permitted to penetrate all the arcana of the universe and comprehend the *whole*. One striking illustration taken from astronomy will suffice to place this in a clear point of view.

Physical causes have entirely concealed three-sevenths of the moon from our observation. And this must always remain so under existing cosmical arrangements. No conceivable progress in astronomy, no possible improvement in the telescope can remove or abate the difficulty. It is true that it is very seldom that we find the limits of human knowledge so *sharply defined*, as in the case of the physical aspect of our planetary companion. Nevertheless, nearly similar conditions exist in the intellectual world, where, in the domain of deep research into the mysteries and the primeval creative forces of nature there are regions similarly turned away from us and apparently forever unattainable. So likewise, in those systems of double stars, which the astronomer finds scattered through the awful abysses of space; how remote the analogies to our system! What complex reactions must exist between the planets engirdling the double suns and their duplex centres of power and energy. But their features are forever hidden from man; we can never hope to explore these sacred mysteries. Permit me to conclude this address with one more thought in this connection. It seems to me that no one need regret that there are enclosed spots, some secluded regions, some quietudes in creation, which will be unexplored and unpenetrated forever. These are the regions in the intellectual world into which faintness, weariness and broken-heartedness may sometimes flee and find shelter and repose! Sweet and inviting mysteries—encouraging mysteries—among whose gentle shadows all our holy aspirations, our unnamed yearning, humbly and tremblingly advance, and find or fashion for themselves images of purity and love, convictions of immortality, vistas of a life to come!—**PROF. JOSEPH LECONTE.**

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

MR. HILTON is reported as explaining that the "Jews" whom he dislikes are those who attract public attention by "a vulgar ostentation, a puffed-up vanity, an overweening display of condition, a lack of those considerate civilities so much appreciated by good American society, and a general obtrusiveness that is frequently disgusting and always repulsive to the well-bred." As these vices are quite unknown in Christian society, we may now congratulate ourselves that at least one hotel in the world will be a little paradise of refined simplicity and an academy of good breeding. We presume that the ingenuous youth of our country will hereafter flock to Saratoga to complete their education by taking lessons in deportment from the guests of the Grand Union, flatten their noses against the dining-room windows in order to see how the select behave at their meals, and long for admission to that elegant tavern as the subjects of European despots aspire to be presented at court.—*New York Tribune.*

SUCH repose as Webster defines to be "tranquillity—rest of mind—freedom from uneasiness"—is the real end of all needed vacations, and its cultivation, as a part of the philosophy of life, is worthy the best efforts of all energetic Americans. Who has not seen the nervous and high-pressure business or professional man "seeking rest and finding none?" He keeps, as Gen. Grant put it, "the telegraph at his back." His mails follow him. He will send four miles for a daily paper, just as he did in the critical periods of the late war. To deliberately stretch out on the grass, or swing drowsily in a hammock, for hours at a time, soothed by the sighing of the pines or lulled by the music of the sea,—this is a sheer waste of time to the typical nerve-motor. Like one of "Our Boys" in the the play, he is "wound up to go, and go he must." Instead of giving himself up to resting he makes a business of it.

He bends his energies to recreation, but doesn't know what "repose" means—which is very much like attempting to cool off a heated locomotive by hoisting it up on jackscrews and letting its wheels go round in the air instead of on the track. The nervous American's switch-off leads him on to another track, when he should go into the repair shop of Nature.—*Golden Rule.*

MR. COOK, Boston's Monday lecturer, has been dabbling in the history of the anti-slavery struggle. He represents Mr. Garrison, who was a strictly orthodox man at the outset of his career, as having finally come to hate ministers and churches. This is a great mistake. He simply denounced as spurious and false to Christ the churches and ministers that supported slavery. Anti-slavery churches and ministers he respected, commended, and loved. He simply put a difference between the true coin and the counterfeit—between the churches and ministers that followed Christ and those that took Daniel Webster for their "Archbishop." Mr. Cook refers to Whittier in complimentary terms; but it was Whittier who called the pro-slavery ministers

"Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke.

"How long, O Lord, how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thine own altars pray?"

And as to pro-slavery churches, it was Whittier also who asked in scorn:

"Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?"

What wonder if Mr. Garrison contemned and repudiated such ministers and churches as those against which the great poet of freedom directed his fiery indignation? His love and reverence for God and Christ would not permit him to do otherwise.—*Orange (N. J.) Journal.*

It is related of Senator Blaine that when he was asked recently if he "inspired" the political letters of Gail Hamilton, his sister-in-law, he said that he was reminded of the following story: "A woman in one of the back counties of Pennsylvania went before a notary public to acknowledge a deed, and was asked the usual question if she signed it without compulsion or fear of her husband. Stepping back one or two paces, she put her hands on her hips, set her head on one side, and after looking at the man for a moment, exclaimed: 'I guess, Jedge, you don't know the family,' " The moral that the Senator wished to have drawn from this story evidently was that the sister-in-law is too strong minded to permit even a distinguished brother-in-law to dictate what she shall write. * * * Mr. Blaine's speech in the House of Representatives in April was so broad in its denials that it was generally accepted as a complete exculpation; but the Senator's visit to Mulligan and the contents of his own letters placed him in the position of a prevaricator, and from this he has never yet been rescued. Again, during the late political campaign, Mr. Blaine, in a carefully-prepared speech, gave an account of a decision of a United States court in regard to a Southern claim, in which he represented the claimant as a rebel, and the claim as one of a class which threatened serious inroads on the Federal Treasury. In fact, however, the claimant was a Union man who was seeking to regain property taken from him on the supposition of his disloyalty.

People, therefore, who "know the family" will not be surprised if Gail Hamilton, in letters yet to be written—we suppose that they will be continued until the meeting of Congress renders them unnecessary—shall use weapons of the kind of which she complains in others; and members of the Administration will probably scan them closely to learn matters of their own personal history of which they have heretofore been ignorant.—*Evening Post.*

IOWA.—Rev. J. R. Effinger, formerly of St. Paul, has located himself at Des Moines and taken general charge of our missionary work in Iowa. He has engaged to preach one Sunday each month in Des Moines, the State Capital, and one Sunday each month at Atlantic, a fine town 85 miles southwest from Des Moines. Bro. Effinger writes encouragingly of the prospect in both places. There are a number of other towns desirous of having liberal preaching for a portion or the whole of the time. Decorah, Iowa, asks for some one to teach it a "more excellent way" in religion. A meeting was to be held at Burlington on the 26th to organize the Iowa Missionary Society. Its results have not reached us at the present writing.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE YOUNG IMMORTALS.

Oh! happy are the young who die
In all the bloom of youth,
Whose feet have always trod the path
Of purity and truth,
Who never yet had learned to feel
Life's weariness and care,
But pass from earth before a shade
Had darkened all things fair.

And even death will sometimes come
To them so tenderly,
We scarcely think that they can feel
How hard it is to die,
And though their forms are all too fair
To lay away from sight,
Yet still more fitting do they seem
To rise as angels bright.

And when to us who mourn below
A vision oft is given
Of white-winged messengers, we paint
Them young and fair in heaven,—
We always think the aged there
And weary are at rest,
But yet the young and beautiful
We love to picture best.

We see them passing too and fro,
In robes of shining white,
Too fair for e'en a master's hand
To paint for human sight;
For there can be no mortal face
As fair as theirs' we know,
Although they seemed so beautiful
When here they walked below.

And often when our feet are tired,
Or hearts are filled with care,
We love to think of those who died,
When they were young and fair,
Who lived on earth with scarce a sigh,
And passed without a stain;—
Then who would, if he might, recall
Their spirits back again?

We see them in the Summer dawn,
Or in the evening glow,
Or yet in quiet hours of prayer
They fold their wings of snow—
Those spirits of the young and fair,
And oft we dream they come
To guide the souls new-freed from earth,
Up to their heavenly home.

HOW TO USE THE VACATION.

"FIRST catch your hare." You don't need to bother about ways of spending a vacation until you resolve that you will have one, and provide for it. Those who recreate with a purpose—such as hunting, fishing or boating—can commonly get along without much advice. The mistaken souls who use their brief weeks in another form of activity—the most tiresome of all—mere travel for the sake of going somewhere, can't be reached by counsel, however good;—while the people who seek rest in great hotels at fashionable resorts have been proven so many times to be irrational and absurd, that—as Charles Lamb said in defence of lying: "Truth is precious, and not to be wasted on everybody,"—hints and suggestions are thrown away upon them.

But sensible people who pass a few weeks or months in camp, or at quiet country places, or on the mountains, or by the sea, often find themselves at a loss for something to interest without wearying them. They do not wish to merely "kill time"—feeling that such a phrase would have been ill-used by Methuselah in his 969th year. And so they take along books—and go to sleep over them: a benefaction to

many that ought to, but commonly would not, make an author feel that he had not written in vain.

There are very few books that can stand the test of out-door reading, and they mostly deal with nature in some form, or with life in some of its lighter and more active expressions. The little volume of essays that held the attention so fixedly by the open fire in the winter cannot compete with the whispering trees, the lazily-moving clouds, the happy birds and children, the creeping tide, and the hundred diverting objects in the summer-garden of the world. Studies lag—and they ought to. Games play out. Conversation loses the spontaneity that is one of its chiefest charms. Even repose loses a part of its fine zest if the mind feels that it is missing something which it might secure without sacrificing the great end of recreation.

Now, suppose that instead of attempting to read printed volumes we turn to the open book of nature, and, instead of seeking exercise and healthful change with deliberation and anxious thought, we take them unconsciously. For example, how many children—or grown people either, for that matter—reared in the city or in large towns, can tell the names and describe the characteristics of all our common birds, not to mention the wood birds and small wild animals? How few can tell the names of our forest trees, or of the flowers that deck the fields and make the shady wood-nooks lovely! The aromatic plants and roots; the numerous family of graceful ferns; the sea shells and mosses; the small fruits and berries; even the ordinary industries of the farmer,—all these and many other kindred out-of-door things afford themes of delight and profitable study. Let the father and mother take it up with the children, and learn to tell every bird by its note and appearance; to know its habits and the cheerful routine of its happy and busy life. One of Thoreau's or John Burroughs's or Wilson's charming books will be read with new interest, as an aid to such studies of birds and animals. Let the daughters learn the *flora* of the neighborhood, and the boys the wood-lore within their range. At the sea-shore the mystery of the tides, the wonders of the myriad forms of life within the waters, and many facts brought out and popularized by modern science, may be examined with an interest that could not possibly be awakened at home. Young people whose studies have taken them into the fields of geology, botany or natural history in any of its branches, may find object-lessons in every direction, which, without detracting in any way from the real ends of their vacation, can be made to blend recreation and learning most delightfully and profitably.

The philosophy of getting rest out of change and profit from vacations, and of finding recreations that re-create, needs to have more thought put into it than men are apt to do when starting hurriedly away from their business and their cares. There is a best way of resting, as well as of doing everything else; and the American people need to study it. A genius for repose is the rarest thing in this on-rushing nineteenth century; and it is as valuable a gift to the possessor as a talent for utilizing the welcome summer rest.—*Golden Rule.*

THE PERILS OF THE BASE.

THE only son of a widowed mother in this vicinity is a member of an amateur base-ball club. On Saturday he had his hair cut and oiled, and accoutred himself for the fray, and his fond mother tied one of her best lace-trimmed handkerchiefs round his throat, and put a clean handkerchief, with some cologne on it, in his belt, and kissed him, and he went like a sheep to the slaughter. About a

quarter-past seven he returned—that is, the most of him—and the following conversation ensued:

"My son, where is the lace handkerchief you had round your neck?"

"Here, ma, tied round this finger. I picked up a daisy-cutter. I think the finger is only out of joint, not broken."

"My son, why do you not speak plainer? Surely, surely, you have not been drinking?"

"No, ma; but in the latter half of the seventh inning our catcher's hands gave out and I went behind, and I stopped a foul tip with my teeth; that is all."

"My son, your nice new uniform is all bloodied in front. What-ever can you have been doing?"

"Nothing, ma, only I was trying to scoop in a high one at third, and the sun got in my eyes, and I muffed it, and the ball came on my nose, but I put it over to first and got him out."

"My son, your white flannel pants are all green behind."

"That, ma, was in the third inning when I tried to steal to second, and had to throw myself down and slide in. I got the base anyhow, and came in on a two-baser to left field."

"Alas, my son, I fear that you have had an unpleasant day. Let me send for a surgeon and a dentist, and get some arnica, ice water, lint, raw beefsteak, splints, sticking plaster, vinegar and brown paper, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis's Pain Killer, compresses, slings, leeches, clean cloths, opodeldoo, horse liniment, and in a few days you will not know yourself."

"O, ma, it was the bulliest game I ever was in—ten innings, and the score seven to six. If I die I give my bat to Billy Humphreys and my spiked shoes to Charley Gross."

(Exit, led out by his ma. Curtain falls.)—*Exchange.*

A FEATHER.

"DROP me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun;"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee
Fresh from the purer air:"
Upward the king flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

—J. R. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

An exchange is responsible for the following derivations:

The word pamphlet is derived from the name of a Greek authoress, Pamphylia, who compiled a history of the world into thirty-five little books. "Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Bigot" is from Visigotha, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conquerors of Spain has been handed down to infamy.

"Humbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was in Germany a proverbial expression for false political rumors.

"Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was made.

"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atabi, or taffety; the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratzi, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water demon of the Scandinavian legend.

The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

POETIC CHRISTIANITY AND REAL CHRISTIANITY.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, June 20, 1877.

To O. B. Frothingham:

DEAR friend of many years, co-worker in the old tough times of anti-slavery, of social reform and of transcendentalism, fellow-seeker after truth in the wells and mines of many a desert—never dearer than now, when in the plane of the critical reason we seem so widely to differ—let us have a frank talk in the world's whispering gallery, as ere now we have held in private chat.

1. What do you mean by "Poetic Christianity?" As I read between the lines, your thought is of a "religion in the air," that floats between sky and earth, an unsubstantial shape, such as the mediæval artists loved to paint—of angels hovering above the heads of men, treading on a patch of cloud just large enough for foot-hold. And by the "religion on the ground" you intend to signify a practical, working faith, that can tramp the muddy highways whereon the great army is marching, to gather up foot-sore wanderers who, from fatigue, have fallen out of the ranks, and wash away the mire running brooks, and feed the famishing from its scrip, and slake the thirst of the faint from its flask, and so set unwilling deserters on the road to brave battle and victory once more. Now, if under the courteous phrase of "prophet" you design to hint that my "Poetic Christianity" is an "up-in-a-balloon" religion—a floating, phantom-like, fanciful religion—let me frankly reply, "None of that, I pray you! Life is quite too real and earnest, too profoundly tragic, too manfully toiling, too glowingly all-alive." No, dear brother, I utterly agree with you, that what mankind at the centres of civilization is impatiently calling for to-day is a manly, muscular religion, that bare-handed and, if need be, bare-footed can drive piles and lay foundations and build bridges for the hosts of swarming emigrants from the old world of tradition to the new world of hopeful humanity to pass securely over. In a word, the "Christianity" I am pining after, longing for, aspiring towards with all my soul, is the *real Christ life* of our Father's Beloved Son.

2. Let me make a clean breast of it to you before all on-lookers. What you mean by the "rumors" that I had become "ecclesiastical in tastes and opinions," I can but conjecture. But the simple facts are in brief these: You remember how seven years ago, on the public platform and in the re-unions of the Free Religionists, in dear John Sargent's hospitable rooms and in private "confabs" with yourself and W. J. Potter and S. Longfellow and S. Johnson and J. Weiss and T. W. Higginson and D. A. Wasson and F. E. Abbot, etc., I tried to preach my gospel, that the *Vital Centre* of Free Religious Union is the *Life of God in Man* as made gloriously manifest in Jesus the Christ. And you remember, too, how around that centre I illustrated the historic fact that the great religions of our race arranged themselves in orderly groups. For nearly a year I opened my heart and mind to the Free Religionists and Liberal Christians, without a veil to hide my inmost Holy of Holies. But shall I tell you, my friend, that when I bade you all farewell, in the Summer of 1870, it was with sad forebodings. And why? The story, too long to tell in full, ran thus: One, in his wish to be bathed in the sense of ever-present Deity, had ceased to commune with the Spirit of spirits in prayer. Another, in his repulsion from imprisoning anthropomorphism, had abandoned all conceptions of a personal God, and so lost the Father. A third, in his historic purpose to lead a

heavenly-human life, here and now, gave up the hope of immortal existence, as a sailor might turn from contemplating the cloud-palaces of sunset to pull the tarry cordage and spread the coarse canvas of his ship. And, saddest of all, a fourth, in his bold purpose to be spontaneous in every impulse and emotion, spurned the motherly monitions of Duty so sternly that Conscience even seemed driven to return to heaven, like "Astroea Redux." In brief, one felt as if the Liberal College of All Religions in council with pantheism, agnosticism and atheistic materialism was destined to fall flat to dust in a confused chaos of most commonplace *spiritual "know-nothingism."* Such was my disheartening vision of the near future for dearly-loved compeers. And a darker valley of "devastation," as our Swedenborgian friends say, than I was driven into I have never traversed. Once again I sought comfort with the blessed company of sages and saints of the Orient and Hellas—with Lao-Tszee and Kung-Fu-Tszee; with the writers of the Bhagava-Geeta and the Dhamma-Bada; of the hymns of ancient Avesta and the modern sayings and songs of the Sufis; with radiant Plato and heroic Epictetus, etc., etc. Once more they refreshed and reinvigorated me as of old. But they did something better: hand in hand, they brought me up to the white marble steps, and the crystal baptismal font, and the bread and wine-crowned communion-table—aye, to the cross in the chancel of the Christian temple—and as they laid their hands in benediction on my head, they whispered: "Here is your real home. We have been but your guides in the desert to lead you to fellowship with the Father and His Son in the spirit of holy humanity. Peace be with you." And so my brother, once again, and with a purer, profounder, tenderer love than ever, like a little child, I kissed the blood-stained feet and hands and side of the hero of Calvary, and laid my head on the knees of the gentlest of martyrs, and was uplifted by the embracing arms of the gracious elder brother, and in his kiss of mingled pity and pardon found the peace I sought, and became a Christian in *experience*, as through a long life I had hoped and prayed to be. Depend upon it, dear Frothingham, there is on this small earth-ball no *reality* more real than this central communion with God in Christ, of which the saints of all ages in the Church universal bear witness.

3. A closing word now of our relationship to the Unitarian communion, out of whose bosom we were born. It is true that this year, once more, the controversial tone of our American meetings has surprised while it has grieved me. "What is the good," one could not but say to himself, "of refurbishing and sharpening anew the old rusty armor and weapons of our sires and grand-sires, when they in our place would put forth all their force to beat their swords into ploughshares, to gladden by culture the peaceful paradise already won, and so enrich the wide world with its fruit?" Let us prove the quickening power of our religious principles by rearing a race of larger, brighter, sweeter, more mellow Christians than Christendom has ever seen. That is our vocation. Only by manifesting in spirit, truth, and deed that our form of religious life breeds a nobler stock of real children of God can we convert fellow-believers of other Christian communions to our faith. And we need you and all our friends of the "Free Religious Union" to help us thus to finish the work which our forefathers entrusted to our fidelity. Why withdraw from our communion just when all its most earnest men and women are beginning to recognize that the very glory of the Christian religion, of the Christian gospel, of the Christian Church, is the affirmation and experience of the *indwelling* of the Father in the

united family of His children by His spirit of holiness, truth and love, whereby Jesus was filled to fulness, and so transfigured into the Father's image? Why withdraw from us just when we are aspiring, hoping, aiming to make *real* in persons, homes, societies, nations, humanity the life of God in man and of man in God—that is, heaven now and the sure pledge of heaven hereafter? Help us, dear Frothingham, with all your best powers—help us to make this grand Republic a real Christian commonwealth, and so a centre of peace for the reconciled race of man.

Heartily your friend,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

[MR. CHANNING'S letter requires no comment. It was a mistake to call his Christianity "poetic." It has a firmer dogmatic basis than the eloquent speaker had revealed—that it is more persuasive or attractive on that account cannot be said. One misconception of his needs correction. In distinguishing between religion *in the air* and religion *on the ground* no contrast was made between a sentimental and a working religion, but a religion built on fancy and a religion built on fact. The writer of the article, "Poetic Christianity," regrets to be unable to place Mr. Channing's Christianity in the latter category.—O. B. F.]

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

I.

I HAD been away for more than two years, and I anticipated the coming of Anniversary week with eagerness. Certainly if its traditional power has lasted for more than two hundred years, it must be still worth our talking about when less than a month has passed?

The business meeting of the American Unitarian Association was preceded by a prayer-meeting at Hollis Street; dear old Hollis Street, I had almost said, for out of its galleried shadow there always gleams for me the winning vision of Orville Holly, the first defender of "free religion"—of late most ungratefully forgotten; the martial presence of John Pierpont holding aloft the glittering blade of "Total Abstinence," and the heart-searching eyes of Starr King. It needs the "sweet homeliness" of the influences now presiding to help one to shake off the glamor.

I do not know upon what authority Christians base their practice of holding prayer-meetings. Certainly Jesus advised us out of his own experience to "pray in secret," and every year that goes by convinces me that the Unitarians made a foolish concession to dominant prejudice when they started their prayer-meetings. I have never yet recovered from the surprise of it. That meeting always prospers best in which Mr. Winkley has a part, for prayer-meetings are more germinal to his ordinary methods than to those of most men. But this year even his meeting moved heavily, and was only redeemed by a right earnest word concerning loyalty from Dr. Bartol. Loyalty, as a social virtue, almost obsolete in our midst, and yet so grave a test of God's presence in the soul!

It happened to me many years ago to sit at the feet of Dr. Charles Lowell, in his sick chamber at Elmwood, where I told of certain misadventures that had come to me, through a man whom I had openly and disinterestedly served. "He might at least have been grateful!" I exclaimed, when the good Doctor tried to show me what a common experience I recounted.

"Grateful!" returned my friend, the burning flash we all remember, gleaming from his eyes, "Grateful! why, Caroline, gratitude is the last flower of noble souls!"

Up to that time I had thought of gratitude and perhaps of loyalty as of a matter of good manners and common decency. Since then I have had frequent occasion to acknowledge how deep is the spiritual experience out of which either is born.

Let us have "praise-meetings" hereafter, hours of practice in congregational singing, which might be such a power in the church. I am afraid the "prayer-meetings" are a snare. A foolish speech makes me anything but prayerful! I find that many of the ministers wish women to speak at these meetings, and at one of them an honest layman asked that the "women might be heard." I was just ready to say something, but that silenced me effectually. I can never speak except when I forget myself entirely, and am full

of some earnest thing I want to say. I do not wish to judge others, but I think we shall never cease to feel the distinctions of sex until we cease to talk about them. Even with my dear William Channing I was ready to quarrel, because he said so punctiliously, "brethren and sisters." Say "friends," oh, ministers, if you will, or if you think we shall not hear unless you call, but the "contrariness" of human nature is such that we sometimes resent the word "friend" when a friendless soul proffers it. For myself, I prefer to dive into the depths of my subject, regardless of distinctions so fleeting. Only when once or twice I have wanted to throw people back upon the innermost I have dared to say "men and women" and go on.

Well, the prayer-meeting melted into the business meeting of the American Unitarian Association, and outsiders had a chance to know how carelessly certain people do business. Some changes had been proposed in the constitution by a committee appointed to consider it, and they passed. An amendment was up for discussion and passage, if anybody had inclined to either, but nobody did. Perhaps it is worth while to remember, however, that this amendment made no provision for a quorum, and that if it had passed, the business of the Association must have hung in mid-air for a year or two, like Mahomet's coffin. Then came Dr. Bellows in a vigorous flow of thought and feeling, which no report I have yet seen ever so faintly reproduces. That he meant to tell us something concerning the reappearance of "Primitive Christianity" I dare say, but it was given him in that hour what he should speak, and it was of far more necessary things.

How good it was to see the half-barbaric gleam of his Turkish scimitar as it cleft the soft tangle and mesh of conciliation with which the Monday lectures have made us familiar! Good was it to hear him talk of the necessities of God's nature, conscience binding that unknown and divine One even as it binds us—quite as much unknown even to ourselves, if only human. In speaking of the slow growth of liberal thought, Dr. Bellows alluded to the ideal republic of Plato, which, after slumbering for more than 2,000 years, had finally taken form for such mighty ends on these western shores. Did he forget San Marino? It was only in the fifth century that a hermit and mechanic of that name gathered his followers together in the Duchy of Urbino. In 1846 the State numbered 7,000 souls, and its Senate of 300 members was balanced by a Council of 60, of whom 20 were patricians, 20 burghers and 20 peasants. From the fifth century to the nineteenth this plucky little State has waged no war on any mortal, and safe in its untempting mountain fastness, has been ignored alike by the ambition of Napoleon and the patriotism of Victor Emanuel. Since 1847 there has been a constitutional change—it has elected a *Senate* of 60 members for life, with an Executive Council of 12 popularly elected. Two Presidents are chosen every six months. Justice is administered by a foreigner, appointed every three years and incapable of re-election.

The public revenue is 6,000 crowns a year, and its expenditure 4,000. *This republic has no debt*, and I humbly submit that it comes nearer to the ideal State than the United States of America. I have a genuine admiration for this "Retreat of the 7,000," but I only allude to it now, because I believe the spirit never leaves itself without a witness, and it would have militated sorely against faith and experience, if, after Plato had once dropped his thought into human life, it had waited two thousand years for germination.

Dr. Hedge followed Dr. Bellows, and how brave and stately he seemed!—an incarnation of the best days that we remember. He spoke of himself as not "eloquent," and I resented the inference, but, strange to say, in turning over the contents of an old trunk the next day, I turned out a forgotten order of exercises for Anniversary week, about 20 years old. Dr. Hedge had been one of the speakers. Against his name I had written in pencil: "Not eloquent, but his words fall from such a height!" That was the folly of my youth. I know now, that it is not the "angry ape" who makes the orator, but the soul possessed of wisdom and courage. Superb in finish and completeness were the words that followed. Dr. Bellows had made an inroad into the enemies' territory. The speaker built a fortress there, before their very eyes.

Christianity is not bound by the letter of the word, nor does it consist in any creed of man's devising: it is the spirit of Jesus moving the heart and guiding the life. To the crude thought of the early centuries Dr. Hedge was so brave as to do exact justice, and when it was time to ask what our modern Unitarian thought had sought and gained, his answer was so terse and so complete that it ought to be issued as a one-leaf tract.

What Channing and his friends have always struggled for, his calm voice rapidly summed up:

1. Redemption from the bondage of the letter.
2. To establish the rights of conscience as against ecclesiastical authority.
3. "Salvation," as a deliverance from the power of sin, but never from its penalties.
4. The punishment of sin as remedial and not vindictive.
5. The essential rectitude of human nature.
6. The final triumph of good in the soul.
7. Christianity, no arrest of God's power, but its true development.

8. And God's Church the union of all loving and loyal souls. Somebody said something about Dr. Hedge's "foreign fashion" of glove-wearing. Perhaps it is as well the world should know that those decorous gloves are the veil of intense physical suffering, which makes him shrink from the use of the very pen he holds so ably, and which would prevent any man less brave from any attempt whatever of a literary kind.

Our friend William Channing began with a reference to Dr. Bartol's word in behalf of loyalty at the prayer-meeting. Out of the very spirit of love and loyalty, he found good cause for courage in the very moodiest search after God.

Herculean Robert was no match for this Antaeus and could not hold him in his arms long enough to crush the life out of his speech.

The meeting was more pregnant than any held for many years, but I was offended by certain flatteries offered by the last chairman to the speakers. As I grow older I feel more and more that I can better bear any rudeness than unworthy words spoken by good men to each other. Introductions should obtain as healthy wounds heal, by "first intention."

The evening meeting Mr. Mellen, of Toronto, opened with prayer. I was glad to see him, for I know he has done excellent service among the people I hold dear. Mr. Spalding gave us some good words about church music, and whoever listened while he trained the children at the Second Church the next day saw that he knew whereof he affirmed. It was pleasant to hear Frank Peabody and Mr. Gordon talk of living problems and Western needs. I was glad to find the spirit of the father in the son and to get some earnest of what our young men are doing. There are times when the spirit of love seems to stifle justice, and I must say that in the grand meetings of this day I felt a certain vital want.

The doctrines of Calvinism are enervating and practically harmful. When a Calvinist is as sweet and pure as certain men among them are, it is not in consequence of, but in despite of his creed. Let me tell a little story here. Some years ago, when my children were young, I was obliged to leave them at times to the care of others. I was weary of the Milesian "reign of misrule," and thought some bright young Yankee girl would serve me better.

A friend of mine who was a devout Calvinist had a daughter who needed musical instruction. What more natural than that she should become the companion of my children, while I furnished the instruction? But a "reign of untruth" set in far worse than any "reign of misrule. The little lips I kissed night and morning began to tell lies. While I was hesitating what to do, my young assistant became seriously ill, and it was decided that she should go back to her mother as soon as she recovered. I tended her sick bed lovingly, and when she began to pack her trunk, I filled its crevices as well as I could. One day, I gave her part of a set of linen—two embroidered sleeves—which I did not wear, but I said at the time: "I shall not give you the collar; I must keep it for the sake of her who set the stitches."

Soon after I missed the collar, and found it where I was not looking for it—in the young girl's trunk. I quietly removed it, hoping I should not have to speak. But three times that theft was repeated, and three times the attempt frustrated. At last I wrote a letter to the mother. Nothing ever cost me so many prayers and tears as that letter. I thought how I should feel if the case were my own. "She could not know," I said, "or she would never have sent her to me." The letter was sent a few days before the traveler. I had begged the mother not to reply until she could assure me of the daughter's safe arrival, and oh! how I dreaded that letter—the outbreak as I felt sure it would be, of a mother's outraged feeling!

At last it came, calmer a good deal than the trembling hand which broke its seal.

"What can you expect," wrote the Calvinist mother, "but *all manner of deceit* from the heart which God has not yet touched?"

Here lay exposed the whole weakness of her creed. I had never guessed at it before. I had expected truth and honesty from all intelligent creatures.

Does any one think this is all I have to say about Anniversary Week? He is mistaken, for "the evening and the morning were 'only' the first day."

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WORCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE forty-third annual meeting of this Society was held with the Leominster society June 13. The spacious house was completely filled from ten o'clock A.M. till half-past four P.M.

The address by Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, upon "Sunday School Instruction—What to Teach and how to Teach It," was wholly extempore, occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery and was listened to throughout with great interest.

The speaker began by asking the object of the Sunday school. Our object, as Liberal Christians, is different from that of the Orthodox. Our ideas of the child are diametrically opposite. They hold that the child is depraved, we do not. And if at enmity with God, we ought not to develop the nature of the child. The child is not depraved—is not an angel, he is naturally true, but not very good, or very bad. The child is governed by the strongest motives. He is to be developed Godward, manward, toward the perfect character.

The one thing to be done with a child is to educate him, not to get him converted and get him into the church. The education the Liberal church proposes is moral and religious.

What constitutes the religious and moral environment, what are the facts? Emphasize this, teach the children what you yourselves believe to be the truth. Some parents don't care where their children go to Sunday school. If more convenient to go where they know the truth is not preached, they will still send their children to be educated in falsehood. So teachers will teach what they doubt to be true. How old ought a child to be before he shall be told the truth? Some think the child must be taught superstition when a child. Teach the truth in the first place. One of the first things you ought to teach a child is to be a skeptic. What is a skeptic? A man shading his eyes to see whether a thing is true or not. You cannot trust men to decide for you whether a thing is true or not; many things besides the evidence there are to show a thing to be true or false. Not a grander thing has been uttered in a century than Huxley's word—"to believe anything true until proved is immoral." The first thing of importance is the truth. The only thing worth living for and dying for is the truth. Teach children the facts, the truth and the whole truth about the Bible—all about its history, and then about other Bibles, so that they may see what other people have thought about God. If we are sure that our Bible is the best we should not be afraid to put it along side of all others. Misgivings that ours may not be the best might lead the timid to avoid others. If ours is not best it ought to fail; if others are good we should see and own it, and so have all the more to rejoice in.

Then teach the child all about Jesus; teach him all your thoughts about him. Be utterly frank. If the child finds you have been playing a double game he will disrespect you and what you teach. Teach the child about other great religious teachers; it will only show how Jesus surpasses them all.

First in the education of the child teach him the nature and value of conscience. The child must be taught not only that it is wrong to lie, but *why* it is wrong. The conscience must be educated, the moral sense instructed. Teach the principles underlying morals, so that children may know what it is to be good.

Then educate the heart. Place the child in the midst of beautiful things. Call out the faculty. Educate him as to what motives ought to govern him. Self-love is the desire for the best things for ourselves—so far all right. No contradiction in this to what is good for everybody else.

What is the great defect of our Sunday-schools? That they have no definite aim; no clear-cut conception of what is to be done or what ought to be done. Some have the idea that if they give the child a good deal of Bible, that is all that is needed, beginning nowhere, going nowhere and ending nowhere. A large part of our Sunday school teachers don't know any thing to teach. Most parents don't know or care. Teachers think it is doing a favor to take a class. You can't tell teachers they don't know any thing. Better even pay good teachers something.

If anything valuable is to be got out of the Sunday school, the instruction should be graded and a definite course marked out;

the filling out can be a work of life. The work should be laid out broadly and definitely. In a course of four years, first year study the Old Testament, not by chapters, not by books, but to get at the facts of the development of the Hebrew religion; the second year, take the life and teachings of Jesus, not beginning with Matthew and going through, but give an outline of the life of Jesus, then what he taught about God and man, sin and atonement, and systematize it; in this way the child will have a definite conception. The third year study the origin of the Christian Church and Christian doctrines; and the fourth year study the other religions of the world. If this four years course were carried out the child could be better educated than by ten years of desultory teaching.

The address was discussed by Rev. Messrs. Blanchard, Horton, Fowler, Cutting, Ball, Hall, W. H. Savage, and others, who agreed in the main with the essayist.

Mr. Blanchard would have eight years instead of four, and use the little time we have in teaching from our Bible and about Jesus Christ. The essayist, in reply, quoted Max Muller, who says that he who does not know anything but his own Bible doesn't know that. Spencer says you can't know a thing except by comparison; and since there is no one to compare God with, He is unknowable. That is very far from atheism. A German student once devoted his life to the study of the Greek particle, and regretted at last that he had not given it to the accent. Let us not narrow the sphere of instruction, but lay it out broadly and take time to fill out the plan.

Rev. Mr. Horton thought that much which the essayist said should be taught in Sunday school should be taught in the common school.

Rev. E. H. Hall, of Worcester, quoted Emerson, who says, "It takes two to tell the truth—the speaker and the hearer." It is not enough to be simply bold and sincere; we must so utter the truth that the child can receive it. Our difficulty is that we have not put the matter of instruction in such a form that the child can understand it. There is a gradation of preparation in the child. The Old Testament, which is the history of Judaism, should not come first, but fourth in the gradation proposed by the essayist. The older, not the younger scholars should take up the study of the Old Testament. We may rattle off all we please about liberal truth, but must have reference to the child-nature.

Rev. Mr. Noyes thought the plan of the essayist too much to carry out. It was very good for a normal school for the education of Sunday school teachers.

Rev. W. H. Savage spoke eloquently in defence of the essayist's position, declaring that it is not necessary to dilute truth in order to impart it to the child. Let there be no reserve, no putting off the child with half truths or husks. God's pure truth is always nourishing and safe.

Rev. M. J. Savage closed the debate, and felt that there was a substantial agreement all around.

A half hour was given to concert exercises by the Leominster Sunday-school, conducted by Mr. Bowen, Superintendent, which added much to the interest of the occasion. It was voted to send a copy of the address, in some form, to each of the Sunday school teachers in the liberal schools of the society, which will be done in the Autumn.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Rev. A. Judson Rich, of Brookfield; Vice-President, A. A. Ballou, Esq., of Grafton; Secretary, Rev. Granville Pierce, of Westboro'.

The day was beautiful, the gathering large and enthusiastic, the interest being sustained to the last.

A. J. R.

FROM BUFFALO.

ON the evening of the 20th inst. the Unitarians of Buffalo held a lawn party on the spacious grounds of Mr. Forbush. The popular way of describing social gatherings in which ladies take an important part is to particularize the costumes of the fair sex, bringing out the chromatic harmonies and specifying the materials used to produce them. On this occasion, however, the light being supplied by the moon and a wealth of Chinese lanterns, everything was so beautifully blended that the most accomplished "modiste" would have given up in despair any attempt at accurate description.

The trees and the surging lights, the carpet of grass and the forms that moved over it, were all necessary parts of a whole, a perfect picture of summer-night's enjoyment. The toilettes seemed

as fresh and natural as the foliage, and their wearers equally unconscious of any effort to please. The may-pole, with its many-colored ribbon streamers, woven and unwoven by merry children, with dance and cadence, was really a charming spectacle.

From gracefully-constructed booths, which seemed to have grown where they stood, the ecclesiastical saleswomen plied their evening trade. If personal beauty and vivacity are worldly traits, no one would have suspected their connection with the church. Any doubts as to the quality of the wares they offered were annihilated by the prices they asked for them; and the buyers manifested the utmost confidence in everything, as they seldom dropped their eyes to the goods they were purchasing. The commissary department was comprehensively managed, and very successful, except, perhaps, in a nutritious sense; but anything it lacked in that particular was abundantly supplied by the conversation of the ladies in charge, which effectually dispelled any such material consideration. The Rev. Mr. Cutter moved about among his friends with an expression of happiness which was too much in sympathy with the exterior surrounding to need the slightest vindication, were he a far less cheerful and genial man. And why should he not be happy? Spiritual instructor of a society of Unitarians distinguished for their enlightenment and refinement as the city in which they live is for its beauty and breezes, his position is full of opportunity. There is the opportunity of measuring "steel" in theological debate with such men as Bishop Cox, if the weapons used by that ecclesiarch can be likened to such stubborn metal. There is the opportunity of eclipsing the Episcopalian aristocracy, which is said to rule the day in Buffalo, by forming with the abundant material at hand an intellectual one. For are not the thoughtfulness and "intellectual honesty" requisite to an appreciation of truth in human affairs more worthy marks of distinction and respect than any of the acquirements exacted of her votaries by Fashion or the Church?

Untrammelled by creed, above the support of the misled and superstitious, the Unitarian minister of our day has opportunities which should fill the young heart with ambition, the old with gratitude.

A Liberal, I would advise all Liberals to become Unitarians, all Unitarians, Liberals; for the former would thereby have developed in them that religious sentiment which they so often need, and the latter would depart from the true spirit of their church in no important particular.

R. S. P.

MR. MOODY'S SALVATION.

CAN nothing be done for the salvation of Mr. Moody? After having labored so hard to save others must he himself be left to become a castaway? His late attempt to turn Unitarians and Universalists out of the Woman's Christian Union proves him to be "in the gall of bitterness and the bondage," if not of iniquity yet surely of ignorance and bigotry, and bigotry is iniquity, and iniquity which ignorance will not cover, however charity might. Really this last attempt of Mr. Moody's is an outrage upon the cause of Christian unity and righteousness. It is a burning shame to Evangelical Christianity that such things should be done in its name. In this setting himself up as a judge and a derider over us Mr. Moody is not acting as an Evangelical Christian at all, but in the very spirit of anti-Christ. But we do not want to condemn Mr. Moody but to save him. We allow him to be as sincere in these attacks upon Unitarians and Universalists as Paul was when he verily thought with himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth—as sincere and as wrong. But Mr. Moody is very ignorant. He is very ignorant both of Unitarianism and of Christianity. But is it not partly the fault of the Unitarians themselves that Mr. Moody and others who are like-minded, are in this state of ignorance? Have we taken sufficient pains to enlighten such minds and save them from their ignorance? Are not many Unitarians now disposed to treat Mr. Moody and his attacks with contemptuous indifference? Are not Unitarians too easily content with reaching the educated and intelligent classes, while they leave the classes whom Mr. Moody reaches and represents as the Pharisees would have had Jesus leave "this people who know not the law." But Jesus came not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance. And have not the Unitarians a yet unfulfilled mission to the ignorant? Can they not do more than they ever yet have done to remove those prejudices which are now walls of partition between them and the rest of the church, and

thus advance the common cause of liberty and of love, the cause ever nearest to the heart of Christ? And if we cannot convert the prince of this darkness, Mr. Moody himself, and make him a *real* evangelical Christian, cannot we convince and persuade a multitude who are now possessed with his spirit of division that it is no more their duty, or their right, to make these old dogmas of Trinity, atonement and hell, barriers to union in the Church of Christ and in the cause of temperance and of all righteousness? I believe we can and I mean to try. Sometime ago, Mr. Editor, I sent you a series of Theological Postal Cards—concise statements of Christian doctrine written upon postal cards. Now I want to send you a series of articles, longer than those, but still short, and written in plain English and nothing else, the object of which will be so to deal with the doctrine of the Trinity as to remove it from its place in the minds of the people as a barrier to Christian liberty, union and righteousness. The articles will, as far as possible, be each complete in itself but not longer than this which I here close.

G. N.

JOTTINGS.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK's address will be Chesterfield, Mass., during July and Marblehead, Mass., during August.

MICHIGAN.—Rev. J. N. Pardee has been preaching recently at Charlotte and Battle Creek, awakening quite an interest in Unitarian ideas. Last week Rev. J. L. Jones visited them for the purpose of organization, and Rev. Mr. Bowen of the Meadville School will preach in both towns during the summer, with a fair chance of making them into a permanent double parish.

Rev. Mr. Parrott, of Jackson, will spend his summer at the Salem School of Biology. His work in Jackson prospers finely. During the summer the church will be remodeled at the expense of \$1,500. The people of Jackson are quite sure that in Mr. Parrott they have "just the man who is wanted to save the city."

CHICAGO.—Rev. T. B. Forbush preached for the Third Church last Sunday. There will be no services in this church during the summer and the society has decided to take no action in regard to calling a pastor for the present. It has been bearing pretty heavy financial burdens, and desires a little time to rest and recuperate.

On the 17th the Church of the Messiah celebrated its Children's Sunday. Rev. Mr. Herford preached a gem of a children's sermon in the morning, the church being profusely decorated with flowers and the children furnishing the singing. In the afternoon a flower festival was held which was a "thing of beauty" to look upon, and a great "joy" to all the little folk.

OHIO.—Rev. Mr. Jones made a missionary visit recently to Canton, Ohio, and had a good reception. He reports a strong liberal element in that flourishing city, also in the neighboring city of Massillon. Rev. Mr. Sample, of the Meadville School, is preaching there during his vacation and writes of encouraging prospects. This is one of the best regions of Ohio for our liberal ideas to flourish in, and a little wise sowing may result in good future harvests.

Bro. Jones reports that Cleveland, though very sound asleep, is not dead. He has faith that the smouldering fire has not gone out, but will kindle again on the altars at no very distant period, when the people get tired of "waiting for something to turn up."

INDIANA.—Rev. Mr. Eddowes, of Geneva, has been preaching at Hobart for a few weeks with good success. The church at Hobart is one of our indigenous Western churches, which cannot help rooting deep and flourishing, so long as it has such men as W. H. Reisenburg to watch over and work for it.

Rev. Mr. Jones has been preaching in Plymouth, Ind. They never had heard a liberal sermon there, and did not quite know what to make of it, but they gave him a good hearing and wanted him to come again and talk that way some more.

The friends at Evansville, Ind., had a fine time last week dedicating their new church. Robert Collyer gave them one of his best sermons. The church cost \$6,500, is a neat and pleasant structure and best of all is entirely paid for. The society is very happy with Rev. Mr. Chaney, their new pastor, and think he is just the one man of all the world for them. May the mutual love endure.

La Porte has lost its minister, Rev. Enoch Powell. He said his farewell word last Sunday and left for the East. He expects to spend a couple of months about Boston, and our eastern friends ought to get some good preaching from him, although we cannot spare him permanently from the West. The church at La Porte passed very regretful and flattering resolutions on his departure, showing how large a place he had made for himself in their hearts. Ill health is the cause of his resignation. The church is out of debt, and has six or eight hundred dollars at interest towards a church lot. Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago will preach at La Porte next Sunday, and probably every other Sunday through the summer. La Porte has strong men of our liberal faith and offers a good opportunity for some earnest man to do a good and prosperous work.

The Inquirer.

Published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July, at 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

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The Inquirer of course is not responsible for any opinion expressed by its advertisers.

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Cash on hand and in Bank . . .	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value . . .	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell-	
ings . . .	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . .	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets - - -	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS.	\$312,311 21
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	288,602 56
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	189,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$709,379)	519,661 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS.	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE.	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE.	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877.	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID.	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

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PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y. January 1st, 1877.

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Gross Surplus.	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets.	\$2,792,902 92

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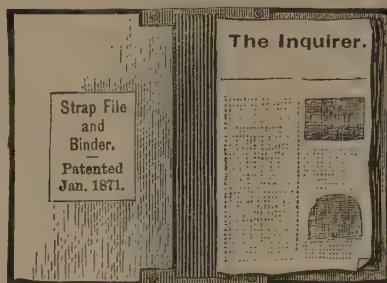
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 31.
WHOLE NO., 1601.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

THE INQUIRER furnishes for its Unitarian readers who are going abroad, a list of some score of European clergymen and professors "known to be in sympathy with liberal religious thought," such as might be looked to to furnish aid and comfort to strangers in a strange land. But included in the list are members of the German Protestant Association, many of whom are Trinitarians.—*Congregationalist*.

Certainly in name, but does the Trinitarianism of many of these men *actually* prevent their being in sympathy with many views and tendencies which would not pass muster as "orthodox?" It is impossible in these days to judge things rightly by their old labels, and, confusing as it is, the fact may as well be granted.

PROF. WALTER SMITH, in a recent speech before the Boston Board of Trade, on Technical Education, advocated the use of our public school buildings for night schools of instruction in drawing, elementary science and the industrial arts. Among other encouraging things bearing on the feasibility of his plan, he said this good word as to the capacity of New Englanders for art education: "I have taught in two countries—this country and England—and I say without any hesitation, I feel perfectly free to say it—you can't object to me because I am an Englishman, for I am not a subject of her majesty, Queen Victoria, and you will not regard what I say as soft solder, because I am not a Yankee—but as a teacher, a practical man in the class-room, one who has drawn his knowledge from actual contact with the pupil in twenty or thirty years of hard work, I say that the capacity of these New Englanders is greater in the direction of art than that of any people I ever knew in my life."

DURING the past week the Russian army has continued its successful passage of the Danube, and is now slowly pushing its way from Sistova towards the Shipka pass of the Balkan mountains. The Russians now openly declare that they do

not intend to stop short of Constantinople itself, but that their occupation of the Turkish capital will be only temporary. The Turkish government has secured a loan of \$10,000,000 from the Comptoir-d'Escompte, a French banking association, giving as security the sacred jewels from the shrine of Mecca.

In the English cabinet Lord Beaconsfield continues to stand alone in his advocacy of precautionary war measures, but does not press the acceptance of his views upon his colleagues, believing that a general advance of the Russians south of the Danube within a few days will materially modify the diplomatic situation. The London *Times* does not believe that the Russians will dare to lay siege to Constantinople, and thinks that the crossing of the Danube will prove as exhausting to Russia as it may be destructive to Turkey. Foreign residents in Constantinople are beginning to be anxious for their personal safety, panic and distress being naturally on the increase there since the Russian passage of the Danube. The Asiatic war news continues to be as conflicting and untrustworthy as ever.

PROF. YOUMANS, in the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, contrasts as follows the scientist's thought of God with that of the average church-goer:—"Is it," he asks, "rational to expect that the man of developed intellect, whose life is spent in the all-absorbing study of that mighty and ever-expanding system of truth that is embodied in the method of nature, will form the same idea of God as the ignorant blockhead who knows and cares nothing for these things, who is incapable of reflection or insight, and who passively accepts the narrow notions upon this subject that other people put into his head? As regards the Divine government of the world, two such contrasted minds can hardly have anything in common. 'As a man thinketh, so is he;' and as a man is, so will he think. If he is ignorant and stupid, his contemplation of divine things will reflect his own low limitations. He will cling to a groveling anthropomorphism and conceive of the Deity as a man like himself, only greater and more powerful, and as chiefly interested in the things that he is interested in. If he delights in the pious excitement of 'revivals,' he will think of the Almighty as the patron of camp-meetings, and as watching from on high with special solicitude the doings of Moody and Sankey in Boston. It is superfluous to say that men who look upon the universe as science has disclosed it cannot much sympathize with this view of the Deity and all that it implies. The profound student of science will rise to a more spiritualized and abstract ideal of the Divine nature, or will be so oppressed with a consciousness of its infinity as to reverently refrain from all attempts to grasp and formulate and limit the nature of that which is 'past finding out,' which is unspeakable and unthinkable. Religious feeling may be awakened in both those minds; but its inspirations and its accompaniments will be as wide asunder as the poles."

We are not acquainted with all the circumstances of the quarrel in the First Congregational Church at Revere, Mass., and have therefore no judgment worth expressing as to the real merits of this particular case. According to the Boston

Journal, of June 23, the facts seem to be as follows: The pastor, Rev. L. K. Washburn, is a radical Unitarian, one of those who regard "Christianity" and "Radicalism" as incompatible with each other and who use the word "Christian" to describe whatever seems to them "narrow," and "Radical" to describe whatever seem to them "broad." Mr. Washburn has been increasingly outspoken in the expression of his radicalism, to the discomfiture of those of his parishioners who are "conservative" in their views. Instead of withdrawing, separating, or in some other way peaceably arranging their differences, Mr. Washburn and his adherents attempted to force matters, to the degree of excluding from the pulpit a minister engaged to conduct the services after his (Mr. Washburn's) formal connection with the society as minister had been terminated. This conduct on the part of Mr. Washburn and his adherents brought the smouldering trouble to a definite issue, and the society appealed to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for an injunction against the occupation of their meeting house by the respondents. The Massachusetts Supreme Court, like the New Hampshire Supreme Court in the Dover case, has decided against Mr. Washburn and his party and in favor of the petitioners.

In our ignorance of the unpublished particulars in this case we shall not venture to express any judgment upon the action of the court. According to the statement of facts as given by the *Journal*, the finding of the court seems to us just, the action of the Mr. Washburn and his friends being illegal.

The real question underlying this miserable quarrel is clearly whether the parish shall be controlled by its radical or by its conservative members, and the decision of this otherwise comparatively simple question is aggravated by the difficulty of determining what constitutes "membership." Liberals in general will take but little interest in this petty quarrel, and the apparent unwisdom, not to say illegality, of the course pursued by Mr. Washburn and his friends will deprive them of the sympathy of many who are in general agreement with them in their radical religious views.

THE POWER OF SPIRIT.*

DR. FURNESS' books are pleasant reading, for they are written out of a full mind, with perfect simplicity of style, and an unaffected earnestness of spirit. The freshness of the feeling has the effect of originality. The thoughts are few and are perpetually recurring; the theme is never varied; the treatment never is altered; the strain of melody falls on the ear with monotonous sweetness; the reader knows precisely what he is to expect as he turns over the pages, and notes the titles of the chapters; the arguments reappear like old friends; the very phrases return with a constancy as of natural law, yet the effect is not that of tediousness. The writer's emotion is so genuine and so vivid, that he gives the impression of a man who is full of new thoughts that crowd upon him too fast for expression. The intellectual vitality suffused with moral enthusiasm, the swiftness, depth and certainty of the penetration into principles cause a perpetual and an otherwise unaccountable surprise. We feel all the time that the writer, if he chose to exert himself, could do the finest things. But an air of indolence pervades his pages depressing the effect of his genius, and suggesting powers unimproved. For this reason his volumes disappoint, this last one like all the rest.

* The Power of Spirit manifested in Jesus of Nazareth. By Wm. H. Furness. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

To be frank, the least interesting portion of his book—we say book, not books, because there is but one book with many titles—is that which relates to the life, mission, character and influence of Jesus, the portion which in Dr. Furness' mind, alone justifies the other portions, in fact, alone accounts, for his writings at all. Not that what Dr. Furness says about Jesus is less feeling or beautiful than the rest, but the rest is purely ethical and sentimental, perfectly legitimate therefore in its place and of its kind, while *this* puts sentiment in the place of history and criticism, and is therefore illegitimate. Dr. Furness belongs to the "subjective" school as it is called at present, in Germany, earliest known as the "rationalistic," here less flatteringly, termed the "sentimental" in distinction from the historical, scientific, or literary. The most eminent living representative of its method is Ernest Renan. The peculiarity of this school is the assumption of a standard of truth by the critic, which is dependent on his personal feeling of what *should be*, what the "laws of nature" or the "spirit of truth," or the "necessities of the case" require. Mr. Renan judges Jesus according to his conception of the normal development of our individual under the conditions imposed by Judean life, as the period when Jesus lived. Furness, all aglow with moral sentiment, fashions our ideal image of Jesus and finds the counterpart of it in the Gospels, setting up as his criterion of probability, nay, of *certainty*, his sense of the "natural." The critical faculty is singularly wanting in his poetic, imaginative mind. The theory of Jesus, in the hands of a less gifted author, a man of less eloquence and fervor, would look exceedingly thin and fanciful.

The "subjective" method leads to arbitrary interpretations, to selections of material bordering on the whimsical, and to exaggerations of statement that amount to travesties of fact.

For example: the chapter entitled "Easter" opens with this sentence: "The event commemorated at Easter, the reappearance of Jesus alive to Mary, after his crucifixion, is one of the facts related in the accounts of him that have come down to us, which, extraordinary as it is, it is out of my power to doubt, simply and solely because after the closest and most searching examination that I am able to make of them, the four different narratives are found to be of such a character as brings with it an irresistible conviction of truth." Now the plain fact is that the impossibility of reconciling those four accounts is at the bottom of all the skepticism in regard to the resurrection! They are, in the opinion of the best scholars, so essentially *unlike* that the persuasion of their *un-historical* character is formed in nearly all candid minds.

Again, on page 76, speaking of the Apostles, he says: "From being private, obscure persons, they became through their faith in Christ, men of extraordinary mark, of indomitable energy, stirring the world with their speech, forming everywhere associations of men that gradually revolutionized empires, and, notwithstanding manifold sufferings, conscious all the while of a joy that made the prisons into which they were thrown, ring with their glad hymns." That this is an erroneous exaggeration, any reader of church history as recorded by the best men, even conservative men like Merivale, is able to perceive at a glance.

Speaking elsewhere of the New Testament biographies he writes, pages 137-140: "Since they have lain for ages at the foundation of this great and venerable Christendom, they justly claim the most thoughtful and candid attention." But *have* they thus lain at the foundation of Christendom? The

student of church history doubts, nay, more than doubts; he is certain that Christendom rests upon other pillars.

"We are to treat these writings as if they were anonymous, and had just come to light, discovered in some Eastern monastery." Are we? Is nothing gained by knowing their place in the order of literature to which they belong? Is it no advantage to be able to lead them by the light thrown on them by contemporaneous documents and events? We should not say this of any other books. Why should we say it of these?

On page 147-8 he speaks of "the venerable age of these books, and the vast authority which they have exercised." Dr. Furness forgets that more pains have been taken to preserve these writings than ever were taken in the interest of secular productions; that the authority attached to them has greatly exceeded the authority they have exerted; and that, in any event, criticism, however it may be piqued, cannot be biassed or prejudiced by antiquity or the reputation of sacredness.

In a word, Dr. Furness' volumes are not of the kind to give satisfaction to studious, critical or questioning minds; but to warm, impassioned minds they are refreshing and fascinating. As volumes of *edification*, in the best sense, they stand in the very front rank. His conception of human life and character is so noble, his enthusiasm is so pure, his faith in man so vigorous, his hope for society so strong, his freedom from everything like cant, dogmatism, sectarian narrowness, pious fears of philosophy, science, literature so complete, his love of truth so profound and so sincere, that the most instructed may with profit press him to their hearts, while the least instructed will be comforted and strengthened by sitting at his feet.

O. B. F.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN MORALITY AND RELIGION.

IN order to establish the relations between objects it is of primary importance to correctly define them.

For the sake of clearness, therefore, let us first define morality and religion as *sciences*, or classes of knowledge, then as *sentiments*.

As we discover truth we call it knowledge, this knowledge *classified* is science.

The science of morality, or ethics, finds its source in man's *conception of duty*. It is formed of certain palpable truths concerning our duty to each other, which have been built upon and developed into moral systems by many writers. These elaborations are more or less faulty as their authors have strayed from a clear conception of human nature which alone governs human duty. In order to judge of the accuracy and truth of moral law it is necessary to gain a knowledge of ourselves.

The source of our knowledge of *religion* is man's conception of God. Careful and conscientious thinkers, whom we call *scientific men*, generally deny that there is any *science of religion*, because we have not as yet discovered enough of the nature of that great Being whom we call God to presume to call our ideas of him knowledge or science. Some of the greatest minds the world has ever known have declared a conception of God impossible, perhaps chiefly because the unworthy notions of the Deity which have been imposed upon the world have repelled their minds from this sphere of thought and in opposing error they have lost sight of truth.

The reason why so little progress has been made toward a knowledge of God is—firstly, because the social and political organization of our race is so imperfect that the great major-

ity of its members are obliged to devote their entire lives to the pursuit of the means with which to sustain them; and again the greater part of those who are free from this necessity suffer from the limited development of their natures which the fate of their predecessors has imposed upon them. Secondly, because the class of men to whom the study of the nature of God has been intrusted have been to a great extent either incompetent or unfaithful to their trust; finding it easier or more profitable to maintain the mutilated or obsolete theories of other men than to apply their mind to the discovery of truth.

A popular definition of sentiment is a "thought which springs from a feeling." When feeling is first born it is nearly blind. As it matures it becomes intelligent, and this is what we call sentiment, this boyhood of our thoughts.

Sentiment develops toward clear conceptions, and being made up of impulse and thought, its purity being determined by the predominance of the latter, a comprehensive definition of it would be, that common ground where impulse and ideas meet. Looking more closely into the matter we find that our lives are lives of sentiment more or less refined; that the "common ground" covers our existence, for what thought is free from feeling, what feeling free from thought?

The *sentiment of morality* is the natural impulse within us to conform our actions to our ideas of duty or "conscience."

The moral sentiment develops as the impulse pushes the intelligence toward a clear conception of duty or "universal order" or the "laws of God."

The man of science discovers this "universal order" in whatever direction his researches take. He who traces the course of the stars approaches the same order which governs the bee in constructing the angle of his tiny cell. He who studies the nature of our race discovers the laws and divines the destiny to which that nature points.

Religious sentiment is that natural desire within us to revere, and raise our minds to something above and better than ourselves, developed into an idea of God.

How much pure religious sentiment is wasted and perverted by misguided faith! Who does not know of more than one pure soul crushed under some monstrous definition of its God?

The relations between religion and morality are similar to those existing between the flower and the plant. In studying the works of God, whether it be in man or in the universe which surrounds him, we discover those eternal laws, that perfect order which leads us to the source of power, wisdom and love.

R. S. P.

RUDOLPH HERRMANN LOTZE.

THOSE of our readers who have taste and time for philosophical studies, or who wish merely to keep themselves acquainted with the progress of philosophical thought abroad, will appreciate our motive in presenting to them in this number of THE INQUIRER an admirable translation by Rev. Francis G. Peabody, of Cambridge, Mass., of the Introduction to Hermann Lotze's great work, in three volumes, entitled "Mikrokosmos."

Both American and English students who cannot read the original German will be glad to learn that so exact, intelligent and thoroughly competent a scholar as Mr. Peabody is now engaged in the translation of the complete work. We do not know how soon the publication of the first volume may be looked for, but we feel sure that its appearance will be most heartily welcomed by all those who know anything of the high estimation in which Lotze is held abroad.

In this connection it seems worth while to reprint from the February and March numbers of the *Unitarian Review* the following biographical portions of Rev. James T. Bixby's interesting articles on Lotze :

THERE is no philosophical teacher in Germany who by general consent would be rated higher than Hermann Lotze. "Lotze's influence," as Prof. Lindsay has said, "has made itself felt most deeply and spread most widely,—so widely that I doubt if there is any German thinker under forty years of age on whom the Göttingen professor has not set his intellectual stamp. Nor is his influence confined to Germany. It is equally great in Holland ; it is manifesting itself in France. Lotze is already well-known in England ; and here in Scotland all our students who read German are fascinated by his *Mikrokosmos*." It is to be hoped that America will not long remain a stranger to him.

Rudolph Hermann Lotze was born on the 21st of May, 1817, in Bautzen, the ancient capital of the province of the same name in Saxony. His earlier studies were pursued at the gymnasia of Zittau, the second city of the same province. The son of a physician, he had formed at an early age a taste for the natural sciences. Accordingly, as soon as prepared, he went to Leipsic to pursue as specialties the studies of medicine and philosophy. With such success did he address himself to his work, that five years after, in 1839, he had already won a double doctorate, and entered upon academical instruction as *privat docent* at once in the faculty of medicine and philosophy. It was during the five years which he was connected with the Leipsic faculty that he sketched out the principles of his system of thought, and gathered materials for his subsequent numerous works.

The first work of Lotze, published while he was still a *privat docent*, was a work entitled *Metaphysik*. In the following year he won general attention by his treatise upon pathology and therapeutics considered as mechanical sciences (*Allgemeine Pathologie und Therapie als Mechanische Naturwissenschaften*). This brought him the appointment of professor *extraordinarius* at Leipsic. In the following year he published a *Logic*, and in 1844 was invited to occupy at Göttingen the regular Professorship of Philosophy, the chair which three years before the death of Herbart had left vacant. This call was accepted, and since then, though he has had many brilliant offers from other universities—Tübingen, Leipsic, Berlin, he has remained ever since with the University of Georgia Augusta. Since his appointment to Göttingen, Lotze has given several books to the world. In 1846 he published *Ueber den Begriff der Schönheit*, or "The Idea of Beauty." In 1848, *Ueber die Bedingungen der Kunstschönheit*, or "The Conditions of Artistic Beauty." His "Physiology of the Body" (*Allgemeine Physiologie des Körperlichen Lebens*) appeared in 1851, and in the following year his "Physiology of the Soul" (*Die Medicinische Psychologie oder Physiologie der Seele*). These two works were intended to show the assistance which medical and philosophical studies may and ought to lend to each other. Lotze's greatest work, however, and that by which he is best known and will be longest remembered, is the *Mikrokosmos*, *Ideen zur Naturgeschichte und Geschichte der Menschheit*. This is a treatise upon anthropology in which he presents his most mature conviction upon the whole circle of knotty philosophical and scientific problems which centre in the nature of humanity and its relations to whatever is below or above it. This great work, whose three volumes appeared at considerable intervals, was completed in 1864, but has since been republished twice.

In his latter years Lotze has written a *History of German Aesthetics* ; and, finally, engaged in working over his earlier works into a complete *System of Philosophy*. The first volume, devoted to *Logic*, is all that has appeared as yet.

It will be readily seen from this brief *resume* of Lotze's work, how active his intellect is and how diligent his industry. Only an amazing capacity for research, fertility and readiness of thought and assiduity of exertion, could have put forth so many works on such profound and difficult subjects. But the quality of the work, if we may believe the testimony of the best judges, is equal to the quantity. Lotze always comes to his subject with abundant store of information. Whatever data bear upon his subject, whatever opinions are worth attending to, he shows an acquaintance with ; and he deals with them all in the broadest spirit. His tone is singularly calm and judicial ; his statements most anxiously guarded ; his cautious discretion holds him back from all hasty generalizations. So careful is he against sweeping and rash conclusions, that not unfrequently, after the most intelligent discussion of grave problems, he seems to leave them without putting forth as his own any positive decision. From this absence of dogmatic statement his position has often been misunderstood. Empiricists and materialists have mistakenly claimed him of their party ; and again, the idealists, with similar lack of right, have declared that he belonged to their school. It is to this same reserve and balance, doubtless, that it is due, that with all his great talents he has never founded any school. The master who would gather ardent disciples around him, must, as a general rule, proclaim such pronounced and unqualified doctrines as will require no broad grasp of intellect to embrace.

But if Lotze is not one to supply others with ready-made beliefs and save them from the necessity of personal decision, he is the one above all others to make men think. His work is distinguished by its suggestiveness, its fresh thoughtfulness stimulating all the powers of the reader. His subtle discriminations sharpen the intellect, and his profundity of thought stirs the deepest waters of the reason. Truth simply for truth's sake is sacred to him and holds his profoundest reverence. He has no sympathy, he says distinctly in the Introduction to the *Mikrokosmos*, with those who, to retain the beliefs dear to their heart, would reject the authority of truth. And this devotion to truth, more than the adoption of his own conclusions, is what he desires in others.

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Those who read for amusement, those who desire eloquent periods and beautiful figures of speech, I do not urge to make his acquaintance. Nor hardly to those who like to see a controversialist demolish opposing systems, who wish to provide themselves with a ready-made, easily-stated system, who wish to find a thick and thin champion of their favorite ideas, a great name that can ever be waved as a banner of authority to overshadow opponents,—not even to those can I entirely recommend him. But to those who would gain, by contact with a master intellect, new energy and wisdom for their own minds ; to those who are earnestly seeking for truth, no matter what it is ; to those who feel the need of help in the perplexing work of building up a coherent, just, profound, and well-balanced system of thought, I know no author that I should prefer them to seek rather than Hermann Lotze.

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, of Chicago, has arranged to spend his vacation preaching for the Universalist Church at Aurora, Ill. This church, formerly in charge of Rev. Dr. Forester, is one of the most important of the Universalist churches of Illinois, and has been for some time without a pastor

INTRODUCTION TO LOTZE'S "MIKROKOSMUS."

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

BETWEEN the spiritual needs and the scientific results of humanity there is an old and never adjusted conflict. To give up those high dreams of the heart which would find in the relations of the universe another and a fairer method than the unbiassed look of observation can see in them—this renunciation has been at all times called for as the beginning of any penetration whatever. And it is certain that what we so gladly oppose to common discernment as a higher view of things is usually no more than a longing anticipation, well aware of the limits which it would escape, but little conscious of the end which it would reach.

For while it is from the best part of our nature that those views proceed, it is from the most various influences that they receive their more definite coloring. They are nourished by many a doubt concerning the destiny of life, and many a meditation on the contents of an always limited circle of experience; they cannot deny either the influences of inherited training or of the temporary tendencies of their age, nor are they ever independent of that natural change of disposition,—one in youth, another after the increase of various experiences. We cannot seriously hope that so indistinct and restless a spiritual agitation will show the relations of things more accurately than the cautious investigation with which scientific thought is employed. If then we do not indeed dare to bid the human heart repress its longing questionings, none the less must it await their answer as an added ripening fruit of knowledge which springs, not from those questionings, but from a less passionate and therefore a less obscure source.

But the increasing confidence of science, which, after centuries of doubt, sees one and another class of phenomena included under positive laws, threatens to change this true relation between feeling and knowledge for a new and false relation. It is thought not enough to avoid at the outset of investigation those pressing questions with which our desires, dreams and hopes are ready to perplex the beginning of the work; the duty is even denied of turning back to them at all in the course of the inquiry. As a pure service of truth, for truth's sake, Science, it is said, should take no thought whether it is to satisfy or to wound the selfish wishes of the heart. And in this attitude the human heart turns from despondency to scorn. When it has once tasted the pride of unrestrained and reckless investigation it surrenders itself to that false and sickly sense of heroism which boasts in renouncing that which it ought never to have renounced, and, with measureless confidence in premises by no means beyond dispute, gauges the truth of its new conception according to the malignity with which it insults all respect for the spiritual life as an unimpeachable fact and as beyond the field of Science.

This Deifying of Truth appears to me neither just as an independent estimation of its worth, nor of advantage for that end of a creative conviction which it is for science constantly to seek.

Were it possible for human investigation only to reach the point where it could represent in intelligence the condition of the outward world, what would all its trouble be worth, ending as it would with barren repetition, only representing in the mind what was already present out of it? What sense would there be in this empty sport of reflection, what obligation for the thinking spirit to be a mirror of that which does not think, were it not that everywhere the discovery of the True is at the same time the creation of a Good,

whose worth justifies the trouble of its winning? Individuals, entangled in that division of intellectual labors which the increasing compass of science inevitably compels, may well for the moment forget the connection of their narrow business with the great ends of human life; it may well seem to them as though the claims of knowledge for its own sake made an intelligible and a worthy end of human endeavor. But in fact the force of all their efforts only amount to this,—that, taken along with the work of countless others, they may outline such a picture of the Universe as can interpret to us what there is for us to reverence as the true meaning of existence, what there is for us to do and what there is for us to hope. Meantime, that stern impartiality of inquiry which, with no reference to these questions, works on toward the up-building of knowledge, is only a wise self-restraint, which looks for a late but a complete answer to such problems from the united results of investigation and prefers this to the premature and partial interpretation with which subordinate and incidental standpoints insufficiently satisfy our longing. As to the restless questions, therefore, which one by one the pressure of life calls forth, Science may for the moment withhold an answer. She may point us to the progress of inquiry which will make away with many a difficulty and which may escape the new perplexities in which isolated answers of pressing doubts invariably tend to involve us. But as for the whole truth, we must not regard it as having any splendor of itself, and out of all relation with those spiritual activities from which, in fact, the first impulse to its discovery always proceeds. On the contrary, whenever any revolution of Science has displaced old conceptions, the new form of theory has had to justify itself through the endurance or the increase of power which it can insure to the imperative demands of our spiritual life.

The special aims of Science should determine it no less to seek such an agreement. For what possible existence could Science have except through the conviction of those who are penetrated by her truth. She cannot, however, bring about this conviction if she forgets that every department of inquiry, every realm of the spiritual and the natural world, long before any beginning of a systematic investigation, has been invaded and possessed by our hopes, presentiments and wishes. Everywhere she comes too late to find a wholly impartial receptivity; everywhere she finds on the contrary already established that philosophy of the Universe which the heart makes, and which with all the weight it gets from its origin in the most living spiritual longing, will check and hang upon the course of scientific proofs. And even where a reluctant conviction is in details extorted, it is just as easily baffled in its full force by the recollection that even the weight of those first principles through whose consequences Science proposes to overcome us, rests at the last on an immediate faith in their truth. The same faith—one may believe—and a much more justifiable one, should hold fast that theory whose harmony with the voice of our desires seems to strengthen its truth. And so all science is set aside as a labyrinth in which knowledge, divorced from its relation with the full spiritual life, has been entangled in a way that needs no further explanation.

We cannot hold this visionary faith in the spiritual world without at every step of practical life using the advantages of Science and tacitly recognizing thereby its truth; we can just as little live for Science without perceiving the joy and the burden of existence, and feeling ourselves encompassed on every side by a universal order of another kind, and of which Science gives but scanty illustrations. What refuge lies closer than to divide oneself into two worlds, to try to belong to

both without uniting them;—in Science to follow the principles of knowledge to their most extreme results, but in life to let oneself be carried on by the inherited customs of faith and conduct, in a wholly different direction?

That this discord in convictions should often be the only end found is by no means strange; that it should even be recommended as the true conception of our relation to the world is much more to be lamented. The imperfection of human knowledge may well force us at the end of all our pains to the confession that the results of knowledge and of faith do not unite into an unbroken structure; but we never can observe with indifference how knowledge through its contradictions saps the foundations of faith, or how faith calmly refuses in its wholeness what science zealously and piece by piece has framed. Again and again, on the contrary, must we renew the express undertaking to insure to both their rights and to show how plainly open to solution the contradiction is in which they seem so inextricably involved.

The arrogance of philosophical investigation and the ceaseless advances of natural science have sought from their different sides to overthrow that conception of the Universe in which the human heart found the satisfaction of its longing. But, as to the disturbances which the attacks of philosophy created, our age has subdued them in the most effective way—through the complete indifference with which it turns away from the hardly noticed efforts of speculative thought—while it has been less easy for it to refuse the far more pressing persuasiveness of natural Science, whose assertions are every moment ratified by the experiences of daily life. This excessive influence, which the truly enormous development of scientific knowledge brings to bear on all the efforts of our Century, inevitably calls out a correspondingly increasing opposition against the infringements which are expected from it on the highest points of human culture. And so the old antagonists rise again for conflict; on the one side the observation of the world of the senses, with its daily increasing wealth of definite knowledge, and with the persuasiveness of observable facts; on the other side the hints of the supersensuous, hardly sure of their own real contents, hardly approachable by any proof, but through a constantly recurring consciousness of their necessary truth still less approachable by any denial. That the conflict between these two antagonists is a needless pain which we inflict on ourselves by too soon breaking off our investigations—this is the conviction which we hope to establish.

It is certainly with injustice that natural Science turns wholly away from the sphere of æsthetic and religious thought, which we are fond of contrasting with it as a higher view of things. The fear is groundless which it feels of seeing its sharply-defined conceptions and its solid methods disordered by the acceptance of elements which seem at once incapable of calculation and inevitably imparting their indefiniteness and mistiness to all that comes in contact with them. It forgets that its own first principles, our notions of forces and natural laws, are by no means the final weaving of the threads which are interlaced in all that is real. We must confess that they, too, lead back, for him who watches them closely, into that same realm of the supersensuous whose limits we wish to define.

But no less unfounded is that opposition which from the other side checks the acknowledgment of the conception of nature as mechanism, that uneasy fear of seeing all life, freedom and poetry vanish out of the world before its inferences. How often already has this fear been expressed, and how often has the unceasing advance of discoveries re-

vealed new sources of poetry when it has had to close up the old! That sense of solitude in which an isolated tribe, ignorant of the vastness of humanity beyond their own borders, could believe themselves the whole race and every hill and fountain of their land in the fostering care of a Deity; that was everywhere lost in the advance of geographical knowledge which accompanied increase of communication. But this enlarged outlook, instead of narrowing, only changed and heightened the poetry and fascination of the Universe. The discoveries of Astronomy revolutionized the conception both of the heavens and the earth; they reduced that which had been the visible abode of the Gods to an infinite atmosphere, in which fancy knew no longer where to find any home for the supersensuous; they transformed the earth, which had seemed the only abode of life and history, into one of the tiniest parts of the limitless Universe. And step by step this overthrow of long-wonted views moved on in wider course. Instead of a fixed centre, the world became a poor moving planet, circling round a sun which hitherto seemed to exist only for the world's ornament and service; even the music of the spheres was hushed; and at last we have all grown reconciled to the fact that a silent, law-obeying circuit of countless heavenly bodies makes up the embracing Universe in which, with all our hopes, desires and effort, we dwell.

And who would deny that this transformation in theories of the Universe has worked most significantly in the course of history toward changing the imagination of mankind? It was one thing to live on the earth's disk when the visible summits of Olympus and, not far away, the approaches to the underworld, held within the familiar limits of an outward home all the highest and deepest mysteries of creation; it is quite another to live on the rolling ball, which seems to have neither within it, nor yet around it in the empty infinitude of the atmosphere any place for that hidden Life, through dreams of which alone it is that human life grows fruitful and unfolds its noblest blossoms. The earlier age, tracing the thread of a sacred tradition, could lead back the confusion of the nations which now fills the gay mart of life into the still seclusion of a paradise, within whose shadows the various races of humanity returned to the uniting consciousness of a common origin; the discovery of new parts of the earth shattered this faith also; other nations came under observation with no knowledge of the old myths, and the common home of humanity was moved far back beyond the largest limits of historical recollection. Finally, the rigid surface of the planet itself, which human beings fancied they had inhabited since the day of its origin, opened its close-shut lips and told of the measureless periods of its existence in which this human life with its boldness and its timidity had not begun, and when creative and self-sufficient nature saw countless kinds of life in their turn born and die.

Thus are fallen away all those pleasant limits within whose fair security our existence lay enclosed; the outlook round us has grown free, calm and unbounded. But all this broadening of our knowledge has neither driven the poetry out of the universe nor affected our religious convictions, except to strengthen them; it has but forced us to find once more, with greater spiritual effort and in a spiritual Universe, that which was lost to the close observation of our senses. When much-loved opinions have had to be sacrificed for the advance of Science, the peace our hearts found in them has always grown again possible under new and different forms. Inevitably, in the history of the human race as in the advancing life of an individual, there comes a change in the definite outlines of the picture in which the contents of its highest and imperishable anticipations are expressed. In vain is

every effort to oppose the clear knowledge of Science and to try to hold fast to a theory while all the time the secret consciousness pursues us that it is but a frail dream; equally ill-advised, however, is the despair which surrenders what, in spite of all change in its forms, must still be the immovable goal of human culture. Let us rather confess that this higher conception of things, which at one time we glory in and at another feel to be wholly insufficient, is indeed, in its blind desire, conscious of the true path; and that every heeded remonstrance of Science is but the removal of one of those misleading lights which our successive standpoints and our various experiences throw on the one fixed point of all our longing.

That expulsion of the Gods from their special homes in nature; that overthrow of mythology which the earlier cosmographical discoveries have completed beyond restoration, we may regard as a forgotten pain; and no further effort will follow that last lament which poured itself out in Schiller's "Gods of Greece," to restore in opposition to scientific doctrine that by-gone faith. Great revolutions in religious views have supplanted this loss and long ago have supplied abundant recompense. But as the increasing perspective of Astronomy has shown the great theatre of human life to be no longer absolutely one with the abode of Divinity, so now the farther pressure of scientific mechanism threatens the smaller world also, the *Mikrococosm of human life*, with a like dissolution. I notice only in passing the increase and spread of materialistic conceptions and their effort to deduce all spiritual life from the blind working of the mechanism of matter. Broad and confidently as the stream of these views flows on, its source lies by no means in assumptions that are either necessary or that follow inevitably from the spirit of the study of nature as mechanism. But within the limits also where this study with better right proceeds, the decomposing and destructive force of such investigation is visible enough, and it begins to question that penetrating unity of the body with the soul on which all beauty of life and form, all meaning and worth in their relation to the outward world, has seemed to depend. The attacks of physiological science have been directed against the truth of the knowledge of the senses; against the free spontaneity of motion; against the creative, self-produced development of bodily existence, and has thus brought into question all those characteristics in which unrestrained feeling believes that the very core of all the poetry of life is held. It cannot therefore seem strange that here the heart's ideal sets itself with firmness and as a higher view of things, to counteract the persuasive demonstrations of the mechanical theory; while it grows all the more essential to attempt to show the harmlessness of this theory:—how, where it forces us to sacrifice views which seem like a part of our very life it still makes possible through that which it restores the peace we had seemed to lose.

And the more I have exerted myself to gain an entrance for the thought of Nature as mechanism into the sphere of organic life, where it has seemed to advance more timidly than the nature of the case demanded, all the more am I now impelled to emphasize the other side also, which through all those efforts has been very near my heart. I cannot hope to meet with a very favorable anticipation of the result of this attempt; for where earlier statements of the case have met with any degree of approval they have owed it to the ease with which what was meant in every case for a mediating view could be applied to the defence of one of those extreme and partial views which it purposed to avoid. And yet in some such mediation alone lies the true life of Science; not, indeed through our making unconnected concessions,

first to one and then to the other view, but through our proving *how absolutely universal is the spread of mechanism in Nature, and at the same time how completely subordinate in significance is the mission which it has to fulfil.*

It is not the all-embracing Kosmos of the Universe which, after the pattern given to our people, and even from the limited standpoint of the problem just proposed, we should dare once more to describe. But the more the details of that universal picture press upon our common consciousness, so much the more actively do they drive us back upon ourselves, and rouse us once more to ask what significance there is for a human being and for the human race, appearing as they do with immutable phenomena, and in the changeful course of their history in the midst of that universal Nature to whose influences the results of modern Science show us more than ever subject. In seeking to collect our reflections on this point—reflections which are not bounded by the limits of any School, but which for every thoughtful mind press into all parts of life—we do but renew, under the change of outlook at which we have now arrived, the undertaking which in Herder's "Thoughts on the History of Humanity" was brilliantly begun.

LITERATURE.

THE WOMAN-HATER. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

One is fairly launched on the current of this story, which has all the interest which Reade knows so well how to excite, before the purpose of it is in any way revealed, and it is rather surprising to one who has not been already apprised of the fact to find that it is an essay in behalf of the study and practice of medicine by woman. The author appears fully in earnest on his theme and manages to throw plenty of frank scorn upon the medical "trades-unionism," which has stood in the way of the acquirement and use of medical knowledge in England by the sex, which in some respects is peculiarly fitted by nature for its application. It is a pity that in taking for his heroine an American girl, somewhat Amazonian in style, yet nevertheless sufficiently attractive, he has thought it necessary to mark her nationality by certain phrases of frequent occurrence, such as "I reckon," etc., which in this country are not considered a necessary part of the vocabulary of a young lady of culture and refinement.

There is a degree of coarseness in all that Mr. Reade writes, and it is not wanting here. Of his male characters Vizard, a wealthy English squire, is good, but Lord Uxmoor is decidedly the most gentlemanly of the lot, while Joe Ashmead, theatrical agent, is perhaps the most interesting. The female characters afford considerable variety, but are hardly of the first quality. Ina Klosking, the opera-singer, who conquers the woman-hater (a most innocent and mild woman-hater) impresses the reader at first as rather a weak specimen, but develops into something better, and blooms out into overwhelming importance as compared with foolish Zoe Vizard with whom she is contrasted. La Klosking and Miss Rhoda Gale, doctress, divide between them the honors of the sex.

The story opens in Hamburg, in the time when Hamburg had in its Kursaal an attraction of peculiar power, and then shifts to England where the reader is introduced into sumptuous quarters, such as most Americans are unfamiliar with. Many have read it already in the columns of *Blackwood* and *Harper's Magazine*. Those who have not will find it interesting enough to while away many rainy hours.

CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM: THE BIBLE AND THE KORAN. Four Lectures by Rev. W. R. Stephens. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

From Advent lectures delivered last year at the Cathedral Church, Chichester, England, and published doubtless because of the general interest in the Eastern Question and all matters relating thereto at the present time, rather than because of any special interest or merit in these particular lectures. They are well enough in their way, if you except the important fact that the reverend gentleman writes as a Christian in the sense of being a member of a peculiar people upon a totally different plane from any other, and is therefore at a disadvantage as compared with one

who accepts all religions as forms of development of one controlling series of ideas. For his position his attitude may be called a generous one, but he cannot be said to have produced a new measure of value of sufficient importance to warrant any general consideration.

FLETCHER PRIZE ESSAY. By Rev. William Faris. 1877. Prize essays are doubtless of use to the writer, but not often very valuable to the reader, and this seems no exception to the rule. It is addressed only to Trinitarians—to those who already agree with the writer, and is practical, not controversial, in character, containing good advice on the usual topics, with nothing new in matter or forcible in manner.

THE MAGAZINES.

JULY ATLANTIC. Mr. Howells contributes one of his inimitable sketches, it being a bit of foreign travel, under the title, "At the Sign of the Savage." Mr. Aldrich, who has been very successful in his short stories, begins one which, judging from its leisurely opening, promises to run for some time. He calls it the "Queen of Sheba," for no reason as yet appears. Rose Terry Cooke is the third story-teller of the number. Among the paragraphs in the "Contributors' Club" is one giving a curious parallel to the boat scene in Daniel Deronda, from Paul Heyse's novel, "Die Einsamen." W. J. Stillman has a pleasantly-written sketch of camp life, with observations upon art and woodcraft. Mr. Knight continues his description of curious musical instruments at the Centennial Exhibition, and James A. Garfield reviews briefly "A Century of Congress." Lowell, Cranch, Fawcett and Annie R. Annan are the poets of the number, the first-named contributing a sonnet, which is not as smooth or satisfactory as to completeness as his best work,

HARPER'S FOR JULY. We rarely have to commend this oldest of the great monthlies for extraordinary interest, for the reason that its ordinary course is so uniform and upon so high a level. The illustrated article of greatest interest in the present number is upon Westminster Abbey, a theme necessarily attractive, at least to all English speaking people, and at the present time especially so as the shrine from which the influence of English religious liberalism radiates through the bold words of Dean Stanley. Here the archaeological interest is satisfied. For natural scenery we have a paper on the "Northern Islands," Shetland and the Orkneys. Among them we find ourselves almost upon William Black's own ground, and feel entitled to look for some relative of the Princess Sheila. A reviving interest in archery, which we have long waited for, is shown in an article upon "Hunting with the Long-Bow," but we think it would not have been amiss to have excluded the cut exhibiting the impaled birdies: the rest are much more satisfactory. "The Woman Hater" is ended at last; we have commented on this novel elsewhere: "Erema," still continues. The excellent work of the Children's Aid Society, the Children's Home at Bath, is illustrated in a brief article. Of the poems, Bret Harte's "On a Naughty Little Boy, Sleeping," has been criticized, and fairly, for its suggestiveness of "The Toys" which we republished some months ago. If the work had been done better we should not complain of a likeness, but dilutions are not always to be preferred and in this case certainly not.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, JULY. Mr. Spencer's second paper "On the Evolution of the Family" occupies the post of honor as it should. He takes occasion therein to pay his respects to the Oneida barbarism in doubtful terms. Dr. Von Pettenkofer is represented by an illustrated paper "On Ground-air in its Hygienic Relations," by ground-air being meant the air which is present between the particles of the soil. An article on "Atmospheric Pressure and Life," by Dr. Paul Bert, will repay reading. Dr. G. J. Fisher contributes an historical sketch of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, Professor Schneider treats of "The Tides," takes exception to some of Professor Bonamy Price's views, as stated in his recently published interesting article entitled, "One per cent." Dr. Dupuy treats of "Heredity in Nervous Diseases," Professor Brame of the "Zodiacal Light," and Professor Prescott of the "Material Sources of Life." A portrait of Dr. Balfour Stewart shows a prepossessing countenance.

THE LIBRARY JOURNAL, No. 9, maintains the reputation won by its predecessors as a valuable medium of communication between the members of a hard working craft. The titles of the more important articles will show its pertinence: "How to Start Libraries in Small Towns, IV," by A. M. Pen'leton; "A Model Accession Catalogue,"

by Melvil Dewey; Reports in relation to the Work of the American Library Association, and the English Conference; "Defacing Books;" "The Co-operative Cataloguing Report," etc. The latter subject is of peculiar importance, and it is pleasant to know that it is under earnest consideration. The review for the month is of Mr. S. P. Noyes' Catalogue of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, of which about four hundred pages have recently been published. Mr. Noyes' extremely careful and discriminating work is receiving deserved recognition from many competent critics.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND. With Illustrations. Being the Second Series of "Problems of Life and Mind." By George Henry Lewes.

TOM BAILEY'S ADVENTURES, OR THE STORY OF A BAD BOY. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated.

HILLSIDE AND SEASIDE. In Poetry. A companion to Roadside Poems. Edited by Lucy Larcom.

MODERN GREECE. By George M. Towle. With Map.

Four volumes of the "Vest-Pocket Series:—"

ESSAY ON MAN. Alexander Pope.

OLIVER CROMWELL. Thomas Carlyle.

SPRING. James Thomson.

THACKERAY. John Brown, M. D.

MAGAZINES, &c.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. Supplement. No. III. 25 cts.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. July-August.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. July-August.

BANKERS' MAGAZINE. July.

AMERICAN NATURALIST. July.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

HEARTH AND HOME.

E. C. STEDMAN ON HAWTHORNE.

E. C. STEDMAN took Hawthorne for the theme of his Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard last week, and characterized him with a fine sympathy of appreciation to be expected from the author of "The Blameless Prince,"—for, altogether different though his mode and power are, Mr. Stedman showed in that narrative (and has done so in other of his verses), the sensibility to the impressiveness of psychological contradictions which Hawthorne always had, and the "Blameless Prince" is a story which Hawthorne could have made something wonderful out of. Mr. Stedman, after invoking in the old way the "sweet harp of Eastern song," alludes to Longfellow and Hawthorne as "the minstrel" and "the mage," and then calls the novelist "the one New Englander!"—

What should the master be
Who to the world New England's self must render,
Her best interpreter, her very own?
How spake the brooding mother, strong and tender,
Back-looking through her youth betwixt the moan
Of forests and the murmur of the sea?
"Thou, too," she said, "must first be set aside
To keep my ancient vigil for a space,—
Taught by repression, by the combatting
With thine own pride of pride,
An unknown watcher in a lonely place
With none on whom thine utterance to fling."

But first of all she fed
Her heart's own favorite upon the store
Of precious things she treasures in her woods,
Of charm and story in her valleys spread,
For him her whispering winds and brooks that pour
Made ceaseless music in the solitudes;
The manifold bright surges of her deep
Gave him their light. Within her voice's call
She lured him on, by roadways overhung
With elms, that he might keep
Remembrance of her legends as they fall
Her shaded walks and gabled roofs among.

Within the mists she drew,
Anon, his silent footsteps, as her own
Were led of old, until he came to be
An hermit, whose life the desert knew,
And gained companionship in dreams alone.
The world, it seemed, had naught for such as he,—

For one who, in his heart's deep wilderness
Shrunk darkling and, whatever wind might blow,
Found no quick use for potent hands and fain,
No chance that might express
To human-kind the thoughts which moved him so
—O, deem not those long years were quite in vain!

For this was the brave soul
Which, touched with fire, dwells not on whatsoever
Its outer senses hold in their intent,
But, sleepless even in sleep, must gather toll
Of dreams which pass like barks upon the river
And make each vision beauty's instrument;
That from its own love Love's delight can tell,
And from its own grief guess the shrouded Sorrow;
From its own joyousness of Joy can sing;
That can predict so well
From its own dawn the luster of to-morrow,
The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.

And his the gift which sees
A revelation and a tropic sign
In the lone passion-flower, and can discover
The likeness of the far Antipodes,
Though but a leaf is stranded from the brine;
His the fine spirit which is so true a lover
Of sovran art, that all the becks of life
Allure it not until the work be wrought,
Nay, though the shout and smoke of combat rose,
He through the changeful strife,
Eternal loveliness more closely sought,
And beauty's changeless law and sure repose.

Was it not well that one—
One, if no more—should meditate aloof,
Though not for naught the time's heroic quarrel,
For what men rush to do and what is done.
He little knew to join the web and woof
Whereof slow Progress weaves her rich apparel,
But toward the Past half-longing turned his head,
His deft hand dallied with its common share
Of human toil, nor sought new loads to lift,
But held itself, instead,
All consecrate to uses that make fair
By right divine of his mysterious gift.

How should the world discern
The artist's self, save through the fine creation
Of his rare moment? How, but from his song,
The unfettered spirit of the minstrel learn?
Yet on this one the stars had set the station
Which to the chief romancer should belong:
Child of the Beautiful! whose regnant brow
She made her canopy, and from his eyes
Looked outward with a steadfast purple gleam.
Who saw him marveled how
The soul of that impassioned ray could lie
So calm beyond—unspoken all its dream.

Passing in review the stern or picturesque characters and scenes which Hawthorne made to live, again Mr. Stedman resumes analysis:—

Two natures in him strove
Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom.
To him the stern forefathers' creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb;
But therewithal the lightsome laughter blended
Of that Arcadian sweetness undismayed
Which finds in Love its law, and graces still
The rood, the penitential symbol worn—
Which sees, beyond the shade,
The Naiad nymph of every rippling rill
And hears quick Fancy wind her willful horn.

What if he brooded long
On Time and Fate—the ominous procession
Of years that with Man's retributions frown—
The destinies which round his footsteps throng—
Justice, that heeds not Mercy's intercession—
Crime, on its own head calling vengeance down—
Deaf Chance and blind, that, like the mountain slide
Put out Youth's heart of fire, and all is dark?
What though the blemish which, in aught of earth
The maker's hand defied,
Was plain to him—the one evasive mark
Wherewith Death stamps for his own at birth?

Ah, none the less we know
He felt the imperceptible fine thrill
With which the waves of being palpitate,
Whether in ecstasy of joy or woe,
And saw the strong divinity of Will
Bringing to halt the stolid tramp of Fate;
For from his work was ever absent quite
The presence which, o'ercast as we may,
Things far beyond our reason can suggest:
There was a drifting light
In Donatello's cell—a fitful ray
Of sunshine came to hapless Clifford's breast.

Into such blossoms brake
Our northern hedge, that neither mortal sadness
Nor the drear thought of lives that strive and fai
Nor any hues its sombre leaves might take
From clouded skies, could overcome its gladness
Or in the blessing of its shade prevail.
Fresh sprays it yielded them of Merry Mount
For wedding wreaths; blithe Phoebe with the sweet,
Pure flowers her promise for her lover gave:
Beside it, from a fount
Where Pearl and Pansie plashed their innocent feet,
A brook ran on and kissed Zenobia's grave.

In closing, the poet again refers to Longfellow as yet with us—

"One whose sagas ever at his will
Can answer back the ocean tone for tone"
—*Springfield Republican*.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

[From A. Bronson Alcott's "Table-Talk."]

EXPERIENCE.—Observation more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators. Books aid as one has the wit to use them to advantage, persons most when seeming not to serve us. Experience converts us to ourselves when books fail us, and this oftenest against our knowledge and consent.

MISDIRECTION.—A chosen pursuit is the saviour of its devotee; and happy are they who, by grace of temperament as by choice, find and follow their true callings life long. The miseries of one's lot come for the most part from misdirection or pressing necessities, which preclude one's determining outright for himself. Why individual gifts if these are not destined to special uses and ends? Occupations adapted to such are the birthright of every new comer into our planet.

SYMPATHY.—Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness. I fall readily enough without help from any one. Can you assist me to rise? It may need all your strength, all mine and more—the supernatural assistance, which is never withheld from any seeking humbly its succors. And this is what I crave, most need—the helpful service, the sympathy that revives and consoles. It is seeing, behind all enmities, the friend there is there that gives to forgiveness its divine effect—the loving one better than he loves himself even.

IDEAS.—Ideas first and last: yet it is not till these are formulated and utilized that the devotees of the common sense discern their value and advantages. The idealist is the capitalist on whose resources multitudes are maintained life long. Ideas in the head set hands about their several tasks, thus carrying forward all human endeavors to their issues. Thought feeds, clothes, educates the population of the globe—all economies, natural, social, intellectual, spiritual, taking their rise in this stream of power and performance. What were States without these royal rulers, heads of cabinets? It will be a stride in legislation when these subordinate and make all else implemental to ideas—the sources and seats of power and intelligence. Bishop Berkeley says: "In Plato's style the term 'idea' does not signify merely an inert, inactive object of the understanding, but is used synonymously with cause and principle. According to that philosopher, goodness, beauty, virtue and such like are not figments of the mind, but mere mixed modes, not yet abstract ideas in the modern sense, but the most real beings, intellectual and unchangeable, and therefore more real than the fleeting transient objects of sense, which, wanting stability, cannot be subjects of science, much less of intellectual knowledge."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE GUESTS.

I, who tell this story, was sitting in my room, one bright sunny day, when I heard the patter of little feet, and the chirping of small voices, in the room below. Then I knew my little visitors had come, and I went down to meet them.

"Have you seen Annie and Kitty?
Two tiny nieces of mine?
All that is winning and witty,
Their dear little persons combine."

These lines always remind me of my little friends, Annie and May. Annie is five years old, and May is only three. They do not look alike, though both sisters are fair and blue-eyed. Annie has laughing, dancing eyes, while May's baby eyes are solemn and full of wonder at all the strange new things that each day brings to her sight. Annie's long wavy locks are of a deep gold color, while May's hair, which twines around her neck like the tender shoots of a grape-vine, is brown, with a tinge of auburn. Her plump cheeks are so round and bright-colored that each one might be taken for that beautiful apple of tinted wax that we read of in the fairy story. As for May's mouth, if it were spoken of in any story or poem, we should hear that it was like a rosebud, and so it is; but, just as there are some flowers that make very hearty meals of beef and mutton, it would surprise you to see how quickly this flower-like little mouth opens to take in good things. Annie has a mature face, and looks like a dainty little woman. Pretty dresses, hats, and ribbons seem still prettier when Annie puts them on, because she wears them so nicely and neatly, but Baby May never looks so cunning as when she is playing about in some queer costume more odd than beautiful. We often think that when she shall have grown up to be a young lady, she will laugh to hear what a funny little figure she used to be, sitting on the steps of her papa's house, with one of his hats coming down almost to her tiny nose, and a cape of her mamma's twisted around her. But no matter how comical the dress might be, the large solemn eyes always looked out and told you that queer little bundle really had May in it.

On this day when they came to see me, their playmates were a large doll, and a great pussy-cat, each of them almost as big as May herself. This little girl is very fond of making up stories in her plays, and as she tells them, her eyes open wider and wider, and she shakes her round head so hard, you would think she was trying to shake it off. She liked my room very much, because it was "pitty, pitty," but she liked still better a small round window where she flattened her cheeks and nose against the pane, looking out to see who might be coming. She named our sitting-room "The Big Bear's Den," out of her own funny little head, and said she was going down "to see if the big bear had gone out a-walking." She had seen two gentlemen in the room, but I do not know which of them seemed to her most like a bear!

These small sisters were always ready to talk about their plays, and Annie would tell us what queer things May said and did. She had a great care of her little sister, and was anxious that she should behave nicely, for Annie was such a graceful little fairy that May's quaint ways were not always so cunning to her as to us. When May told us about her dear dolly, "Pudgie Shanks," and said it was named for her little cousin, Annie said: "No, May, you mean a little friend, not a cousin." Then Annie explained to us: "May doesn't know the difference; she thinks all little boys are her little cousins."

Dear Baby May! she never knew that we were talking about her; she only kept on with her quiet play. Once or twice she seemed much pleased, as when she trotted down stairs to see what we were all laughing at. When she saw the old cat in Annie's arms, dressed like a doll, with a scarf tied over her head and almost hiding her eyes, May stood still a minute, then laughed aloud, clapped her hands, and all at once cried out to me: "Did you do it to s'prise her?"

May and her sister nearly always spoke their words very plainly, and this made May's lip seem all the more cunning when it would sometimes come.

They marched for us with tiny flags over their shoulders, singing their favorite hymn, one verse of which is—

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go!"

May was very happy, singing with all her might in the last line, which she made to be—

"See the banjo go."

When they were tired of play they sat by me on the sofa, and Annie turned over a book of pictures, while we all looked at them and talked about them. May has a sudden way of darting kisses at any one whom she loves, just as a humming-bird darts through the air, and with just as little warning, so that her butterfly kisses were quite as likely to alight on the tip of one's ear as on one's cheek; but it was all the same to her.

After we shut the book Annie was willing to speak a little French. She could say very prettily, among other things, *J'aime ma petite soeur*, but May shouted that it was not right, for that she ought to say, *J'aime ma petite soeur beaucoup*.

"And do you love anybody else, little spirit of sweetness?" I said to her. "I love you," she said, then came one of those flying kisses.

It is worth while to watch May when she is trying to bring out something which she does not quite know how to say. Her head shakes very hard indeed, her eyes get bluer and wider than ever, even her short, fat legs quiver with the effort, and when at last she has said all, she heaves a deep sigh of relief.

Finally May, who had had play enough, said to me in a very hurried voice, "Do you s'pose your tea will be ready pretty soon?" And then Annie, who would never have been the first to give such a hint, could not help saying, "P'rhaps I'm a little hungry, too." Tea time did come before very long, and then the children had great fun in feeding pussy with every thing for which they had no further appetite, as well as with some things, like bits of orange pulp, for which she had no taste. May cried out, half in fear, half in delight, to see pussy stand up on his hind feet like Puss in Boots and take the bread with one paw from the little girl's hand.

At last the tiny sisters were called for and I had to let them go home.

"You'll come again soon to see me, won't you, dear," I said to May as I put on her cloak. "Yes," she piped in her small voice like a little bird. "I'll come again with a dash to see you." Now whether she had heard people rushing to see each other, or whether she got the word out of her own dear little head, I do not know, but I thought it sounded very sweet and yet fully from her baby lips. The last good bye was said and Annie and May rode laughingly away from my door; but I had found their visit so pleasant that I thought

I would send them out to see other children, that they, too, might have a visit from my little guests.

E. B. C.

NAMES OF RUSSIAN GENERALS.

THE war telegrams from the East are filled with the queer names of Russian generals, which recall Southey's humorous poem, "The March to Moscow." The following is an extract from it:

"There was Formazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasitschikoff Kostoniarioff,
And Tchogloloff,
And all the other that end in off;
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovel'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenkoff he pared them off,
And Worrouzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off
And Rodionoff he flogged them off."

—*Youth's Companion.*

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

COMMENCEMENT-DAY at fair Harvard was this year a fine success. The weather was cool and bright, the company unusually large; the exercises short, the parts, if not exceptionally brilliant, were yet thoroughly respectable and none of them tedious. What an immense improvement upon the long series, thirty or forty essays, dissertations, orations—we had forty years ago, and much later! The speakers—eight in all—represented the whole number of the class who received honors. They are not necessarily the best of them—but only such as have either a better faculty of writing or speaking. Often the men of highest honors—to be known by an examination of the Announcement Roll—are men who shrink from a public appearance, and so prepare their theses on some mathematical or philosophical theme—not suited to a public delivery. Among the senior graduates we cannot forbear mentioning Tillinghast's part, for its moral enthusiasm and high tone, and Tiffany's—the son of our valued and gifted Rev. Francis Tiffany, much like his father in appearance and in quality of mind and style—which was brilliant and interesting. Gooding had a pleasant and instructive part, better delivered than any—thanks to a fine voice and a good presence.

The representative of the law graduates gave a capital paper on Mansfield and Baron Parke—a comparison of their claims as great lawyers.

Hornbrook, of the Divinity Class, delivered an address on the value of affirmation in religious things, which was direct, serious, earnest and wise, and gave promise of high qualifications for future usefulness. We have not recently had a better note from the Divinity School. President Eliot presided with dignity and grace. We notice that he sticks to the old pronunciation in his Latin. But the Latin oration (a very clever piece of Latinity and well-spoken) was given in the new style. Perhaps some rule should prevail in the matter within the University; and, perhaps, not!

The presence of the Government—the President and Cabinet—of course gave additional interest to commencement, although not so much as might be expected by those who do not know how high a place the day has in its own academic classes. Even a Presidential visit cannot much raise the tide of Harvard enthusiasm. But

the President and Cabinet were received with real cordiality, although arriving an hour late upon the ground—a failure that English and European monarchs never make. Punctuality is a royal virtue! Doubtless it was not the President's fault, but the fault of his cortege.

He appeared, as he always does, calm, approachable, dignified and unpretending—a happy medium between too much nonchalance and too much gravity. He and Gen. Devens and Senator Bayard received degrees of LL.D.

The dinner which followed an hour after the commencement exercises were concluded, was a very national one, given up entirely to the good fellowship which American citizens, North and South, are disposed to use every public opportunity of showing their interest in. The Attorney-General cast off in a healing speech (in which Gen. Bartlett's memory was well celebrated)—a speech that seemed a little too free for the occasion and his position, but which escaped any rocks, notwithstanding the presence of numerous Democrats. Pres. Eliot replied to the first toast, by an ingenious use of a letter, which he read as an address from another hand to the President of the United States, and then sprung upon the audience at the conclusion, the name of the author Dr. Willard, an old President of Harvard, to George Washington on his visit eighty years ago.

President Hayes spoke one minute. He beats Grant in brevity, but he says only just what is necessary, and leaves nothing indispensable unsaid. He has inspired the Cabinet with his example. All of them were short. We ask a long term for these short speakers! Luckily Mr. Evarts was called off to New Haven! for he could never crowd his academic emotions into any such narrow accommodations as five-minute speeches. Schurz said more than all the rest, and in fact was the only man that thought it worth while to underlay his words with any substantial ideas. The rest was excellent dinner-speaking white of egg beaten to a fine froth; yolks left out!

Mr. Bancroft, of the class of 1817, of whom seventeen survive after 60 years out of college, spoke for his class, and with extraordinary voice and power. Caleb Cushing, Mayor Greene, of Cambridge, belonged to this class—the most remarkable for longevity in the catalogue. Fourteen dined together the night before whose average of age was 79.

The era of good feeling has come.

Prof. Lowell gave a bright cavalier, nonchalant speech, smoking between the sentences in evidence of an ease we suspect he did not fully feel. R. W. Emerson was present and R. H. Dana with his noble head, and so many other men of mark that time would fail and paper, too, to name them. There was a marked improvement in the order of the day—little noise and vulgar shouting, and no evidences of excess in punch and wine—which is not always to be said.

The beauty of Memorial Hall; the monumental entrance and marble hall; the dining-room and above all the theatre, grows on acquaintance. The theatre is a truly magnificent audience-room, and filled with handsome, well-dressed women and soldiers in uniform and grand professors and cultivated people of note, and above all with young students. It is a glorious sight to behold.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

II.

BEFORE going on to consider the second day I must answer a question just addressed to me: "How did prayer-meetings or even public prayer originate, if this last, at least, is not truly born of the Spirit?"

Easily enough; nothing is dangerous to those who hold their lives in constant peril, against whom all the forces of the State and society are arrayed. At first a Christian was despised by the mother that bore him, and being so; he clung all the closer to the household of faith. The prayer that was lifted in darkness and danger, was not likely to harm him who uttered it or those who heard it. Such prayers many of us have uttered among fugitive slaves, with no light but a dark lantern thirty years ago or more. The danger lies in the thronged church, the careless utterance and the emotional response; in the speaker's ignorance and the listener's real need.

Dr. Charles Lowell never multiplied words and always used Scripture phrases, so we could bear with him, but since his day, I protest against public prayer afresh, with every repetition of it.

There are two exceptions to this in my mind, neither of them Unitarian. One was George Macdonald, the other Dr. Finney, of

Oberlin, and the secret of power in both cases was the spiritual exaltation and ardent abiding faith of him who prayed. No protestant against the old forms of evangelical Christianity can ever again pray in such fashion except in his chamber and out of his own soul's bitterness.

George Macdonald stormed the very heavens with his sharp agonized cry, with his tender human pleading. Spreading wide the pinions of brotherly love, he carried us bodily to the mercy seat, and cleft from the very presence of the Most High the sustenance he needed.

Charles Finney, whom I think it a rare blessing to have known, stood half-impatient before the heavenly throne. Something like this was his form and manner. After enumerating at length all the sins and miseries against which he contended he would arrest himself suddenly:

"But why, Oh, Lord! do we tell these things to Thee? Hast Thou not made us, and those for whom we suffer? Dost Thou not know us better than we know ourselves? We are not sufficient for these things, but Thou has promised to undertake them for us; Thou hast pledged Thyself to bring out of this man's iniquity more and better things than we would have extorted from his obedience."

"Redeem Thy pledge; show Thy truth; manifest Thy saving power to men; lo! it is we Thy chosen ones, who demand it."

"Demand it," the word was well chosen. A certain fierce demand always lay beneath the affectionate familiar prayer of this truly great man—a demand that he knew how to justify to himself, alike through the providences and promises of his God!

George Macdonald was borne in love, by love, through pure spiritual insight to the great white throne, where he pleaded suffering for himself and others. He demanded nothing, but he *pleaded* until all was given, and the Spirit filled with its power every empty and waiting channel.

Yet both these men prayed, and no man scoffed in the presence of either.

God demands of us a higher service. The ancient church has borne the burden of its members. The new church, hardly yet born, requires of every man that, standing erect in the presence of God, he shall bear his own.

"Salvation is emancipation from the *power* of sin, never from its penalties." So said Dr. Hedge, and how strange it seems that any one should ever desire to be emancipated from penalties, which coming to the erring yet acknowledged children of the Father are intended to transform them into his likeness! "Sons of God?" Does the creature yet live who understands the high prerogative of that blood royal? What is the significance of that much prized "freedom of the city" of London, set into its golden box, crusted with jewels, and gleaming with quaint symbols, against the freedom of the Spirit, burning within the heart of man, with its jewels of steadfast hope and godly love glowing out of human eyes, while every outline of the form that holds it seems through a new expression born of the hour to take hold of eternal beauty and symbolize the unknown?

"The liberty of the sons of God!"

I was only a little girl, when I said at school one day: "I am too tired to write this composition; I will take it home and write it to-morrow." To-morrow was Sunday. Horrified eyes were turned upon me; my little play-mates, children in evangelical homes, knew not what to say. At last the fairest of them, my little Alice, now the lovely wife of an evangelical clergyman, and now as then a true delight to my eyes, said gently:

"But God will punish you, if you do that?"

I paused astonished, and then said quietly: "I hope He will if it is wrong."

"Hope He will!" exclaimed the whole group. "Oh, how dreadful! Do you know what you say?"

"And why not?" I continued. "I don't *think* it is wrong. If it is, somebody ought to teach me. I must write my composition, or it will not be ready for Monday. If it is wrong, I will take the punishment."

Silently the group dispersed. Unfortunately for the little moralists, the composition took the first mark, and Monday night found their sweet, sincere souls much disturbed.

"Was it what the Bible meant by a temptation? Who could ever set their recreant school-mate right?"

It was a time of great religious excitement in Boston—in the midst of one of Mr. Kirk's revivals. I have often wished of late years, that I could again hear the appeals that were then poured out in Park Street Church, so that with a mature mind I might

judge of them. I can still recall the picture the speaker once drew of a human soul racked by the waves of sin, like a ship drifting on the measureless sea, and certain of wreck if sails were not reefed and anchor found. Alas! the sails must be reefed to one pattern, the anchor made by one man; and yet can I believe that the emotion which swayed that crowd, pouring like a molten stream into the cool alleys of the old Common, from which the white-faced cows looked up in unsympathizing still rebuke—was wholly useless even to unbelieving me?

A day or two passed and my father brought home from his office a pretty little note addressed to myself. So far as I now remember, it was the first note I had ever received, written on the heart of a damask rose, so far as color was concerned, and touched all round its edges with gold. I am glad to remember now that the lady who wrote it, sent it through my father's hand, although she did not address it to him. She, my sweet little Alice's mother, was going to hold a prayer-meeting of little children for me, would I ask my father to let me come? She hoped God would touch my heart, and "teach me to fear Him."

"What does it all mean?" said my mother. "Would you like to go?" said my father.

I said that if they were going to pray about me I thought I ought to go. I wanted to know what they said and I told my story.

I went all alone—I remember it all as if it were yesterday. The house was a very large one, in Bumstead Place, within a door or two of that Dr. Gannett afterward occupied. It was a lovely Summer day. A great trumpet vine clambered over the balcony and shook its angry scarlet blossoms at me. They had no fragrance, neither had the prayers. It must have been a Virginian creeper, I think, that wore so thick a tapestry over the dead wall opposite the houses that it seemed like one of the Wellsby hedges. Whose house was it, I wonder, that opened to the right at the bottom of the court in the midst of a garden full of June roses, and with bushes swinging little flame-colored chalices in the sun? I see it as well as ever, but I cannot remember the name; and now the Music Hall flaunts harmonies over the very spot instead, and Dr. Gannett's house, just opposite, has, to my imagination, "vanished in flame" since the hour of his "transfiguration."

I found about thirty children assembled in the cool drawing-room, which would seem very empty beside one of our modern parlors, filled with the clap-trap of fancy shops.

We knelt down on the pale-colored matting against chairs covered with brown Holland. The Winter draperies had been taken away from the windows and the soft wind played with the tendrils of the trumpet vine and the curls on young heads. The lady prayed first, and now and then the sweet voices said "amen." I have no remembrance of the prayer. I looked at the well-filled book-cases near, where I suppose there was never a poem nor a novel, for I could not find Marmion nor Anne of Geierstein, and I thought they ought to be in every library. There were tables covered with writing materials and tracts, evidently in constant use. Children dressed as children should in those far-off days. I wore a delicate blue gingham myself, and I remember perfectly the pretty French chintzes the little girls wore who knelt on each side of me. I heard the low murmur now and then. Could they be talking about me? What was the "Saviour's blood" to do? How could I "touch it," since it was that they wanted me to do? In a moment more we were left alone and the children prayed. More than one prayed that "God would make Caroline Healey good," and I am sure that prayer has been long remembered.

By and by we all stood up; most of the children broke into merry natural talk, but I was taken down into the basement room, where two or three ladies sat at work. Alice led me to her mother and then went up stairs.

"Do you feel your own sin now?" said the lady.

I merely shook my head. I had been taught to be respectful and I knew not how to keep both to the truth and to good manners.

"You must learn to fear God," she went on. "You must fear his punishments more than any pain. It would be dreadful never to be his child, never to see Jesus."

"But I am his child," I remember saying.

"Not unless you fear him. Would you not like to go to church next Sunday with me? Mr. Kirk is going to preach for the children."

I shook my head again, but I found voice to say: "Dr. Lowell hears my catechism himself; he would miss me."

"I am very sorry," said the lady. "I am afraid we cannot help you, but we will try. Remember we shall always feel a care of you, but you must not play with Alice any more."

She led me to the door and tied my bonnet on herself. How unreal it all seemed! I felt in a dream as I walked slowly up Park street. I saw my father going into our own door. It was almost six o'clock. He was talking to Joseph Tuckerman and, like half our Boston merchants in the month of June, carried a white paper parcel under his arm, with some huge red claws protruding.

"Oh! we are going to have lobster for tea," I cried. My father looked round. "I don't think the prayer-meeting has hurt you," said he patting my head. "Come in and tell me about it."

No, it had not hurt me, but was it not a fearful risk? How far away the very dream of it seems, and yet it is still near, to many human souls! Why could she not ask me to love God and fear *sin*? Why did she not tell me to seek punishment eagerly and bear it bravely if I had done wrong? Why did she not feel the dreadful presumption of interfering between me and my parents, of supposing herself a better guide than they?

She meant "*always* to have a care of me." Why did she forget that only God could do that? I do not think she remembered me often, and I am sure I never saw my Alice until I was thirty years older, and then I met her beautiful as ever, among the mountains with her children, and we have never lost sight of each other since.

It had not hurt me, and why? Because I was God's child, and He never forgets.

CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

Is the doctrine of the Trinity dead? Is the work of the Unitarians done, so far as this doctrine is concerned? Such seemed to be the opinion of some of the speakers at the late anniversary meetings. Thus Dr. Hedge affirmed that the progress of Biblical research had abundantly confirmed the interpretation put upon the record by the Unitarian fathers, showing that the doctrine of the Trinity is nowhere to be found in the New Testament, and what is more, proving that it is not to be found in the first century of the Christian Church. Still he appeared to think the matter of little further consequence, as "Christianity does not consist in theoretical opinions or a system of theology, but in the spirit of Christ received into the heart and applied to the conduct of life." Mr. Peabody thought that the problems with which the Unitarians grappled fifty years ago were no longer fresh and living, and that it was necessary to turn from the old controversy to new thought and new problems. Mr. Gordon, of Milwaukee, said that he had not more than twenty-five Unitarians in his congregation of two or three hundred. They had ceased to care for the question of the Trinity. And Mr. Long, who, perhaps expressed best of all the common sense of the denomination, said that he was "not afraid of false doctrine if only it be honestly entertained and there be candor enough to reject it when its falsity is made apparent."

Now this is all well and good so far as our own denomination is concerned, but I cannot help thinking that I see in it the characteristic Unitarian indifference to the condition and wants of the great body of the church outside of our own denomination, and especially to the great body of the people. The doctrine of the Trinity may be satisfactorily settled in our own minds either by positive conviction of its falsity or as a matter of no essential consequence. But the great body of Christians still hold themselves bound to believe it, and bound also to shut out all who do not believe it from union in Christian work and fellowship in Christian worship. The doctrine of the Trinity is thus a world-wide barrier to Christian liberty and union, and that is a cause which our Unitarian fathers had far more at heart than any sectarian triumph, and that also is one of the most living problems of our own time. It is Protestantism weakened by sectarianism which trembles before the power of Rome. It is the doctrine of the Trinity which is a chief cause of infidelity in Christian lands, and a chief hindrance to the progress of the Gospel among Mahomedans, Hindoos and Chinese, and in all heathen lands. Its overthrow would do for Christian liberty, union and progress throughout the world what the overthrow of slavery has done for liberty, union and progress in America. When that is done, and not until then, the Unitarians will have finished the work which God in His providence has given them to do.

It is said that there are other doctrines of Orthodoxy which are now held to be of even greater importance than the Trinity. True, but the Trinity is the strategic point of Orthodoxy; break their line there and the day is ours; the victory of liberty and Union in Christ won—ours that we may share its blessings with all and give God the glory. Prove that the Christian Church has no right to

shut men out from its work and worship for believing or disbelieving the doctrine of the Trinity, and no other dogma can ever take its place as a wall of division or a fetter of the soul. This has been proved to the entire satisfaction of the great body of Unitarian scholars, and is fully admitted by many of the foremost scholars of all denominations. But the great body of the people, and that in Unitarian as well as Trinitarian churches, have not seen these proofs and have not the least idea of the extent of these admissions. What is wanting now is to put this knowledge of the scholars within reach of the people and keep it before the people until the work is done. It can be done. The people can understand these things as well as the scholars do if they are only put in plain English, free from scholastic terms. These subjects may be as disagreeable to some Christians as the blowing of the rams' horns which brought down the walls of Jericho was to some Jews. Yet that they interest a large number at the present time the Boston newspapers for the last six months have shown. For my part, I mean to go ahead without further preface and fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer.

C. N.

IOWA STATE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

OUR Unitarian friends in Iowa are wide awake. They have discerned that it is a good time to sow the seed of liberal religious thought into the rich furrows of the prairie State. So, with faith in future harvests, they have begun their work. In the early Spring Rev. Mr. Effinger was encouraged to attempt some missionary work by friends in various portions of the State, and has been much encouraged by the response which he meets. In order to carry on the work successfully some organization was needed to stand behind the earnest missionary and hold up his hands both morally and pecuniarily. So a meeting was called at Burlington for June 26. And there came together friends from various parts of the State among whom were Hunting, of Davenport; Clute and Dr. Knowles, of Keokuk; Effinger of Des Moines; and W. R. Cole, of Mount Pleasant, and to the surprise of all the rest, our Western Secretary, Forbush, was there from Chicago to learn what this new movement meant. He soon found that it "meant business." Without any unnecessary talk the work of organization was entered upon and the following preamble and constitution adopted:

WHEREAS entire freedom is necessary to the growth of religion in the soul of man, and whereas creed-bound organizations are an obstacle to human progress and happiness;

Resolved, That we hereby unite ourselves into a permanent society for the purpose of building up in the State of Iowa free churches based on practical righteousness:

I. This society shall be known as the Iowa Unitarian Association.

II. Any person paying from one to five dollars into the treasury and subscribing his or her name shall be an annual member of the Association. The payment of twenty-five dollars shall constitute any person a life member.

III. The special method of work of this Association shall be the maintenance of one or more missionaries in the State, and aiding the general object in all feasible ways.

IV. The officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Executive Committee of three, whose duties shall be such as usually pertain to their respective offices.

The constitution was adopted without a single word of wrangling, even over the *Preamble*, that fruitful source of disagreement, and the following officers were elected:

President, Freeman Knowles, Keokuk; Vice-President, Austin Adams, Dubuque; Secretary, Mrs. C. T. Cole, Mt. Pleasant; Treasurer, William R. Cole, Mt. Pleasant.

Executive Committee.—Oscar Clute, Keokuk; Mrs. Lucretia Effinger, Des Moines; S. S. Hunting, Davenport.

Thus the Iowa Unitarian Association was started in its work. It has a fine field. The State is full of people who are tired of the old ways of religious thinking and who, if they have any religion at all, must be reached by liberal ideas. Mr. Effinger has his hands already more than full. He has started promising movements in Des Moines, the State capital, and in Atlanta. He is about opening services in Iowa City and Marshalltown. Decorah is asking for the new gospel, Mount Pleasant is waiting its opportunity and Burlington will be ready to hear our word in September. So there is ground enough on which to sow seed. That the new association will have the "sinews of war," is shown by the cheering fact that

three gentlemen immediately subscribed \$100 each towards this year's work and there are many others in the State who will follow such a noble example. F.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, lecturing on germs, stated that in the whole of his investigations not one shadow of evidence had been obtained in support of the theory of spontaneous generation. He had come to the conclusion that in the method of nature life was always an emanation of antecedent life.—*Unitarian Herald*.

"THE Power of the Spirit Manifest in Jesus of Nazareth," by Rev. W. H. Furness, is a reverent, earnest, thoughtful, strong, sweet-spirited book which the orthodox will read with sympathetic interest, and from which those who differ theologically from the author may obtain some ideas which no right-hearted person would like to miss.—*Christian Union*.

* * THE Unitarians are, in fact, religious reformers. These churches stand before the world as champions of this reform. On no other plea can their right to exist be maintained.

In making this claim there is no need to disparage the past or the churches which represent this past. The children should hold sacred the character and worth of their mother.

The duty of Unitarians in this hour is clear. With a face turned towards the future we should be true to the spirit of our fathers, and hold up the flag of a reformed Christianity.—*Christian Register*.

WE have all heard of the jug with "the handle all on one side," but we have in this goodly city a jug with two handles, known as the "Congregational Ministers' Convention." It is a body composed of Unitarians and Trinitarians, and the only object of the body seems to be to have a non-committal sermon once a year, during the May anniversary meetings. But little interest is taken in this two-handled jug by either wing of Congregationalism. And no wonder. The union is unnatural and unhealthy. The late revival in Boston shows that Unitarianism and orthodoxy have nothing in common. They do not believe in the same doctrine, they do not work for the same results, they do not want the same things. Only when they stand far apart, saying meaningless nothings to each other, does there seem to be the slightest harmony. When they try to work together the antagonism is seen at once.—*Boston Correspondent of Chicago Standard*.

FROM the stand-point of your good cheer and expectation, it would almost appear that the millenium of our precious faith has come. But the speech of Dr. Bellows at the Music Hall Festival reveals the fact that there are "thirty-seven millions of people in this country, most of whom have never heard of us, and know nothing about our principles;" and "twenty millions who live every day in fear of the wrath of Almighty God." We can bear testimony to the fact that west of New England the "utterance of the thing" is exceedingly scarce, although in every village there are those who would gladly listen to the voice of our missionary. Here in Iowa we have two prosperous Unitarian societies and Universalists that are in the work of liberalizing the people; but when I read the names of the distinguished gentlemen of the country who appear at our public meetings, or send letters of greeting, I wonder why it is that there can be no real appreciation of the duty which the wealth and intelligence of our denomination owe to our missionary cause in this vast country.

What would you think of two Unitarian churches in all New England? What would be the relative influence of those two societies in political and social life? Look at the map of Iowa and at its population! A Methodist minister, whose church is less than four hundred feet from ours, in a sermon, recently, on zeal, made an illustration of the want of that virtue by the Unitarians of the country, who are the "richest and most intelligent" according to their numbers, and yet who "do nothing for missionary work." This is the argument that tells in a Methodist community, and the moral of the illustration was put in these words: "They have nothing to work for!" That is the influence which we have to meet in this part of the country, and which will continue till the May Anniversary Festival is changed into a *grand missionary meeting*, and, with the speeches and the eating, which we can almost relish by memory of what we have tasted in former days, there shall be pledged

then and there, each year, *two hundred thousand dollars for missionary labor in the United States*. Such a meeting would make the speeches mean something, even on the banks of the Mississippi. As it is, our orthodox brethren, who live in "fear of the divine wrath," take the reports and laugh over them. The left-handed compliment is paid us in these words: "What excellent talkers your Eastern Unitarians are; why don't you trot some of them out West to help you?" Our reply is: "They are not of the trotting kind." After all your glow of social delight and cheer, will not a shower-bath of such facts be good for you? Imagine the effect of the Boston Festival at Des Moines during the session of the Legislature!—*Rev. S. S. Hunting in a letter to the Christian Register*.

JOTTINGS.

REV. BROOKE HERFORD, of Chicago, will spend his summer vacation on a rancho in New Mexico, where he has two sons engaged in sheep farming.

HARTFORD.—The Unitarian Society, who have worshipped since the beginning of the year in the Opera House and continuously had an evening service, as well as morning service a part of the time, have omitted their evening services till the 1st of September, but will continue the morning service in the Representatives' Hall, in the State House, during the month of July, when they will take a vacation till September. Mr. Schermerhorn will continue his evening course of lectures during the months of September and October.

CHICAGO.—A member of the Fourth Unitarian Society, Rev. J. T. Sunderland pastor, sends us the following cheering word: Our prospects here are looking brighter. Our congregations have all the while been excellent, but they are now larger than ever. We have more than doubled the number of families in the society during the past year. Mr. Sunderland resigned his pastorate two months ago because he thought that with the failure of our exchange of our old church for a hall in a better locality, and the consequent coming back of the church with its heavy incumbrance upon us, we could not possibly go on. But our people took hold and made such an earnest and determined effort as would have done your soul good to see. They increased their subscription lists fifty per cent., hard as the times are, putting themselves in a condition to go on for the year to come comfortably, were it not for the large debt on the church. Mr. Sunderland has been persuaded to withdraw his resignation. If we can manage in any way to keep our debt from bringing disaster upon us, our outlook is as good as we can desire. Mr. Sunderland has been preaching afternoons for about six months at Englewood, the seat of our Normal School, and our largest suburb except Evanston, to congregations of 50 to 125. A society has recently been organized made up of twenty as good families as there are in town, all thoroughly alive and in earnest.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D.C.—This church, the corner-stone of which has just been laid, is situated at the corner of 14th and L streets. It is to be of the Renaissance style, and the plan much resembles that of the Church of the Ascension. The arrangements for the reception and seating of spectators were admirable. At about 7 o'clock a portion of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the District, who were to perform the ceremony of adjusting the corner-stone, arrived on the ground, preceded by a detachment of the Marine Band.

The ceremonies were begun with an eloquent invocation from Rev. Mr. Weld, of Baltimore, who asked the blessing of God upon their projected undertaking, alluding to the bow of promise which spanned the heavens as an indication of prosperity. The list of articles put in the box to be deposited in the stone was then read, as follows: List of contributors to the new church building, roll of church members, constitution and declaration of principles, valedictory sermon in the old church, newspapers of the city, *Christian Register* and *INQUIRER*, coins of this year, roll of officiating Masons, programme of ceremonies, "The Unitarian Year-Book," officers of the church, annual report of the American Unitarian Association, list of pew and seat holders of "All Souls' Church," proceedings of the Grand Lodge of 1876, Masonic Calendar for 1876-7, organization of the Grand Lodge for 1877.

The box was then placed in the corner-stone, and the ceremony of applying the plumb, the level and the square, was then performed by officers of the Grand Lodge designated by the Grand Master, E. G. Davis, after which corn, wine and oil were poured upon the stone a emblematic of plenty, prosperity and peace. The covering stone was then placed. Rev. Clay MacCauley delivered a stirring address, after which Prof. Petrola, the renowned cornetist, rendered an exquisite solo, during which a collection was taken up. "The corner-stone hymn," by Mr. MacCauley, was then sung by the audience, following which was the benediction. Numerous letters had been received, expressing the kindest wishes for the new church among which were those of G. W. Curtis, Rev. Drs. Bellows and Farley, and Rev. Fred. Frothingham, of Milton, Mass.

The church society was first formed in 1821, meeting in a small building on C street, from which they removed, in 1822, to the church corner 6th and D streets. The new church when completed will be one of the handsomest in the city. Col. R. G. Fleming is the builder.—*Washington Nation*.

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank. . . .	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value. . . .	300,232 50
Loans on Coll. Good Stocks Collateral. .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings.	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection. . .	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

LOSSES unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	235,602 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,416 05
REAL ESTATE	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 26

Total - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total, - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Assets - - - \$2,792,902 9

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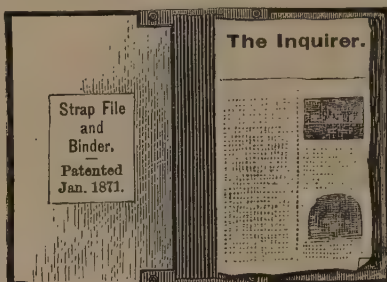
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THE INQUIRER.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

HENRY C. BUNNER, Elizabeth Cumings, C. M. Haven, Newton M. Mann, Crawford Nightingale, William Potts, S. Alfred Steinthal, and Celia P. Woolley are among the contributors to this number of *THE INQUIRER*.

"The Inquirer is published every Thursday, from the middle of September to the middle of July."

We preached a short sermon from this somewhat apocryphal editorial text in the last number of the *Liberal Christian*, issued on December 2, 1876. Our discourse had at least the merits of being brief, to the point, and easily understood, and, we are now, after seven months' experience, glad to be able to add, very widely and generously acquiesced in. We esteem ourselves most fortunate in having for our constituency a class of readers able to appreciate and sympathize with the somewhat startling and original idea that an editor and publisher, like other people, feels the need of an occasional period of entire relief from pressing duties. We are inclined to think, moreover, that in persistently holding our tongue during the dog days and relieving our readers from the monotony of our uninterrupted appearance we shall be doing the very best and kindest thing possible both for them and for ourselves. We are not quite sure that if even the newspapers, which we all think we can't live a day without, could be by law suppressed during a few weeks of every year, both the papers and the devouring public would not be immensely benefited by the change.

THE INQUIRER expects to greet its friends again, renewed in life and strength, on the *first*—not the *third*—Thursday of September. The office, at 47 Lafayette Place, will remain open during the recess and every facility for the transaction of business will be afforded both to new and old subscribers.

SOME of the Republican papers profess to feel very much

outraged because, when Mr. Chas. Francis Adams requested at Cambridge to be presented to the President, Mr. Hayes did not refuse to grant the privilege to the author of the famous "fraud upon his brow" letter. We take it that the President of these United States has no official right to refuse audience to any citizen courteously requesting an introduction on a social occasion, and, so far as the Adams letter is concerned, the President is charitable enough to tell his friends that he does not believe Mr. Adams wrote the letter for publication! If there was any falseness in this brief interview it does not seem to us to have been on the President's side.

THE anniversary celebrations of the Phi Beta Kappa Society have only a semi-public character, the presence of reporters being forbidden. It will, however, we feel sure, do more good than harm, and be no real violation of the traditional secrecy of the meetings, to say that at the recent dinner of the Harvard Chapter of the Society, President Eliot—who had evidently read in the papers of that morning President Seelye's orthodox inaugural address at Amherst, on "The Relations of Learning and Religion"—took occasion to express very forcibly his conviction that, whatever other colleges might see fit to do, at Cambridge certainly no artificial barriers would be suffered to be erected, in the name of religion, to the widest liberty in the pursuit of truth.

In view of the unscholarly and untenable position taken by Mr. Seelye in his interesting and in many respects admirable address, President Eliot's words had a timely point and force which, heartily applauded as they were, could only have been fully appreciated by those who, like Mr. Eliot, had read the unpleasantly "churchy" Amherst inaugural. President Eliot did not stop short of the declaration that parents who desire a sectarian education for their sons must be careful not to send them to Cambridge. Harvard University is not a sectarian institution.

THE general council of Presbyterians, which has been in session for a week past in Edinburgh, has for its principal object the consideration and adoption of a constitution of confederation between the various branches of the Presbyterian church throughout the world. This movement began in this country in 1872, and was immediately followed by a similar movement abroad. The result was a council held in London, in July, in 1875, to agree upon the constitution of confederation whose adoption is now under consideration by the Edinburgh council.

When it is considered that there are in America alone not less than a dozen different Presbyterian bodies, all essentially one in doctrine and polity, and separated only by differences of origin, history and method, the need of at least a federative union of these various fractions of the church becomes very apparent. The cable brings but scanty details of the proceedings at Edinburgh, but we know that America is strongly represented there, and there seems to be no question that much will be accomplished in the direction desired, if only by the opportunity for acquaintance and friendly discussion afforded by the gathering of so many prominent members of the church from all parts of the

world. Our readers cannot sympathize with Presbyterian views, but they should at least rejoice at every movement in the religious world whose tendency is towards obliteration of unimportant differences of opinion and methods of work and concentration of public attention upon the more central and important themes of religious thought and life.

THE recent defeat of the British Government, by a vote of 127—111, in the matter of the Burials bill, removing all restrictions in regard to religious services at the funerals of Dissenters, has been received with as much satisfaction as surprise. The *Spectator* says:—"That majority was due to the Ecclesiastical Liberalism of a great number of Conservative Peers who, on questions of this sort, are far in advance of the Government. Doubtless these Conservative Peers have the sense to see that if we are to preserve an institution like the English Establishment from destruction, it must be by a policy tending to endear it to the external religious world at defiance. That has weighed much, no doubt, with Lord Harrowby and his friends. What has very likely weighed still more, has been a strong desire to gain for the Establishment a counterweight against the Ritualism and Sacerdotalism of an extreme party within the Church. By making friends of the dissenters, and showing them that they are regarded not as enemies, but as allies, by the chief friends of the Church, the moderate Conservatives no doubt hope to win over the less strict among them, or at least to prepare the way for winning over their descendants to the Church, and so to increase materially the weight of the lay element in the Establishment. But whatever their reasons, the fact remains that the majority of the House of Lords have ignored the lead of the Conservative government, and taken a Liberal lead of their own, on one of the most important questions which has ever divided moderate Conservatives from Tories of the old type.

THE second public annual meeting of the Sunday Society, held in May at Freemasons' Tavern, London, was largely attended. The object of this society is to secure legislation permitting the opening of museums, art galleries, libraries and gardens on Sunday. Dean Stanley, the President, was in the chair, and among those on the platform were Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Professor Henry Morley, Sir Henry Thompson, Miss Anna Swanwick, and many other persons prominent in social reform movements. Letters were read from the Bishop of Exeter; the Marquis of Ripon; the Marquis of Huntly; Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P.; Sir Richard Wallace, M.P.; Sir Sydney Waterlow, M.P.; Sir Arthur Guinness, M.P.; Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P.; and Lady Burdett Coutts, all expressing their sympathy with the movement, and regretting their inability to attend the meeting. Professor Tyndall moved the first resolution, "That this meeting rejoices in the progress of the movement for the opening of museums on Sundays, as shown in the second annual report of the Sunday Society, and requests the chairman to sign a petition praying the House of Commons to support the resolution which is shortly to be submitted to it for the opening of the national museums and galleries during a part of Sunday." This resolution was seconded by Professor Henry Morley and supported by Dr. B. W. Richardson and was carried almost unanimously. Professor Huxley moved the second resolution, "That in the opinion of this meeting the Sunday Society should appoint a deputation to wait upon the First Lord of the Treasury to solicit the support of the government to the measure for the opening of the national museums and galleries on Sunday afternoons," which was also carried.

A FREE CHURCH FOR A FREE STATE.

THE most ardent admirers of Matthew Arnold in this country will take exceptions to his argument for a national church. Of all ideas, that is the most offensive to Americans, partly because of an intense jealousy between the various sects, and partly because of the antipathy of outsiders for everything under the name of church. But, assuming that there must be something in the nature of a church in this country, it is a fair question what is the type of ecclesiastical institution best suited to our political institutions? What kind of church is it that harmonizes with the principles that underlie the free State?

The Free State is the child of free thought. Mr. Morgan tells us that the Iroquois had a republican form of government, but republicanism does not carry with it the assertion of the rights of man. That assertion could not have been made until the eighteenth century liberals had preached their gospel of free thought. Men had first to get clear of the superstition that God is partial to his Christian children at the expense of Mohammedans and pagans—clear from the vulgar but persistent notion that superior strength is sufficient warrant for the exercise of authority, before they could grasp lovingly the idea of a commonwealth in which the assured rights of all are absolutely equal. The basis on which the Free State stands is as broad as the idea of human brotherhood. It rules out no man from citizenship on account of his race, or his color, or his theory of the universe. It puts no test to him when he applies for admission which in the slightest degree can effect his conscience. No inquisition is made into his belief. The doors are thrown open for whoever will to enter.

Now, it certainly seems that the Church which is to exist permanently in connection with such political institutions must be constituted on accordant principles. It, too, must be free. It must set no bounds to thought, prescribe no dogmatic conditions of membership. Its doors must be open to all worshippers, and it must put no bars of opinion across the gate of heaven.

In short it must rest, like the State, broadly and unequivocally on the principle of human brotherhood, honoring the prophets of all ages and nations, setting up no exclusive claims for this line of religious development or that, having for its declaration of purposes, "Let us know the truth, for the truth will make and keep us free. Let us do good, for in doing good is eternal life."

The Free State indeed has many ardent supporters now who have no faith in a church of an equally comprehensive order. They go for opening the very Eden of the earth to all comers, but shut up heaven against whoever will not agree with them. The political platform, they think, cannot be made too broad, nor the religious platform too narrow. They support ecclesiastical and civil organizations which are absolutely irreconcilable in principle. This is surprising, but it is not singular. We remember how men used to shout themselves hoarse with cries of "liberty and union" and at the same time favored the retention of some millions of human chattels in bondage within the limits of that union. Matthew Arnold supports a national church whose doctrines he has done more than any other man to upset. These are inconsistencies which are ever appearing. But they are inconsistencies which cannot last forever. Either the Republic must narrow its basis, putting an article into its constitution discriminating against Trinitarians, Jews and other heretics and heathen, or the popular churches must move on to a larger freedom. Some liberals are agitated by apprehensions that the State will yield to the pressure and narrow its basis. But no

such backward movement as that is likely unless civilization is at the end of its tether. The alternative is well-nigh inevitable. The broad and liberal spirit of the national constitution will find its way into the churches, or into such of them as are to hold the intelligence of the country in the future. And this spirit, once infused among them, will put an end to sectarian strife and pave the way for religious union. These will stand on common ground if only the ground is made wide enough. And when this is done we shall have a national religion; that is, the popular religion will be brought into harmony with the principles on which the State itself stands and become safely and permanently associated with it.

This result, large as it seems may be looked for with confidence. Not in our day, but sometime it must come. The land that opens its arms to receive the children of every clime and creed must have a church as comprehensive, which shall own the universality of the religious sentiment, and open its heart to receive every word of God which pagan or Christian has found a tongue to speak. To the liturgy of that church all races must contribute, as all by it are to be blessed and strengthened. The inspired souls of the East and the West shall respond to each other in it across the whole width of the earth. The baleful teaching of doctrines in themselves unreasonable will give place to an earnest quest for truth, to inculcation of reverence for the highest and sympathy for the lowest—teaching which, when the scales of prejudice drop from men's eyes, will be seen to be the essential soul of every religion worthy of the name. As on the day of Pentecost, people out of many nations will find themselves speaking a common tongue, for every one will so speak as to awaken a native and responsive sentiment in his neighbor.

It seems already high time that this forecasting were beginning to be wrought into reality; high time that the mass of intelligent people were beginning to break away from churches constituted in flagrant contrast with our national ideas, and were pronouncing for broader views. But religious thought is ever slow in shaping its forms. Good sense must have sway a long time in things temporal before it can venture to push its dominion over things spiritual. The State has been organized now a hundred years on free principles, and the church is not yet ready to follow. But that it must follow begins to be evident. N. M. M.

THEISM.

THEISM! To how many minds does the word represent a belief, something by which earnest souls may and do live and grow, steadily gaining in strength, beauty, harmony? Is it not the general impression concerning a Theist that if not quite an unbeliever in the sense of denying or being indifferent to religious truth, he must at least be one who has no strong hold on spiritual realities? So little is generally known of the faith of the Theist. Believing this to be the case, we ask for it a hearing from all candid minds. And we know that we cannot do better than to state it as represented by two of its most able exponents—Theodore Parker and Frances Power Cobbe. In her beautiful Preface to the English edition of Theo. Parker's works edited by herself, Miss Cobbe gives a brief statement of this faith, the creed of Theism, summing it up in a few sentences, which she gives as the substance of the teaching of Theodore Parker.

"An ever-present God, who is absolutely good."

"A moral law written in the consciousness of man."

"The immortality of the soul."

"The reality of spiritual prayer."

Theism, she says, starts with the recognition of the veracity of human consciousness, the divine origin of our intuitions of good and evil. It thrusts away at once and forever all the shuffling paradoxes of contradictory titles and dogmas. It asserts that if God is good, He is good *in our sense of the words*, for words do but mean what we have agreed to be their sense. If He is not "good" in that sense He is not good at all, but something else, which men would if they dared call "evil."

"If we say that He is good, then we must make our doctrines concerning Him and our views of His government agree with our meaning of goodness. We have no right to say that His goodness will exclude all suffering, all sin from His dominions; nay, great suffering, great sin. These things we can see may be meant for the highest good and permitted by absolute benevolence for such an end. But what we do affirm is this, there can be no *final* evil to even one creature of a God who is good in our sense of the word goodness. We do not fear to affirm this. We do not think that by so doing we presume to pass judgment on our Creator. We simply use the intellect and moral sense He has given us, and assert that *by their laws* the creation of a being whose final end shall be evil is not good in our sense of goodness. We simply vindicate our Father's character and affirm that no act He has made us to abhor as evil can ever have marked His government of the Universe from eternity to eternity." The moral sense of man, she says, cannot decide how much evil may be consistent with final good. "If the final good is to be very great, very high, very durable, it would seem that the freedom to sin, the possibilities of suffering which precede it, may well be great and terrible, and long-enduring also. The foundations must be dug deep in earth if the spire is to reach above the clouds. But one thing it can decide, that the evil is to have an end at last, that it is to be an evil *terminating* in good. Evil ending in evil, can only be the work of a Fiend. Evil ending in good is the work of a God."

"The most Divine goodness of all is that which causes suffering needful to bring out virtue and joy unattainable without it...." "The God who creates beings who He foresees will be eternally lost,.... the God in whose Universe there is a Devil and a Devil's Hell, that God is, at all events, very different from our *natural* ideal of goodness." [Broken Lights.]

Says Theodore Parker, "On the throne of the Universe, Lord of Life and Death, Joy and Sorrow, there sits Goodness itself, Goodness unfading, unalterable, never wearied with our misery or disgusted by our failures, but loving us all, saint and sinner, with one Infinite all-embracing love, of which a mother's tenderness is a reflected ray, a father's yearning care a faint and far-off type." Such is the God of the Theist!

"Let me know that Infinite Wisdom planned all this world, a causal Providence, and perfect love inspired the plans, that it will all turn out triumphant at the last, not a soul lost in the eternal march, no suffering wasted, not a tear-drop without its compensation, not a sin but shall be overruled for good at last, that all has been foreseen, that all has been provided for, and mankind furnished with powers quite adequate to achieve the end for all,—for each, what a new motive have I for active toil, yea, what consolation in the worst defeat! I can gird my loins with strength and go forth to any work; or defeated, wounded, conquered, I can fold my hands in triumph, still looking to the eternal victory." (Parker's Discourse on the Functions of a Teacher of Religion.)

On the next article of the creed of Theism, "A moral law

written in the consciousness of man," let us hear Miss Cobbe: "Religious faith in its high, true sense, faith in the presence of a Heavenly Father, is a thing which God gives not in answer to studies and researches, but to prayer and deeds. There is no winning it by argument, no preserving it by force of logic in a life of sin. . . . Is it not that we should hold this most precious boon by no mere intellectual tenure gained once for all but by the humbled right of a moral consciousness to be strengthened by every act of obedience and weakened by every sin? . . . It may be maintained that we owe our knowledge of God mainly to His supernatural revelation of Himself in past times, or mainly to His natural revelation of Himself at all times, through conscience and reason. Briefly we may describe these two sources of belief as the traditional and the original revelation. Is the traditional revelation to be our *main* ground of faith? Then we must admit it to be our *ultimate* one and hold it up against any argument drawn from the opposing consciousness of mankind. Is the original revelation our ultimate ground? Then we must face the conclusion that however fallible the ground may seem, here lies our sole reliance, and that where tradition opposes itself to consciousness, it must be abandoned. . . . The son who lives in his father's house, and in his daily presence, can ill believe that father's highest behests will come to him through a letter, unsigned, unsealed, copied over and recopied many times, through the hands of many servants."

The apparent uncertainty of the voice of consciousness, the boasted certainty of the written Word, will not deceive him, for he learns that the Divine voice in his heart speaks clearly precisely in the ratio of his own faith and obedience, and the supposed certainty of the written Word does not exclude, and never has excluded, the most monstrous misapprehensions and mistakes. [Broken Lights.]

Of "The Immortality of the Soul" Theodore Parker shall speak to us: "It is the belief of mankind that we shall live forever. This is not a doctrine of Christianity alone: it belongs to the human race. . . . It came to mankind by intuition, by instinctive belief, the belief which comes unavoidably from the nature of man. In the same way came the belief in God. . . . To my mind, this is the great proof of immortality—the fact that it is written in human nature, written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it. . . . I feel the longing after immortality a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundations of my being. I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of immortality. I cannot believe that this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father and the Father of the nations. Can the Almighty deceive His children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my immortality. The presence of injustice and wrong points the same way. . . . the fact that anybody is by circumstances made wretched, that he is hindered from his proper growth, and has not his natural due,—all intimates to me his future life. I know that God is just. I see the injustice—men smarting at their lives, and by no fault of theirs. I know there must be another hemisphere to balance this, another life wherein justice shall come to all and for all, else God were unjust, and an unjust God to me is no God at all, but a wretched chimera, which my soul rejected with scorn. . . . "God as the Infinite, the unconditioned, the absolute, is all-powerful, all-wise, all-good. Therefore He must wish the best of all possible things, must know the best of all possible things, must will the best of all possible things. . . . "Now,

then, as life, serene and happy life, is better than non-existence, so immortality is better than perpetual death. God must know that, wish that, will that, and so bring it about. Man, therefore, must be immortal. This argument is brief, indeed, but I see not how it can be withstood. . . . "I think each argument is powerful to one who thinks, reasons, balances, and then decides, exceeding powerful. All put together form a mass of argument which it seems to me no logic can resist. Yet I beg you to understand that I do not rest immortality on any reasoning of mine, but on reason itself; not on these logical arguments, but on man's consciousness, and the instinctive belief which is common to the human race. Could some doubter rise, and to my thinking vanquish all these arguments, I should still hold fast my native faith, nor fear the doubter's arms. The simple consciousness of men is stronger than all forms of proof; still, if men want arguments, why, there they are."

Miss Cobbe says: "Without this faith, we should not merely lose our own infinite hope, precious as that must needs be, we should lose also much of the completeness of our idea of God, and even of the moral law. To have created beings such as we are, endowed us with such powers, led us by such laborious training to virtue, accepted from us and granted to us so much love, and then to leave us to fade away and perish, all our high thoughts, our holy aspirations, our fervent efforts quenched in endless night,—that would not be God-like. We could not bear to think of God's work so ending. Nay, the law itself, immutable as it would ever stand, would lose its crown of royalty could we not believe that *sooner or later* God would make it triumphant throughout the universe. That he who deserves punishment should be punished, that he who has obeyed the eternal right should be made happy,—these are the natural fulfilments of the law, for which we cannot help looking from the justice and benevolence of Him in whom it is impersonated. . . . And when we read of some cruel despot going peacefully to the grave unrepentant, and even exulting, we feel that there would be *something wrong somewhere* if that wretch did not suffer a portion of the agonies he has inflicted."

On the last article of the creed of theism, "Spiritual Prayer—its Reality," we would now take the expression of faith given by our two chosen exponents of the belief of the theist: "There is a natural supply for spiritual as for corporeal wants. As we have bodily sense to lay hold on the supply for bodily wants, so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants. It is not strange that the Infinite Father, who bears us in His everlasting arms, should supply the cravings of our immortal souls, while He feeds the ravens and gives the young lions their prey; it would be as strange as terrible were it otherwise. Says Theodore Parker: "That any act of religious aspiration should be efficacious or acceptable it appears that only two things are necessary—sincere earnestness and a will struggling in all things to obey the will and law of God. The law of the spirit is that light and strength are bestowed by God on man according as the latter places himself farther from or nearer to their source." "The magnetic bar which has lost its power regains it when we hang it in the plane of the meridian." Thus the prayer for spiritual good is the direct mode of obtaining assistance to our virtue, in accordance with the fixed laws of Providence. . . . The intuition of the noblest human souls has taught us, and all experience has ratified their teaching, that "every one that asks of God light, strength, and patience receives them, and that to him that knocks at 'the wicket-gate' of the true path of right, to him it is opened. Nor does the

strictest philosophy in any way oppose this doctrine. . . . A single sin, *which we do not intend to renounce*, however hidden in some obscure corner of our consciousness, is enough to render real prayer impracticable. . . . "If, having found it, we deliberately resolved with the whole power of our wills this sin shall be done never more, how marvelously did that one effort thrust back the bolt which had barred to us the gate of heaven!"

With the earnest words of warning addressed by Miss Cobbe to her fellow-theists, we will conclude this paper: "There is one solemn act, or rather habit, on which in great measure, the whole character of our inner life must depend. Prayer, used or neglected, must, in the nature of things, determine whether we are to dwell in the Holy Place, or in the outer courts of religion—nay, whether we are to draw nearer to God or to drift farther away from Him every year. Now, when a man brought up in our Christian lands first discovers that the creed of his childhood is no longer tenable, there is the greatest possible danger that in relinquishing it he also relinquishes that priceless habit, more than ever needed. In the first place, he has been taught that, except through Christ's mediation, no prayer has a chance of acceptance on high, and, strangely enough, he accepts the sentence of the church he has quitted, and rests in self-inflicted banishment till the habit is lost. In the second place, among the most decided conclusions at which he has probably arrived is one that prayers for outward benefits,—as health, wealth, fair weather, and the like,—are at once unphilosophical and irreligious; unphilosophical, inasmuch as they assume that God can be prevailed upon to change the laws which have been ever since creation evolving His beneficent designs; irreligious, inasmuch as they attempt to bend the will of God to our desires, instead of bending our desires to that will. The man fails to notice that it is not unphilosophical to ask that God should *fulfil* His laws of spirit—those laws by which the soul which is sickly and weak, growing in solitude, becomes healthy and strong, brought into the light and warmth of God's immediate and conscious presence, those laws by which He has made prayer the "natural means" of an immeasurable grace. He fails to notice that it is *not* irreligious to ask that God should perform His will on us—that will which we know is our sanctification, our purification from all taint of sin, our elevation to all heights of spiritual good and glory. And what is the result? Surely one of the saddest in the world, that at the moment he most needs God's light to guide him, God's arm to support him, he loses his means of obtaining both. Of the evils which follow many a page might be written. Every spiritual loss and error comes from giving up prayer, even as every spiritual grace and good comes from earnestly practising it. [Broken Lights.]

CONSTANCY.

Look out and see the regal death
The sun is dying in the west;
Unstirred by Summer breeze's breath
The lake upbears him on her breast.
There in his highest glory lay
His light reflected; there his head
Is pillowed in the closing day,
And that true breast, when he is dead,
Shall wrap her grief in clouds and night,
And silent in her sorrow mourn,
Till in due time another light,
His heir posthumous, shall be born.
But to that peace shall woe succeed again,
And Love alone, through grief and joy, remain.
—R. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ENGLAND.

My time has of late been so over-occupied that I have not been able to spare the mental effort required in sending you the letters I promised to contribute to your columns. I venture after my long silence to renew our connection by a brief account of the meeting of our Lancashire and Cheshire Provincial Assembly. It is a venerable gathering, dating from Commonwealth times, when the Presbyterians strove to make England cast off Episcopalianism and adopt the full organization of the church which had been so successful in maintaining the Calvinistic theology of Geneva and Scotland. The attempt failed, London and the district round Manchester alone carried into practical efficiency the plan of Presbyterian classis and Assembly. English Presbyterianism failed to win the affections of the nation: neither its narrow dogmatism nor its bald ritual were able to secure popular acceptance, and when the King enjoyed his own again, Parliament soon passed the Act of Uniformity, which drove Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists into dissent. Our Assembly did not meet publicly in the days of the persecution; indeed it may be said that it never again met as a legally-appointed Assembly representing the classical meetings of the province. But in its place soon after the revolution of 1688 we read of two meetings—one, of the ministers of Lancashire, and other, of Cheshire, not purely Presbyterian, but bearing the name of the "United Brethren," thus showing that the union of Presbyterians and Independents, established chiefly under the influence of John Howe, in 1691, in London, had extended to the country districts. I cannot say how long these two Assemblies continued to hold annual meetings. Regular minutes of the Lancashire meeting exist up to the year 1700, but none are known of any meetings between 1700 and 1762; but in the latter year it is spoken of as holding its annual gathering in May. The Cheshire meeting of the United Brethren met twice a year from 1693, and its minutes were kept with great regularity till 1745, when a gap occurs in the records till 1764. In 1765 the two meetings seem to have been united, and since then there has been no break in the Association. But the Congregationalist element, which adhered to what are commonly called Orthodox opinions, had seceded from the Presbyterians, who were beginning to be more lax in their theology than pleased the adherents of the Savoy Confession, and before long the Unitarian controversy began and free thought triumphed over the ancient Calvinism of the old dissent. In 1820 the title of the Assembly recognized Unitarians as equal members with the old Presbyterians, and now the venerable Assembly connecting us with the great struggle for constitutional freedom, and asserting our high claims of spiritual descent from the Puritan defenders of political liberty, annually gather from Lancashire and Cheshire the ministers of all our free churches, together with representatives from most of the congregations of the two counties.

We met last Wednesday evening at Monton, near Manchester, where the congregation have lately opened a beautiful gothic church in place of their old Presbyterian chapel. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. C. Squier, who claimed a high sense of responsibility for the members of the Assembly as bearing so noble an ancestry, and who advocated a wide and comprehensive charity among the upholders of differing modes of thought. On the Thursday morning the Assembly met for business, and after the formal proceedings were over, a petition in favor of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill was proposed. This measure to give the owners and occupiers of property in any district power to prohibit the common sale of intoxicating drink, when a two-thirds majority shall so determine. Although the petition was opposed by the eloquence of the Rev. Charles Beard and Mr. Harry Rawson, two of the most respected members of the Assembly, the sense of the need of effective measures for the repression of intemperance was so strong that by a majority of two to one the petition was carried. The President of the Assembly, the Rev. William Gaskell, M. A., then delivered the annual address. He paid a warm tribute to the memory of those members of the Assembly who had been removed by death since the last meeting; welcomed the ministers who had newly settled in the province, and gave a very encouraging account of the prospects of the free churches in the district and the county generally. After an adjournment for luncheon, hospitably provided by the Monton congregation, to which about 400 persons sat down in the schoolroom, we assembled to hear the papers specially prepared for the Conference. Mr. Gaskell might have been inspired with prophetic power when speak-

ing of the growing power of free thought, and must have been gratified by the confirmation his utterance received as he listened to the broad and sympathetic essay of Mr. Dandy on "Our position in relation to other religious bodies," which showed how, while we maintain our close spiritual connection with the primitive teaching of Jesus himself, we embrace the essential principles upon which all true religious life must be based, and are able, in consequence, to sympathize with Roman Catholic and with Christian or non-Christian theist, while we uphold with reverent freedom a worship which at once retains the venerable lessons of the past, while accepting every new truth which advancing science reveals to man. The Rev. Joseph Freeston then led us on to what no doubt he would consider the practical discussion of our present mission. He showed how the mere controversial work of the past could no longer be regarded as our peculiar work, as most of the doctrines against which our fathers had been working were being abandoned by intelligent men in every church; but our chief aim should be to break down the still existing spirit of sectarianism, which insists upon the upholding of any dogmas as essential to salvation. He believed that, untrammelled as we are by any creed, we could preach a practical religion that should bring Christianity to bear upon every-day life, and should cultivate such a broad and manly character that to be a member of our church should be a guarantee of catholicity and reasonableness, as well as of spiritual power. He likewise urged upon us the duty of securing better organization and a new departure in religious literature. He sketched out an ideal "Book of God and the Soul," in which should be gathered the best religious (not theological) utterances of the last ten centuries, and expressed a hope—which I fear will not be fulfilled—that thirty or forty of the best men and women of England and America would form themselves into a council for its production.

The third paper of the Conference was one prepared by Mr. Harry Rawson, who described some unredressed grievances of dissenters. I think I have spoken of some of these in previous letters. In your great republic you know nothing of dissent, because while you claim, and justly claim, to be a religious nation, you have no national church. We have to pay for our traditions by some inconveniences from which you are free. There are still some laws which mark with unpleasant distinctions the fact that dissenters are unfashionable, and are not equal to Churchmen in the eyes of the law. A clergyman performs a legal marriage service without the intervention of the civil registrar, who must be present at a dissenter's wedding to give it validity. The parish graveyard cannot be used by a dissenting minister to inter one of his own people; and even when the House of Lords, with unexpected liberality, would throw the graveyard open, our Conservative government, with judicial blindness, prefers to bear this grievance unredressed, and gives to Nonconformists this weapon to attack the narrow-minded Conservatism, which, even in death, would brand the Nonconformist with inferiority, as if it were a necessary consequence of maintaining the Established Church. Mr. Rawson also dealt with the grievances connected with the university. His paper was very ably written, and well deserved the compliment, which Mr. C. Wicksteed paid it, of being the best contribution to the question of Nonconformist grievances which had been given to the Assembly. Mr. Binns, of Birkenhead, in a very characteristic speech, pointed out that both the essayist and Mr. C. Wicksteed had not touched the main grievance—the existence of one privileged church—from which all the minor grievances naturally spring, but he failed, as most advocates of disestablishment do, in pointing out a practical means of obtaining the thorough reform he desired to see adopted. This paper closed our afternoon session. In the evening we had a crowded meeting to hear speeches from the Revs. C. Beard, C. Hargrove and C. T. Poynting. The first of these gentlemen spoke on the Signs of the Times, and pointed out how the expectations which most men had five and twenty years ago of a rapid growth of our churches had not been fulfilled. Our theological opinions, it was true, had become almost universal among intellectual religionists, but they remained, with their changed theology, in the churches to which they originally belonged, so that no one could now be sure, from the denomination to which a man belonged, what opinions he would hold. Scientific advance, too, with its novel doctrine, had completely revolutionized natural theology, and, in many cases, had driven out all the religiousness of men. Men with deep religious feelings had, by all these changes, been driven by their doubts and uncertainties into the arms of Roman Catholicism, which promised certainty to all who would submit to her author-

ity, while those whom free thought had disconnected from the other churches declined to enter another sect, which only offered them another creed, and not a faith. He pointed out that the name "Unitarian" could not be regarded as anything but a creed, and one of the most unsatisfactory kind; for while we all knew what the other creeds meant, no two Unitarians were ever agreed as to the meaning of theirs. He urged upon us, in consequence, the widening of our borders by the abandonment of this name, and then if we showed the power of faith in the natural religiousness of man, we could meet the encroachments of the scientific investigator successfully, and could offer a welcome home to the devout seeker after the kingdom of God. Mr. Hargrove was most powerful in his description of his personal experiences in being driven from his first home in the Church of England, through doubt, into the Church of Rome, and finally into our communion. I feel sure no one could listen to the account of his spiritual struggles without the deepest sympathy, while his warning not to try and convert persons who were not of our fold by mere theological discussions was very telling. The ordinary criticism of dogmatic opinions was, he showed, unlikely to do anything but disgust, while the assertion of broad, general principles would be most likely to gain access to the mind which was seeking for truth. He had been far more influenced by J. Stuart Mill's book on liberty than by any theological work to adopt his present position. Mr. Poynting gave a most interesting historical account of the gradual growth of our church, from its ancient Presbyterian foundation; but human endurance has its limits, and after about ten hours almost continuous speech-making, it was evident that no one could keep the Assembly in a listening attitude for very long, so the votes of thanks to the congregation which had so kindly entertained us, and to the chairman who had presided over us, closed one of the most successful of the many meetings our Provincial Assembly has witnessed for many years.

Next week we have the Annual Examination of Manchester New College in London, at which the Rev. J. H. Thom is to give us the address, and we all are looking forward with no common pleasure to the opportunity, now only rarely granted to us, of hearing one of the most spiritual and gifted of our ministers.

S. A. STEINTHAL.

MANCHESTER, June 23d.

FROM CHICAGO.

THE Third Church is mourning, and refuses to be comforted. "The spreading branches of my trees reach out after me a little farther each year," said Mr. Powell a few Sundays ago, and thereupon handed in his resignation. Hereafter he will engage in something else than soul-training, and devote his energies to the cultivation of strawberries and pear trees. He himself would say, however, that the man who was successful in making a plant grow, was thereby the better fitted to become a teacher of men. Be that as it may, Chicago has lost one of her teachers, and is not at present disposed to compensate her loss by calculating the gains likely to accrue to the agricultural interests of central New York.

You have already been informed of Mr. Powell's reasons for leaving the pulpit. There are excuses enough for leaving the ministry, heaven knows; and there are those who think the office of layman no sinecure. Besides the indebtedness of the church and his own poor health, Mr. Powell mentioned several other causes which had induced him to abandon, for the present at least, all ministerial work. Among these he spoke of the irksome and petty nature of many of the duties pertaining to the pastoral office. This is a point well-taken, one which every minister has doubtless been constrained to many painful reflections upon, and upon which every parishioner should bestow a little honest unselfish thinking. The pastoral relation is in many respects an unnatural one. It is especially so among liberals, who make open profession of religious independence and of their ability to dispense with spiritual guidance. To anticipate a time when ministers shall not be obliged to minister to the necessities of their flocks in quite so promiscuous a manner as now is not to invoke a future when all friendly relations between pastor and people shall be ruthlessly cut off. But friendship is a choice wine for select distribution. A clergyman can no more dilute his affections into a weak compound of polite regard to be equally distributed among his hearers than he can respond to the particular religious seeking of each in a single sermon. He has as much right to his intimacies, or his aversions, as any other

man. It is a ludicrous mistake to make church membership consist in a certain share-holding right to the minister's time and attention. It is true, nevertheless, that the prosperity of a church depends largely upon the social qualifications of its members, and when we say that church hospitality ought not to devolve any more upon the minister than any one else, we must add "nor any less either." When a man selects the vocation of the ministry, we naturally infer that his mind is of that studious, thoughtful order which requires considerably more than an average degree of quiet and leisure. But we may also conclude that, having chosen a calling which aims directly at the moral improvement and benefit of the world, he must have a deep feeling of kinship and warm, living sympathy with every struggling, striving soul. It comes around to about this at last, that a minister need only be manly and true, willing to do his part, and resolved to be made neither tool nor toy of, in order to faithfully perform his work. As for the congregations, let them act like sensible men and women, go to church on Sunday, listen to the sermon, and find fault with it if they like, and on week-days go about their business, making it a trifle more clean and honorable, if possible, than last week's was. Mr. Powell did not need to tell those who knew him that he should not be idle in his retirement. Let the reviewer of the *INQUIRER* keep a sharp lookout for the book that he has promised us sometime during the year. It is because Mr. Powell is such a tireless worker, and has for three years kept us at a high pitch of mental excitement with his bold radical utterances, that his sudden departure left us in such a limp state of surprise and disappointment. If it were not for Mr. Collyer and Mr. Forbush, who come over and shake us up occasionally, as Judy did Grandfather Smallweed, I am not sure but that we should sink into one lasting fit of hopeless degeneracy. One must not gossip in newspapers about the private affairs of churches any more than of individuals, and so I'll say nothing more about the Westside church than this, that if the members have as great a determination to help themselves as has been shown by certain of their friends outside, the two reverend gentlemen above-named for example, we shall weather the storm, and find clear skies and smooth waters again. Mr. Collyer came over and preached to us yesterday on the love of God in the heart. After the benediction he called the church members together for a private confab, and made us such a big generous offer of assistance, and showed such genuine sympathy for all our little worries, that your correspondent, who is somewhat of a stranger to Chicago and her ways—I suppose she counts Robert Collyer among her ways and means—opened wide eyes of surprise. The little woman to whom I expressed wonderment that one with plenty and more to do should be willing to undertake additional labors, gave a tearful smile and said: "Oh, it's just like him!" So it seems it was nothing more than was to have been expected.

One week ago Mr. Forbush spoke to us on "The Sower," an old subject which he presented in a very forcible and original manner. The business of life consists for the most part in sowing, and not, as some of us would like to believe, in reaping. There is a long waiting spell between seed-time and harvest, so long that he who sows often passes away and leaves the season of merrymaking and thanksgiving to be ushered in by others who come after. It is ours to do the right thing and do it at once, scatter good deeds and kindly wishes all about us, as the sower his seed, and not wait to determine how much of the influence we extend is to be immediately reactive. "To-day it is given performance of duty," said Mr. Forbush, and from the duty of individuals it was easy to pass to that of organizations. The speaker then went on to show how it is yet only planting time for the liberal churches, and must be for a generation to come. Somebody else is to reap the ripened grain of a better faith whose seeds we are casting abroad. We need to cultivate a more stoical endurance of present evils and hardships, and learn to be as actively and heartily interested in to-morrow as to-day. Both text and sermon were so exactly suited to the occasion, and fitted with such nicety to the peculiar circumstances of the congregation to whom it was delivered, that we could not help looking at each other a little sheepishly as we came out, and saying with young Jochem in Fritz Reuter's charming story, "It's all as true as leather, but what can we do about it."

Well, let us be thankful vacation is upon us, the time when we may ignore and postpone the disagreeable things of life, and look only on its easy side. Everybody is going to hie away, each to his separate hiding place, and when we come back in the Fall we shall be full of heart and hope and courage, and innumerable possibilities will stretch out before us, where now nothing appears but gloomy uncertainty.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

LITERATURE.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Third Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

Mr. Froude is a brilliant and instructive writer, who yet needs to be read and accepted with a certain reservation. Taken judiciously he is a most agreeable companion. He is vigorous and suggestive, and though he does not relieve one from the necessity of thinking for himself, his pictures are vivid and the thinker may find himself a debtor for valuable information and provocation.

The volume before us is composed in great part of essays which have already seen the light in periodicals. The first and longest, the "Annals of an English Abbey," will be generally considered the most entertaining, and is doubtless the most complete and effective. It is written to deprecate the present tendency in England toward the revival of the monastic orders. The subject chosen is the Abbey of St. Albans, toward the ruins of which the pious ritualists are said to be looking with longing eyes, and the materials for its history are drawn from the old English records in course of publication under the Master of the Rolls. The rise and fall of this powerful establishment is cleverly sketched and the narrative is made to include the story of the insurrection in 1381 headed by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, with its rapid growth and ignominious collapse. The rebels, however, are made to present a much better appearance than their masters.

Following this essay there is one on the "Revival of Romanism," which deals more didactically with the same general subject. Mr. Froude's strictures upon the popular Protestantism is severe, but he appears to find the cause of the temporary prosperity of the Roman ecclesiastics about as much in a social order which leaves many with large wealth and thus without any need for exertion, and without any interest which has a vital hold upon them. He is curiously contemptuous in his expressions regarding political economy. "This so-called science is the most bare-faced attempt that has ever yet been openly made on this earth to regulate human society without God or recognition of the moral law." But we can heartily endorse his strictures upon the mercenary character of so large a portion of modern life, its devotion of its powers to serve Plutonic ends, and we are satisfied that in this sentence is embodied food for thought for all labor reformers, theologians and politicians: "We ought not to set before a boy the chance of becoming president of the republic, or president of anything; we should teach him first to be a good man, and next to do his work, whatever it be, as well as it can possibly be done. It is better that a boy should learn to make a shoe excellently than to write bad exercises in half a dozen languages." If there ever was a proposition so clearly written upon the face of things as to be perfectly unmistakable it is that at this day, in the month of July, A. D. 1877, the key to labor reform, civil service reform, social reform, political reform, and the kingdom of heaven will be found by each one who does something "as well as it can possibly be done."

The four following essays, "Sea Studies," "Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic," "Lucian," and "Divus Cæsar," deal with the Greek and Roman classics, the first being devoted to Euripides. In the essay on Lucian is given a translation of a curious dialogue among the gods and upon the earth, describing "the dismay of the Pantheon when the Olympian deities perceived that men were ceasing to believe in them, and were affected by the ludicrous alarm that, if not believed in, they might cease

to exist." The next essay is "On the Uses of a Landed Gentry," which Mr. Froude thinks, in such a country as England, are greater than the abuses. By the way, the natural deductions from this essay are curiously at war with those to be drawn from the essay on the Revival of Romanism. In "Party Politics," taking the occasion of the fall of the Gladstone administration, our author speculates upon the forms and uses of government, and shows himself one who believes in the strong arm, and has no faith in *laissez faire*.

The volume closes with an article quite different in complexion from either of those which precede it, "Leaves from a South African Journal" being a narrative of an official journey to the diamond mines and through contiguous territory. We have Mr. Froude thus on a variety of topics, and his various peculiarities, excellencies and defects are well exhibited.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A Monograph. By F. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

When Mrs. Gaskell's exceedingly interesting memoir was given to the world, within a brief period after the death of the author of "Jane Eyre," it reached a public which had known little of the circumstances of the life that it detailed and which read it with avidity.

Composed as it was during the life time of Mr. Brontë and others closely associated with its subject, from whom much of the material was necessarily derived, it was difficult to write with perfect freedom, especially upon delicate family relations. Notwithstanding the care which she exercised in consequence of the situation, Mrs. Gaskell soon found herself entangled in a mesh of difficulties, and after various alterations and emendations she was finally compelled to refer all further questions concerning the book to the consideration of her solicitors. Had the Brontë family been less peculiar than it was, the difficulty would perhaps have been slight,—as it was, it was important and the result of the controversy is to leave the reader in considerable doubt as to the facts of the life at Haworth.

Whether Mr. Reid has done much to clear up these doubts is a question. His book does not assume to be a complete biography, and at best is but a critical appendix to Mrs. Gaskell's more important work. It is mainly founded upon an examination of Charlotte Brontë's voluminous correspondence with her friend Miss Ellen Nussey and is largely composed of extracts from it. Mr. Reid seeks mainly to prove two points. First, that Charlotte Brontë's life, especially the earlier portion of it, was much brighter and happier than Mrs. Gaskell would allow, though clouded by peculiar trials, and second, that during her stay in Brussels something took place that deeply affected her being, changed the whole current of her life and gave it the tone which is to be found clearly revealed in "Villette." What this something was he hints very vaguely and apparently does not know, and we are left to conjecture from the tenor of the correspondence and the hints which he submits. His little book is suggestive and valuable in the fuller light which it throws upon one whose literary power was so great, and to whom we owe so much both directly and indirectly through the strong impulse which she gave to others. Whether she was one who could have done still better work, had she lived and acquired a wider experience, it is idle to speculate. When she married Mr. Nicholls she abdicated her place as a literary artist, since her husband had no sympathy with her pursuit of letters. It was then that she was lost to the world, and though Mr. Reid gives a pleasanter and happier coloring to her relation

with Mr. Nicholls than could be gathered from Mrs. Gaskell's reserved statements, the reader can hardly feel otherwise than that her marriage was an unworthy sacrifice and in strong contrast with what would have been possible to her at an earlier period.

THE July-August number of the *North American Review* is fully up to the standard of its bi-monthly predecessors. The paper by Judge Black, on the Electoral "Conspiracy," with which it opens, has attracted much attention; and is indeed a brilliant bit of special pleading, which will be warmly received by one party, and as bitterly scouted by the other. To the non-political on-looker the question was of course long ago settled by the appointment by *both* sides of an umpire whose decision was to be accepted as final, and the judge's arguments all go to color the supposition, bitter to the heart of every true American, that a really impartial umpire could not be found. When, alas! are we to have public servants above the taint of suspicion?

Senator Morton contributes a paper on the American Constitution in which he urges, with much force, the necessity of bringing the election of the Chief Magistrate nearer to the people, and suggests that the Electoral College should be brushed away as so much rubbish.

General McClellan gives an interesting article descriptive of the Russian and Turkish resources, and the progress of the war in the East up to the time of writing, and lays it down as his opinion that future developments of the Eastern Question depend entirely on the action of Germany.

Bayard Taylor very justly scurries that "unfortunate specimen of our native art" the monumental statue to Fitz-Greene Halleck, and then proceeds in a sympathetic, but by no means exaggerated strain to consider the character and personality of the poet. He is followed by "Sionara," which, by the way, we are told is not the name of our Japanese critic, but a word which, in his vernacular, means farewell. We hope, however, that he does not mean to bid us good-by just yet, for he has given us a large share of "the giftie" prayed for by Robert Burns "to see ourselves as others see us," and his moral reflexions, like his political ones, are bitter but highly salutary pills. We are unable to deny that he tells many true things, and that there is among us a sad want of knowledge of, and consideration for, the "Taou." Whether Japan is, on the whole, so very much superior to democratic America as Sionara avers, is perhaps less easily admitted; we shrewdly suspect that Sionara is an extremely favorable specimen of his race. New Russia, by M. W. Hazeltine will be read with much interest, especially the pages describing the anomalous position of the noble with regard to the peasant or mowjik, anomalous at least in Europe, but not at all unlike the relation between our own upper and lower classes.

Dr. Felix Adler commences a series of articles which promise to be of unusual interest, and in which he undertakes to give a sketch of the origin and bearing of the late movement for the complete reformation of Judaism.

Gilbert Haven takes us into the heart of Africa, and then reminds us that we have an Africa of our own in America. His account of the early struggles of the Liberian Colony is also interesting.

We have kept back to the last the mention of Mr. Wells' paper headed "How Shall the Nation regain Prosperity?", in hopes that space would permit of doing it some sort of justice. We must reluctantly however pass it by with the remark that, to use some of the expressions of the writer, we hope "all those whose business it is to discover whether new wants, new avenues for trade, and consequent new employments, can be created," will carefully read and ponder over the words of wisdom contained in Mr. Wells' article. The *Review* closes with scholarly and amusing critiques on some dozen and a half recent publications.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York, have in press and will publish in parts, next autumn, "The American Household Cyclopædia," edited by Professor E. L. Youmans, assisted by a corps of eminent specialists. The work will be a complete digest of modern knowledge, scientific, æsthetic and practical, on subjects of household concern, and it will fill a recognized gap in the list of reference books. The deficiency of the larger cyclopædias in information of the kind herein contemplated is marked, and the need of a special cyclopædia of household science and practice, full, complete and exact, is sharply felt. The new work will supply the want, as no pains or expense has been spared in its preparation and the names of its editor and publishers are the best guaranties of its worth-

ness and trustworthiness. It will be profusely illustrated, and made in the best style.

MAR'S WHITE WITCH. By G. Douglas. Harper & Bros. 1877.

The author of this book is an evident admirer of William Black's style and characters, for we notice a close resemblance between the "White Witch" and the "Princess of Thule;" it is needless to say that the latter is by far the best of the two books. This novel would hold the interest more closely, if it did not constantly suggest a truer and finer style than the writer has been able to master. The love-making is tame and unreal, even when the story reaches a climax. Denis is too markedly a plagiarism to be a very interesting character, and Tom and Von Donop fail to excite any intense interest. The first part of the book is well-written, and the descriptions of rural life in Scotland and of the scenery peculiar to the Highlands form the best part of the book. We dislike the title—it is sensational and awkward and enlists the sympathies in the wrong direction.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PRINCE. A Novel. By William Black, author of "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," "A Princess of Thule," "Three Feathers," "A Daughter of Heth," "Madcap Violet," etc.

HEAPS OF MONKY. A Novel. By W. E. Norris. 25 cts.

Two volumes of Harper's "Half-Hour Series:"

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT. A Breton Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty," "Too Soon," etc. 20 cts.

THE JILT. A Novel. By Chas. Reade, author of "A Woman-Hater," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in his Place," etc. 20 cts.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MONTENEGRO. To which is added a Short Account of Bulgaria. With Map. Compiled from Makensie and Baker. By George M. Towle.

Four volumes of the "Vest-Pocket Series:"

MILTON. Lord Macaulay.

BYRON. " "

THE TENT ON THE BEACH. John Greenleaf Whittier.

A VIRTUOSO'S COLLECTION. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From Littell & Gay, Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Fifth Series. Volume 18. April-May-June.

MAGAZINES, &c.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY. July.

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE. July. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.; New York: Hurd & Houghton. Price, 50 cents.

LESSONS FROM EUROPEAN SCHOOLS AND THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL. By Birdsey Grant Northrop, LL.D., Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education. Fifth Thousand.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FALLING ASLEEP.

TO M. A. L.

PASSING along the entry floor,
Softly I pause at a chamber door.

Over its threshold I may not go
Even most quietly, for I know

Angels within their vigil keep—
A mother is singing her child to sleep.

Sometimes a murmur or a cry
Comes from the little one; soothingly

Over it all the voice I hear,
Sweet in its patience, soft and clear,

Till, as he listens, slumber lies
Soft on the closing baby eyes.

Doth not a Presence from above
Bend over us as full of love?

Doth not a voice as soft and clear
Sing in the weary spirit's ear—

Weary with passion, tears and cries,
Striving to change life's destinies?

O! let us listen, and in the deep
Beauty of Trusting sometimes sleep!

—N

A DEVIL-DANCE IN INDIA.

It is an extremely difficult thing for a European to witness a devil-dance. As a rule, he must go disguised, and he must be able to speak the language like a native before he

is likely to be admitted without suspicion into the charmed circle of fascinated devotees, each eager to press near the possessed priest to ask him questions about the future while the divine afflatus is in its full force upon him.

Let me try to bring the whole scene vividly before the reader. Night, starry and beautiful, with a broad, low moon seen through palms. A still, solemn night, with few sounds to mar the silence, save the deep, muffled boom of breakers bursting on the coast, full eight miles distant. A lonely hut, a huge banyan-tree, grim and gloomy. All around spread interminable sands, the only vegetation on which is composed of lofty palmyras, and a few stunted thorn-trees and wild figs.

In the midst of this wilderness rises, spectre-like, that aged, enormous tree, the banyan, haunted by a most ruthless she-devil.

Cholera is abroad in the land, and the natives know that it is she who has sent them the dreadful pestilence. The whole neighborhood wakes to the determination that the malignant power must be propitiated in the most effectual manner.

The appointed night arrives; out of village and hamlet and hut pours the wild crowd of men and women and children. In vain the Brahmins tinkle their bells at the neighboring temple; the people know what they want, and the deity which they must reverence as supreme just now.

On flows the crowd to that gloomy island in the star-lit waste—that weird, hoary banyan. The circle is formed; the fire is lit; the offerings are got ready—goats and fowls, and rice and pulse and sugar, and ghee and honey, and white chaplets of oleander blossoms and jasmine buds. The tom-toms are beaten more loudly and rapidly, the hum of rustic converse is stilled, and a deep hush of awe-struck expectancy holds the motley assemblage.

Now the rickety door of the hut is quickly dashed open. The devil-dancer staggers out. Between the hut and the ebon shadow of the sacred banyan lies a strip of moon-lit sand; and, as he passes this, the devotees can clearly see their priest.

He is a tall, haggard, pensive man, with deep-sunken eyes and matted hair. His forehead is smeared with ashes, and there are streaks of vermilion and saffron over his face. He wears a high conical cap, white, with a red tassel. A long, white robe, or *ongi*, shrouds him from neck to ankle. On it are worked, in red silk, representations of the goddess of small-pox, murder, and cholera. Around his ankles are massive silver bangles. In his right hand he holds a staff or spear, that jingles harshly every time the ground is struck by it.

The same hand also holds a bow, which, when the strings are pulled or struck, emits a dull, booming sound. In his left hand the devil-priest carries his sacrificial knife, shaped like a sickle, with quaint devices engraved on its blade.

The dancer, with uncertain, staggering motion, reels slowly into the centre of the crowd, and then seats himself. The assembled people show him the offerings they intend to present; but he appears wholly unconscious. He croons an Indian lay in a low, dreamy voice, with dropped eyelids and head sunken on his breast. He sways slowly to and fro, from side to side.

Look! You see his fingers twitch nervously. His head begins to wag in a strange, uncanny fashion. His sides heave and quiver, and huge drops of perspiration exude from his skin. The tom-toms are beaten faster, the pipes and reeds wail out more loudly. There is a sudden yell, a stinging, stunning cry, an ear-piercing shriek, a hideous,

abominable gobble-gobble of hellish laughter, and the devil-dancer has sprung to his feet, with eyes protruding, mouth foaming, chest heaving, muscles quivering, and outstretched arms swollen and straining as if they were crucified.

Now, ever and anon, the quick, sharp words are jerked out of the saliva-choked mouth, "I am God! I am the true God!" Then all around him, since he and no idol is regarded as the present deity, reeks the blood of sacrifice.

The devotees crowd round to offer oblations and to solicit answers to their questions. "Shall I die of cholera during this visitation?" asks a gray-headed farmer of the neighborhood. "O God, bless this child and heal it!" cries a poor mother from the adjoining hamlet, as she holds forth her diseased babe toward the gyrating priest. Shrieks, vows, imprecations, prayers, and exclamations of thankful praise rise up, all blended together in one infernal hubbub.

Above all rises the ghastly guttural laughter of the devil-dancer, and his stentorian howls, "I am God! I am the only true God!"

He cuts and hacks and hews himself, and not very unfrequently kills himself there and then. His answers to the queries put to him are generally incoherent.

Sometimes he is sullenly silent, and sometimes, while the blood from his self-inflicted wounds mingles freely with that of his sacrifice, he is most benign, and showers his divine favors of health and prosperity all round him.

Hours pass by. The trembling crowd stand rooted to the spot. Suddenly the dancer gives a great bound in the air; when he descends he is motionless. The fiendish look has vanished from his eyes. His demoniacal laughter is still. He speaks to this and to that neighbor quietly and reasonably.

He lays aside his garb, washes his face at the nearest rivulet, and walks soberly home, a modest, well-conducted man.—*Harper's Weekly.*

FAMINE AND SPOTS ON THE SUN.

THE ultimate importance of abstract scientific research to human welfare and happiness has rarely had a more impressive illustration than one which has just occurred through the application to the statistics of Indian drought and famine of certain observations which have been made on sun-spots. Many years ago, Hofrath Swabe, of Dessau, an obscure astronomer, undertook to catalogue the sun-spots, and his work was made the basis of important elaborations by Wolf, De la Rue, Balfour Stuart and others, who finally showed the cycle of sun spots. But the statistics of Indian famines have now been kept long enough to justify generalization upon them, and Dr. W. W. Hunter, the Government Meteorologist in India, has now proved that the rainfall of that country depends upon the sun spots, which consequently coincide with Indian famines, which are caused by periodical deficiency in the rainfall. The cycle of famine and the cycle of sun spots correlate with such marvellous precision that the facts have been laid before the government, and will soon be laid before Parliament. Dr. Hunter's researches show that the life and death of millions in India may hereafter depend on accurate observations of the sun. The reappearance and disappearance of sun spots will equalize the Viceroy with the Pharaoh, who, by the aid of dreams and a Joseph to interpret them, anticipated the lean and fat years, and made provision for them. The astronomer's telescope is likely hereafter to be a stronger weapon against the idolatries of India than all the missionaries put together.

The triumph of science over superstition will come home to the 200,000,000 Hindoos when they find that astronomy

has secured for them an immunity from their worst enemy, for which they and their fathers have offered in vain entreaties and sacrifices for five thousand years. However, it may turn out that the Hindoos, by the ever ready aid of their accommodating priests, will simply meet the case by erecting a temple with an effigy of Dr. Hunter in it for a god, and sacrificing a telescope to him in it annually. This would accord with the way they seem for some time to have been doing things in Southern India. Prof. Monier Williams of Oxford, now exploring that region, has found a shrine raised to a European, who, while he lived, was a terror to the natives—cruel, reckless, and a hard drinker. The natives now annually sacrifice at his tomb brandy and cigars, to propitiate the intensified evil power they believe he became at death. At another place he found the shrine of a more benevolent white man from the West. This man had been during life a great sportsman, and had almost cleared the district of man-eating tigers. His personal habits and the general Hindoo theory of what constitutes English happiness here and hereafter, are reflected in the fact that similar offerings are made at his shrine also—brandy and cigars.—*M. D. Conway in Cincinnati Commercial.*

CORNER-STONE HYMN.

[Written by Rev. Clay MacCauley for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Unitarian Church, "All Souls," Washington, D.C.]

O Thou all Holy One!
Our temple's corner-stone,
To Thee we lay,
Infinite Holiness!
Do Thou our offering bless,
Seal it with righteousness,
We humbly pray.

Take Thou the house we raise,
Make it Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord, our God!
That Thee all souls may know;
That all Thy life may show;
That Christ in all may grow;
Be this abode.

Come then, Thou Holy One!
Though heaven be Thy throne
Here dwell and reign.
Make, by Thy pure decree,
This temple worthy Thee;
Thine shall the glory be,
Ever. Amen!

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

THERE is nothing so good to make a horse fat as the eye of his master.—*DIOGENES.*

I THINK few people are aware how early it is right to respect the modesty of an infant.—*HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

MODERATION in temper is always a virtue; but moderation in principle is a species of vice.—*THOMAS PAINE.*

THIS is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last.—*W. S. LANDOR.*

THERE are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.—*JOHNSON.*

WE see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—*GEORGE ELIOT.*

GIVE a hope of immortality, and the anticipation of it will be welcome to thousands whom every description repels, whether it be of orthodox or unorthodox believers. The hope will be accepted where the dogma would be rejected, because the hope leaves full play to the imagination, while the dogma forecloses imagination entirely.—O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me doubt is devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true;

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

—TENNYSON.

PROSPERITY is the very best dish in the world; but it does not prove us. It fattens and strengthens us, just as the sun does. Adversity is the inspector of our constitutions: she simply tries our muscle and powers of endurance, and should be a periodical visitor. But until she comes no man is known.—GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHARLES KINGSLEY had a total disgust for cant. When a man whom he had refused to help fell on the doorstep and, turning up the whites of his eyes, began to mumble a counterfeit prayer, he caught him by the collar and handed him out to the highway. The man who has the physical strength and courage to thus deal with professional beggars is a public benefactor.—*United Presbyterian.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

S U M M E R .

MEADOW flowers, fair and sweet
Can ye feel the Summer?
Can ye hear her dainty feet
Coming softly, light and fleet—
Will ye not outrun her?

Spring up, white Anemone,
Graceful as court lady;
Ring, ye Harebells, merrily,
Hyacinths stand cheerily,
She will greet you may-be.

Blushing red, Rose Campion fair,
Like a rustic beauty,
Hides behind the Maidenhair,
While Veronica, the rare,
Opens blue eyes from duty.

She is coming, is our queen,
Softest breeze shall waft her;
Palmy boughs of freshest green
Wave where'er her robe is seen,
Little brooks bring laughter.

Every joyous scent and sound
Rises swift to greet her;
E'en the dull insensate ground
Shares the fragrance all around;
Let us go and meet her.

—Good Things.

THE SILVER NECKLACE.

DOROTHEA GREY had many playthings, but her favorite among them all was a playhouse. It was about two feet high, and had four rooms furnished as neatly as rooms in a real house in which grown people live.

The ladies were getting up a fair for the Orphan's Home, and Dorothea's aunt Helene was embroidering a sofa cushion for it, and mamma was painting some pretty pictures, but Dorothea was doing nothing.

One day mamma said to Dorothea: "What does my little girl expect to do for the fair?"

"Why, I don't know, mamma," said Dorothea. "I can't sew much. Even my dolly, Wilhelmina Blanca, don't like her clothes. Maybe little girls needn't do anything."

"They need not," said mamma, "but you want to, do you not? You would like to make a little girl happy, wouldn't you? If you cannot make anything, you can give something."

"Yes, mamma," said Dorothea, slowly. She thought of her playhouse, and a lump came into her throat. Oh, no; she would give away anything but that.

She went into the garden and raced with Ponto, and then aunt Helene gave her a big seed-cake, but neither play nor goodies could banish the thought of the playhouse, and how happy it would make some little orphan girl from her mind; so at last she crept into the parlor, and begged her mamma to tell her a story.

"What shall it be about?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dorothea. "Probley, mamma—probley you'd better tell me 'bout somebody who gived away something they didn't want to."

Mamma smiled at the flushed cheeks and downcast eyes of the face leaning upon her shoulder.

"Once upon a time," said she, "before the fairies were all scared away, there lived a little girl named Bertha. Her parents were quite poor, and their home was far up in one of the passes of the Alps. Bertha had no playthings such as you have, but she had tasks of knitting and lace making. Her only treasure was a silver necklace, beautifully chased and ornamented, which her uncle, who was rich and a burgo-master, had sent her, because she was named after his wife.

"One day when she was quite alone, but busy at her knitting, an old woman stopped at the door and begged for food. Bertha gave her a cup of milk and a piece of bread, and invited her to sit down and rest.

"'I've come a weary way,' said the old woman, taking the offered chair. 'I have walked here from an *alm** on the heights, and am on my way to the village, where I hope to get medicine for my son who lies at home grievously sick. He may not be alive when I return, and unhappy that I am, I haven't a groschen to pay for the drugs. Alas, what if I am refused!'

"The old woman's hair was white as milk, and her back was bent like a tightly-strung bow, and when she spoke of her son, she wept bitterly.

"'Good mother,' said Bertha, full of sympathy, 'my father is guiding some travellers across the mountains, and my mother is at the pasture minding the sheep. Would that I could do something for you, but I cannot.' But as she spoke her hand touched her necklace.

"'Age and poverty are a double burden,' said the old woman, with a sigh. 'Time will surely lay one of them upon you, but may the good angels preserve you from the other!'

* An *alm* is a mountain pasturage.

"I do not know what my mother will say, if I give you this," said Bertha, unclasping her necklace. "She would not send you away empty handed, for she is good and generous, and she often tells me to give is to gain," and she laid the trinket in the old woman's hands.

"My daughter you will find the saying true, 'To give is to gain!'" said the old woman, and giving Bertha her blessing she went on her way.

"Bertha's mother regretted that the gift of the rich uncle had passed into the hands of an unknown old woman, but she would not spoil her daughter's generous deed by chiding.

"A month slipped by, and brought with it only the usual routine of industry, but one bright morning when Bertha awoke, she found upon her pillow a pretty jewel casket, made of pearl and silver. Within it was a necklace like the one she had given away, save that this one was of gold, and here and there between its links, glowed an amethyst.

"Gifts brought by unseen hands were frequent after that, and so well did Bertha and her parents prosper, and so happy were they, that their home came to be known as the 'Lucky House,' and 'Fairy's Home,' and they as the most fortunate and most kind and generous people for miles about."

"Do you s'pose, mamma, that I'll get a nicer playhouse, if I give mine to the fair?"

"No, dear, Bertha did not give away her necklace from any such motive, besides there are no fairies now."

"But there's Santa Claus, and what *will* I have?"

"You will learn how pleasant it is to make other people happy," said mamma, and as Dorothea made no reply she continued: "Now if you knew that some little girl who was never visited by Santa Claus, could be made very happy if you gave up your playhouse, couldn't you do it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, if I was quite sure; though anybody ought to be happy if they had such a *petifile* elegant playhouse," said Dorothea. "And mamma—you can have it for the fair, and welcome."

"Thank you for saying, 'and welcome,' my daughter," said mamma, kissing her.

Some benevolent lady bought the playhouse and gave it to the Orphans' Home, and when Dorothea saw it again, it stood on a table by the bed of a little crippled girl, who could not go about, except in a great wheeled-chair.

"You were just lovely to give us this," said she to Dorothea.

That night when mamma bent over Dorothea's pillow, to give her a good-night kiss, two plump arms clung round her neck a moment, and Dorothea's voice grown strangely husky, said: "It was better than the splendoriest necklace, or a *petifile* elegant playhouse. I know what you meant now, mamma. 'To give is to gain.'" ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

MR. JOHN HABBERTON, the author of "Helen's Babies," and of its sequel just issued, has resigned his position in the *Herald* office and retired to New Hampshire for rest. Mr. Habberton's success has evidently spurred him to over-work, and he is now forced to pay the natural penalty. His illness is not serious, though very premonitory in its symptoms.

BUNSWICK, the New York correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, tells a good story of Eli Perkins: "Mr. Perkins dropped in upon a well-known publisher, the other day, with the manuscript of a new book under his arm. The publisher in question rather prides himself upon the literary high tone of his house, and did not feel altogether flattered at Eli's attention. 'How came you to bring your manuscript to me, Mr. Perkins?' said he, in rather an injured tone. 'For no better reason,' Eli replied, 'than because your place is next door to my shoemaker.' This is the only really good thing I ever knew Eli Perkins to say, and the joke is that it was altogether unintentional."

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A LETTER from Washington after the adjournment of Congress is almost like news from home after the departure of very interesting but withal troublesome guests. We have none of the exciting days now we could have told you about a short time ago; we are left to follow the quiet round of our own affairs; yet we are glad that the winter's whirl is over. Lifeless capitol, empty streets, silent houses, but a short time ago astir with "society," slumbering hotels aroused now and then but for a moment with the advent of some "delegation" anxious to win the favor of the man of the White House, pleading placards hung up in windows everywhere by anxious boarding-house keepers,—these and many other witnesses show how different the Washington of the "season" is from the Washington of mid-summer.

But Congress is coming back before long, "society" will reanimate the empty avenues and houses in the fall, and with the coming of Congress and "society," the stream of national life will begin to flow again through the eddy this community makes.

Meanwhile we are not only resting from the past, but getting ready for the future. Among our preparations I know of none of so much interest to the readers of the *INQUIRER* as those which relate to the religious welfare of this peculiar community and especially that one which is to further here the cause of a free and pure Christianity.

The Washington Church, of the name long familiar to your readers, has really entered a new stage of its well-known career. The old church building is actually deserted. The worn-out shell stands awaiting the new use found for it. At present the church itself has a temporary home in Willard Hall, a pleasant audience room at the rear of the Willard Hotel. The new church building rises rapidly. The lot, its location, size, shape and cost, make it just the place upon which to erect Architect Russell's beautiful structure, and we confidently expect that before next midwinter All Souls' Church Society (the new name of the Washington Church) will enter its new abode and we trust become even more than its best well-wishers have hoped.

It has been a long struggle the church has had to gain this opportunity for a larger, better future. Hearts have often sickened with the deferred hopes, but the realization has at last come. The generous offering of the friends at the North and the good work done here by both poor and rich have made it sure that before long in one of the best locations in this city there will be one of the most beautiful, commodious and convenient churches to be found here.

I shall not attempt to describe the building now erecting. I can only assure the friends of our church that when they visit Washington hereafter they will know from afar where the church of their faith is, and that when they enter the building they will be perhaps involuntarily a little proud that they have helped to pay for a house so beautiful and so appropriate to its purpose. Stability, fitness and beauty will surely mark the new Washington Church.

The laying of the corner-stone, which took place the 27th of June was a most pleasant ceremony. Col. Fleming, the builder, at his own expense, made everything ready for the occasion, and never in this city were the preparations more convenient or complete. You have already given a description of the ceremonies of the hour and I need not repeat them. We all want to remember, however, that "He set His bow in the clouds" for us then, and to try to make the bright prophecy true. Mr. MacCauley delivered the address to the officiating Grand Lodge, to the members of All Souls' Church and to the citizens of Washington respectively. The special emphasis he made was in his appeal to the church to build not only the material temple as it was planned, but also a living temple, founded in divine truth, with Jesus Christ as the corner-stone, of souls united by love to God and man, with a faith and hope rising high into the heavens. The large audience gathered, to whom liberal Christianity is only a name for all that is considered to be impious and infidel, heard also from Mr. MacCauley a plain report of the faith for which the new church stands. All things considered, we have only pleasant and encouraging memories of the corner-stone celebration.

And so far as the general condition of the church here is concerned, I have a good report to offer. Not long ago the society was reorganized. There is now both unity and definiteness in its organization. It has adopted as a bond of union a simple acknowledgment of "discipleship to Jesus Christ and of desire for sym-

thy and co-operation in the study and practice of the Christian religion." It has been brought into organic connection with the whole body, its Sunday-school, its sewing society, a parish union, etc. It has also put forth as the general voice of the society, not as a condition of fellowship, however, a Declaration of Principles, showing why Unitarians as individuals are professedly Christian; why as a church they decline to unite in any further confession of faith, and yet how, as it is generally understood, Unitarianism is a protest against the creeds known as "orthodox." These and other reasons make the people feel here that what was like a sand heap has become an organism for which there is to be growth and, they hope, great usefulness hereafter here and afar. With unusual unanimity too, they have decided whom they will have as their pastor. Last Sunday they gave Rev. Clay MacCauley a unanimous call to their pastorate.

After next Sunday services for the summer will cease, to recommence the second Sunday in September. Next winter it is proposed to have a meeting of the Middle and Southern State Conference in Washington, at which time the dedication of the new church will be made, and perhaps other interesting things done.

DR. AUGUSTUS BLAUVELT AND THE REFORMED CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Inquirer :

It appears that Dr. Blauvelt has not been tried for heresy after all. He was indeed arraigned for heresy soon after the publication of his paper on Protestant Vaticanism, in *Scribner's Monthly* for September, 1876. But there was no trial on that charge, for the very simple reason that he plead guilty, and guilty in the first degree. Nor did he resist expulsion from the orthodox ministry; on the contrary, he did all in his power to facilitate such expulsion. Indeed, he would long ago have voluntarily retired from the orthodox clerical connection, had such a thing been possible. But, once in the ministry of the Reformed Church, there is no exit from it for a heretic except by death or a disgraceful dismissal. Dr. Blauvelt not being prepared to die, forced his dismissal. Wherein, then, consisted the point and purpose of his appeal and trial? Herein: The Reformed Church was not content to eject him from its ministry on his confession of the rankest heresy, in case his views were to be tested by its theological standard. The further effort was made of attempting to stigmatize him as betraying the cause of Christ to his enemies. The heretic thereupon turned the tables, and put the Reformed Church on trial for not having any proper theological standard by which to test the Christian or unchristian character of anyone's religious views. This issue was evaded at every step of the trial as one to be decided on the basis of a fair, full and scholarly debate, and was decided in a manner satisfactory to the Reformed Church only by empty ecclesiastical declamation and majority vote. But this will not, of course, prevent Dr. Blauvelt from carrying the debate before the tribunal of the great reading, thinking public, through the press, for a final verdict.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY—WHAT IS IT?

If a man means to talk to the purpose, he must know what he is talking about; and if he means to convince and persuade others he must let them know what he is talking about. What is the doctrine of the Trinity, then? That is a difficult question to answer; it is the chief difficulty of the whole subject. It is said that no two persons see the same rainbow; no more do any two persons see the same Trinity; and, moreover, the Trinity which any man does see changes with every movement of his mind, like the figures in a kaleidoscope. Rev. Josephus Cook has been trying to remove this difficulty by offering some new definitions of the doctrine—the result of his studies in German philosophy and of his own meditations. He hopes in this way to adapt the doctrine to the changes in the conditions of rational belief, which the progress of knowledge in other things has made. But Mr. Cook's definitions have been rejected by his orthodox friends much faster than they have been accepted by Unitarians. Thus Dr. Withrow, who holds the fort of Boston orthodoxy—Park-street church—and is himself of Mr. Moody's school of theology, said, in his closing speech at the late Congregational convention: "Men are not looking for a new doctrine of the Trinity, and are pretty

slow to see any substantial additions to the definitions which we already have." He further says: "There is not a note on the great truth of the Atonement of an intellectual feather's weight that is less than two hundred years old." So the frequent outcry for a revision of creeds and a new formula of faith falls very lightly on the world. The people of God will neither part with the old nor consent to make a new one." But the old creeds are numerous and various. Those who agree to adopt the same form of words do not agree as to their meaning, and some words, they tell us, are not to be taken, when found in the creed, in the sense in which they would be taken if found elsewhere; and in what other sense they are to be taken they do not know exactly. Indeed, there is but one thing, so far as I know, in which all Trinitarians are agreed, and that is, that their doctrine is, to use their own chosen word, a mystery, or, to put it in the plainer words of Jesus Christ, "they worship they know not what." Is it not so? Is it not true, my Trinitarian friends, that you hold the doctrine of the Trinity to be a mystery?—something which is not to be understood or explained, and yet is to be believed and worshipped—and is not a mystery something we do not know? and is not to worship a mystery to worship we know not what?

And now here is my point: Is it right for Christians to dispute and separate about this know not what? Is it possible that men can be shut out from the salvation of God and from fellowship in any real church of Christ because they cannot see their way clear to believe and worship nobody can tell them what? I do not doubt your right to worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience. If you think that you ought to believe and worship the Trinity, do so if you can. But before you can justly make its acceptance a condition of fellowship in Christ you ought certainly to do one of these two things: produce plain words of Christ in which the doctrine is taught, or state in plain words what you yourself mean by it. Neither of these things has yet been done. And so long as that is so I cannot help regarding the use of this doctrine as a wall of division between churches as an outrage, not only upon Christian liberty and charity, but upon common sense and common decency.

But there is a better time coming. Mr. Moody has done valuable service by bringing this matter before the community in a practical form by his late attack upon the Young Men's Christian Union. A multitude of Christians in every denomination see the folly and the wrong of his course. It will open the eyes of yet more to the folly and the wrong of this whole system of sectarianism. Fellowship between Unitarians and Trinitarians, both in work and worship, still goes on, and will go on, and so will these papers, in which plain words will continue to be spoken, yet not against our Trinitarian neighbors, but against the walls which have so long divided those who, understanding one another's thoughts and the Master's words, would be one in him. C. N.

MEASURES.

I HAVE a dainty cup of glass;
It is not graven by a line;
Its beauty is its fragileness;
A baby's hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold.
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent, loving, lingering hold.

He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on its texture, rare and fine;
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day another man
Sat eating, drinking, at my board;
Into the dainty, peerless glass
A peerless wine for him I poured.

He drank it at a swallow down;
With smothered wrath I well-nigh burst;
Nor wine nor glass was ought to him,
So that he quenched his boorish thirst.

"Ah, me!" I said, "to him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

—H. H. in *Scribner's Monthly* for July.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE popular habit, so often useful to the demagogue, of appealing to "the intuitions of the masses" as the final or most valuable authority in regard to such subjects as the "labor question" will have to be discredited and relinquished. Hungry people are not likely to think wisely. At the same time if capitalists and people of property should fancy that they are any more secure than the poorest of the laboring classes they would be sadly mistaken. There is no room or need for selfishness in the matter. The interests of capitalists and laborers are the same, and the existing condition of things is as fatal to one class as to the other.

It is not likely that any one particular remedy will be found sufficient. The evil has been produced by a combination of causes, but the greatest of them all was the extravagance which during a few years after our civil war locked up so much labor and wealth in unproductive structures of various kinds, not railroads alone, but dwellings, costly churches and other "improvements." We shall make little progress until people see that the essential principles involved are the same in cases of individual and of national extravagance.—*Rev. J. B. Harrison, in Vineland Independent.*

ONE of the customs which got widely extended through the inflation period, and which might very properly be contracted in the retrenchment season, is that of feeling waiters and other persons, "tipping" them, as the English say. This is a European habit, and is a relic of the days of universal serfdom, when the servant was held incapable of making a contract, but was given what the gentry pleased to toss them. It is preserved in England and on the Continent as a mark of inferior caste between the menial class and those above them. In this country it has been introduced to suit the notions of the gilded youth whose chief recreation is to "sling money" idiotically, and who have no scruples against monopolizing all the public conveniences, when it can be done by a judicious distribution of greenbacks.

There are four parties interested in this offense, one of them cheating, all the others cheated. First, there is the party who bestows the fee. He asks especial favors of another man's hiring, whose business it is to serve the whole public with equal fidelity. Then there is the menial who gets the fee—he is the first one who is cheated. It is no kindness to him to bestow fees habitually upon him. When any position becomes valuable to the occupant on account of the fees which accrue to him, his wages fall in like proportion, or he has to pay such sums for the appointment as to greatly reduce the profits. A hotel-waiter's wages, for instance, range very low, if he is in a position to get feed; and Sheriff O'Brien, who took thousands of dollars in legal fees, protested that it cost him all of his revenues to keep himself in office and pay his political assessments. The poorest-paid waiters in the civilized world are those on the Continent, who are paid entirely by fees. Third and fourth, the employer of the labor and the public who do not pay fees are alike deprived of services which belong to them, when feeling is so irregular as not to be the universally observed custom.—*Springfield Republican.*

THIS morning Mr. George W. Childs sat in his private office in the *Ledger* building, perfecting the details of the *fete champetre* for which he had made so generous a preparation in behalf of the newsboys of the city, and to which they will be summoned on the Fourth. His meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a clerk.

"Mr. Childs, there is a delegation in waiting, who desire a conference."

The proprietor of the *Ledger* glanced through the open door, and beheld a swarm of urchins filling the counting-room, whose busy tongues were kept in abeyance by the mandate of "Sixteen."

"Let the chairman enter," said he, sinking back into his seat.

"Sixteen," the leader of the newsboys, to whom almost as complete fealty is given by the youngsters as by a faithful subject to a king; "Sixteen," with his hat almost rimless, twirling in his hands, entered and made a respectful bow, and said:

"Mr. Childs, as chairman of the delegation of newsboys here present"—he stopped a moment for breath and to keep his ideas running straight—"who give you thanks for the feed in prospect, and werry kind of you to do it, as we all say"—

"That's it," suggested one of the committeemen, plucking "Sixteen" by the sleeve, "but now out with the other business."

Thus admonished, the chairman began again:

"Now, Mr. Childs, as I before remarked, this liberality is most

kind, but these ere bootblacks! Now see! and that's what we appear for to settle—these ere bootblacks, we learn, are to be invited to join us in this Fourth of July business. Now, yer honor knows that wll never work, and we most respectfully pertest against the innovation,"—and then the speaker, who thought he had just been coming it a little too strong, added: "While we accept, Mister Childs, your arrangement, especially that little affair with Mister Proskauer, with feelings of werry deep gratitude, now I leave it to you—Isn't there a chasm, as it were, Mister Childs, between the newsboys and the bootblacks? and is it right," exclaimed "Sixteen," in a loud and swelling voice, "that we, who are pur-purveyers of intelligence, a grand calling, Mister Childs, should be compelled to associate on the proposed festive occasion with the 'shiners?'"

A chorus of "Noes" from the delegates was his response.

"And now," continued the chairman, "we respectfully ask that the union proposed by yourself—if the reports we hear in the folding-room are O. K.—be backed out of, for it would be a werry great reflection upon us, who, as I before remarked, are an intelligent body, following a high calling, to be forced to mix with the bootblacks."

Saying this much, "Sixteen" made another bow, and waited with deference for an answer.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Childs, rising, "I am pleased by this visit, and by the directness with which your objections have been stated by the learned chairman." (Another bow by "Sixteen.") "But the issue which you have thus brought about—the question of caste between the newsboys and bootblacks—is a very grave one, and I trust that without stating what my intentions are or have been relative to the coalition of these two great classes of industrial people on the coming Fourth, you will permit me to hold the question of your rights and the justice of your objections under advisement. I will notify your chairman when my decision will be ready."

Mr. Childs then bowed to the chairman, "Sixteen" bowed to Mr. Childs, and then, with a single sweep of his hand, the delegation about-faced and retired.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegram, July 2d.*

JOTTINGS.

REV. W. R. ALGER and family are at Castine, Maine. We hoped to be able to print a review of Mr. Alger's "Life of Edwin Forrest" before vacation, but this, with many other things that will keep admirably, must be postponed until September.

THE annual pie-nic of the Unitarian Societies and Sunday-schools of the Plymouth and Bay Conference take place at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, to-day. Rev. E. E. Hale will deliver an address especially prepared for the occasion. Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Rev. R. R. Shippen and W. H. Baldwin, Esq., will also speak.

BOSTON.—United services will be held, during the vacation, at King's Chapel, corner of Tremont and School streets, in which the congregations of the First, Second, Arlington Street and King's Chapel Churches will join. The ministers of these churches will supply the pulpit either personally or by exchange, and Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York, and Dr. R. P. Stebbins, of Ithaca, N. Y., will also preach in the course of the summer. The services will be held at 10:30 A.M. on Sunday mornings. All are welcome.

MARLBOROUGH, MASS.—The Marlborough Times, of July 5th, contains a full account of the services attending the installation of the Rev. R. A. Griffin as pastor of the Unitarian Church of that town. Mr. Griffin, it will be remembered, was formerly the pastor of a Baptist church, in Zanesville, Ohio, and is the author of that interesting and useful little book, "From Traditional to Rational Faith," published by Roberts Bros., in which he tells in an excellent spirit the story of his passage from orthodox to Unitarian Christianity.

We regret that we cannot give place to a full account of the installation services. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and the attendance from neighboring churches large. Rev. Mr. Putnam, of Northfield, Mass., made the opening prayer, and Rev. Mr. Noyes, of Clinton, read the scriptures. The sermon on "The Essentials of Religious Faith," was by Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York. Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Concord, offered prayer, Rev. E. H. Hall, of Worcester, gave the right hand of fellowship, Rev. G. L. Chaney, of Boston, giving the address to the pastor. Rev. W. H. Channing was present and made an address. The exercises in the church were followed by a collation, after which there were informal remarks by Mr. Griffin, Dr. Bellows, Mr. Noyes, Mr. S. H. Howe, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Putnam. It was generally agreed that the exercises were unusually interesting, and that the neighborhood had known no such installation for many a year.

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1877.

Cash on hand and in Bank . . .	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value . . .	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral .	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings . . .	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's . .	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection . .	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value .	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Reserve for Re-Insurance 1,858,464 68

Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends 243,402 24

Net Surplus 1,002,783 90

Total Assets - - - - \$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS. \$342,311 22

BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000 2,011,430 00

UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 2,517,625 00

BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE) 286,602 50

STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE) 185,433 00

LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379) 519,681 35

INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877. 72,997 65

BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS. 153,416 03

REAL ESTATE. 6,800 19

PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE. 8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877 \$242,027 24

DIVIDENDS UNPAID. 1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus. 1,792,902 92

Gross Assets \$2,792,902 9

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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 33.
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, to which address all mail matter should be sent.

WM. M. BICKNELL, John W. Chadwick, Octavius B. Frothingham, Minot J. Savage, and C. W. Wendte are among the contributors to this number of THE INQUIRER.

In the last number of THE INQUIRER, issued on July 12th, we expressed the hope of being able to re-issue the paper a fortnight earlier in September than we had heretofore promised it. Various unforeseen difficulties frustrated the fulfilment of this hope and compelled us to adhere to our original plan, announced in every previous number of the paper, to publish it only "from the middle of September to the middle of July." In accordance with this announcement and at the end of a season which it trusts has brought refreshment and new life to all its friends, THE INQUIRER cordially greets them again to-day, and desires to express its hearty sympathy with them in all the various experiences which during the vacation season have either cheered or saddened their lives. For ourselves we must say that if we have found refreshment and a most enjoyable sense of freedom in a complete and prolonged unstringing of our editorial bow, the resumption of regular intercourse with our friends promises a greater and more enduring pleasure.

As to our vacation experiment, we will state for the information and encouragement of editors and publishers disposed to follow next year in our footsteps, that we are not aware of having lost thus far a single subscriber on this account. While we have received many kind assurances that the paper has been missed, they have nearly always been accompanied by words of acquiescence in our new plan. The experiment would, we feel sure, prove fatal to the prosperity of general weekly newspapers, but for papers of slender resources devoted, like ours, to a *specialty*, and circulating chiefly among people who already have more books, magazines and papers than they have time to read, we believe our experiment a perfectly safe and wise one,—far preferable to the habit, so prevalent among religious journals, of filling

their columns during the warm weather with matter chiefly suggestive of the dullness and weariness natural to the season.

MANY of our readers will hear for the first time through our columns of the sudden death, some three weeks ago, of Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, widely known as the able and devoted editor of the Boston *Christian Register*. A fitting tribute to Mr. Mumford's memory, prepared at our request by one of his most intimate friends, will be found in another column. It was not our personal privilege to know him well, but nobody could read his paper regularly without being impressed with the strong personality of the man. Every department reflected the active brain and glowing heart behind it, and the unusually cordial and appreciative memorial notices of the press re-published in last week's *Register* show that few of Mr. Mumford's friends rated his editorial influence or ability more highly than his brethren of the religious press. They know better than others can the many difficulties inherent in the work of making a readable and at the same time an able journal devoted to themes in which there is only a very limited public interest. Their appreciative words bear witness how successfully Mr. Mumford met and surmounted most of these difficulties, and how widely, despite all theological or denominational differences, the unusual sweetness and sympathetic inclusiveness of his spirit had made itself felt.

It must be frankly admitted that with all his recognized ability, great industry and persistent brilliancy as an editor, Mr. Mumford was frequently both ungenerous and unjust in his editorial treatment of those from whom he differed. But those who knew him well have truly said that these were faults, not of the heart, but only of a mind singularly playful and incisive, even to the verge of pugnacity, and naturally impatient of intellectual fogs or suspended judgments. He was a loyal and devoted Christian soldier, not a religious philosopher, and only those who expected him to be false to his own nature, his antecedents, his personal experience and denominational surroundings, can find any occasion to complain of his short-comings or limitations as a thinker.

THE choice of Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Germantown, as Mr. Mumford's successor, is felt by all friends of the *Register* in this neighborhood to be the very best possible, and the credit for that choice belongs, we feel sure, far more to Mr. Mumford's keen insight and foresight than to the Association whose formal invitation Mr. Ames has recently accepted. We regard it as a hopeful and significant fact that a man so pronounced and consistent in his sympathy with the new scientific tendencies in philosophy and theology as Mr. Ames should be called to the editorship of a denominational journal which has hitherto been timid and reserved in the discussion of the leading questions of modern theology. We remember that Mr. Ames was convulsed three years ago by an offer of the chairmanship of the Council of the National Unitarian Conference. What must have been his surprise when he was asked to occupy the vacant chair of the venerable and conservative organ of Boston Unitarianism? We have not heard of any theological retreat by Mr. Ames,

and we are therefore rejoicing in the determination of the *Register* Association upon a bolder and more pronounced theological policy for its paper. Mr. Ames is one of the most genial, original and accomplished of earth-quakers, and few people will probably know much of his shake until it is well over. Then the intellectual atmosphere will undoubtedly be found to be considerably clearer, and the highways and byways of thought will be full of people come out to meet and greet the man who did it all so well! Welcome, welcome, dear brother Ames! Germantown and Spring Garden Institute will miss you sadly, but by simply taking your paper they can have a generous slice of you every week! It isn't half so bad for them as it might be, and some eccentric people have been known to prefer Boston to Philadelphia! as a place of residence!

THE question is frequently asked, Why attempt to support so many liberal journals, why not merge them all in one and make that one in all respects worthy of the cause? The question is a natural one and we are glad at the opening of our fall and winter campaign to give it a definite answer. Why, for instance, undertake to sustain three papers so alike in many respects as the *Christian Register*, the *Index*, the *INQUIRER*? Simply because these three papers, with all their many points of similarity, stand each for some one important idea or principle, to which above all others it has chosen to devote itself. Thus, the *Register* is the organ of the Unitarian denomination and has for its principal object the furthering of all projects and interests dear to the denominational heart. The *Index*, treating all religious and social questions in a free and earnest spirit, unhampered by sectarian associations or obligations, devotes itself especially to measures and the discussion of questions relating to the separation of Church and State. The *INQUIRER*, also independent of denominational influence or control, has for its special purpose the free and careful discussion of the most important religious questions of the time, without regard to sectarian limitations or consequences. It appears, then, that these three liberal journals has each its special and sufficient *raison d'être*, and that, without changing its character very decidedly, no one of them could take the place of either the others. Different people prefer one to the others, according to the special direction which their interest in liberalism happens to take. There is a place and an audience for each, small though they may be, and those who do not recognize this fact are probably unaware of the almost infinite variety of species characteristic of that peculiar order called, for want of a better name, "liberal."

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

THE melancholy and untimely death of Thomas J. Mumford, the editor of the *Christian Register*, furnishes the occasion for remark on the place that religious journalism holds in literature, and the demands it makes on those who undertake to conduct it. Mr. Mumford was, in many respects, in all popular and easily appreciated respects, an admirable journalist and editor. He was quick, bright, alert, witty, an excellent paragraphist, a skilful writer; clear in principle and policy, hospitable and conciliatory towards the members of his school, keen in detecting and pungent in exposing the weak spots in an adversary's armor. He was never dull; he was never vacillating. Under his administration the *Register* maintained a very high rank among religious journals. As a denominational paper it could hardly have been better. It was a *denominational organ*; that and nothing more.

That, it may be said, was enough. What more could be asked? The denomination required an organ; the denomination had a distinct place and position in the Christian world. It had its doctrines, its traditions, its limitations and its policy. There were people outside of it, orthodox people on one hand, rationalists on the other. It had ideas to defend, and adversaries to defend them against. It was a camp, like any other sect, and must have its outposts and guards, its regulations and its watch-cries. Its organ must be denominational, or it has no excuse for being in existence.

All this is conceded. The live paper stands for an idea or a group of ideas. Hence the demand for many journals to represent ideas in their variety and the manifoldness of their aspects. Hence the need of political journals, scientific journals, journals of philosophy, of reform, theological journals of every complexion. But the question is, on what policy should journals representing differing or opposing ideas act in regard to the papers from whose ideas they differ? According to the theory and practice in vogue, the policy is one of misrepresentation running into caricature, and misjudgment running into abuse. This is notoriously the case with political journals, which, almost from necessity, become partizan, in this country especially where party feeling is warm. It is the case with journals of reform, and to a certain extent with journals of science and philosophy. But it is more notoriously true of theological and religious journals than even of political. Indeed, as a rule, "religious" papers are a reproach to journalism, on account of their unfairness and their rancor, their persistency of misrepresentation, and the unswerving constancy of their abuse. Political papers have their seasons of suspended hate. The partizan pot is now and then allowed to become empty; the sword is occasionally beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear employed as a pruning hook. But the ill will of the religious organ towards its opponents is systematic and continuous. It is a pious duty with the Catholic journal to malign the Protestant, and equally a pious duty with the Protestant journals to practise iniquity towards each other. The reason is obvious. *There can be but one revealed system of truth.* If I have it, what you call truth is an error, and a damning one. There can be, therefore, no good-will between us. It is the fatality of the Christian pretension, under all its forms, that it renders impossible reasonable judgments of dissent. The editorial, the comment, the record of intelligence, the book review all betray the malignant temper. We have never seen a "Christian" journal that was free from it. The *Register*, though evidently intending better, was not free from it. The editor's wit became "wicked" when he spoke of the *Index*, and it was not in him to make a just report of the Free Religious Association. Neither his natural amiability, his instinctive generosity, his conscientiousness, nor his training, was potent enough to overcome the sectarian antipathy. Instances occur to us of gross and exasperating injustice which could not be ascribed to dullness or inadvertence, and could be imputed solely to theological rancor, proceeding even to the length of personal rudeness. To reproach Mr. Mumford with them would be unfair, for they came from the editor, not from the man; the man would no doubt disown what the editor wrote. The sin is in the system, and the exceeding sinfulness of it appears in its power to pervert such a man. They who knew Mr. Mumford as an editor only, have no conception what he was as a man, and they who knew him only as a man, have no conception of what he could be as an editor.

Is it not practicable to conduct even religious papers on

principles of equity and candor? Might not "evangelical" papers find their account in truthfulness, if not in generosity? The object is, we will say, to put others in the wrong. We suggest that one way of putting others in the wrong, is to put ourselves so clearly and triumphantly in the right, that their wrong shall be apparent without misrepresentation. They who are capable of rendering to other views a complete justice, of stating them at their best, of regarding them, not critically from the outside, but sympathetically from the inside, and even then making them appear at disadvantage by the side of their own beliefs, will rise to a height immeasurably above that attained in journalism thus far. Let Romanist take Protestant, and Protestant take Romanist, each at the noblest estimate; let Unitarian and Rationalist sincerely try to understand one another; let believer and unbeliever show each such confidence in his own system that he can afford to appreciate his adversary's, and the supremacy of the truth will be quite as fairly in the way of vindication as it is now. The vituperation practised by political journals towards each other is of no effect because it has been overdone. The best-abused man is thought likely to be the best man. It is getting to be so in religious journalism. Misrepresentation is inverted praise. The prevalent abuse will not be corrected so long as the *odium theologicum* lasts; but as that declines a new order of journalism will come in, a journalism in which a concern for the truth will be paramount to the zeal for opinion.

O. B. F.

THOMAS J. MUMFORD.

By the sudden death of this most estimable and noble gentleman, the *Christian Register*, which he has edited for the last five years, and the Unitarian body have met with an apparently irreparable loss. The pathos of his death is deepened by the fact that he had just completed and entered a beautiful new home in Dorchester, and was anticipating a great deal of pleasure from its high and lovely situation commanding the most varied and delightful view that Eastern Massachusetts can afford.

Mr. Mumford became sole editor of the *Christian Register* in 1872. For two or three years before he had been assistant editor, and in this capacity had done much to enliven the intolerable heaviness with which it had long been afflicted. But his assumption of the entire control of the paper was a signal for a complete renovation. From the start his conduct of the paper was successful and even brilliant. His editorials, when they were nothing more, were short and sensible, but at their best they displayed a controversial skill, a moral energy, a flame of indignation, a happy humor, or a lively wit, that made them a tremendous power for good. But Mr. Mumford's leading articles were not the only nor the principal factors in his editorial success. His column of "Brevities" was probably read more faithfully than any other. No wittier column could be found in any other paper, secular or religious. Moreover, Mr. Mumford had a positive genius for selecting matter for the different departments of his paper and for calling to his assistance writers and correspondents after his own heart and for assigning special tasks to those best fitted to perform them. When we consider that in addition to all this the different parts of the paper were always brought together into an artistic whole, it is no wonder that the subscription list steadily lengthened and the financial success of the paper was secured.

The theological position occupied by Mr. Mumford was about midway between the two extremes of the denomination. If he often gave offense to the more radical men, he

quite as often gave offense to the more conservative. The general influence of his paper was undoubtedly more favorable to the rationalistic than to the supernatural Unitarians. The men he drew about him to assist him were mainly of the latter sort. He had no fault to find with anybody who remained inside the Unitarian or Christian boundaries. But never feeling these to be any limitation of his own freedom he could not see why they should be to other men. The attempt to foist a creed upon the Unitarian Association was made soon after his accession to the editorial chair. It met with his determined opposition and elicited some of the most brilliant sallies of his wit. Whenever this spectre has since re-appeared he has given it a very warm reception. As good a stroke of work as Mr. Mumford ever did was in attempting to set forth in its true light the claims of Humboldt College, or rather its financial manager, upon the sympathies of honest men. In the famous "Year Book Controversy" he took a course which we regretted at the time, and see more reason to regret with every passing day, but we never doubted his entire sincerity, nor his devotion to what seemed to him the highest truth and good.

Mr. Mumford had been an able and successful minister for more than twenty years when he took charge of the *Christian Register* in 1872. Brought up as an Episcopalian, when about twenty years of age his anti-slavery sentiments introduced him to Samuel J. May, whom ever after he regarded as his spiritual father, cherishing for him a boundless reverence, and after his death preparing his biography with loving satisfaction. Studying at Meadville for two years, he left the school to take immediate charge of a new society starting in Detroit. Here he remained for ten years, building up a strong society and forming friendships that have never been outgrown; next he spent a year in Marietta, Ohio, and in 1864 took charge of the Unitarian Church at Dorchester Lower Mills. Always a clear, straightforward and convincing preacher, it was as the personal friend of his people that he attached himself to them most deeply. He had a wonderful sympathy and gift of consolation. Young people were strongly attracted to him. In all his personal relations he was one of the pleasantest of men. No merrier companion could be found. Impatient of purely business relations with men and women, he made himself friends of all his various assistants in the publication of his paper. Few men among us have such a host of friends. He will be sadly missed by them, and hardly less so by the larger company who knew him only in his editorial capacity. With a singular gentleness and purity and feminine delicacy of character he united the most vigorous and stalwart attribute of manliness. The motto of the Chevalier Bayard might without flattery be graven on his monument: "Without fear and without reproach."

J. W. C.

CHRISTENDOM AS IT IS.

CHRISTENDOM in its controversies is not what it was. To be sure, it is not; embodying as it does, like all things else, the potent principle of drift and progress. Even fifty years have wrought a great change—especially in our many-tongued province of the grand domain. Variety of opinion, indeed, about man and God, and the relations between them, is not, in the nature of things, dying out—in the nature of things will not cease to be. Religious topics branch out to such a number of stand-points and particular views, that men, variously constituted, cannot be expected to fall into the same track and be satisfied with the same logical outlook.

But what is characteristic of our day is that a better tem-

per prevails in the arena of discussion. Men have become tired of living on their differences, which are apt to be of quite a verbal and indecisive character. Hence the dropping down more and more into the eternal verities of religion, so independent of lines and logic. This is one of the unmistakable and happy signs of the times. What has descended to us from Jesus, and his invigoration of man in the man, has settled down more to its proper plane in the heart—and not in the intellect—than has generally been the case in former ages. Hence the less prevalent desire and practice of formulating religion. The more severe creeds are glad to maintain a great deal of silence. A young lady, belonging to the Episcopal connection, was asked if she believed in endless punishment. Her reply was, "Well, I don't know, I suppose so." The good-fellowship she enjoyed inside of her church quite shut out of doors that cruel dogma.

What comes from the common Fountain is one—is addressed to one humanity in all times and places. There is then an inevitable tendency to essential unanimities. Comparatively unimportant distinctions draw Christians apart. Oneness of being and of moral need is a tender cord that brings all more and more together. The Father, the Father—that touch of Nature makes all men kin in their deepest life. The Fatherhood of God is a canopy broad enough to cover the whole world, liberal and orthodox. Every age has been momentous for one thing or another, this for an advanced growth in the conviction of universal realities and undivided interests. The theological arena with us does not show such hostile posturing as once—it is more like a drawing-room with its gentle company, where it would be impolite to square off and spar with a neighbor. If this is not field day, it is to be hailed as the warm-hued and pleasant dawn.

The terms liberal and orthodox present towards each other less bristling and antithetic force. The unities are so large and invite beneath such comfortable roofing. The attractions operate more, because they do it across smaller spaces—those of cohering hearts and not of widening and discursive intellects. This fact illustrates itself, especially with people of the best culture and spirit. What a deep and clear current there is in life beneath the splash and roar of turbid discussion. Common grace and common truth are nearing for the one side and the other. The wide exigency of moral work contributes to this union indeed; so also the innate claims of communion and central fellowship. This is so with the change of denominational base also—the marked feature—without any new alliance. The odds are arriving at the good sense that it is no matter if they tarry behind, giving their superiors a chance to join hands across the line. Says Mr. Froude, "People may express themselves in what formulas they please; but they sincerely believe in God, they try to act uprightly and justly; and the language of theology hovering, as it generally does, between extravagance and conventionality, must not be scanned too narrowly. Hearts are asserting their right to lead in the game of life."

W. M. BICKNELL.

AGE is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—GEO. MACDONALD'S "MARQUIS OF LOSSIE."

THE *botherers* in life escape unpunished, and go to their graves unbranded with infamy. Their tombstones are often, nay, commonly, placed in the most respectable corners of the graveyard; and I have found, not infrequently, the word *virtue* engraven on their marbles.—JAMES T. FIELD'S "UNDERBRUSH."

MANHOOD IN THE MINISTRY.

THERE never was a time when manhood was not an essential element in the function of prophet or priest. Beyond the mere routine of perfunctory duties, which have had some value, no doubt, irrespective of the character of the ministers of religion, there has always been a place, the most sacred and most useful which a human being can fill, where the highest qualities of manhood could be put to their highest uses for the service of mankind. These great opportunities have not depended upon the offices with which they have been associated in the religious history of mankind; but the offices have been invented to perpetuate, if possible, such services as have been rendered by the great men who become the leaders of man.

It is an opinion which seems daily to be gaining ground that the office of the ministry is falling into decay. If it be so, it will not be the first instance in history of the degeneration of the functions of a high office, by passing over of its spirit into some other institution or form of activity. The bard becomes a poet, the prophet becomes a statesman or preacher, and the astrologer reappears in modern times as the champion of exact science. In each case the best men pass over to new duties, while the baser material deteriorates with the office, to become ale-house fiddlers, demagogues, and mediums. It is possible that the "ministry" as a profession has some such destiny; that the better men, who have hitherto found ample room for their noblest powers, are to be driven out by the petty influences which will circumscribe them; and that they will find another place in which to do essentially the same work, while the office will drift down to some place where both office and incumbent will be alike contemptible. All this, we say, is possible; but it is not made necessary by any forces now at work, and it is largely within the power of the men of this generation to say whether it shall be securely established among the necessities of civilization, or suffer the disgrace which overtakes all institutions which thrive better when men of high behavior are absent.

A minister needs now to be not less but more of a man than ever; more bold, more independent, more conscientious and high-minded; better instructed and inspired with higher ideas of the possibilities which he shares with his fellow-men. If now the ministers of religion show themselves, by their knowledge, their pureness, their power, their single-minded devotion, able to lead men and to shape issues to beneficent conclusions, the world will gladly keep a place for them, where, protected from the ordinary competitions of worldliness they may exert their influence upon society. But if the men who fill the offices provided by the churches consult their own advantage, their ease, and their pleasure, the world will be indifferent as to the fate of their office and themselves.

Manhood directed to manly uses can save the ministry, and nothing else can. That is a very severe test to apply, and seems sometimes to work cruelty. For many persons of good intentions and considerable culture are in no high sense manly. Their opinions command no respect, because they represent no original thought; their example inspires no confidence, because it interprets no profound impulse; and their sympathy conveys no comfort, because it flows out of no well-filled reservoir of active good-will.

As to the qualifications of the minister, it seems to us almost safe to say that he who could do quite as well in some other profession will do better to choose it. For if it is a matter of indifference whether he be minister, lawyer, or

merchant, he had better choose the avocation where the lack of a vocation will not be so conspicuous. If one can make more money, even, at some business, we are not sure that the indications do not show that he has not the highest calling for the work of the ministry. In ordinary times the best ministers may think that they are sacrificing opportunities to enrich themselves; but we are more and more persuaded that this is seldom true. For the qualities which furnish the most successful ministers (in the best sense successful) commonly are such as to unfit them for any marked pecuniary success in other callings.

At least the highest work of the ministry requires the exertions of a man, and all there is of him is none too much for the task. Giving that, he fills his place and does his work for his work's sake. What is to come of it does not enter primarily into his calculations. Let us enumerate some of the qualifications which enter into our ideal of the manly minister :-

First, he is a truth-seeker. He does not ask what do the people like to hear, not what will make an *impression*, not what will fill his church, not what his denomination believes; but he asks seriously, earnestly, and with the whole force of his mind, his heart, and his conscience, what is the truth concerning man and his destiny; what does he need to know and what to do; and by what means shall the truth be brought to bear upon his conscience in order to stimulate him to make his best endeavor?

Second, he will be a truth-teller. Finding what seems to be the truth he will proclaim it. He will by all honest means endeavor to induce other men to make the search for themselves, and he will be content with no success which leaves his hearers indifferent in regard to the fundamental facts of morality and religion.

Third, he will be a freeman. By that we mean far more than that he shall set up his own opinion against the world, and insist upon being supported while he proclaims it, whether men desire it or not. He will cut himself loose from all dependence upon the support of the world, determined either to be true or to seek in some other way a livelihood. To this end he will depend upon himself, asking no favors which other men do not ask, avoiding all dependence which other gentlemen avoid. He must put himself mentally, morally, socially upon a level with other men of like culture, asking no consideration which his merits do not call for, and ashamed to be a genteel dependent upon the favor of those who are able to confer favors.

We might extend the list of qualities; but these are primary, and, being understood to be attributes of the modern minister, would instantly arrest the waning of respect and re-establish the members of the profession in something like their ancient dignity.

Timidity, self-seeking, and an easy habit of accepting favors may not destroy friendship. They may even secure it in some cases. But they undermine confidence, and cause even indulgent friends to look elsewhere when they need any decisive utterance or manly counsel. To say that the minister must be frank, open, truthful, trusty, ought to go without saying.—*Christian Register*.

Is there in Rutherford Hayes enough of Abraham's Lincoln's sagacious patience and manly prescience, and daring inconsistency, to put his administration in advance of the times, and their partisan leaders, and make it as illustrious in the annals of peace and permanent good-will as Lincoln's was in the annals of war? If there is, whatever the professional politicians or a partisan press may say, he will have the American people, who sometimes make sharp work with parties and their leaders, to rely upon.—*Springfield Republican*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VACATION CHIT-CHAT.

SILVUS, DISCOVERED BY AN INQUIRER REPORTER IN THE WILDERNESS OF MASSACHUSETTS, IS AROUSED TO TIMELY REFLECTION ON THE CHARMS OF SUMMER SOLITUDE AND DRIFTING AS A PREPARATION FOR THE STILL GREATER CHARMS OF REGULAR WORK—THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FALL AND WINTER LIBERAL RELIGIOUS CAMPAIGN—THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER'S GREAT LOSS.

MY DEAR INQUIRER:—I believe it is in accord with an approved, ancient and orthodox usage that the spirit, when wishing to utter itself through the prophet, should come upon and take possession of him in the wilderness. So now the eternal fitness of things is not violated. For when the authoritative friendliness of *THE INQUIRER*'s whisper comes to me with the inspirational mandate, *Write*, it finds me also in a wilderness. But here the parallel between me and Elijah must cease. He was sitting, very much disgusted with the world, under a juniper tree. I, very comfortable and contented, am swinging in a hammock under the pines. Perhaps, however, if I had been violently driven away from a world in which I considered myself the only true prophet, I might be as *blue* as he was. But having retired voluntarily on a restful vacation, the world and I are still on very good terms; and having well gotten over any conceit of infallibility, I have no fears but that the world will get along very comfortably during the period of my retirement.

My wilderness is a good specimen of original nature, although it is only sixteen miles from the world's center—a point that a Boston man will never yield, even though he be writing for a New York paper. Half a mile from a village, I can easily imagine myself in a world that would have pleased the untamed taste of the Leatherstocking. Pine forests stretch around me on every hand, shutting out all neighbors, and leaving an open view only upward—toward the blue of day and the stars of night. A summer colony of fifty, we have our own society when we wish it; and when we wish we retire to the solitude and quiet of the original paradise—of barbarism. And I freely confess that enough of the Savage is left in me to make me like a wilderness. Why any one who has to be civilized for eight or ten months of the year, and who is cramped and hampered by the restraints and conventions of society, should *want* to spend the rest of the year in Newport or Saratoga, where artificial life is still more constrained, is what I am too barbarous to understand. The perfection of vacation rest to me is to be where you don't know what you are going to do next, and where you are not obliged to do anything unless you please. The unimpeded and unconstrained *drift* of simple inclination, where life flows like a quiet, lazy stream, is the ideal of vacation hours. I wouldn't even *enjoy* myself if I had to.

I am writing with a pencil on a paper-covered edition of Dickens' "Great Expectations." This is one of the very few of his books that I haven't read. But the store of my unexplored treasures is getting very small. I pity people who have read all the good books. They can't have much left to live for. I count as the principal part of my literary wealth the books that are still left for me to explore. I have a sort of sadness in getting to the end of them, because I haven't them still to read. I feel a little as I used to when, as a boy, I got to the last end of my stick of candy that I had treasured as long as I could, all the while knowing that sometime it would be all gone. This summer I have finished my first reading of the Leatherstocking Tales. They are almost as good as a trip into another world. I found an immense deal of restful recreation in them.

But though a taste of lazy barbarism is so sweet, yet one must be indeed barbarian all through who could enjoy it as a permanency. Doing nothing is the hardest work in the world, unless one has earned the right of resting by hard work. A vacancy is pleasant only as a contrast to overcrowding. So I look forward to another winter's work with a relish quite as keen as that with which I have tasted my summer rest. The only people in the world that are fully blessed are those who have enough to do, and who, when they have done it, can find the rest that is fitted to prepare them for doing it again.

Unless I am mistaken in my prognostications, the coming winter shows special signs of promise in the liberal sky. Messrs. Moody and Cook, while meaning to curse the true Israel of free thought and rational theology, have been doing over again the work of Balaam, and have blessed it more than we are yet aware. It is curious to see them and their followers supposing that they are standing on the

same platform, while the real relation they sustain to each other is what Gail Hamilton calls the *Kilkenny Categorical*. Leave them alone, and they will eat each other up. Prof. Swing is the great heretic of the West; and while Boston pleases itself with thinking that Mr. Cook is defending its orthodoxy, the Professor is rejoicing over the fact that he is undermining it; and he hails him as a leader of young, free, rational thought. His definition of inspiration is simply ludicrous to call orthodox. During vacation two orthodox ministers have applied to me for aid in getting into the Unitarian church; and I learn that these are only specimens of many. Mr. Cook calls for free thought, free discussion, and the scientific method, and thinks nothing can stand except that which, on these terms, can prove itself able to "survive" as being "the fittest." I thank God for such a day. We will all heartily meet him on this ground, and gladly abide the result.

THE INQUIRER will be deeply touched by the very widespread sorrow caused by the sudden death of Mr. Mumford. One of the keenest of pens ceased its work when this truest and kindest heart ceased to beat. That the noblest and fittest workers so often fall out of the ranks is that which makes one of the most impenetrable mysteries of death. It sometimes seems as though a wise general would hardly manage his forces so—and yet we see only a part of the field across which stretch the lines that are fighting the age-long campaign of light and darkness, of good and evil.

"—We trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—"

and if we believe that tears and evil and death are somehow the raw materials of which the better and the best will at last be made, sympathy for personal friends and relations, sorrow for our denominational loss, and an unfaltering courage to pick up and complete the work he loved and would have done—these are what are left for us.

Hoping soon to write you from my desk, when I shall have had time to hunt up some news to whisper in your ear, I am—at the end of a happy vacation, and, as I trust, at the beginning of a good year's work for us both—yours, as always,
SILVUS.
STOUGHTON, MASS.

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE AT SPRINGFIELD.

ON Monday evening, October 8th, a Ministers' Institute will open at Springfield, Mass., at 7:30 P.M., in the Unitarian Church. Those ministers who report their intention to be present before October 1st to Rev. Mr. Mayo of Springfield, will be provided with accommodations through the generous hospitality of the Unitarian citizens of that beautiful town. Laymen who attend are expected to take care of themselves. The meeting will be open, as the meetings of scientific associations are, to all who choose to attend, but it is designed specially for its members, who are exclusively ministers. The arrangements for the lectures of this tentative meeting have been made under many embarrassments, on account of the prolonged absence of some men whose services had been hoped for and were wanted, and the difficulty of accommodating the time for each lecture to the conveniences of professors otherwise peremptorily occupied in colleges. But there is no doubt that enough lectures of merit will be given to task the receptive powers of the best hearers, and that the main difficulty will be too much driving and gorging. It is our conviction that the occasion will warrant great efforts and sacrifices on the part of ministers to attend the session, and that great regret will be felt by those who are unable to participate, especially if it be through indolence or apathy.

As far as we are able to learn, the exercises will be as follows, subject to later changes and a different order, but doubtless substantially thus:

Monday evening, October 8th, at 7:30—an opening Sermon by Rev. W. H. Channing.

Tuesday, 10 A. M.—*A Concio ad Clerum*, by Rev. Dr. Bellows; at 12 M., "The Metaphysic of Theism," by Rev. Dr. Hedge; at 4 P. M., "The Old Testament," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; at 7:30 P. M., a sermon from Rev. E. E. Hale.

Wednesday, 9:30 A. M.—"The Messiah and the Christ in History," by Rev. J. H. Allen; 11:30 A. M., "St. Paul and the Developments of the Early Church," by Rev. E. H. Hall; 4 P. M., a lecture by Rev. M. J. Savage; 7:30 P. M., a meeting of the Institute in reference to its own affairs.

Thursday, 9:30 A. M.—"The Law of Revelation," by Rev. W. R. Alger; 11:30 A. M., "The Relation of Personal Character to Success

in the Ministry," by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody; 4 P. M., "The Origin, Progress and Consequences of the Doctrine of Evolution," by Prof. J. W. Draper; 8 P. M., a reception by the Springfield Unitarian Society.

Friday, 9:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. Dr. Hill; 11:30 A. M., by request Dr. Bellows will repeat his address, mainly "On Preaching," lately given before the Alumni of the Divinity School at Cambridge. The afternoon is reserved for the closing business of the Institute. 7:30 P. M., a sermon by Rev. Chas. G. Ames.

The absence abroad of Rev. Mr. Tiffany and of Prof. Everett have compelled some regretted changes in the original programme.

Prayer meetings will be held every morning at 8 o'clock, under the general direction of Rev. Mr. Mayo.

The only lecture from a layman is to come from Prof. Draper, who is regarded in foreign countries as America's most distinguished scientist. If there were no other commanding attraction in the first meeting of "The Ministers' Institute," Dr. Draper's expected discourse would of itself give distinction to the occasion. He combines literary ability with scientific genius in so high a degree, that his discourse may be expected to be equally instructive and delightful.

It is greatly to be regretted that the notices of the meeting have not been earlier and more widely disseminated. But we trust that the attendance will be large enough to reward the labors of the lecturers and the hopes of the projectors of this new enterprise in the interest of scientific theology. When the movement passes into the hands of the members generally, as it must henceforth, if it is to continue, it will doubtless take on a more complete and satisfactory form.

Time for the discussion of the lectures is provided for in the plan of the meetings; it will be in part arranged for by openings from invited speakers, and in part free to all under rules to be considered by the Institute when it meets.

A TRAVELLER'S IMPRESSIONS OF MUNICH.

THERE is a peculiar fascination about Munich, from the apparent absence of all trade and commerce. It seems more like a grand gallery, where every one you meet, citizen or stranger, seems to be wandering about, looking at beautiful things. At every turn and corner you encounter some saint, or hero, or poet, in bronze or marble, or look down some vista, terminating in a triumphal arch or obelisk or stately temple. Long lines of corridors adorned with frescoes enliven your morning walks, while the Glyptothek, the two Pinakotheks, the National Museum, and the Old and New Palaces, furnish a copious feast of art treasures, arranged with exquisite taste, and most hospitably spread for all comers. Athens and Rome and mediæval Europe and the Renaissance all meet in friendly reunion, continually stimulating and as abundantly gratifying the traveller's curiosity.

We enjoyed intensely our musical experiences, wherein we were very fortunate in hearing some of Bach's finest works at the Cathedral, and also four master-pieces admirably rendered at the Hof Theater, the Magic Flute, Marriage of Figaro, Tannhauser, and Lohengrin. The performance of the Lohengrin far surpassed anything I ever saw on any stage. Soloists, choruses, orchestra, scenery, costumes, all absolutely perfect. It was indeed an epoch in one's life to hear such a sublime production of genius so superbly interpreted. Every one concerned seemed to throw his whole soul into his work, while the tenor, Herr Vogl, with his clear, penetrating voice, and intensely sympathetic style, carried all hearts captive. The composer, Wagner, is evidently and deservedly worshipped here; the man Wagner has scarcely a friend. All agree in calling him a most willful, peevish, irritable, self-indulgent, fearfully conceited fellow, and while they crowd the theatre to see his works, they are hardly civil to him in the street. How different from dear Mozart, so beloved of all, and so untimely lost. What a pity that he was compelled to write such delicious music for such execrable librettos, and then be cheated out of all his gains by that scoundrelly impresario, Schickaneder.

I know not if you ever were at Munich, but if so, I am sure you will not think me extravagant in singing its praises. With no natural advantages, indeed a mere heap of sand at first, in the centre of a sterile plain, it is marvellous, the magical transformation achieved by one man's will, aided by perfect taste and a boundless purse. We left it with regret for Salzburg, a city of no special interest, save as Mozart's birthplace, but most lovely in its surroundings.

The ride from Salzburg to Ischl is a series of beautiful landscapes, as is indeed all the country around here. We feel quite contented in this quiet little town. It has not such a variety of attractions as Baden-Baden, or such a brilliant array of visitors, nor is the out-door music so good or frequent, but the walks in the woods are charming, the air deliciously cool, with the soothing sound of running brooks and tiny waterfalls continually in our ears. The countrymen and women that we stumble over in our wanderings are very polite, and never make fun of our bad German, while the little barefooted children, for whom my wife keeps an unfailing supply of cakes and lumps of sugar, are often very cunning in their ways. The Austrians are pleasant people to deal with, and, indeed, it is a great comfort to find yourself in a place where every other word is *not* a lie, as alas, it is in lovely Florence. They are devoted Catholics here, but they seem far more in earnest in their faith than the Italians, and they keep their little road-side chapels in perfect order, and adorn them daily with fresh flowers.

F. T.

ISCHL.

LITERATURE.

THE WAY OF LIFE: A SERVICE BOOK FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.
Compiled by Frederick L. Hosmer. New York: Geo.
P. Putnam's Sons. In boards, 75 cts.; in quantities
at 60 cts.

This charming volume will be warmly welcomed by many pastors and superintendents who desire to make use of such an auxiliary in their Sunday-school exercises, but whom the existing manuals with their formal phraseology and set services fail to satisfy. The compiler is singularly well qualified for such a task by his literary culture and poetic and religious insight, as well as by his long practical experience in the Sunday-school. The result is this admirable little work, every page of which bears evidence of the good taste, conscientious leisure and religious fervor with which it has been prepared. Although its present appearance is doubtless due in large part to the suggestion of the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society, which has already called into being a number of creditable manuals and lesson papers, the book bears no denominational imprint and is entirely free from the sectarian spirit. It aims, in the language of its preface, "to appeal to, and to be the expression of those sentiments which lie at the heart of all our religion, and to foster them in the child; a sense of God's Omnipresence and Fatherhood and trust in the Divine Love and Wisdom, the great lessons of human Brotherhood, the Supremacy of Duty, the Immortality of the Soul."

We may incidentally add that the manuscript was submitted before its publication to Revs. O. B. Frothingham, H. W. Bellows, and James Freeman Clarke, and notwithstanding their diverse theological attitudes won from them all the most cordial and unqualified approval.

Examining the book more in detail we find Part First to consist of forty-one responsive services, bearing such suggestive titles as God our Shepherd, Father and King, The All-Seeing One, Listening for God, The True Discipleship, The Life of Charity, The Accepted Offering, Many Gifts but One Giver, The Bond of Brotherhood, Beatitudes from the Psalms, The Unseen Future, The Good Time Coming, etc., etc.

These services consist of short sentences which may be read responsively or in such other ways as the compiler indicates in his preface. Each service presents a central thought which various passages from Scripture and poetry, chosen with a discriminating and eclectic taste, are made to enforce and illustrate. Where the Scripture is quoted the common version is usually followed, although here and there a different translation lends an added clearness and beauty

to the service. The felicity with which the choicest utterances of the Old and the New Testaments are here placed in juxtaposition gives one a new insight into the literary and devotional treasures we possess in the Bible. From Service No. XVII. the book evidently derives its name, "The Way of Life." It may serve us as a specimen of the whole:

"Enter not in the path of the wicked,
And go not in the way of evil men;
Avoid it; pass not by it:
Turn from it and pass away.
If sinners entice thee,
Consent thou not.

"If they say, 'Come with us,
Thou shalt cast thy lot among us,'—
Walk not thou in their way;
Refrain thy foot from their path,
For their feet run to evil,
And make haste to shed blood.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
The end of that man is peace.
For light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart;
And the path of the just is as the dawning light
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

"The stars in their courses uphold the righteous,
The stones of the field are in league with him.
Therefore walk thou in the path of the good
And keep the way of the righteous:
Thou shalt then lift up thy face without spot;
Yea, thou shalt be steadfast and without fear.
Thy life shall be clearer than the noonday;
Thou shalt shine as the morning light."

In No. XXX. we have an example of a different kind, in which the classics of Christianity are interwoven with Scriptural texts. It is entitled "Commemoration of the Good:"

"Let us call to remembrance the great and good,
Who in times past have wrought righteousness:
Leaders of the people by their judgment;
Giving counsel by their understanding;
Wise and just in their example,
And by their knowledge meet for the people;
Their bodies are buried in peace:
But their names liveth for evermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
And the congregation will show forth their praise.

"For the memorial of virtue is immortal;
Because it is known with God and with man,
When it is present mankind take example of it,
And when it is gone they desire it.
It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever;
Haven gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards:
The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance;
Yea, blessed is the memory of the just!
For they rest from their labor,
And their works do follow them.

"Wherefore, seeing that we have such examples before us,
Let us lay aside every weight of sin,
And let us run with patience
The race that is set before us;
And whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report,
Whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise,
Let us think on these things."

A pleasing variety in the order of Sunday-school exercises is afforded by service No. XXIII. in which several stanzas of Mrs. Leland's charming hymn, "There is help for the Faithful," sung to the familiar tune "Rest for the Weary," are arranged responsively with Scripture passages. Five or more of the services have been compiled from Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose," which are one of the classics of childhood. A particularly beautiful one is arranged for an East-

er response: "I have seen the Rose in its Beauty." There are three national or patriotic services, together with others appropriate for Christmas, Floral, Harvest and other special festivals of the Sunday-school.

A second division of the book is a collection of thirty prayers, both in prose and in poetry, and mostly very brief. These are not intended to supplant the use of more spontaneous devotions in the Sunday-school, but will be found valuable when the gift of extempore utterance is weak or wanting. This is followed by six devotional forms, which may be introduced in the service responsively or otherwise. We think this collection might have been extended with advantage. The book ends with a selection of closing sentences and benedictions.

It will be seen that this compilation is remarkably free from the conventional and formal methods of such manuals in general. It aims to furnish the materials for worship, but leaves their introductions and combinations to the individual taste and need. Thus it becomes an aid to devotion and not its fetter. We would suggest that this little work will be found helpful not only in the exercises of the Sunday-school, but also in the meditations of the closet, the devotions of the home circle and the ministrations of the pulpit.

In conclusion we may congratulate Messrs. Putnam's Sons on the very attractive setting they have given this work. In paper, binding and typography it affords a pleasant contrast to the poor and cheap form in which such manuals are usually placed before the public. This has not prevented their placing the work at a price within the reach of all. There seems to be a little confusion in the arrangement of the service on page 16, which is perhaps due to the fact that owing to the absence of the author from this country the proofs could not be submitted to him for a final revision.

CINCINNATI.

C. W. W.

THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST; OR, EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBORS. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. By the author of "Helen's Babies."

The three excellent books on such different topics, but of almost equal ability, which Mr. John Habberton has given the public, entitle him to recognition by name, although he has endeavored unsuccessfully to conceal his identity. The Scripture Club will do as much good as the Barton Experiment, and prove to people the truth of Mr. Habberton's special idea, that sentimental thought on any subject, whether it be temperance or religion, is of little value, unless followed by such practical action as will demonstrate the usefulness and soundness of the thinking. He also shows that mere discussion is futile and rarely convinces anybody, especially in religious argument, where each side comes to the fight with preconceived notions, and is quite unable to get out of the special rut which obscures its vision. The Scripture Club, composed of men orthodox by name, but ranging in their real ideas from the ultra radical to the ultra conservative, differ on every subject, especially on the fundamental topic of Works and Faith. The gentle and good-natured satire with which Mr. Habberton describes the various stripes of belief is admirable, and the halting speeches, embarrassing pauses and deadly slowness peculiar to such meetings are given with inimitable humor. We hope Mr. Habberton will continue his good work of furnishing practical ideas on subjects of such interest in the present day.

LITERARY NOTES.

"WARRINGTON," the well-known correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, whose memoir has just been published by his wife, fought his way to success with only the usual encouragement of writers for the daily press. "The *Tribune* letters were five dollars apiece in 1861; the price afterwards being raised to ten dollars a column. The price paid for the *Springfield Republican* letters was two dollars a piece in 1856, and in 1861 four dollars a weekly letter, long or short. In 1865, seven dollars, and in 1867 (after the *Tribune* raised

its price) ten dollars a letter was paid. Finally (after 1870) twelve dollars was reached, which was the highest price the 'Warrington' letters ever commanded." In its notice of these "pen portraits," the *Literary World* says:

"In their directness, positiveness, satire, humor, and in their acquaintance with recent political history, 'Warrington's' letters are examples of the best characteristics of the newspaper writing of the day. They were not enriched and adorned with classical allusion and illustration. Their style was not formed on the model of the best English essayists. They were usually devoid of examples drawn from European history, and their style was the result of early and constant practice with pen in hand. But their directness, clearness and force at once, in the eyes of their readers, for every deficiency. Like Macaulay's essays, they paint the leading features of a portrait and of a scene, in a most striking way; if they omit delicate shadings and vanishing points, it is because the beholder would not notice such niceties. They abound in cutting satire and racy humor; and the writer's knowledge of the political history of Massachusetts of the present generation furnished him with an armory whence he drew most effective weapons. These were the qualities which made 'Warrington' the gadfly of Massachusetts politics, and, impressed with which, a distinguished friend made the remark, on passing his house of an evening in the summer of 1871: 'There in that little house burns the only light in the State that Ben Butler is afraid of.'

OF GAIL HAMILTON'S "What think ye of Christ," the N. Y. *Tribune* says:

Her trenchant pen is here devoted to an exposition of the teachings of the New Testament on the person of Christ, with a preliminary discussion of the Scriptural doctrine of inspiration. In treating the subject she makes little account of the brave polemics who lived before Agamemnon. She takes no counsel with the oracles of the schools, shows no reverence for the traditions of the elders, offers no incense to the Scribes and Pharisees that sit in Moses' seat, and regards with equal scorn the allocutions of Rome, the institutes of Geneva, and the pretensions of Andover. Her own mind seems to be saturated and supersaturated with the letter and the spirit of the Bible. On the commonest occasions the Scriptural phraseology falls as naturally from her tongue as it did from the Scotch Covenanters or the English Puritans. Her thoughts run as smoothly in the grooves marked out by the children of Shem, as if she had been to the manner born. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are to her what Shakespeare is to many scholars. If ever she has to seek for apt expression, they furnish her with words ready coined for the purpose. The Bible takes the place of Webster's "Unabridged," and supplies her with a vocabulary that seldom leaves her at a loss. If "ne'er her mouth does ope, but out there flies a trope," it is waited on by a text, as surely as the planet by its satellite. With this free use of the "language of Canaan," it is no surprise that she should cherish her own views as to its significance. Nor will any wonder be suggested if she treats this subject in the same fresh, outspoken, urgent, and perhaps audacious manner, which has become the inveterate habit of her mind.

THE Boston literary correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* thinks that the second number of the Mr. B. R. Tucker's *Radical Review* is quite up to the mark of the first number, both in merit and variety. The first article is by a French scholar and man of science, Elie Reclus, the brother of Elisee Reclus, the geographer. It is chiefly a review of the books of Bachofen and M'Lennan on primitive marriage and the family relation, but it brings out many curious facts and theories. Mr. Tucker also begins in this number his translation of Proudhon's "System of Economic Contradictions." Joseph B. Marvin contributes a long essay on "Walt Whitman," in which are many good things, though the estimate of the poet does not seem to me in all respects just. Nor is it so able as the critique of John Burroughs, lately published in his new book, "Birds and Poets." Stephen Pearl Andrews and Lyssander Spooner are at work in this *Review* to roll their stone of Sisyphus up the hill of capital and currency. They have been at it for many years, and will probably die in the harness. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. S. H. Morse and other able writers contribute papers.

Of all the contributors to the *Radical Review* the ablest, no doubt, is the late lamented Proudhon, who, being dead, yet speaketh, and will for years to come. It is not necessary to agree with his opinions in order to see that he was a thinker of remarkable

acuteness, courage and force. His famous saying, "Property is robbery," was the opening sentence of a paper written by him nearly 40 years ago for the academy of Besancon, where he was born and then lived. His "System of Economic Contradictions," which Mr. Tucker has undertaken to translate, was first published in 1846, before the French revolution of 1848, in which he took some part. It deals on the whole quite fairly with the opposing claims of the political economists and the socialists. "Political economy," he says, "tends toward the glorification of selfishness, socialism favors the exaltation of communism. The economists, barring a few violators of their principles, for which they feel called upon to blame governments, are optimists with regard to accomplished facts (the past), the socialists with regard to facts yet to be accomplished (the future). The first affirm 'That which ought to be is,' the second 'That which ought to be is not.' For the rest, neither party ceases to accuse the other of incapacity and sterility." I should advise those who have never read Proudhon to do so in Mr. Tucker's translation. Those who have never read Pearl Andrews and Lysander Spooner may safely wait until the evenings are longer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From Little, Brown & Co.

COUNT FRONTENAC AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV. By Francis Parkman.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Rev. Phillips Brooks.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

NICHOLAS MINTURN. By Dr. J. G. Holland.

THE RELIGIOUS FEELING. By Newman Smyth.

EPOCHS OF HISTORY: THE AGE OF ANNE. By Edward E. Morris, M. A.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

UNDERBRUSH. By Jas. T. Fields.

From Ginn & Heath, New York.

ALLEN & GREENOUGH'S LATIN GRAMMAR. Revised Edition.

From Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. Anonymous.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE RELIGIOUS NURTURE OF OUR CHILDREN.

It is a pity that the last annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, one of the best of Anniversary Week, was so poorly reported. I have not been able to refresh my own memory from the local papers so far as to recall whether it was Dr. Briggs or Mr. Reynolds, who quoted from Coleridge a few words to show that if we do not "prejudice" our children in favor of what we consider rational religion, and train them to piety and reverence, all the outside influences of the world will still conspire to "prejudice" them against it, and to conform their lives to the "fashions of men."

Nothing in modern society surprises me like this indifference to religious nurture, and the words set me thinking so busily that I hardly heard what went on for a while.

"Why should we teach a child to pray to a God whom he does not understand?" objects somebody.

"Do we ourselves understand or expect to understand him?" the Christian may well retort. The moment we could do that God would become less than ourselves—something included by us. For the few first years of a child's life it inclines to lean on its parents. It will accept our ideas, and follow our counsels, for no other reason than the simple fact that they are ours—"my mother says so," riveting every argument. A very little while, and the whole mood changes. Individualism comes into sight and the child is piqued by every effort at influence to assert itself and choose the way in which it shall go. Can any one doubt that the law of the Universe—the concrete wisdom of God—lies at the bottom of both conditions? The child is given to us plastic, that we may mould it to a lovely life, and keep it reverent and holy till long habit comes to our aid and pledges it to the truth. It is speedily to become self-reliant, that the "self" we have helped to form may be true to our teaching,

and competent to withstand evil;—or in case we have been faithless—that the child may taste of the tree of knowledge, and gain that holiness, through transgression and sorrowful repentance, which should have been its birthright.

We cannot always lead our children right. They belong to the generations which have gone before, as well as to us. They may feel evil impulses, which have skipped us, or inherit forces and goodness of which we have not been able to conceive, but we can always try, and so be sure of the child's respect and love whenever it comes, whether in this world or the next—to its true self.

Dr. Bellows said, among many good things, that what is unfit for children is always unfit to be believed, and this brought to my mind a pleasant little story told me by a sister of Agnes Strickland.

She was the youngest of the brave group of girls at Reddon Hall and married early an officer in the army, who sold his commission and came to Canada to settle on a farm which he bought with the price of it. In this happy country of ours, there is scarcely a man or a woman who can imagine what it was for an English lady and an army gentleman to emigrate to a log cabin, in the depths of a Canadian forest, more than forty years ago. The Yankee has a power of adaptation and self-help which he has inherited and which the stranger to this western continent must acquire.

Mrs. Moodie has told us herself how she fought her battle. The vivid pages of "Roughing it in the Bush" are immortal. It was after the bitterest of her trials had passed, and her own patience and faithfulness had drawn the attention of government, and won a Sheriff's office for her husband, that her little Johnnie was born, in circumstances of comparative ease.

She idolized the boy, bright, beautiful and winning, and taken from her—into some other life through the watery gate of the great Ottawa—before he was four years old. I did not know her till the dead child might have been a man, but she never spoke to me of him without tears so proud that they seemed to flash as they fell.

She idolized him, but he was sometimes naughty and must be punished, and she was too brave to hesitate. One day she had him on her lap, talking to him about God, and the Devil, and a certain addition to the "many mansions" not to be mentioned without an aspirate, "and in which" this churchman said when she told me, "I believed rather more than I do now."

"Mamma," said Johnnie, wondering, "did God make the Devil?"

Mrs. Moodie was a poet, but no metaphysician; she trembled, but she answered—

"Yes."

The child sprang from her knees, and gathering the thin folds of his night-dress in his left hand, so that he stripped his fat little legs bare, in that sweet attitude of unconscious grace all mothers can remember, he lifted his right hand solemnly and said, "Mamma, I will never, never love God till he kills the Devil, and puts out the wires."

His little lips could not shape the letter f, but his eyes had seen his Father in Heaven and knew how to preach his Word.

"I can see him now," the mother said when she told the story. "Oh how much better he knew God than I did!"

Mr. Foote read us a charming paper. I heard him mention the "Ladies Commission" in a general way, but I could not help thinking that it would be a good thing for the Commission itself to send in a paper to the next meeting of the Sunday-school Society to be read and discussed.

The work of the Commission is a much more important one than its friends seem to know, and a good many matters connected with books for children might be properly said in such a paper, which cannot appear in its reports.

On the other hand, it would be very pleasant to get some words of counsel from superintendents and clergymen in the discussion which should follow.

Evangelical clergymen use the Ladies' Catalogue a great deal, and often thank us for it. So do those that for want of a better inclusive word we are constrained with blushes to call "liberal."

But sometimes the latter think us "too particular." All the libraries admit books which we shut out. I think it is quite time we all knew why, and pondered the matter afresh.

It was Dr. Bellows who quoted the words of Coleridge to the effect that children are the "messiahs" of our old age, and slyly suggested that they might also be "imps of torment."

Yes! and that is somebody's fault, but there is nothing in this world I think so delightful as to be a grandmother. The babies that used to be we played with to be sure, but it was with a mother's anxiety, sense of responsibility, and "many cares."

But the "babies" that now are are the delight of waning life—they revive the sweetness and freshness of youth, give back to us its happy dreams, and save us from disappointment and loneliness.

I cannot help thinking that the little arms which cling round my neck, the dear little hands which steal into mine, are given me now as a reward because I tried my very best to hold fast the little wilful hands of other days, when mine held the "rod" as well as the comfit box and my lips gave "warnings" as well as kisses. Oh, it is good of God to send these little ones to us as we slip gently down the hill of life, and need some assurance of the angels. Immortality need not be sweeter nor offer more of endless opportunity than "grandmamma's lap."

C. H. D.

EARLY AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

NEARLY every one comes from the country when they ought to be going to it. On the farm in summer you see the heat rising from the hillsides and the dusty roads, and Nature, parched and dry, is in her working clothes and mood, but in the sweet September days you see the glory of the year. If you have only beheld the suburban show of autumn leaves, you can form little idea of the magnificent display of color that will greet your eye on every side if you are in the country in early autumn. The maples and oaks, the sumacs and elms, are aflame, the roadsides and fields are filled with brilliant ferns, till you learn to imagine that a golden sunset has dyed the earth with a later splendor, "and over all is spread the glory of a dream."

The sweet beauty of such days you will never forget, the rest and peace they bring to mind and body after the year of care and toil. And as you lie on the grass lazily looking at the distant mountains bathed in the misty light peculiar to the autumn time, in a silence unbroken save by the rustling leaves, the falling apples, or the cheery voice of the good farmer as he comes home with heavy loads of squashes and pumpkins, you say, "Well, this is life. Those poor city fellows, uncertain whether to wear a searsucker or an overcoat in their striving to dodge the east wind and sun, those tramps over the heated pavements, how I pity them." And then as the never-neglected summons of the supper bell is heard, you rally with a promptness that applied to monthly

payments would surprise your creditors. And such a feast. Creamy biscuit and honey, baked sweet apples and cream, doesn't it make your mouth water to think of it while you are sitting at your city table?

The early evening is chill and sharp, but it gives you an added pleasure to draw around the farmers' cheerful fireplace. Can't you see the picture? oh, country boy, settled now in your fine house with all the modern conveniences? Grandma in one corner with her knitting, the kitten playing with her ball of yarn, the farmer buried in his paper, the mother cutting apples for drying, the two boys busy with their knives, whittling away at some Spanish castle? And then the husking-bees—not yet obsolete, thank Heaven—with their social joys and uproarious fun. How little they seem like the close of "melancholy days." But our space will not permit us even to hint at all the pleasures of autumn in the country.

Try the experiment, friend, whose vacation is limited. Remain in town where you can have the comforts of home and an occasional sea breeze, in the heated term and then off to the mountains in the glorious autumn days.—*Golden Rule.*

ART NOTES.

THE principal Opera Company of next winter will be the Wagner-Meyerbeer festival troupe, which Charles R. Adams has been getting up and J. C. Fryer will manage. Mr. Adams made his first appearance in his native country, since he achieved his position as a great tenor in Europe, at the Handel and Haydn triennial festival in Boston last May. There he fulfilled the highest hopes of his countrymen and friends by most thorough, scholarly and powerful singing. He was for nine years first tenor of the imperial opera at Vienna, and has sung with signal success in Berlin, Milan and London; he is also a favorite with Wagner, and, as the name of the new company indicates, this composer's operas, and the heavier ones of Meyerbeer, are to be prominent in its repertoire. Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim is to be the first soprano; Miss Matilda Wilde, of Berlin, contralto; Miss Alessandra Urman, a Russian, light soprano; Miss Clara Reinmann, soubrette; Charles R. Adams, first tenor; George Werrenrath and Charles Fitch, also tenors; A. Blum and M. Senior, baritones; M. Scaria and Henry Wiegand, basses. This is but a partial list of the company. Mr. Fryer will open his season in New York on the 8th of October and on the 15th in Boston. The repertoire will include "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Flying Dutchman," "The Huguenots," "The Prophet," "The Jewess," "William Tell," "Faust," "Rienzi," "Joseph in Egypt," "Robert the Devil," etc.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

No matter whether or not the men of the future happen to know your name; if they are unconsciously modified by your life it is enough.—E. P. TENNEY'S "CORONATION."

WE are the children of nature, and self-respect, if not filial piety, should warn us not to disparage our descent; but our parent, with reverence be it said, is of hybrid birth, and true piety should make us faithful to the finest strain in our ancestry, and it is on this ground that we venture to claim as truly natural in ourselves all that is most in harmony with what we call best in the works of the great genetrix.—EDITH SIMCOX'S "NATURAL LAW."

NEWSPAPERS are to the civilized world what the daily house-talk is to the members of the family; they keep our daily interest in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race that has filled Europe and America, and

colonized or conquered whatever territory it has been pleased to occupy; to share from day to day its thoughts, its cares, its inspirations,—it is necessary that every man should read his paper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concerted action, so much more alive and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds, and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspapers penetrate everywhere, and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life which flow through the telegraph and press.—P. G. HAMERTON.

THE power of persistence, of enduring defeat, and of gaining victory by defeats, is one of these forces which never loses its charm. The power of a man increases steadily by continuance in one direction. He becomes acquainted with the resistances, and with his own tools; increases his skill and strength, and learns the favorable moments and favorable accidents. He is his own apprentice, and more time gives a great addition of power, just as a falling body acquires momentum with every foot of the fall. How we prize a good continuer! I knew a manufacturer who found his property invested in chemical works, which were depreciating in value. He undertook the charge of them himself, began at the beginning, learned chemistry, and acquainted himself with all the conditions of the manufacture. His friends dissuaded him, advised him to give up the work, which was not suited to the country. Why throw good money after bad? But he persisted, and after many years succeeded in his production of the right article for commerce, brought up the stock of his mills to par, and then sold out his interest, having accomplished the reform that was required.—EMERSON.

I WAS not patient in that olden time,
When my unchastened heart began to long
For bliss that lay beyond its reach; my prime
Was wild, impulsive, passionate, and strong.
I could not wait for happiness and love,
Heaven-sent, to come and nestle in my breast;
I could not realize how time might prove
That patient waiting would avail me best.
"Let me be happy now," my heart cried out,
"In mine own way, and with my chosen lot;
The future is too dark, and full of doubt,
For me to tarry, and I trust it not.
Take all my blessings, all I am and have,
But give that glimpse of heaven before the grave!"

Ah me! God heard my wayward, selfish cry,
And taking pity on my blinded heart,
He bade the angel of strong grief draw nigh,
Who pierced my bosom in its tenderest part.
I drank wrath's wine-cup to the bitter lees,
With strong amazement and a broken will;
Then, humbled, straightway fell upon my knees,
And God doth know my heart is kneeling still.

I have grown patient; seeking not to choose
Mine own blind lot, but take that God shall send,
In which, if what I long for I should lose,
I know the loss will work some blessed end,
Some better fate for mine and me than I
Could ever compass underneath the sky.

—All the Year Round.

AUTHORITY is not an ideal or normal, but a practical or working, standard. It may be thought, in the case of a being whose nature is based on intelligence and freedom, to present an anomaly. It certainly presents a limitation; but not (in mathematical phrase) a constant limitation. There is no point at which we may not throw back the boundary and enlarge the sphere of direct knowledge, and of conviction and action founded thereupon. There is no point at which we ought not to so throw it back, according to our means and opportunities. Life should be spent in a strong, continuous effort to improve the apparatus for the guidance of life, both in thought and action. We must ever be trying to know more and more what are the things to be believed and done. In pursuing this end, the exercise of free, intelligent thought may, indeed, greatly enlarge the sphere of authority. For example, in learning facts of physical science, as when we inquire about the results obtained by the Challenger, or in becoming more acquainted with the laws of health from the mouth of a judicious phy-

sician. This duty, however, is covered and overlapped by another duty—the duty of constantly endeavoring, within the limit of our means, to corroborate or test authority by inquiry, which finally means to supplant trust by knowledge. And this duty is supreme. But it is insidiously dogged by the danger of mistaking the limit of our means, and thus supplanting trust, not by our knowledge, but by our ignorance dressed out in the garb of knowledge.—HON. W. E. GLADSTONE in the *Nineteenth Century*.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL LOST HER DINNER.

BY A. S. H.

At the eastern base of a range of wooded hills in New York, not far from the New England line, stood many years ago a frame school-house painted red. It was at the head of the little street of twenty or thirty houses which made the pretty little village of Clover Plains. Nearly opposite the school-house, a road diverged from the main one, wound up the steep hill around the great oak tree and was lost in the wood beyond. The steep slope in front had been cleared by the early settlers and was now carpeted in summer with velvety grass and moss sprinkled with wild strawberries and anemones, and whortleberry and honeysuckle bushes were the shrubbery of this pleasant playground. Just beyond the fence at the rear of the school-house grew two apple trees, whose fruit was too gnarled and rusty to tempt even school-boy appetite, but whose lovely pink and white blossoms filled the air with fragrance and the eye with delight. The building and its internal arrangements were very different from those of to-day. Around the square box-stove occupying the centre of the room were ranged benches made of long slabs of wood, without backs, and supported by rough wooden legs. These were for the use of the younger pupils, and for the older a long row of benches, or rather one continuous bench, ran around three sides of the room. Back of this bench and fastened to the wall was a similar length of desk, neither bench or desk being marked by division of any kind. When the pupils for whom these luxurious accommodations were provided were writing or studying their backs were toward the teacher, whose desk stood on a small platform in the corner nearest the door. During recitations they faced about, whisking their feet over the bench to do so. This same bench was so high that very few could touch the floor with their feet, and as for taking their seats, only the older and more dextrous could vault upon it by merely touching the hands, the lesser ones being obliged to use both hands and knees.

No clock was there to point the hours and minutes, but a noon-mark, cut in the unpainted desk by a south window, showed when the shadow was parallel with it that noon was come and that we should soon hear the welcome words "School is dismissed." These were no sooner pronounced than the youthful spirits bottled up through three or four mortal hours effervesced, and the children rushing out pell-mell gave vent to their feelings in noisy shout and frolicsome gambol. Those living near hurried home, dispatched their dinner in haste and came back to join their fellows, who living at a greater distance brought their lunch or dinner with them.

Then there were delightful games of "High Spy," "Bloody Tour," "Lady Jane," "Hoist the Gates as High as the Sky," and others too numerous to mention. In June there were wild strawberries and May apples to be found on the hill, and still farther up, delicious young wintergreens. To be

sure the serpent lurked in this paradise, generally in the shape of the harmless striped, or as we call them streaked snakes, but occasionally a rattlesnake or copperhead strayed from his den among the rocks to the south, bringing consternation and causing headlong flight.

One pleasant summer day, more than forty years ago, the last word of the long lesson had been spelled, the teacher had dismissed the school, and the children were beginning to disperse, when a little girl came rushing back, and with horror depicted on her face, shrieked:

"A pig has run off with a dinner basket."

A hasty examination of the remaining baskets showed that Harriet Spring, a little girl of nine, was the victim of the pig's voracity; then with a wild outcry more than twenty boys and girls dashed off in hot pursuit. Up the road galloped the pig till he reached a bend where stood a small weather stained house, when he doubled and plunged into the bushes forming the upper boundary of the playground. Here the hunt was re-enforced by a tall, white-haired girl of thirteen, who being fresh henceforth led the chase, her long hair streaming on the wind like the white plume of Navarre. Our white-haired leader, Naomi Manchester by name, soon overtook the marauder and succeeded in getting her hand upon him, but she could not stop him. On they went for a time longer in this fashion, followed at longer or shorter intervals by the troop of panting children. The pig would no doubt have gladly compromised at the start by giving up the basket, but in thrusting his nose in to reach the contents, the handle was firmly fastened on his snout and his mad plunges in the bushes had not yet dislodged it. At length blown by his exertions he slackened his speed, and Naomi, or Nome as she was familiarly called, loosened the basket and held it up in triumph. Alas! it was empty. What the pig had not devoured was scattered broadcast. All cast sympathizing looks at the unfortunate Harriet, but none had apparently any suggestion to offer. Either their supplies were only sufficient for their own needs, or had been consumed before the loss was discovered.

At this juncture, Sally Manchester, Nome's mother, appeared and with generous hospitality, invited Harriet to her house to dine. Perhaps she knew the offender to be her own, and felt constrained by conscience to make good the loss. But in those primitive days swine roamed the streets at their own sweet will, and the offence was as likely to have been committed by one of Squire Masham's herd as by the solitary porker of poor Sally. Be that as it may, she led the way to the house followed by Harriet, escorted by Nome, followed by the children in turn at a respectful distance.

Harriet was soon seated at the table, the children arranging themselves at a little distance, their looks of pity exchanged for those of admiration, almost of envy. There was no table-cloth, but that, so far from appearing a draw-back, gave an added charm of novelty, a flavor of wildness to the coming repast. And now the dinner was set out; slap-jacks! hot from the frying-pan and plenty of molasses!

How gladly now would they have exchanged places with the fortunate Harriet, as they watched the savory slapjacks. Their pride at last gave way and one after the other humbly asked, "Sally, mayn't I taste?"

Poor Sally's hospitality was put to a severe test that day, but each had a taste, and the meal was hardly concluded when the rap of the ferule on the school-house door resounded, and they hastily left the humble but hospitable roof.

If they were a little late the teacher forgave them in consideration of the exciting incident of losing a dinner in such a peculiar way. If their attention wandered more than

usual from their lessons that afternoon, she kindly overlooked it.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

GAIL HAMILTON has finally talked herself out. Everybody loves Gail Hamilton, but everybody hopes she will now put on her sun-bonnet and go into the country for a few years' relaxation.—*Philadelphia Press*.

As a matter of fact the real capitalist of to-day is the Irish servant girl. She has everything provided for her but her clothes. The cost of cottons, woollens and all the clothing that she wears has been reduced to a price below the average before the war; below the average even of 20 years ago, when wages paid to girls for household service were less than half what they are to-day. Yet the "girl" cannot see and they will not understand this. Incomes may have shrunk to one-half, but speak of reducing wages a couple of dollars per month, leaving them still at double their former standard, and she sets her arms akimbo, talks of her "rights," and leaves the family where she has found a good home for years, that has instructed her ignorance, borne her stupidity, and enabled her to save money enough to feel her independence, at a moment's notice, and without a thought of the inconvenience to which she subjects its members, except to congratulate herself upon it.—*Jennie June*.

It has been shown over and over again that the rule of the Turk is something different in kind from the worst rule of any European power—that it is not government, not even misgovernment, but simply organized brigandage. It has been shown over and over again that the Turk has never done anything to legalize his possession of the lands which he has conquered: that the Ottomans in Europe still remain as they were 500 years back, an invading horde, an army of occupation. This sober and strictly accurate statement of an undoubted historical fact is so inconvenient to the votaries of the evil cause that they always speak of it as a rhetorical figure. Equally inconvenient is any statement of the real cause why our present government shows such zeal on behalf of the oppressor, the real cause why we seem constantly to be on the brink of war to maintain him in the power of oppression. The plain cause is a cause which is purely sentimental, the Hebrew sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield. But we are told that it is unbecoming, that it is ungenerous, to taunt any man with his descent, his religion, or anything of the kind. And so it is when it is a mere taunt. But to point out an important political fact, however unpleasant to this or that man, is neither unbecoming or ungenerous. No one has a word to say against a Jew, whether by descent or by religion, simply on the ground of his descent or his religion. There are Jews whose descent and whose religion do not hinder them from being very good Englishmen, and against such Jews no one would wish to speak a word. But the charge against Lord Beaconsfield is that he has never become an Englishman, that he never has become a European, that he remains the man of Asian mysteries, with feelings and policy distinctly Asiatic. We can understand, we can almost respect, his position; but it is a position which cannot be endured in the minister of England or of any European nation. Lord Beaconsfield's zeal for his own people is the best thing about him, the one thing about which he is really in earnest. But we must be equally in earnest the other way. The whole talk of Lord Beaconsfield, the slandering of Serbia, the bragging against Russia, is the talk of an Asiatic. Throughout the East the Jew and the Turk are banded together against the European, and Lord Beaconsfield, as the man of the East, naturally takes the Asiatic side. So throughout western Europe, wherever the Jew has influence the cause of the Turk finds supporters. The fact is clear to every one who knows anything of the newspaper press either of England or of the continent. As there are some Turks who behaved with humanity through all the horrors, and who have been punished by their own rulers for their humanity, so there are some Jews who, to their great honor, have taken another line, and who have stood forth as boldly for the cause of the oppressed as any Christian. But Jewish influence, as a rule, means Turkish influence, just as Turkish influence means the influence, not of the good Turks, but of the bad. Only in England Jewish influence is unhappily found in higher places than it is found anywhere else. This "Semitic instinct"—to use a phrase whose author I know not, but which the Turkish party seem to

think it clever to put in inverted commas—is of itself quite enough to account for the policy of a cabinet led by Lord Beaconsfield. The two things the statement of which so greatly offends the Mohammedan mind in England do thus exactly fit into one another; they are in truth related to one another as cause and effect. We are called upon to uphold an invading horde in the possession of the lands and houses of other nations; and the reason why we are called on to uphold them is, because we have at the head of the English cabinet a man of a nation which has always found its interest in supporting the dominion of that invading horde. The two facts are plain enough; but it is not at all wonderful that those to whom they are inconvenient should wince a little at the statement of them. But it may be that the Semitic instinct is not all; there may be something too in the mere love of startling people, the mere love of surprise and mischief. And there may be something in what has been irreverently called Lord Beaconsfield's "policy of old clo'." A great part of his political career has been nothing else than stealing the clothes, or to drop metaphor, adopting the measures, of the liberal party. And, in stealing their clothes, he sometimes shows a certain tendency to steal their rags also.—*E. A. Freeman in the Contemporary Review.*

THE phrase which Dickens put into the mouths of all Americans as descriptive of pretty nearly every American of prominence fairly belongs to Brigham Young. The most obvious reflection that his death suggests is that he really was "one of the most remarkable men in the country."

In one aspect he was a vulgar cheat, of course. In his character he was essentially coarse and brutal; without refinement, without culture, without the finer instincts of men, he gave free rein to the worst passions of his own nature, and made the worst passions of other men his tools. Yet he was a man of almost marvellous force of character of a certain kind.

He was a master of men, and he made himself a master with almost none of the means usually employed to that end. A man of plain speech, with no gift of eloquence, he yet swayed men at his will with his oratory. Without even the external appearance of sanctity, he imposed himself upon his people as a prophet and secured acceptance for doctrines and schemes the most diabolical by vigorously asserting that they were commanded in revelations from God and denouncing unbelief as deadly sin. He established himself as a despot, and drew willing subjects from all parts of the world. He managed to retain the allegiance of his people while openly oppressing them for his own personal ends. He assumed the power of an oriental despot, and maintained himself in it without the aid of the traditions of sanctity and obedience which hedge eastern kings about.

A coarse, vulgar man, whose common origin was known to all his people, he yet held his own against influences which would have overthrown any monarch in Christendom. He opposed civilization and advancement successfully; he defied the government of the United States, and repeatedly compelled it to yield, and even to invest him with its authority. He was a man of considerable ability and of courage and determination. He knew human nature, too, and especially the baser passions of men, by which he profited and upon which, as upon a rock, he founded his power.

He is dead now, and he has left no successor. It is in the very nature of things that his realm can afford no man strong enough to grasp the reins of despotic government now that he has relinquished his hold upon them with his life, for a man strong enough to take his place and wield his sceptre could not have lived under his rule without coming into conflict with it and bringing about a controversy in which one man must have fallen that the other might reign.

The future of the people who, under his control, have worked almost a miracle, making a real desert to blossom and bear fruit, is yet uncertain; but it is certain that it will not be a continuation of their past history. Released from his control, and deprived of his shrewd guidance, they cannot maintain themselves as they are. They may break up into factions in disputes over the succession, and so disappear; or they may accept the rule of that civilization which they have opposed so long, and, relinquishing the polygamous practices which alone arouse hostility against them, continue to exist as a peculiar religious sect, under some prophet or bishop who shall confine his domination to spiritual affairs. This would be, in a worldly sense, their wisest course. The hostility which threatens them with destruction would disappear with the disappearance of their illegal and immoral social system, and in the preservation of their church organization unbroken they would retain many material advantages which disintegration would take away from them. There can be lit-

tle doubt that sooner or later their absurd faith will perish as intelligence shall increase among them; but it will be better for them, in all material respects at least, if it shall die gradually by means of their gradual emancipation from its delusions, than if its death shall be violently brought about by disintegration.—*Evening Post.*

JOTTINGS.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—A correspondent writes as follows: "The corner-stone of All Souls' Church was laid on the 27th of June, and it is right to date the commencement of the work which has been done during the summer from that day. At that time the brick walls were up out of the cellar, and the rough floor of the auditorium was laid upon the joists. The stone masons soon finished their work upon the foundation walls, and the bricklayers were again ready to proceed with the walls at the ends and sides. The work was finished rapidly under the efficient management of Col. Fleming the contractor, and before the 1st of August the masons were placing in position the brown stone cappings which crown the summits of the solid brick buttresses at the sides, also laying the stone cappings over the doors and windows. The walls of the chapel in the rear rose equally with those of the church and before the 10th of August the side walls of both church and chapel were all completed and the carpenters began the tedious work of framing the supports for the roof. The rafters are as large as any that have been used in the erection of churches in this city, being heavy timbers, fifty-four feet in length. While the work of framing has been progressing the rear wall of the church, separating church and chapel, and rising far above the latter, has rapidly risen, the top bricks of which were laid this last week. At the present writing the chapel is entirely roofed in and ready for the slaters, while the work on the rafters is almost completed. The gallery joists are laid, half of the brick-work on the tower is done, and the main supports to the spire are in position, while the galvanized cornices on the chapel are another proof of the rapid progress of the work. The church is of dark red brick laid in black mortar, with close joints, and having Ohio and Connecticut stone trimmings, while the brick walls are supported by solid brown stone foundations, and strengthened and relieved by solid buttresses.

"Almost every evening many visit the site and praise the substantial and rapid work on the building, which is an ornament to the neighborhood, and in architectural lines compares favorably with the handsomest and most costly churches of our national capital."

THE CHICAGO CHURCHES, with the exception of the Third Church, have begun their Autumn work. The Church of the Messiah has been open four Sundays, Unity and the Fourth Church commenced Sunday before last. The Fourth Church having been somewhat eased of its pressing financial burdens has a good prospect of growth and usefulness under Mr. Sunderland's vigorous direction. The Third Church is still in doubtful circumstances. It is making strenuous efforts to relieve itself from its financial embarrassments, with what success remains to be seen. If ever a church deserved sympathy and help the Third Church does. It has suffered greatly by departure of favorite ministers, many of its members have gone down in the financial storm of the last four years, and those who remain have worked and given with unsurpassed patience and heroism, and though now "cast down" they are "not destroyed," but are ready to work right on if they can have but half a chance. The location of this church, in the very centre of 200,000 people on the West side, insures its ultimate success when it has escaped from its present difficulties and secured a pastor who will stay with it for more than two or three years.

REV. MR. PARDEE is preaching at Strawberry Point, Iowa, where there is a very decided movement towards the establishment of a Liberal church.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH has preached alternate Sundays during the Summer at La Porte, Ind. This young church mourns the absence of its late pastor, Rev. Enoch Powell, and is anxiously waiting to learn whether the East will capture him, or whether he will return to his Western friends.

MR. FORBUSH, of Chicago, must be falling from Radical grace. Rumor hath it, that a certain very devout Free Methodist sister, who strayed into a prairie church where he was recently preaching went away so edified that she declared "It was the best Free Methodist sermon I have ever heard." If Western camp meeting Methodism and advanced Liberalism are so alike, there must be a big truth in the "Sympathy of Religions."

REV. BROOKE HERFORD has spent his summer visiting his two sons on their sheep rancho in New Mexico. He is back again at his post, looking brown and hardy, and reports that he had a jolly good time in that wild country. He preached Sunday before last on "Broken Banks and Mortgaged Churches."

REV. ROBT. COLLYER has been spending his vacation at Palmyra, Wis. On Sundays he has not held his peace, and his talk has delighted the Wisconsin farmers. At the close of a grove meeting the other Sunday one of the patriarchs approached the genial Robert with hints of a call. "We don't know how you are fixed," he says, "but we would like to have you start a church up here." If the Western conference could only employ a dozen Collyers as rural missionaries at \$500 a year, perhaps the long-looked-for Unitarian revival would begin.

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND has been preaching in the Universalist Church in Aurora, Ill., during vacation. He reports the Liberal people there as badly disorganized and demoralized. They have a very fine church, but seem to lack unity of spirit and earnestness of purpose. In addition to preaching for his own Chicago church, Mr. Sunderland intends to continue his afternoon preaching at Englewood. This new movement has strong men and earnest women connected with it and gives promise of growth and permanence.

Mr. Forbush has preached several times this summer at Union and Huntly, Ill., to good and interested audiences. This is one of the sections in which old-fashioned Universalism has broken down leaving the people anxious for a "more excellent way." At Union there is a good stone church and an intelligent and wealthy farming community waiting for some progressive man to instruct and inspire it.

THERE is a good deal of indignation among the Western Conference men at what they regard as the waste of the Winn funds, in donations to Antioch College and Humboldt University. The general opinion is that if the distinguished trustee had taken Humboldt's share to build another "Brick Moon," it would have been as practically useful.

INVITATION TO SPRINGFIELD.—The Church of the Unity, of Springfield, Mass., cordially invites all clergymen of the Unitarian

denomination to its hospitalities during the week of the Ministers' Institute, October 8-12. All Unitarian clergymen, on application, will be entertained during the week. It will be a great convenience to the families of the parish, if gentlemen can give information of their intention to be present, as early as October 1st, to Rev. A. D. Mayo, Pastor of the Church. On arrival in town, all clergymen who have not accepted special invitations to families, are requested to proceed at once to the Church of the Unity, State Street, above Maple, and report to the Committee in Session. It is confidently hoped that a large number of the ministers of the denomination, from all parts of the country, will be present, and all who come will be welcome.

REV. A. D. MAYO,
In behalf of the Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass.

DIED.—August, 23d, 1877, at Northumberland, Pa., John Taggart, aged 81 years. Thus, at a ripe old age, passes from earth one to whom as a worthy exemplar of the Unitarian faith as well as an upright citizen we desire to offer a brief tribute of respect. From his childhood, when he listened to the preaching of Dr. Priestley, through the years of his maturer life, when he held one and another position of trust in the community, and till death removed him, he was a firm upholder of our simple Unitarian views. For many years he has been one of the main pillars of our little frontier church here, having given the ground on which the building was erected, and afterwards contributing generously to its support; and here he worshiped each Sunday year after year, till increasing infirmity made it impossible for him to share in the services. He was interested also in sustaining our publications, subscribing to the *Old and New* till its close, and to the *INQUIRER* from its very beginning as the old *CHRISTIAN INQUIRER*. As the oldest native inhabitant of the town, his death was, of course, an event of local interest, but it was not this fact alone which drew together the throng of people from the country and towns in the vicinity to pay the last tribute of respect at his funeral. It was the feeling that one had departed who had lived a useful and unblemished life; who in all the relations of life, as kinsman, neighbor, or friend, or as the holder of important public and private trusts, had illustrated the virtues of a pure and honorable career. To a large and affectionate group of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, he leaves the legacy of a spotless name; while to a wide circle of friends there comes a sense of personal loss, tempered, though not wholly removed, by the conviction of his promotion to a higher field of service.

H. D. C.

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Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and	
Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS	\$342,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES BEING FIRST	
LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,430 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	286,032 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,435 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND	
(MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$703,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,415 65
REAL ESTATE	6,840 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON	
POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st	
JANUARY, 1877	\$242,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets	\$2,792,902 9

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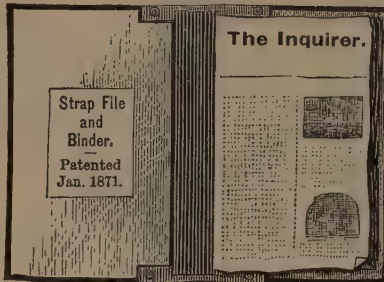
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THE INQUIRER.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 34. }
WHOLE NO., 1604. }

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

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THE INQUIRER has removed to new rooms at 47 Lafayette Place, immediately opposite the Astor Library, o which address all mail matter should be sent.

CYRUS A. BARTOL, Octavius B. Frothingham, Wm. D. Gunning, Frederic L. Hosmer, Clemens Petersen, and Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., are among the contributors to this number of **THE INQUIRER**.

THE local examinations for women established by Harvard University are being availed of to a much greater extent than even the most hopeful advocates of the plan predicted. These examinations were first held in Cambridge in June, '74, in New York in June, '77. Next year it is proposed to hold them simultaneously in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. The examinations are classified as preliminary and advanced, the former being of a general and elementary character, the latter a test of proficiency in special studies for girls who have already passed the preliminary examination. At the first examination held in this city, last June, the local committee presented eighteen candidates, two of whom only received certificates, they having passed in nine out of the eleven studies in which they were examined. The other candidates varied in standing, some dividing the course and receiving credit for satisfactory examinations in certain branches, intending to complete the round of studies and offer themselves for examination again next June.

The wise purpose of these examinations seems to be to furnish a strict and publicly recognized standard by which studious girls may be able to test their proficiency in various branches of study. The natural effect of the plan will be to raise the standard of education for girls throughout the whole country and compel the elementary schools to do their work more thoroughly and systematically. If this result shall follow the institution of these examinations, as we believe it must, their influence for good will be simply incalculable. The headquarters of the New York Local Committee are at 59 E. 25th St.

THE Convention of Unitarian Ministers, called the "Ministers' Institute," announced to meet at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 8th to 12th, is, we understand, a somewhat informal and experimental movement in the interest of improved scholarship and the claims of clear thinking upon public teachers of religion. It is natural and fitting that a movement of this character should originate among the Unitarian clergy, who certainly quite as much as any others, have always stood for the union of the best thought and the truest feeling in religion. That the proposed Institute, inclusive and unsectarian in its spirit, should yet be practically sectarian and exclusive in its beginning, is a fact which has naturally provoked criticism. It has, however, already been explained in these columns that the arrangements and plans for the initial meeting are simply temporary and limited by various circumstances which could not well be modified until after the first meeting had been held. It is more than likely that the plan of the meeting will then be extended so as to open the doors and the platform of the Institute to accomplished students of religious questions without regard to professional or other restrictions. The managers of the initial meeting have taken a wise and significant step towards a formal recognition of the intimate relation in which Science and Religion are in the future to stand, in inviting America's leading scientist, Prof John W. Draper, to take a prominent part in the programme. Dr. Draper has accepted their invitation, and on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 11th, the third day of the session, will read a paper especially prepared for the occasion, on "The Origin, Progress, and Consequences of the Doctrine of Evolution." Other attractive features of the programme are papers on "The Metaphysics of Theism," by Rev. Dr. Hedge; "The Old Testament," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; "The Messiah and the Christ in History," by Rev. J. H. Allen; "The Law of Revelation," by Rev. Wm. R. Alger; "The Relation of Personal Character to Success in the Ministry," by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, besides essays and sermons by Revs. W. H. Channing, M. J. Savage, E. E. Hale, and Chas. G. Ames.

BUT the Institute is far more interesting and significant as an indication than it can possibly be as a fact, even granting the most brilliant success of the opening meeting. For the movement implies a recognition, if not a public avowal, on the part of the managers, of the existence of an intellectual palsy, which is quietly sapping the life of the Christian Church, from its failure to adjust its teachings to the actual living faith of the more thoughtful and devout men and women of the age. It implies a protest against the long since exploded but still persistently lively and mischievous notion, that the continued existence and influence of what is best and permanent in religion is dependent upon formal adherence to ancient statements or interpretations of religious faith. It is a quiet but none the less forcible protest against the prevalent feeling that the new philosophy, the new science, the new theology are hostile to true religion. It is a protest against a persistent policy of theological reserve, the tendency of which, however friendly and considerate its purpose, is inevitably unfavorable to that perfect candor, that absolute fidelity to Reason, which are essential character-

istics of rational religious faith. It is a protest against the feeling that the preservation of existing religious institutions precisely in their present form is of greater importance than the substance and quality of the ideas and feelings which must animate those institutions, if they are to continue their usefulness to society.

However little, therefore, may immediately result from this modest ministers' meeting, we believe it quite possible that it may prove to be the beginning of a hearty alliance between earnest American students both of science and religion, which may lead to most important consequences for both. We wish the Institute the most brilliant success.

A RELIGIOUS JOURNAL.

Our general remarks last week on the subject of religious journalism may be thought to require another word to give them point. What sort of a paper, it may be asked, would that be which is not confined to the consideration of definite matters, devoted to the maintenance of fixed opinions, appropriated to the rules of a sect? Is not religion identified with religious beliefs in such a way that it cannot be separated from them? and must not every religious paper for this reason stand pledged to certain limitations? The reply is an admission of the fact that religion is at present identified with some form of dogma, and a demand that this shall be the case no longer. It is time that the distinction between dogma and opinion should be recognized, and that religion should be accepted as a larger and deeper and more positive thing than any of its terms, even than its best, its most ample and spiritual. There is at present no journal that is an organ of religion pure and simple; that voices the sentiments that are fairly entitled to be called human and universal; that passes over definitions and distinctions, disregards the claims of churches, and even the assumptions of "faith" presents ideas in positive, reasonable form, and aims merely at the exposition and maintenance of the principles which concern the moral and spiritual culture of man. Such a journal there never has been, never could have been, for the reason that religion has thus far been identified with dogmas, and could not rise to the level of ideas. The organs of the so-called "Liberal" sects disclose their limitations immediately. The denominational lines are sharply indicated. If they are wide enough to embrace Christianity, they are not wide enough to include the faiths that lie outside of it. They do not touch the deepest sense of the word "religion," and they betray no conception of the breadth of meaning comprised in that word as interpreted by philosophical thinkers. The terms they use are the terms employed in "Christian" theology; their definitions are simply modifications of old statements; they revolve about the central figure of a superhuman Christ, and are committed to certain predetermined courses of speculation. In a word they assume the one position that Rational Religion discards—namely, that religious beliefs are to be determined by *tradition* not by *reason* or *knowledge* pronouncing judgment in view of *all* the facts. We find no fault with this. So it should be. Let every party have its organ. The more clearly voiced it is the more heartily should it be respected and welcomed, provided it be honest and just. But on this very ground, the claim, the imperative importance, nay, the prime necessity of a journal which shall represent what now is wholly unrepresented, RELIGION pure and simple, Rational Religion.

A place therefore remains unfilled. Rational religion has

no organ. Rationalism, as a system, has organs. But rational religion is more than Rationalism. It takes issue on the one side with that, as on the opposite side it takes issue with ecclesiastical or dogmatical religion. Rational religion is not an *ism*. It is simply religion open to such newness of interpretation as reason can give to it. It asserts the reality, the divine potency and beauty of the world of sentiments, the realm of ideas. This is its one assertion. This is its determined sphere. It lives as the vindicator, the interpreter, the expositor of this ideal world. It is religious, positive and earnest. It will use the phraseology of religion, though with altered meanings, when it is still susceptible of honest meanings. Not yet persuaded that the word "God" is obsolete, it employs it, though avoiding definition and studiously confining the term to the task of describing the absolute and eternal as revealed to the philosophic sense, open to every honorable suggestion from noble thinkers of whatever school or name, Christian, un-Christian or anti-Christian. Still clinging to the word "spirit" as expressing what neither heart nor intellect conveys, it turns its back on the seductive whispers of a materialism which pronounces to be illusive everything that is not *sensible* and discourages the pursuit of any save terrestrial objects. Regarding the idea of Hereafter under some form as most important, nay, as quite indispensable to the higher culture of mankind, it dwells on it, not with interest merely, but with an earnestness that may be called passionate, associating the idea of it with the finest anticipations and the highest hopes of man, and counting the anticipation of it in some form as exceedingly precious in the higher culture of man.

Though entirely free from the spirit of dogmatism, hospitable to all shades of religious opinion, indifferent wholly to the forms of statement, so long as the ideal import is preserved, kindly disposed towards the word "atheism," in so far as it casts no blighting reflection on the reality of ideal principles; tolerant of the term "materialism," so long as it leaves undamaged the essence of worth in spiritual truths—it nevertheless holds fast to the cardinal sentiments, ideas and principles which have in all ages been regarded as characteristic of the best style of human character, and it makes it a duty as well as a privilege to clear them from the misconceptions which superstition in any of its known forms fastens upon them.

This Rational Religion has no organ in this country. "La Religion Laïque," in France, mention of which has been made in the INQUIRER, is the nearest approach to it we know of. That there is room for such a journal here is evident; that it would be welcomed we cannot doubt. For religion is not dead; it is not dying; all it needs is new interpretation, and it will have new life.

O. B. F.

DEATH AS A REFORMER.

THE death of Brigham Young, at an advanced age, and after he had with apparent impunity publicly violated the most sacred social laws and defied the authority of the United States for nearly half a century, is a forcible reminder of the weakness of our national government in certain directions, while it also tends to reconcile us to the dispensation of death, in view of the fact that it palsies the hand of unscrupulous tyranny, shatters the formidable combinations of greed, and is therefore at least a beneficent equalizer, if it is not an adequate cure, for all human wrongs.

One can readily understand why the institution of Slavery, which was established before the Revolution, was extirpated only by civil war; but Mormonism, from the very beginning,

won neither national nor sectional sympathy, while its flagrant defiance of public morality and of the general government is of less than twenty-five years standing. At any time during that period, except the four years of the rebellion, it could have been arrested with a strong hand, but the efforts of the government were marked by a timidity and want of vigor which only rendered the ignorant followers of Brigham Young more confident, and led to a policy of private assassination and public massacre.

Meanwhile the institution prospered, its leaders went unpunished, and it even found representation in Congress.

Contemporaneous with this enormity we have witnessed abuses and crimes in the Indian Territory. Here are barbarous tribes in a hostile and predatory attitude against white neighbors and one another, collectively representing a population of less than 250,000, and yet our government, with all its resources, has been unable thus far to keep them in check or conquer them in battle, our policy having been to make treaties without the infliction of punishment whenever our contemptible foes were cornered—treaties which they are sure to disregard when they think they can do so with impunity.

The latest phase of our policy in the South, while on the whole, the most wise and hopeful, is a practical confession that we cannot guarantee a republican form of government in States where an intelligent minority is well organized and active. We have discovered that we cannot always do that which it seems right that we should do, and that half measures accomplished are better than whole measures defeated.

Without presuming to pass judgment at this time upon the general wisdom of national transactions, or to cite the many circumstances which may justify or render necessary temporizing with the Mormons, mercy towards the Indians, and compromise with Southern parties, we are brought to the necessary conclusion that the power of the best government is limited, and that democracy, with its many advantages and noble issues, has nevertheless some defects which do not exist in monarchies. No absolute government will long tolerate armed opposition to its laws or civil strife in its territories.

It would be interesting perhaps to consider how far dependence upon popular good-will has a tendency to render prominent officials over conservative or disposed to compromise, but the object of this communication was simply to state the general truth and to cite its illustrations. An attempt may be made in a future paper to trace our weakness to its sources, and then to prove, what the writer must hasten now to declare lest his motives be misunderstood, that the defects of our democratic government are not alarming but suggestive rather of an underlying strength, and that the good citizen, in view of our unparalleled national and moral progress, has no reason for being disheartened. The Indian question was never nearer a satisfactory solution, the condition of the South is more promising than at any time since the war, while the final establishment of United States authority in Utah, and the recent execution of an ex-bishop of the Mormons for a crime committed twenty years ago, indicate that that abuse is in its last days.

Death enters as a prominent factor in human progress because power has a tendency to become unscrupulous as it increases in magnitude. The death of Brigham Young, the arch-offender and motive power in all the outrages in Mormonism, leaves the church without a head and promises disorganization through the dissension which supervenes sooner or later when men have associated for unrighteous purposes. Nor is this true alone of the Mormon leader. We feel a

sense of relief when we learn of the death of any one who has been noted as an autocrat or money prince, not merely because great authority generally implies merciless greed, but because we have an instinctive feeling that the attainment of vast power, however much it may centralize and develop industry, is contrary to the best interests of the human race. Hence we cannot regret the death of a Napoleon, Stewart, Astor, Fisk, or Vanderbilt. Human ambition is beneficent as a stimulus to the rank and file, who are thereby incited or compelled to organized activity and thus indirectly blessed, but it is fortunate that it has limitations, or the world would be but a scene of enormous and aggressive despotisms. It is in the divine order that neither good nor evil should be unmixd. The same blind fanaticism which rendered Mormons useless or dangerous in thick settlements not only assembled them in the wilderness, but also caused that wilderness to blossom as the rose. So may the wrath of men come to serve God.

The mutually destructive agencies of animal and vegetable life result in a beautiful and beneficent variety in the place of monopoly and monotony, and the natural forces of decay make room for new life. So it is in the world of man; violence breaks up old monopolies in the attempt to establish new ones, while the blessed reprieve and rejuvenation of death perpetuates that condition of instability in human affairs, which is on the whole most blessed for our own race.

N. S. JR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

It was our last Sunday in London at the close of a month's sojourn which had passed quickly amid the attractions of the great metropolis; an August Sunday, fair and cool, under which the cloud and smoke of its week-day life seemed lifted from the great town, and the day rested like a benediction upon it. "Whom shall we hear to-day?" was our question as we sat at breakfast and looked down the column of Sunday announcements. Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar we had already heard in the Abbey; we had listened to Mr. Spurgeon in his Tabernacle and to Mr. Conway at Camden Road and to Mr. Freckelton at our church in Islington. Dr. Martineau seldom preaches now and his successor was out of town. We had made one effort to hear Stopford Brooke, but found to our disappointment on arriving at his old church that it was giving place to a block of new buildings, and no one could tell us and our companions in disappointment waiting upon the side-walk, where to find the preacher we were seeking. There was one in the list of preachers for this day, however, whom we had been curious to see and hear ever since reading his volume of sermons published in America four years ago; sermons, by the way, which as extemporaneous efforts and reported directly from the lips of the speaker are quite remarkable for closeness of thought and vigor of style, and which stamp their author as one of the most progressive of the Broad Church party. We refer to the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who ministers at St. James', Westmoreland street. We found a large congregation gathered at the church, overflowing the pews into the aisles, along which camp-stools had been arranged. Many of the people were evidently strangers, drawn like ourselves, by the preacher's reputation. The liturgical services seemed unusually hearty and the music was excellent. These lasted nearly an hour, when the preacher announced the text of his discourse. It was upon the unpardonable sin, or the sin "against the Holy Ghost." After clearing the ground by telling what it was not—that it was not in opinions or beliefs about Jesus of one sort or another—that it was not in any intellectual attitude touching points of theology—he gave us his own interpretation of the familiar text. This sin of sins lay in the darkening of the judgment through cherished hate and ill-will and narrow prejudices, until men blind themselves to what is really true and just, and are ready to call good evil and evil good. They lose the powers of generous discrimination, the moral faculties become perverted and the light

within is quenched. This is the sin against the Spirit, which as one falls into it, and so long as he remains in it, leaves him outside the Divine forgiveness, because it lacks that repentance and sense of wrong which are the condition of this forgiveness. The interpretation is not new to be sure, but the great charm of the sermon lay in the power with which the application was brought home by familiar and every-day illustrations. Few could listen to it without taking a good part of it home to the affairs of their daily life. The most ardent Universalist, by the way, would have left satisfied with the preacher's soundness; for he was particular to qualify the unpardonable character of the sin by "so long as a man remains in it," and left the door of better possibilities wide open. The sermon was a practical rather than a doctrinal one, and therefore did not bring into prominence the rationalistic views which mark the volume of sermons already referred to; but to one who heard beneath the words, such phrases as "however you may choose to explain the story," in referring to one of the New Testament miracles, were very suggestive.

Mr. Haweis appears to be a man a little past forty, of dark complexion and rather thick-set in figure. He uses no notes and his manner of speech is singularly earnest, marked at times by a certain nervousness, as he hesitates for a word and then hurries on as if to make up lost time. His tone is more that of earnest conversation than of studied oratory, as if the whole congregation were one man standing close to him face to face. It may have been owing to our mood in part, for sermons we are inclined to think depend much for their impression on the mood of the hearer, but certainly we have attended no service here in England from which we went out feeling more benefitted than from this at St. James'.

After lunch at the hotel we set out for St. Paul's Cathedral, where Canon Liddon was announced to preach at three o'clock. A church clergyman beside us at the breakfast table had spoken of the Canon as "the greatest preacher in our church; yes, the greatest preacher living in my opinion." This was high praise, but we took it *cum grano salis*. A very large congregation had assembled, as we were told is always the case when the Canon comes up from Oxford to preach. The sermon was from the text of the Law as "the school-master to bring us to Christ;" and after a proper introduction the preacher went on to show how the Law did this, including under the term "Law" the whole Jewish "dispensation:" (1) By prophecy; (2) by its ceremonial observances; (3) by its moral inculcations. It was one of those *made* sermons which seem mechanically put together after a set model and without the flavor of personal inspiration; scholastic in tone and rather narrow in its methods of biblical interpretation; and though written in faultless English and delivered in a clear and well-modulated voice, we confess to coming away with a little of the sensation with which we have come out of some of these old English crypts and cloisters, feeling the gulf between the life and modes of thought that once pervaded them and those that characterize to-day. Perhaps our disappointment was the fault of our mood. It may have been. But we are only writing impressions.

Back again to our hotel and to dinner, we found we had afterwards an hour of daylight to use. Services were announced in many of the churches, but there is moderation in all things, even in church-going. Accordingly we chose to give the time to an evening stroll. Walking along the Strand we turned down toward the river and paused midway on Waterloo Bridge. Above, against the golden west, loomed up the towers of Westminster Palace and the Abbey, and down below the fading light lay softly on the dark grey dome of St. Paul's. Beneath the river flowed monotonously on. A holy quiet filled the air. We watched the people passing to and fro over the bridge or promenading along the Victoria Embankment below, or sitting in groups in the gardens beyond; and we blessed the wisdom that only recently and at great cost had opened this new breathing-place in the very heart of the city. Continuing our walk we passed along Waterloo Road and then eastward, re-crossing the river by Blackfriars Bridge. Daylight had faded quite away. Lights were gleaming along the river and from the bridges above and below. The towers of Westminster were seen dimly against the darkened sky. A deeper silence brooded over the great city, amid which we followed our homeward way.

F. L. H.

THE annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society will be held at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24th and 25th.

CHURCHES IN CALIFORNIA.

In all things California is a land of extremes. In theology she is extremely liberal and extremely conservative. An Episcopal rector who is extremely broad said to me: "I never understood why the ministers of our church here on the coast are so conservative until I met them in a convention. I found them almost all invalids. They had come here for their health." He gave me an explanation of the prevailing conservatism of the laity quite as satisfactory as that of the clergy. "I find men and women," he said, "who came to California in early times and lived for years in mining camps or on ranches, or in little villages, without 'the church.' In 'the States' they had been Episcopalian. Here, for a long time, they had been nothing at all, and now when a church is established and they come back into the fold they want things just as they were twenty years ago. I wish to abridge the service, as the general convention gave me authority to do, but they rebel and say, 'That is not the way it stood when I lived in the States,' and 'I thought I was going back into the same old church.'"

Evangelical churches generally emphasize their distinctive tenets more strongly than they do in the East. A few Sundays ago I attended public worship in the largest church of one of the most thriving villages of the State. I was not left in doubt as to what church I had entered. The walls were barren. Not a picture or motto adorned them. The Puritan simplicity was relieved by a single device. Back of the pulpit hung an immense card bearing the words: "*Baptizein, to Plunge.*" That was all. I recalled the lecture room of Hamilton and the sentiment the great philosopher had caused to be written on its walls:

"On earth there's nothing great but man; in man there's nothing great but mind."

The hall was secular, but the sentiment to which it was dedicated filled me with religious exaltation. The church was supposed to be sacred, but the motto which blazoned its faith "plunged" me into a train of thought somewhat the reverse of religious.

In such churches the congregations, of course, are small. In a village whose population numbers about three thousand, I talked with one of the leading citizens about the status of the churches. "We have," he said, "a Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopal church. The Congregational minister is a cultivated man in full sympathy with modern thought. He stands on the extreme left wing of orthodoxy and preaches to as many as can get into the church."

"Well," I said, "how is the Methodist?"

"The congregation," he replied, "numbers about thirty-five."

"The Presbyterian?"

"Flourishing splendidly!" he answered. "Ever since the Rev. Hum-Drum began his ministrations the church has been coming right up. On a good Sunday, when it is known that Drum is going to *drum* away about the decrees, and when two strangers are in town who go to that church, the congregation numbers ten!"

"And the Episcopal?"

"O," he said, "now you come to the point. We have a fine little church, but just now we do not support a rector. A layman who devotes much of his thought to the question of costume officiates in the capacity of reader. If the Sunday is not too warm or dusty, and if there happens to be a stranger in town who goes there, the congregation numbers *three*!"

This undoubtedly was a slight exaggeration.

The Liberal churches are few, but they are extremely liberal. Dr. Stebbins in San Francisco has not a large following, and neither he nor his church seems very aggressive. But he commands universal respect as a thinker and his influence is felt in all that makes for culture and good morals. In San Jose the Unitarians still worship in a hall. They are strong enough to own a church edifice, and under the ministrations of Dr. McKaig they are thoroughly united. The Doctor will be remembered in the East as an outgrowth of Presbyterianism, contemporaneous with Prof. Swing. He is a great accession to the cause of rational religion on the Pacific coast.

Santa Cruz has advanced a step beyond San Jose. The Unitarians have a good church edifice and are out of debt. Their minister is another outgrowth of orthodoxy. He is abreast of the times, hospitable to new truths in whatever guise they may come, and we believe is doing a good work in Santa Cruz. Unity Church in Santa Cruz should have the sympathy of all the friends of free thought in the East. After San Francisco the post is the most important in

the State. Santa Cruz is the Newport of the Pacific coast. It is unsurpassed as a sea-side resort. If ever California should have a summer school of natural science similar to Agassiz' on Penekese, the place for it is Santa Cruz. In a short visit we were able to find eighty species of marine algae, that is one-fourth of all the species known to the entire coast of North America. Zoophytes and other forms of marine life abound in the tide pools. Santa Cruz is the Newport of the pleasure seeker and the Eastport and Key West and Penekese of the scientist. Within four miles of Unity Church every summer Sunday finds at least a thousand visitors. They should hear liberal preaching if they want it, and many of them *do* want it.

W. D. GUNNING.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 3d, 1877.

SOREN KIERKEGAARD, THE DANISH THEOLOGIAN.

WHAT is true Christianity? This question did not arise until the times of the Reformation. Before that period people simply asked, which is the true Church? But the Reformers made their protest against the truth of the church in the name of true Christianity, and as they agreed only in their attack upon the Roman Catholic Church, but differed widely with respect to the standpoint from which the attack was made, with respect to the conception of Christianity in virtue of which they rejected the church, the Reformation had hardly become an accomplished fact before it was apparent that the old quarrel about which was the true church had now been deepened into the more radical, though, for various reasons, less exasperating question, what is true Christianity?

In the nineteenth century, when the conflict between science and religion began, the question assumed a new form. It was not so much the proper meaning of the Christian doctrines as the very truth of the Christian ideas which was discussed. What atonement, redemption, salvation, or any other Christian dogma properly meant was almost left out of consideration, and the attention was chiefly concentrated on another point, namely, whether there was an atonement or not. It is evident, however, that in this its last form the question cannot be properly answered until it has been decided in its second form. It is lost labor to discuss the truth of Christianity so long as it has not been settled what true Christianity is.

It was quite natural, therefore, that during the last century many of the most prominent minds should occupy themselves with this question, and that the public at large should wait with anxiety for the result of the investigations. One of the most powerful and one of the most interesting answers, however, which hitherto has been offered is that given by Soren Kierkegaard, and the sensation which his ideas caused in the Scandinavian countries, and afterward also in Germany, seems to make it proper for us to try to introduce him to the American public.

Soren Kierkegaard was born in Copenhagen, May 5th, 1813, and died there November 12th, 1854. He hardly ever left the city. His father, a small tradesman of humble origin, was rich, and he inherited from him a considerable fortune, on which he lived elegantly but very quietly. He was a bachelor, did not go into society, and received very few visitors, in the latter period of his life hardly any at all. In his daily walks, however, through the streets and along the walls which then surrounded the city, he was fond of company and not inaccessible even to strangers. There was nothing very peculiar in his personal appearance, except perhaps his calmness and quietness: He was very thin and looked weak. He dressed a little in his own way and did not pay much attention to his surroundings, but if he had not been an author whose writings excited the deepest interest, his personal peculiarities would hardly have been noticed at all. He was a most brilliant talker. He understood not only the art of talking well himself but also that much more difficult one of making other people talk well. A conversation with him was always a great treat, and to many it became a great event. Yet the immediate impression was not agreeable. There was a singularly sharp, searching and penetrating look in his eyes which made one feel naked when standing before him. He understood peo-

ple better than they generally like to be understood, and yet not well enough to give them perfect freedom. His psychological intuition could perhaps not be surpassed, but his love of human nature could. There was, furthermore, especially when he gave a polite but evasive answer or when he turned the conversation into chatting, an undertone of sarcasm in his voice which embarrassed and stopped all free communication. When his interlocutor became a little excited, when sentimentality or any other hasty and unripe emotion crept in and threatened to overcloud the intellect for a moment, his irony not only cooled off the excitement but also bewildered the excited and made him feel foolish. His hatred of that which was wrong was greater and quicker than his love of that which was right. His knowledge was astonishing, not so much on account of its extraordinary compass as on account of its extraordinary depth. What he knew he wholly possessed. His knowledge exhausted its object; nothing more could be known of it. His perceptions were creations. Everything he touched became at once as new as the morning sun, and yet as familiar as it. When he made a remark his interlocuter made a discovery. But his sympathy was confined to that which was great, not in extent but in idea. What was little he missed, and the healthy middle-size he often mistook for mediocrity. He wrote a book on Socrates and in every second line he sneers at Xenophon, wholly forgetting that although it is from Plato we know Socrates as a philosopher, it is from Xenophon we know him as a man, and entirely overlooking that whatever may be said against Xenophon's "Memorabilia" as a representation of a philosophy, it is one of the pleasantest books ever written. He was educated a clergyman and preached several times, but as an orator he was only an artist, his natural powers as a public speaker were very small. His talent was that of a writer, and from 1842 to 1854 he wrote in solitude, almost in seclusion, between twenty and thirty volumes, some of which are very large, and all of which show that they were prepared with the utmost care.

When we gather together all the writings of a great author under one view, we generally feel that his different works are only different outlets of the same innermost tendency, different casts of the same fundamental idea, different shapes of the same consistent growth, and it is generally possible for us to name this tendency, to define this idea, to describe this growth. Such is also the case with Soren Kierkegaard, though with a remarkable modification. With him the tendency was conscious from the very first; it was not a bent of his character but an act of his will. With him the idea was ready when he began; it was not a development of his nature, but an explication of his conscience. His authorship was not a growth but a plan. When he began to write he knew exactly what books he would write and in what order he would write them. He has said so himself and it was known and understood before he said it.

His first book bears the curious title, "Whether—Or?" and consists of two parts. Part First contains A's papers and consists of aphorisms of a miscellaneous character, art criticisms, essays on esthetical subjects and a psychological analysis called "The Seducer's Diary." Part Second contains B's papers, and consists of three elaborate essays on moral subjects. These two parts of the book represent not exactly two contrasting characters, but two contrasting standpoints, the esthetical and the moral. Esthetical is life as far as nature has given it, moral as far as man has made it. Thus an esthetical view of life means enjoyment, a moral one means action. But esthetical and moral are not synonymous with epicurean and stoical. The epicurean view of life has a moral, the esthetical has none. The stoical view of life does not acknowledge enjoyment, the moral does. The esthetical view of life means absolute enjoyment. It acknowledges no other cause of action than the passions and no other purpose than their gratification. You may act morally and still keep within the boundaries of the esthetical. Morality can yield a very refined enjoyment. There is a passion for morality which you can gratify without being moral yourself. You may deal in morality and be personally wholly indifferent to it, except in so far as it is your stock in trade. The moral view of life means absolute action. The passions remain, but only as instruments, not as causes of action. The only cause acknowledged is the standard up

towhich one must act, the ideal towards which one must strive. There are—it cannot be denied by the moralist—certain processes of life which, although indispensable and necessary, are nevertheless incompatible with any fixed standard or ideal, but even such processes are not to be left under the blind tutelage of the instincts of nature; they must be put under a sort of police superintendence called prudence. In short, the man of esthetics sleeps till his passions awaken him, the man of morals rises when the business hour strikes. The question now which the book asks or which it compels the reader to ask, is this: Which of these two views of life shall I adopt? The esthetical or the moral? And the book is constructed so that, in putting this question, it compels the reader to answer: Neither the one nor the other. The esthetical view of life is demonstrated with an enthusiasm for the splendors of nature and with a lyrical power of expression which truly intoxicates the reader. The diabolical subtlety with which everything is brought to administer to the selfishness of the individual makes the reader feel that if he had passion enough he would certainly have a right to devour the whole world. Yet, behind the brilliancy of all those splendors which nature spreads on the table and invites man to banquet on; amidst the rapturous rythms of this bacchanalian chant is heard a groan of agony, a cry of despair. I do not know where or how it is brought in, but it is there, and the deeper the reader drinks of this enchanting beverage, the more keenly he feels that at the bottom is nothing but death and despair; and he will turn away from this part of the book with a kind of horror for what it describes. The moral view of life is demonstrated with a charming humor and grace which by degrees leads the reader up to a calm, dignified repose in which perfect manhood seems to enjoy perfect happiness. Yet, although I cannot point out the place or the manner, somewhere and somehow ridicule comes in and by degrees is heightened to contempt. Unhappily the moral standpoint has no one standard universally acknowledged, but a hundred, varying with the climate, the age, the national characteristics; no one ideal universally revered, but a hundred, varying with the social circle, the domestic atmosphere, the individual disposition, etc. And just as it is possible for a shallow nature to live esthetically in selfish enjoyment of its miserable passions, without ever piercing through to the despair and emptiness over which it walks, so it is possible for a mediocre nature to live up to the standard of its neighborhood and realize the ideal of the family dining-room without ever becoming aware of the ridiculousness of its self-complacency. But he who cannot content himself with the relatively *all-right*, but has a craving for the absolutely true, feels it impossible to settle down on a merely moral standpoint, and as he has turned away from the First Part of the book with horror, he now turns away from the Second Part with disgust. What views of life, then, shall I adopt? Soren Kierkegaard's answer is clear, though he gave it in his own manner. The same day he published "Whether—Or?" under a pseudonym, he published "Three Christian Sermons" under his name. There was the answer.

Thus he proceeded. In a series of pseudonymous writings he took up the different views of life which have governed or still govern the life of man, analyzed them to the very core and showed that they were as untenable in their consequences as they were unsafe in their foundations. By this means he drove his readers to a point where it suddenly flashed upon them that Christianity is the only truth which human life contains. But at this point he could not stop. In the community in which he lived, he found several remnants of the old Lutheran orthodoxy, a large stock of modern rationalism, a noisy and arrogant enthusiasm for the latest theological fashion, the speculative theology, a circle of very energetic and highly-gifted revivalists, etc. Which of these different conceptions of Christianity was the true one? Or, if they were all wrong, what then was true Christianity? On this latter question he concentrated his whole force and gave in a new series of writings a demonstration of the fundamental ideas of Christianity; and this definition of what true Christianity is—for Soren Kierkegaard defined; he did not preach—forms the centre of his whole authorship. It is sublime but utterly austere. It is strange, but there is throughout the whole course of reasoning not one fissure large enough to put in a pin. It rises before the reader like a house made

out of a single piece of molten steel; one has to go and live in it such as it is, or to let it alone.

The form in which Soren Kierkegaard developed his views of Christianity is generally that of criticism, and the means by which this criticism reaches its results is generally the psychological analysis. His pseudonymous writings are full of the most acute observations of the human intellect, its illusions, its affectations, its lies; and his purely religious books form together one vast representation of the psychology of faith. He analyzed the various fallacies by which man misses the true faith, that faith which can move mountains, and contents himself with the shadow of faith, that faith which only puts his conscience to sleep; and by these analyses he undermined and exploded the various theological systems he found installed around him. Only seldom and not always with success did he attempt to give a direct and positive exposition of his own ideas; he seems to have been entirely unfit for the pulpit. But in spite of this peculiar character of his works, it is not difficult to lay bare the fundamental ideas, metaphysical and moral, on which his philosophy rests.

When the discrepancy between modern science and the theology of Lutheran orthodoxy became apparent, there arose a new school of theologians, the rationalistic, whose object was to reconcile religion with science, Christianity with the human understanding. The method was at first simply that of interpretation. The supernaturalism of the Bible was interpreted, explained, modified, until it became conformable with the requirements of the human understanding. Thus when the Bible tells us that the angels ate with Abraham, the rationalists explained that they did not really eat but dissolved the food into its first elements and made it disappear. Singularly enough people went into raptures over such explanations. Nobody laughed; only a few felt offended. Very soon, however, it became evident that the real stumbling-block was not the angels' eating with Abraham but their very existence, and here no interpretation would serve. The method of interpretation had to be abandoned for a method of cutting off. All which could not be explained into harmony with the human understanding had to be explained away as myths and legends; and these last chapters of the history of the rationalistic school have since then been written by Dr. Strauss and Ernest Renan. But long before any such consequences were actually reached, pious souls began to shrink from what they felt would be the inevitable result of the method; and in the second decade of this century a new school of theologians was formed—the speculative. Its object was the same as that of the rationalistic school, the reconciliation of science and religion, of the human understanding and Christianity, but its method was different. Experience had shown that one of the two parties to be reconciled, the supernaturalism of Christianity could not be touched without risking the most fatal consequences, but could not the other? It was impossible to lower Christianity to the level of the human understanding, but was it also impossible to raise the human understanding to the height of the supernatural? People had tried to make Christianity reasonable and they had failed. Why not try to make the human understanding super-reasoning? Kant had discovered a new faculty in the human mind which he called *Vernunft*. Psychologically, the difference between this new faculty and the old well-known one called *Verstand*,* was never defined, but in metaphysics the distinction was much used, the *Vernunft* being described as our faculty for ideas. The speculative theologians now found that by distilling the ideas of Christianity out of the real Christianity, and the ideas of science out of the real science, it would be possible for the *Vernunft* to work out a reconciliation between the ideas; and indeed the actual task proved so easy that the theologians themselves became almost alarmed at their own success. But although speculative theology has dreamt some very beautiful dreams, its abode was, nevertheless, only a realm of shadows, a Hades in which the idea of Achilles mourned the dead Achilles. The hard reality of human existence it never reached, and it gave birth to a superficiality and affectation which were even more offensive than the coarseness and flatness of the rationalistic school.

* In the German language *Verstand* referred originally to the subject, *Vernunft* to the object. *Verstand* is the faculty with which the subject understands that which in the object is *verstandig*, i. e. *Vernunft*. In the English language there exists a similar relation between the terms *understanding* and *reason*, which can be proved by many common and thoroughly idiomatic phrases. It was Coleridge who transferred the confusion from German to English literature.

Soren Kierkegaard protested against both these schools. He denied altogether the possibility of a reconciliation between Christianity and the human understanding. His argument is very simple. Historically Christianity is a miracle; logically it is a paradox. Christianity is not *above* human understanding but against it. The Christian dogma based as it always is on a miracle, does not perplex our understanding, it offends it. For what is a miracle? A fact against the laws of nature. And what is human understanding? The consciousness of these same laws. Therefore the human understanding can do nothing with the miracle but take offense at it. An analysis of any Christian dogma makes this evident. Christianity claims that Christ was God. If this claim is true, the fact is a miracle, and we have only to think of God under one of his attributes, that for instance of omnipresence, and of Christ in one of the actual situations of his life, the crucifixion, for instance, in order to see that the miracle is a paradox. The omnipresent God crucified on Golgotha is an idea as impossible for the human understanding to grapple with as it is for a painter to paint the Nix with that cap on his head which makes him invisible. The rationalists explained away the paradox by cutting off the miracle. They made the miracle a myth or a legend, and they spoke of the divinity of Christ in the same sense as we speak of the divine Plato or the divine Shakspeare. The speculative theologians acknowledged that the miracle was the true foundation of Christianity, but they could not or would not acknowledge that a miracle is a paradox. In the stead of God under one of his concrete attributes they placed the divine idea in its naked abstraction, and in the stead of Christ in one of the actual situations of his life, they placed the idea of the incarnation in its mystical symbolism. Thus the paradox disappeared from the dogma of the unity of God and man in Christ. In opposition to the rationalistic school Soren Kierkegaard emphasized the miracle as the historical foundation of Christianity, and in opposition to the speculative school he demonstrated the miracle as a paradox, at which the human understanding must take offense or do as the night does when the morning comes and the darkness glides away, nobody knows whither, leaving behind it as its only trace that which becomes the greatest charm of the light, the shadows. To him the Christian dogma is an absurdity, a cross to the human understanding, an offense to the natural man, but for that very reason the only true object of that faith to which man must be born anew and by which he is saved; and he gave numerous psychological analyses in order to show that he who pretends to grasp the Christian dogma with his understanding, and to hold it in his mind as a reasonable thing, like the demonstrations of astronomy, is a fool or a knave.

Of the Christian morality it has often been said that its keystone is the commandment handed down to us from Christ himself: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and on this commandment Soren Kierkegaard wrote one of his best books. These words, however, sound very different when we hear them spoken in an elegant public hall by a talented minister presiding over a philanthropic committee of millionaires, and when we try to hear them as they were spoken by Christ in the streets and among a swarm of those who are wearied and heavy laden. When a veil of elegant oratory is lowered between the words and their literal meaning, and when a wall with elegant frescoing is raised between us and the neighbor who needs our love, we accept the commandment with enthusiasm, but when the veil is rent and the wall broken down, the commandment becomes a little painful. At least it became so in Soren Kierkegaard's comments. He made every single word of the sentence the subject of a special exposition, and the meaning he thus spelled together was somewhat surprising, especially to those who had heard the words many hundred times before without any suspicion of their severity. Is it not singular, he said, that Christianity should make that our first duty which we ourselves consider our greatest happiness? Love, whether to wife, parents, children, fatherland or friends, love in whatever form, is always considered by him who loves as his greatest treasure, as something holy which he could never think of parting with, as the very heart of his life; and then Christianity says: "Thou shalt love," as if every one was not most willing to do so. It must be that Christ used the word love in a different sense from ours.

There must be a difference between the natural love which is a gift and the Christian love which is a duty. We love because we cannot help loving; love is something which comes to us, which is given us, and no exertion can ever make us love when we do not love. Nevertheless, the commandment reads: "Thou shalt love," as if it were possible for us to create love in our heart by an act of our will. But the difference becomes apparent by reading the sentence to its end. All natural love involves a choice; it depends upon selection and is exclusive. Not that he who loves has consciously made the choice himself; parents do not choose their children, nor children their parents. But even though it is nature which unconsciously has made the choice for us, the object chosen is thereby only the more intimately adapted to the demands of our individuality, and the choice itself only the more exclusive of all other objects of the kind. Our love is our greatest happiness, because it is the most perfect revelation, the strongest assertion we can make of our own personality, and thus it is not altogether without reason that natural love has sometimes been called the greatest, though the most refined selfishness which human life contains, and that some philosophers* have designated all natural love as but a passing stage in our education. But from the love which Christianity demands all choice and selection are completely excluded, for the commandment says: "Thou shalt love *thy neighbor*," that is, any one who happens to stand next to thee, and in order to show that all selfish satisfaction which love might yield is absolutely foreign to Christian love, the commandment adds: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself*." That is, thou shalt make preference of none or nothing, neither parents nor children, neither wife nor friends, not even thy own hand or foot. But thus understood the commandment stands in direct opposition to human nature, as human nature is known to us through the civilization which it has developed, and this Christian moral is a practical paradox just as the Christian dogma is an intellectual paradox. The latter is a cross to our understanding, the former to our will.

The impression which Soren Kierkegaard made on his countrymen by this radical delineation of Christianity was very singular. His books were much read at first, probably mostly on account of their brilliant style and the overwhelming riches of striking and stirring details which they contained. But by degrees the study of them became more serious. They were, nevertheless, never reviewed and were very seldom spoken of. It seemed as if every one who had read them had got something to think of with which he wished to be alone. As we have already said, they contain very little metaphysical reasoning or abstract thinking. Generally the author moves on through psychological analyses, and in this art he was a perfect master. He followed the intellect, the imagination, the will, in their most minute oscillations and traced with unerring hand the most delicate mental movements. Even when he described the most violent revolutions—as for instance, the "leap" with which a man discards his own intellect and breaks his own will in order to embrace the Christian paradox—he remained perfectly calm himself and knew how to find the proper word to paint the horror and confusion on the one side and on the other the divine light which surpasses all understanding. This peculiar character of his writings fascinated people, and once within his grasp his mental superiority was sure to hold them fast. Some of his readers rose no doubt from the study of his works with the feeling that if this were true Christianity, they would have nothing further to do with it; but the general impression was one of vague uneasiness. People seemed to feel that the whole atmosphere was filled with illusions, affectations and lies, but the remedy which was recommended to them seemed utterly impracticable, yea almost worse than the evil. Meanwhile everything remained quiet until 1854. The bishop of Sealand, the primate of the Danish Church died, and in the funeral oration his successor represented him as "one link of the holy chain of witnesses which connects the times of the Apostles with our times." After long hesitation Soren Kierkegaard protested in a short but pithy and terse article, published in the most prominent newspaper of Copenhagen. In this article it was evident that every word was weighed and measured, and it fell with fearful em-

* The reader will remember Emerson's words: "Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

phasia, when he called the late bishop "a vain and sensuous man, a scandal to Christ." The effect was, as might be expected, a deluge of denunciations and execrations from the ministers of the established church. But Soren Kierkegaard took no notice of this kind of argument. He changed the point of attack from the bishop to the ministers, and from the ministers to the church institution. Even the young theological students and the professors of the University received one day such a shower of ridicule, that they found it expedient to keep out of the way for some time. As the line of attack was widened his articles, which at first appeared in the papers, grew into small pamphlets published sometimes twice a day, sometimes once a week. Meanwhile the public at large looked on with amazement, but not without proper appreciation of the situation. On the one side the sharp ring of the sword, striking rapidly blow after blow; on the other a violent but vague noise of blows in the air. The contrast was too striking to be missed. A low murmur began to rise from the country; scandals which had taken place in some churches were publicly heard of; the air became filled with suspense. Then Kierkegaard suddenly died and deep silence fell upon him and his works for nearly twenty years.

CLEMENS PETERSEN.

LITERATURE.

TROIS CONFÉRENCES AU CIRQUE D'HIVER. April 15, 22 and 29, 1877. Par Hyacinthe Loyson, Pretre.

These three addresses, delivered as the title informs us, in a large secular building, and, as one concludes from reading them, before immense audiences, give the answer of Broad Church Catholicism to three of the pressing problems of the modern age, "Respect for the Truth," "Reform in the Family," and "The Moral Crisis." They are candid, earnest, full, eloquent of course. The orator avows himself a Catholic, loyal "to the traditional dogma and rite as defined by the Councils truly ecumenical, common to the Eastern and Western Churches; and to a priesthood of apostolical origin, representing the continuity of the Church through the periods of history, and serving as guardian of the unity and perpetuity of the faith." He takes the position that these "venerable and necessary forms" are brought into contact with "modern science and liberty," and have nothing to fear from them; that they are penetrated more and more with a spirit of "evangelical spiritualism," and may serve as the ground work of a powerful reformation "at once conservative and progressive, as hostile to rationalism as to mysticism." He declares that the Christ he preaches to-day is the same that he preached in Notre Dame, "not a mere mortal, not a prophet, not even a demi-god, but the *Logos*, the Eternal Reason personally manifested in the actual man named Jesus." In these addresses therefore, we have the answer which the most liberal Catholicism has to give to three of the most urgent questions of the hour. It may be interesting to hear what they are.

In dealing with the first subject, "Respect for the Truth," the speaker distinctly declares that by truth he means "Christian" truth, and by morality "Christian" morality. "What," he asks, "is this morality whereof I am to speak? Is it independent morality? I respect and honor its sincere advocates, but I share in no degree their principles or their methods. For me morality has its root in the absolute, personal, and living, in God, and in its complete form it has a name of its own; it is Christian morality." This definition being laid down, we are prepared for what follows. The adversary of truth is error, falsehood, the lying spirit described in the New Testament, the spirit of doubt and denial, in whatever manner conveyed, whether in deeds, words or thoughts, whether voluntary or involuntary, responsible or

irresponsible. In a word, the "Broad Church" Catholicism assumes a devil, a "father of lies," and ascribes to his agency the anti-Christian tendencies of the world, as represented by the press, public opinion, democracy, and the revolutionary movements in society. Hyacinthe Loyson does not speak of these things in the coarse language of the older school; he is courteous; he seems to discriminate; he has the air of making allowances and concessions; but in reality his position is that of the orthodox. He quotes approvingly the saying of La Bruyere, "Man is born mendacious," and he ascribes to the Church the power to quicken the germs of truthfulness in him. The discourse is practical, not speculative or doctrinal; but it is easy to see, from the descriptions of life and society what the doctrinal basis is.

In the second discourse, "The Reform of the Family," the speaker's limitations are still more apparent. The subject is one of vital importance. It touches the heart of the evils in modern society. The mischief is seen and noted. The danger to the organization of society from loose domestic morals is exposed frankly and firmly, though with remarkable skill and delicacy. "We are led to expect some rational suggestion that will awaken the interest at least of thoughtful minds. But no such suggestion comes. The New Catholicism can offer nothing better than a restoration of the authority of the Church in the family. 'The remedy, messieurs! I know what it is; I present it to you. Rebuild the domestic altar; resume your priestly functions; dare to believe, to teach, to pray, to collect about you your wives and children. Young men, sober men, husbands, fathers, inaugurate a Christianity so firm, so tender, so religious, that it will draw and hold your wives and children!—a Christianity so enlightened, so manful, and progressive that you can stay in it yourselves, can believe it and live on it with them!' And this is the answer which an earnest man makes to one of the hardest problems of the age! To cure a mortal disease, use a prescription which never healed, and which the sufferer has utterly lost faith in!"

The address on the "Moral Crisis" opens with the honest confession that the moral crisis is "the struggle between religious morality and morality which is purely human; in other words, between Christian and independent morality." It is unnecessary to enlarge on this statement. We have only to bear in mind that "independent" morality is but another name for scientific or rational morality, and that "Christian" morality is the traditional morality of the Church, and it at once becomes clear that the New Catholicism is in no respect better than the Old as an agent of intellectual and social progress. The contents of the address may be surmised. The three points taken up and discussed from the Catholic view are—1. The elimination, by science, of Christian morality, and the disuse of religion itself; 2. The proposed separation of Church and State; 3. The subjugation of religious consciences to the State. The last point is barely touched, the orator deeming it unworthy of discussion. On the other points the priest is directly at issue with all "rational" thinkers, and with the most deeply earnest reformers of the generation.

We mention these discourses at such length because there are many good and intelligent people who think that the New Catholicism has a remedy to offer for what are usually called the "ills" of modern society. We assure such that in our judgment it has none.

O. B. F.

As a bashful stranger passed down the aisle of an Indiana church last Sunday, a good old lady mistook him for the pusher of the contribution box, and dropped a nickel into his hat.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE OCTOBER ST. NICHOLAS has a pleasant flavor of autumn in the selection of "Autumn Poetry" so carefully made by Lucy Larcom after the fashion of her selections for "Spring and Summer." "A Century Ago" is quite well done, if it were not so utterly absurd to suppose it possible that under the circumstances described the body of the young volunteer would be left lying where he fell. Grant this and the rest follows. The English game of "Hare and Hounds" is cleverly described—a game that is worth encouraging among our country boys. "The Little Girl who Grew Smaller" is apparently the grandchild of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and is absurd enough, but will doubtless please the little folks. "The Revenge of the Young Hippopotamus" is rather heavy fun, by Park Benjamin. Prof. Proctor's Starry Series is completed in this number with "The Stars in October, November and December," and Trowbridge also completes his boy's story, "His own Master." Donald G. Mitchell has a brief sketch of Bernardin de St. Pierre and Mdme. Cottin under the title "Two French Story Tellers," and the largest name of the number is that of Mr. Longfellow, who contributes a short poem on Haroun al Raschid.

SCRIBNER FOR OCTOBER.—The autumn winds having made themselves felt (we mean no reprehensible pun), Clarence Cook very appropriately comes to the front in a long article with the alliterative title "Togas and Toggery." The illustrations, which are numerous, are of varied merit, and though interesting are not generally up to the level of *Scribner's* best. "How New York is Fed," by Wm. H. Rideing, is a popular article of a kind which appeals directly to every man's stomach. The poems of the number are generally prompted by the season as the names imply, "An Autumn Song," "Clematis," "Ripe Corn," "Woodbines in October," "A Vintage Song." "Nicholas Minturn" reaches a conclusion, and will be treated of in a separate notice. "A Yankee Tar and His Friends" contains some acceptable gossip about well-known foreign artists and literary men anent their correspondence with the late Captain Morgan. On page 766 appears a capital fac-simile of a note of J. M. W. Gurner. A brief sketch of Boyeson by F. E. Heath, is accompanied by a portrait after a crayon by Wyatt Eaton. An ex-Member of Congress rehearses the now familiar story of "Experience in Post Office Appointments," an experience probably familiar to every member of the National Legislature, and which, alas! some do not appear as yet to have had enough of. A story entitled "June Chantry," by James T. McKay, if finished, leaves the reader in the middle of nowhere in particular, but the story shows some power. The article of the number, however, is undoubtedly that of Mr. George S. Merriam on Christianity and Free Thought. Mr. Merriam is a self-restrained and careful writer, and this contribution of his will command thoughtful consideration from many who do not ordinarily give much attention to what is meant by Free Thought and Free Thinker.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

From J. E. Osgood & Co., Boston.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANITY. A Series of Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. \$2.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY. From Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Crown, 8vo. \$2.50.

From Macmillan & Co.

WOMANKIND. By Charlotte M. Yonge. \$1.75.

MISS M. FREDRIKA PERRY, of the firm of lady-lawyers, Perry & Martin, of Chicago, is about to enter the lecture field. The purport of her lecture is the relation which woman sustains to great national emergencies like that of the strikes and riots of last summer. In these days of agitated controversy on the rights of labor, the duties of capital and similar topics, it is worthy of note that women should engage in these discussions and thereby demonstrate their increasing interest in the larger affairs of life. Miss Perry is a young woman of uncommon ability and strength of character; she is not only an able professionalist, but a clear thinker and close student on subjects unconnected with her profession. As a speaker she has received high encomiums for brilliancy and power. Of accomplished tastes and pleasing presence she is certain to produce a most favorable impression wherever she goes. We commend her to our lecture-loving friends and predict for her a marked success.

F.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

I.

If an inspired master-hand should trace,
And carve, all patiently and with skilful care,
The perfect features of a perfect face,
Until it stood before him, passing fair;
And, when completed, he should fiercely take
His hammer, and with unremorseful blow,
Into confused and formless atoms break
The shapely image we admired so,
What would you think, my friends?

II.

And if an artist on his canvas drew
A picture which the critics joined to say
Was true to nature—from the sky of blue
To the small grass-blade growing by the way;
And, then, in frantic mood, his brush should fling
Upon the painting, blurring from the sight
All of the beauty that had made a thing
Of purest rapture and of chaste delight,
What would you think, my friends?

III.

And if a man should think a lofty thought,
That would become a blessing to mankind,
And into rhythm the idea wrought,
In language from all foreign dross refined,
And then should hold it to the candle-light,
While the white parchment into blue smoke curled,
Till naught was left us of a song that might
Have sung itself forever 'round the world,
What would you think, my friends?

IV.

And if a builder reared a temple, white,
Superb and beautiful, with dome and tower,
And shrines that blazed with many a jewel bright,
And pillars twined with many a twinkling flower;
And then himself should take a torch, and fire
The structure he had made with pain and cost,
And while the flames were wrapping base and spire,
Should look with calmness on the marvel lost,
What would you think, my friends?

V.

Then, if a God of mercy and of love
In His own image should a man create,
Furnished with life from altar-flames above,
And yet the helpless toy of trifling fate;
Suppose this man, all virtuous and strong,
And loving, in a frenzied moment fell,
And that his Maker for this only wrong,
Should damn him to the very depths of Hell,
What would you think, my friends?

VI.

The statue, and the picture and the verse,
The temple, too, you all would mourn; and then
Creators and destroyers you would curse
As the most foolish or the worst of men.
And yet the orthodox have dared to say
That God is of that crew; that he will fashion
A host of human beings from the clay,
But to condemn them in an hour of passion!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MY FRIENDS?

WILL H. HERNAN in *Southern States*.

THE WEARIEST SOUL.

FRAU HEIDENBURG, the pastor's widow, was teaching six little girls to make lace. It would have warmed your heart, though it was but a little leaden heart, could you have stood in the wide house-place and seen those six childish heads bending over the oblong lace cushions, and those six pair of dimpled hands twirling the gossamer threads around the pins. And if you could have looked into their bright eyes you would have said, "How lovely innocent eyes are! They are like a mountain spring or the summer sky. How beautiful it is to be young and unused to the world!"

"When I grow up," said a little one with linty locks, "I'll beat Hansei Gunter for setting his dog on my geese."

"When I grow up," said a tall one with honey-colored braids, I'll spite Maria Handel for saying my eyes are grey as her flannel frock. I'll never forget that, never."

"When I grow up," said one with funny freckles across her nose, "I'll do something dreadful to Brasig Meyre for breaking my doll, and if I can't do anything to hurt him, I'll never forgive him."

Now it was only necessary to look into Frau Heidenburg's face to know that she was wise and kind. Grey hair waved about her delicately lined forehead and soft faded cheeks, and her eyes were bright and brown, and she always looked as if she was thinking of something beautiful and good.

"Children," said she, interrupting the little ones, "lay aside your work for a little while; I want to tell you a story I heard long ago in the days of my youth, and which your talk has brought into my mind."

When the six pair of busy hands lay folded in the six little laps, and it was so still in the room the ticking of the clock sounded almost as loud as the beating of the drum does at a fair, Frau Heidenburg began:

"There is a beautiful angel who stands night and day before the gate of Paradise to welcome the souls as they ascend from earth. He is never absent from his post for a moment; for oh, how forlorn it would be for a poor soul who had just left all that he had known and loved, to enter even the city of our Lord and not be welcomed!

"One day a spirit of the air who had long watched the endless procession of the dead floating toward Heaven, came and stood before the angel of the gate, and veiling his dark, sad face with his great wings, he said:

"Oh, angel and minister of love, long have I watched the souls who enter here. I have seen resignation, peace and radiant joy on many faces, but sometimes I have seen another look which tells of weariness. Tell me, are men weary even here?"

"No weariness is here," the angel said. "Ambition, selfishness and pride are heavy burdens, and when carried till their owner lies down within the grave oft leave their shadow on the soul; but those who wear the look unspeakable have borne the weariest burden man can bear, a bitter burden made up of the remembrance of slights and wounds and injuries."

"Beware, my little ones," said Frau Heidenburg, "of beginning such a burden. Remember the look, or word, or act you think was meant to hurt you may have had another motive, and that he who stores such things within his memory lays up a load that will make him one of the weariest souls that enter Heaven."

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

[From a paper by Frederic Harrison in the Nineteenth Century.]

THE philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that *man* loves, thinks, acts, not that the ganglia, or the sinuses, or any organ of man, loves and thinks and acts. The thoughts, aspirations, and impulses, are not secretions, and the science which teaches us about secretions will not teach us much about them; our thoughts, aspirations, and impulses, are faculties of a man. Now, as a man implies a body, so we say these also imply a body. And to talk to us about a bodiless being thinking and loving is simply to talk about the thoughts and feelings of nothing.

This fundamental position each one determines according

to the whole bias of his intellectual and moral nature. But on the positive, as on the theological method there is ample scope for the spiritual life, for moral responsibility, for the world beyond the grave, its hopes and its duties; which remain to us perfectly real without the unintelligible hypothesis. However much men cling to the hypothesis from old association, if they reflect, they will find that they do not use it to give them any actual knowledge about man's spiritual life; that all their methodical reasoning about the moral world is exclusively based on the phenomena of this world, and not on the phenomena of any other world. And thus the absence of the hypothesis altogether does not make the serious difference which theologians suppose.

To follow out this into particulars: Analysis of human nature shows us a man with great variety of faculties; his moral powers are just as distinguishable as his intellectual powers; and both are mentally separable from his physical powers. Moral and mental laws are reduced to something like system by moral and mental science, with or without the theological hypothesis. The most extreme form of materialism does not dispute that moral and mental science is for logical purposes something more than physical science. So the most extreme form of spiritualism gets its mental and moral science by observation and argument from phenomena; it does not, or it does not any longer, build such science by abstract deduction from any proposition as to an immaterial entity. There have been, in ages past, attempts to do this. Plato, for instance, attempted to found, not only his mental and moral philosophy, but his general philosophy of the universe, by deduction from a mere hypothesis. He imagined immaterial entities, the ideas, of things inorganic, as much as organic. But then Plato was consistent and had the courage of his opinions. If he imagined an idea, or soul, of a man, he imagined one also for a dog, for a tree, for a statue, for a chair. He thought that a statue and a chair were what they are, by virtue of an immaterial entity which gave them form. The hypothesis did not add much to the art of statuary, or to that of the carpenter; nor, to do him justice, did Plato look for much practical result in these spheres. One form of the doctrine alone survives—that man is what he is by virtue of an immaterial entity temporarily indwelling in his body. But, although the hypothesis survives, it is in no sense any longer the basis of the science of human nature with any school. No school is now content to sit in its study and evolve its knowledge of the moral qualities of man out of abstract deductions from the conception of an immaterial entity. All, without exception, profess to get their knowledge of the moral qualities by observing the qualities which men actually do exhibit, or have exhibited. And those who are persuaded that man has, over and above his man's nature, an immaterial entity, find themselves discussing the laws of thought and of character on a common ground with those who regard man as man—i. e., who regard man's nature as capable of being referred to an homogenous system of law. Spiritualists and materialists, however much they may differ in their explanations of moral phenomena, describe their relations in the same language, the language of law, not of illuminism.

Those, therefore, who dispense with a transcendental explanation are just as free as those who maintain it, to handle the spiritual and religious phenomena of human nature, treating them simply as phenomena. No one has ever suggested that the former philosophy is not quite as well entitled to analyze the intellectual faculties of man as the stoutest believer in the immaterial entity. It would raise a smile nowadays to hear it said that such a one must be incompetent to treat of

the canons of inductive reasoning, because he was unorthodox as to the immortality of the soul. And if, notwithstanding this unorthodoxy, he is thought competent to investigate the laws of thought, why not the moral laws, the sentiments, and the emotions? As a fact, every moral faculty of man is recognized by him just as much as by any transcendentalist. He does not limit himself, any more than the theologian does, to mere morality. He is fully alive to the spiritual emotions in all their depth, purity, and beauty. He recognizes in man the yearning for a power outside his individual self which he may venerate, a love for the author of his chief good, the need for sympathy with something greater than himself. All these are positive facts which rest on observation, quite apart from any explanation of the hypothetical cause of these tendencies in man. There, at any rate, the scientific observer finds them; and he is at liberty to give them quite as high a place in his scheme of human nature as the most complete theologian. He may possibly give them a far higher place, and bind them far more truly into the entire tissue of his whole view of life, because they are built up for him on precisely the same ground of experience as all the rest of his knowledge, and have no element at all heterogeneous from the rest of life. With the language of spiritual emotion he is perfectly in unison. The spirit of devotion, of spiritual communion with an ever-present power, of sympathy and fellowship with the living world, of awe and submission toward the material world, the sense of adoration, love, resignation, mystery, are at least as potent with the one system as with the other. He can share the religious emotion of every age, and can enter into the language of every truly religious heart. For myself, I believe that this is only done on a complete as well as a real basis in the religion of humanity, but we need not confine the present argument to that ground. I venture to believe that this spirit is truly shared by all, whatever their hypothesis about the human soul, who treat these highest emotions of man's nature as facts of primary value, and who have any intelligible theory whereby these emotions can be aroused.

All positive methods of treating man of a comprehensive kind adopt to the full all that has ever been said about the dignity of man's moral and spiritual life, and treat these phenomena as distinct from the intellectual and the physical life. These methods also recognize the unity of consciousness, the facts of conscience, the sense of identity, and the longing for perpetuation of that identity. They decline to explain these phenomena by the popular hypotheses; but they neither deny their existence, nor lessen their importance. Man, they argue, has a complex existence, made up of the phenomena of his physical organs, of his intellectual powers, of his moral faculties, crowned and harmonized ultimately by his religious sympathies—love, gratitude, veneration, submission, toward the dominant force by which he finds himself surrounded. I use words which are not limited to a particular philosophy or religion—I do not now confine my language to the philosophy or religion of Comte—for this same conception of man is common to many philosophies, and many religions. It characterizes such systems as those of Spinoza or Shelley or Fichte as much as those of Confucius or Buddha. In a word, the reality and the supremacy of the spiritual life have never been carried further than by men who have departed most widely from the popular hypotheses of the immaterial entity.

Many of these men, no doubt, have indulged in hypotheses of their own quite as arbitrary as those of theology. It is characteristic of the positive thought of our age that it stands upon a firmer basis. Though not confounding the

moral facts with the physical, it will never lose sight of the correspondence and consensus between all sides of human life. Led by an enormous and complete array of evidences, it associates every fact of thought or of emotion with a fact of physiology, with molecular change in the body. Without pretending to explain the first by the second, it denies that the first can be explained without the second. But with this solid basis of reality to work on, it gives their place of supremacy to the highest sensibilities of man, through the heights and depths of the spiritual life.

Nothing is more idle than a discussion about words. But when some deny the use of the word "soul" to those who mean by it this consensus, and not any immaterial entity, we may remind them that our use of the word agrees with its etymology and its history. It is the mode in which it is used in the Bible, the well-spring of our true English speech. It may, indeed, be contended that there is no instance in the Bible in which soul does not mean an immaterial entity, the idea not having been familiar to any of the writers, with the doubtful exception of St. Paul. But without entering on Biblical philology, it may be said that for one passage in the Bible in which the word "soul" can be forced to bear the meaning of immaterial entity, there are ten texts in which it cannot possibly refer to anything but breath, life, moral sense, or spiritual emotion. When the Psalmist says, "Deliver my soul from death," "Heal my soul, for I have sinned," "My soul is cast down within me," "Return unto my rest, O my soul," he means by "soul" what we mean—the conscious unity of our being culminating in its religious emotions; and until we find some English word that better expresses this idea, we shall continue to use the phraseology of David.

It is not merely that we are denied the language of religion, but we sometimes find attempts to exclude us from the thing. There are some who say that worship, spiritual life, and that exaltation of the sentiments which we call devotion, have no possible meaning unless applied to the special theology of the particular speaker. A little attention to history, a single reflection on religion as a whole, suffice to show the hollowness of this assumption. If devotion mean the surrender of self to an adored Power, there has been devotion in creeds with many gods, with one God, with no gods; if spiritual life mean the cultivation of this temper toward moral purification, there was spiritual life long before the notion of an immaterial entity inside the human being was excogitated; and as to worship, men have worshipped, with intense and overwhelming passion, all kinds of objects, organic and inorganic, material and spiritual, abstract ideas as well as visible forces. It is implied that Confucius, and the countless millions who have followed him, had no idea of religion, as it is certain that they had none of theology; that Buddha and the Buddhists were incapable of spiritual emotion; that the Fire-worshippers and the Sun-worshippers never practiced worship; that the pantheists and the humanists, from Marcus Aurelius to Fichte, had the springs of spiritual life dried up in them for want of an Old or New Testament? If this is intended, one can only wonder at the power of a self-complacent conformity to close men's eyes to the native dignity of man. Religion, and its elements in emotion—attachment, veneration, love—are as old exactly as human nature. They moved the first men and the first women. They have found a hundred objects to inspire them, and have bowed to a great variety of powers. They were in full force long before theology was, and before the rise of Christianity; and it would be strange indeed if they should cease with the decline of either. It is not the emotional elements of religion which fail us. For these,

with the growing goodness of mankind, are gaining in purity and strength. Rather, it is the intellectual elements of religion which are conspicuously at fault. We need to-day, not the faculty of worship (that is ever fresh in the heart), but a clearer vision of the power we should worship. Nay, it is not we who are borrowing the privileges of theology: rather it is theology which seeks to appropriate to itself the most universal privilege of man.

BRIEF SELECTIONS.

I do not like to attend a communion service, unless I can be sure that he who leads it will lead me to faith and joy. I could hold such a service at any hour of any day, if it were purely spiritual, but if any attempt be made to present that symbol, it must be consistent. The poet-heart demands that the imagination shall be aided in its attempt to reconceive that hour in the upper chamber by gathering shadows, close contact, and tender low-spoken words. Twelve people were present then;—only twelve, for the true communion did not begin till one guilty soul had stolen out of that Holy of Holies. Perhaps twelve persons are as large a number as ever ought to try to realize it. It seems to me that we should come nearer to what Jesus intended, if we kept this anniversary sitting about our own tables, with those of our own household. How sacredly I have often kept it at the bedside of the dying! It should not be publicly celebrated so often as to lose verisimilitude, or to become indifferent to him who offers the symbols. To "eat unworthily," whatsoever else it may mean, surely means first, to take the symbols, upon which Jesus gazed with sadness and love, without the power to uplift either one's self or one's friends. Few men whom I have known have such a power so steadily present as to be able to administer the "Last Supper," once a month. Theodore Parker could have done it, and would, if he had not lived at a time when he considered it necessary to protest against the superstitious awe with which the rite was then regarded. The time will come, I think, when we shall keep it, as we do our dead mother's birthday, or her "Golden Wedding." Out of the "heart" of that hour are the "issues" of our life, deny it though we may.—C. H. DALL.

"QUID, SI MUNDUS EVOLVATUR?"

Is THERE no Pilot's hand that guides
Yon gallant ship to thread her way
From Thames or Hudson to Cathay,
Though tossed the seeming sport of winds and tides?

Doth hazard shape the spiral course
Of Cosmos? Even if it seem bent
By many a "trivial incident?"
The Hand that steers laid all the springs of Force!

Lo! from the damask loom of France
Swiftly evolves the flowery web;
Deem you no hand of artist deft
Prepared the warp, or come those hues by chance?

No threads symmetric meet our view
Where crossed and blending powers, like flame,
Shoot thwart this vast vibrating frame,
But yet they weave the pattern Wisdom drew!

The minstrel's strain may swell or bend
To chances of his mood or lyre,
But if 'tis kindled with true fire,
A theme of purpose thrills from end to end!

We may not scan like mortal's lay
The mighty metres that rehearse
The Epos of the Universe,
But yet the Great Poetess makes away!

Our grandsires sang in pious lauds,
"God moves in a mysterious way;"
Yea, wondrous far beyond what they
Conceived! Is it too wondrous to be God's?

—MARCUS PAULUS VENETUS in *Spectator*.

A PREACHER'S DEALING WITH HIS PEOPLE.—It is absolutely necessary that a minister, in order to be effective, should deal with people both in their masses as a preacher, and in their individuals as a pastor. I have often heard the minister pleading to his people compared to the lawyer pleading to the jury. You argue week after week; and men will not allow that Christianity is true—certainly will not allow that they need a Christian life. We are like lawyers

pleading before a jury which, in the first place, is under no compulsion to decide, and which, if it is to decide, must change its life and make new habits, which it does not like to do. There is no likeness between that body of men which cannot leave the box and go home until it has decided. No wonder our jury trembles a little when it has a character in it like Felix, who was judge and jury alike to St. Paul, and who shuts up the court and says: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call for thee." The result of all this is, in the congregation you have human nature as it appears in its largest contemplation. Personal peculiarities disappear, and you have man as man before you. It is more easy to know one man than to know many. And in the crowd the minister sees every man, not any one in particular. There are some preachers who are ineffective through the incapacity of this larger sight of humanity which a congregation ought to inspire. There are some preachers who seem to know men, but are not able to be touched by men in the least degree. They are not ready to bring before people these motives to higher human action which are the springs of many virtues of many kinds. Such men may have the qualities to be spiritual advisers; but it is not easy to see how they can be powerful preachers. I think it is necessary for a man to preach sometimes to a congregation that he does not know—to keep the truth of the preacher such as it ought to be. He who preaches continually to the same people, knowing them minutely, is apt to make his preaching minute. I think there are few inspirations, few tonics for a minister's life better than for him to go and preach to a congregation in which he does not know a single face. And as he stands up and looks across them, before he begins his sermon, it is like looking the race in the face. All the nobleness of his race comes up before him. It is the feeling that the traveller has when he has passed through a great town whose name he did not know. There were men, and houses and churches, post-office and buildings of every kind; but none of them are individualized to him by any personal interest of his own in them. It is human life in general. Often the impulse of the human life which we know in particular is lost, from the very fact that we know it so well. But this must be occasional. A constant travelling through unknown towns would no doubt weaken, if not destroy, our sense of humanity altogether. It is good for a man that his knowledge of a congregation should be primarily and principally the knowledge of his own congregation. It is remarkable how many of the great preachers of the world are inseparably associated with the places where their work was done—where, perhaps, all their life was lived. In many instances their place has passed into their name, as if it were part of them; their associations have become historic; and we think of the man with the place, and of the place with the man. Everywhere a man must have his place.—REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

OBITUARY.

JOHN EARL WILLIAMS.

[From an Address at his funeral, by Henry W. Bellows, D. D.]

A full, a useful, a happy life has ended. Three-score and ten years and more have rounded out a nature at once richly endowed, favored with opportunities singularly ample and various, and improved with labors, diligent, wisely applied and crowned with success. After earning and deserving fortune, and then fully enjoying it, using it for the comfort of his family, the aid of the needy, and the promotion of public interests, our departed brother has cast off his worn out garment of flesh and disappeared from our eyes. I will not say he has gone to his rest, for he had found his rest long before he laid off his mortality, in his love of God and duty. I will not say he is dead, for it is not he but his body only that is dead. I will not say that he has gone to a happier world, for it would reproach the blessedness he enjoyed in this. He was attached to life in this world, for he had made and proved it a world of happiness by using and not abusing it. He had not waited to go to heaven but had brought heaven down to earth by living for heavenly objects and upon principles that will not need to be changed with mere change of place. * * *

Mr. Williams began his business life as a clerk in a bank in Newport, of which by fidelity he became cashier. He was transferred to a larger bank in the same position at New Bedford. His talents and probity caused him to be needed at Boston, and as cashier of the City Bank there he worked out a new method of dealing with country banks which became famous. His abilities and repute made

him the most eminent candidate for the offices he afterwards filled in the Metropolitan Bank of which for so many years he was the life and head.

The qualities of scrupulous respect for others' money and others' interests, of spotless integrity, of a watchfulness which is not that of an eye-servant, the application of the best powers of the mind, the best hour of the day, the nicest sense of responsibility, to the affairs of a great institution like this, continued for a long term of years, is probably alike the highest and most difficult form of Christian virtue which in his life and position he had an opportunity of displaying. To a weak, a selfish, a grasping, a merely adroit man, a man who loved the applause of man, but feared not the eye of God, I can conceive such a place to be full of baits and opportunities of wrong and selfishness not likely to be known to the outside world. That he escaped either suspicion or temptation and bore himself with scrupulous honor through a long course as a banker and financier, I hold to be his crowning honor in these days of weak-kneed integrity and failing honesty in officers and directors of monied institutions.

In his relations with his friends, relatives and acquaintances, few men with so impulsive, brusque and incisive a nature have ever displayed more affection, fidelity and helpfulness. He has been loved, trusted, honored by more men and women, and for longer periods, than almost any one I could name. Not that he escaped reproaches and misunderstandings and offences against others' feelings. He was too positive, outspoken and impetuous in his convictions and feelings for that. Not that he did not sometimes wound and temporarily alienate, but his faults were those of an earnest, generous, upright soul, and his heart neither kept malice nor held in memory its own passing imitations.

In his home, and among those entitled to his warmest affections, who more beloved and honored, who more gentle, tender and devoted? Here lay his happiness, and few have been so blest in the delights and comforts of domestic confidence and care. And what a truly princely yet unostentatious hospitality he practised, how open his house and heart, how numerous his guests, how considerate and persistent his care for their pleasure, how genial the happiness he diffused with his welcome and his smile, his delightful chat and his earnest debate!

And all this came from the essential elevation, the sound virtue and vital piety of his heart. He was religious from the core and to the outermost circle of his being. He had made himself here in the isolation of his residence a sort of centre for the few worshippers about him of a simple faith like his own, who on the Lord's day, for years, gathered here and made this "a church in his house," where he officiated by a sort of natural ordination as leader and minister, with what reverence, tenderness and apt selection of the best sermons and prayers some of you know. I think his example in this respect one worthy of all imitation, and that his use of his Sundays was one of the most beautiful and sacred illustrations of the essential purity, faith and piety that characterized his life.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMAS J. MUMFORD.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of *The Inquirer*:

You speak of Mr. Mumford as "frequently ungenerous and unjust in his editorial treatment of those from whom he differed," and I understand the honest and intelligent sense of your words. But he never meant to be so, and therefore was not so, however wanting in absolute equity or charity his, like all our *opinions*, might occasionally be. In the sword-play of the *Register* with the *Index*, which my friend Frothingham brings to judgment, it were hard to tell where, in any intellectual or moral respect, the advantage lay; with the radical assailant of Christianity or the conservative on guard and ever ready with a keen answering thrust. It was a drawn game of strength, if not an equal contest of wit, and there was the same integrity of aim. This I say, not as an advocate of Mr. Mumford's theology or ecclesiasticism, but as rather a warm dissenter from his characteristic views, especially on the lively questions of religious freedom and moral purity in the church, under recent and wrathful debate. Doubtless he had a denominational and Christian *policy* in these matters; yet a policy, while in spiritual things never truthful, may be quite sincere, and the religious like the political editor rarely

escapes being a lawyer and special pleader for a side, which Chief Justice Shaw told me every member of the legal profession liable to be retained in a cause must and ought to be. Having never in my life been competent to a policy, and being only impolitic in all things, I would, however, not denounce shrewd plans to compass righteous ends, if no injurious or deceitful means be used; and never was a more candid and tenderly loving soul than that of our sometimes adroitly managing brother, so suddenly and painfully unclothed! On the moot points referred to, Mr. Mumford did not run the lines straight to my eye. Yet my love for him was only fanned; it never blew out by our oppositions, because he was faithful, and, with whatever diverse architecture, on the same rock of character, and according to the same ground-plan of duty with his dear friend and Free Religious neighbor, intended to build. As they left their premises it was by different ways. One was a cautious explorer, the other an adventurous pioneer; but in certain ethical directions both I think were slow, last term as that might seem to apply to the supposed rash and romantic *Index*, however it fit the staid and sober *Register*. But a new career, to be opened by a fresh hand, is before our old representative sheet. It is going to strike the tent it had pitched, and to follow whatever road science or inspiration may light up. What a competition of splendor and liberty and all nobility *you* may expect, and have to show more clearly than ever your reason to be! Meantime take my hearty congratulation that, of our Unitarian weeklies, you are first in the field of unrestricted thought, in a race we shall all of us be put to our mettle on before the race is concluded and the prize won.

C. A. BARTOL.

JOTTINGS.

REV. WM. H. CHANNING intends to spend the coming winter in America.

A CONFERENCE of Michigan Unitarian Churches will be held in Jackson early in October.

REV. R. LAIRD COLLIER returned from Europe last Saturday. Mr. Collier is in excellent health.

REV. RUSH R. SHIPPEN will preach at Ann Arbor, Mich., on September 30th, and at Ithaca, N. Y., October 7th.

REV. R. P. STEBBINS proposes to close his work at Ithaca the latter part of this month. After that the pulpit will be filled temporarily by various preachers.

REV. C. H. BRIGHAM is taking a long vacation from his work at Ann Arbor for rest and recuperation. During his absence the pulpit is being supplied by different preachers.

REV. WM. J. LLOYD, of last year's class of Harvard Divinity School, has accepted a call from the First Unitarian Society of New Orleans. Mr. Lloyd takes with him a young Southern wife to his new field of labor.

MR. J. H. ROCKWELL, of Iowa, until recently a preacher among the Methodists, has applied to be received into Unitarian fellowship. The Iowa Unitarian Association has appointed a meeting of welcome and invited the churches of Iowa and Western Illinois to assemble for that purpose at Keokuk, on Tuesday, Oct. 2.

THE Worcester County Conference of Unitarian Churches, held on Tuesday of last week, was a very enjoyable occasion. Rev. M. J. Savage preached the opening sermon, taking as his subject "Ideal Unitarianism." Rev. N. P. Gilman also read a sermon on "The Unitarian Ideal of Personal Character." It was, indeed, an ideal occasion.

THE Unitarian Society at Hartford, Conn., has voted unanimously to continue services in the State House indefinitely and proceed to hear candidates at once. Rev. M. J. Schermerhorn, formerly of Buffalo, has been supplying the pulpit for the last few months, and great regret is expressed that the state of his health will not permit him to continue his services.

REV. J. R. EFFINGER, Unitarian State Missionary for Iowa, writes under date of September 11th: "Things are getting on very well here. I have formed a circuit of four appointments, Des Moines, Atlantic, Marshalltown and Ottumwa. I have organized three Unitarian churches, one at Marshalltown, one at Des Moines and one at Atlantic. Each is in the hands of a good board of trustees, composed mostly of leading citizens and men who give character to the movement. On the fifth Sunday of this month I am engaged to hold a three days' meeting at Richland. As the

winter approaches I shall open some other points between Sundays."

REV. MR. PARDEE has been preaching recently at Strawberry Point and the interest there is such that they are about to organize and call a permanent pastor. Mr. Pardee writes that he has plans for a regular winter campaign in Iowa, which he purposes to conduct in light marching order and live off the country. Iowa is ready for the new gospel, and if it can be preached wisely, patiently and with energy there will be a grand harvest. But our friends there as everywhere, West and East, need to be careful not to burn over more ground than they can cultivate. Any serious attempt which fails disheartens all who are interested, throws the good cause backward and gives occasion to those who love to say, "I told you so."

WHEN we feel like complaining of the slow growth of our own churches it is sometimes a crumb of comfort to take notice that some of our neighbors flourish but feebly. At the fortieth annual meeting of the Illinois Episcopal Convention, held recently in Chicago, Bishop McLaren reported, according to the *Tribune*, that the number of communicants in 1866 was 3,442, and in 1876, 3,448, an increase of six in ten years or three-fifths of a communicant per year. Is it any wonder that the Bishop declares that the church growth in Illinois is so great as to necessitate the division of the State into two dioceses and the consequent support of two Episcopal establishments.

In some of our Liberal missionary meetings complaints may be heard from some who expect the kingdom of God to come with observation at the small results of our operations in Western fields, and sometimes there is imputation that the soil is very poor or the husbandmen lack wisdom or diligence. But we are not the only people who have small returns for our outlay. The great American Board has a report from its Zulu Mission that with 22 stations, 13 churches, 24 missionaries and assistants and 18 teachers, there have been in the year 18 additions and 12 excommunications, leaving an increase of 6. The number of deaths is not mentioned.

PROF. SWING speaks of the tyranny of fashion in this wise: "It is one of the painful scenes of the day to see industry struggling against the despotism of almost resistless fashion. Good men are leaping to their toll as soldiers hurl themselves against a parapet, driven not by the natural and reasonable wants of society, but by temporary dreams of the heart. Fashion slaughters its subjects like a Dahomey king. * * * A wicked philosophy can ransack a house and empty it as quickly as a regiment of Turks. One would rather be beggared by a fashion than by a dishonest man, but the beggary in each case is the same fact, it is painfully complete."

THE Autumnal Session of the Fraternity of Illinois Liberal Religious Societies will be held at Geneseo, Illinois, October 23-25, 1877. The Unitarian Society of Geneseo will give cordial hospitality to all who will attend the Conference. All Societies and individuals who sympathize with Liberal Thought and Religious Progress in Illinois and States adjoining are cordially invited and urged to attend. A full programme of the exercises will soon be sent out. We hope all who receive this notice will take special interest in making it known to their Societies and to all persons of the Liberal faith in their vicinity. All who accept this invitation are requested to send their names to the Secretary, Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo, as soon as convenient. Persons who wish further information or

copies of the programme will be answered on applying to the President or Secretary. R. H. FELL, Esq., Prest., Bloomington, Ill.
REV. M. J. MILLER, Sec'y., Geneseo, Ill.

CHANNING CONFERENCE.—The Channing Conference meets at Newport Oct. 3d and 4th. In accordance with the wish of many it will be a Basket Conference. Newport friends will furnish hall, tables, and table furniture, also hot tea and coffee for the collation, and will convey baskets to the hall on the arrival of boat and train Oct. 4th. For convenience please have all baskets plainly marked. A very hearty invitation is extended, and it is hoped that a large delegation will be present. Entertainment will be cheerfully given to those who desire it over the night of Oct. 3d, and all such are particularly requested to send their names to Rev. J. C. Kimball or Wm. O. Green, Esq., a few days previous to the meeting. Oct. 3d, 7½ P. M., preaching by Rev. F. Israel, of Salem. Oct. 4th, 11½ A. M., Essay by Rev. C. A. Staples. To be followed by discussion—subject, "Our duty to our own Household of Faith." The usual arrangement for return tickets has been made.

ALFRED MANCHESTER, Secretary.

ON Monday evening, October 8th, a Ministers' Institute will open at Springfield, Mass., at 7:30 P. M., in the Unitarian Church. Those ministers who report their intention to be present before October 1st to Rev. Mr. Mayo of Springfield, will be provided with accommodations through the generous hospitality of the Unitarian citizens of that beautiful town. Laymen who attend are expected to take care of themselves. The meeting will be open, as the meetings of scientific associations are, to all who choose to attend, but it is designed specially for its members, who are exclusively ministers.

As far as we are able to learn, the exercises will be as follows, subject to later changes and a different order, but doubtless substantially thus:

Monday evening, October 8th, at 7:30—an opening Sermon by Rev. W. H. Channing.

Tuesday, 10 A. M.—A *Concio ad Clerum*, by Rev. Dr. Bellows; at 12 M., "The Metaphysic of Theism," by Rev. Dr. Hedge; at 3 P. M., "The Relation of Personal Character to Success in the Ministry," by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody; at 7:30 P. M., a sermon from Rev. E. E. Hale.

Wednesday, 9:30 A. M.—"The Messiah and the Christ in History," by Rev. J. H. Allen; 11:30 A. M., "St. Paul and the Developments of the Early Church," by Rev. E. H. Hall; 4 P. M., a lecture by Rev. M. J. Savage; 7:30 P. M., a meeting of the Institute in reference to its own affairs.

Thursday, 9:30 A. M.—"The Law of Revelation," by Rev. W. R. Alger; 11:30 A. M., "The Old Testament," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; 4 P. M., "The Origin, Progress and Consequences of the Doctrine of Evolution," by Prof. J. W. Draper; 8 P. M., a reception by the Springfield Unitarian Society.

Friday, 9:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. Dr. Hill; 11:30 A. M., by request Dr. Bellows will repeat his address, mainly "On Preaching," lately given before the Alumni of the Divinity School at Cambridge. The afternoon is reserved for the closing business of the Institute. 7:30 P. M., a sermon by Rev. Chas. G. Ames.

Time for the discussion of the lectures is provided for in the plan of the meetings; it will be in part arranged for by openings from invited speakers, and in part free to all under rules to be considered by the Institute when it meets.

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Cash on hand and in Bank	\$10,414 77
U. S. Bonds, market value	300,232 50
Loans on Call, Good Stocks Collateral	13,200 00
Bonds and Mortgages on Brick Dwell- ings	56,400 00
Bills Receivable for Inland Prem's	2,465 94
Premiums in course of collection	8,830 43
New York Bank Stocks market value	19,725 00
	\$411,268 64

Losses unadjusted estimated at \$10,100 00

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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,858,464 68
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends	243,402 24
Net Surplus	1,002,783 90
Total Assets	\$6,104,650 82

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

CASH IN BANKS	\$312,311 22
BONDS AND MORTGAGES, BEING FIRST LIEN ON REAL ESTATE WORTH \$4,894,000	2,011,433 00
UNITED STATES STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	2,517,625 00
BANK STOCKS (MARKET VALUE)	236,632 50
STATE AND CITY BONDS (MARKET VALUE)	185,433 00
LOANS ON STOCKS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND (MARKET VALUE OF SECURITIES, \$700,379)	519,681 35
INTEREST DUE ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	72,997 65
BALANCE IN HAND OF AGENTS	153,416 65
REAL ESTATE	6,800 19
PREMIUMS DUE AND UNCOLLECTED ON POLICIES ISSUED AT THIS OFFICE	8,330 26

Total - - - - \$6,104,650 82

LIABILITIES.

CLAIMS FOR LOSSES OUTSTANDING ON 1st JANUARY, 1877	\$212,027 24
DIVIDENDS UNPAID	1,375 00

Total, - - - - \$243,402 24

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Gross Surplus	1,792,902 92
Gross Assets	\$2,792,902 9

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